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Magazine
1905

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Comforting Sentiment Concerning the "Spirits Immortal"

[REPUBLISHED FROM VETERAN FOR AUGUST, 1904. SEE PAGE 398, WITH NOTE IN BRACKETS.]

"You think of the dead on Christmas Eve,
Wherever the dead are sleeping,
And we, from a land where we may not grieve
Look tenderly down on your weeping.
You think us far; we are very near,
From you and the earth though parted.
We sing to-night to console and cheer
The hearts of the broken-hearted.
The earth watches over the lifeless clay
Of each of its countless sleepers,
And the sleepless spirits that passed away
Watch over all earth's weepers.
We shall meet again in a brighter land
Where farewell is never spoken;

We shall clasp each other hand in hand,
And the clasp shall not be broken;
We shall meet again in a bright, calm clime,
Where we'll never know a sadness,
And our lives shall be filled, like a Christmas chime,
With rapture and with gladness.
The snows shall pass from our graves away,
And you from the earth, remember;
And the flowers of a bright, eternal May
Shall follow earth's December.
When you think of us, think not of the tomb
Where you laid us down in sorrow;
But look aloft, and beyond earth's gloom,
And wait for the great to-morrow."



GROUP OF TEXAS DIVISION, UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY, WAXAHACHIE, DECEMBER, 1904.



JEFFERSON DAVIS, PRES.

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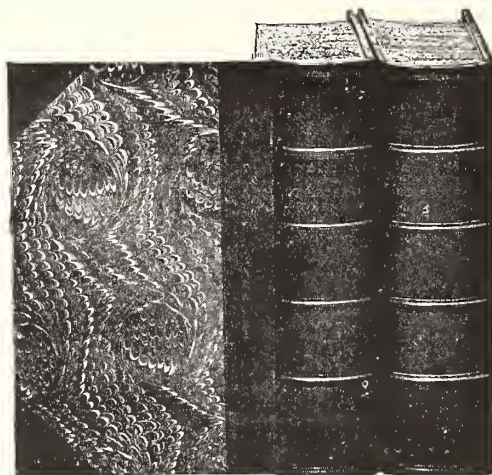
Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government.

BY PRESIDENT JEFFERSON DAVIS.

THERE has just been purchased by the VETERAN the publishers' entire edition of Mr. Davis's "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government." This closing out sale is comprised entirely of the half-morocco binding, with marble edges, and published for \$14 per set. The purchase of this entire stock was on such favorable terms that the VETERAN will supply them at half price, the cost of transportation added—\$7.65. The two volumes contain over fifteen hundred pages and thirty-seven fine steel engravings and map plates. When this edition is exhausted, copies of these first prints can be procured only through speculators at fabulous prices.

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This entire edition is offered as follows; For fifteen subscribers to the VETERAN the two volumes will be sent free to any address in the United States. This great work will be sent to subscribers who cannot procure new subscriptions for \$7 and cost of mailing or express (\$7.65). Camps of Veterans and Chapters of Daughters of the Confederacy can easily secure the fifteen subscribers and get this book for their library. Name in gold, 35 cents extra; net, \$8.



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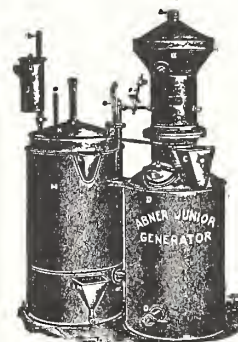
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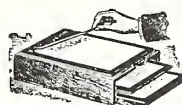
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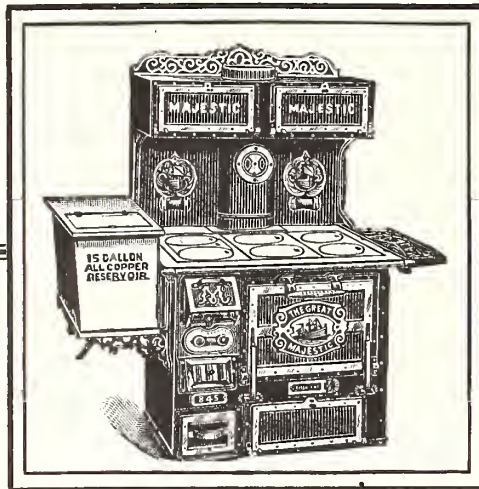


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Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter. Contributors are requested to use only one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable. These suggestions are important. Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them. Advertising rates furnished on application. The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The *civil* war was too long ago to be called the *late* war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.

The terms "new South" and "lost Cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

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NASHVILLE, TENN., JANUARY, 1905.

No. 1. } S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
PROPRIETOR.

CONVENTION TEXAS U. D. C. AT WAXAHACHIE.

The memorable convention of the Texas Division, U. D. C., in Waxahachie will long have associated with it an illustration of what a great-hearted, loyal people can do. During the four days there was no evidence that commercialism dominated a single person. True, the sentiment of the people was thoroughly with the cause for which the noble women are laboring.

There are some remarkable facts in the history of that section. In 1870 Waxahachie, the county seat of Ellis County, had a population of 800; now it has 8,000. The deposits in the banks of the county amount to \$3,500,000. Unimproved land in 1897 was worth \$3 or \$4 per acre, and improved \$10 to \$12; now well-improved farms can be sold for \$100 per

acre. Waxahachie has long been the largest cotton market from the wagons in the world. In 1894 Ellis County raised 120,000 bales, and Waxahachie handled 65,000 from wagons. Last year the county raised 108,000 bales, and Waxahachie got 34,000. Since 1894 other strong cotton market towns in the county have curtailed the receipts of Waxahachie. This year the cotton crop of Ellis County will be over 130,000 bales.

Miss Katie Daffan, the President, was all the more happy officially and personally, as it was in her home county of Ellis. Much zeal was manifested in behalf of delegates, who were untiring in their efforts to achieve the best results.

Many telegrams of greeting were received during the convention, one from Mrs. John P. Hickman, Secretary of the general organization; and Miss Daffan, the President, sends a copy of a telegram received after the adjournment of the convention from the wife of the President of the Confederate States in response to a loving greeting sent her by the Daughters of Texas:

"NEW YORK, N. Y., December 10, 1904.

"Miss Katie Daffan, Waxahachie, Tex.: Thanks and much love to my husband's friends and mine own.

V. JEFFERSON DAVIS."

The most conspicuous feature of the convention of Texas Daughters was unity and zeal to establish, as fully as possible, correct history. All else was most worthily made subservient to that. Illustrations by Mrs. Orgain, in quoting from ultra-partisan books and magazines of the North, gave intense emphasis to the importance of counteracting for truth and for the good of the country, as fully as practicable, these wicked falsehoods. In calmly meditating upon these things, it is evidently fair and just to bear patiently with Northerners who know of the South only through such wicked perversions of facts. To print these quotations would astound many people in the South and arouse them as nothing ever has to active promulgation of the truth. With such misrepresentations as quoted it is hardly to be wondered at that charitably disposed people at the North give so lavishly, and all to one side of the race issue, against their own blood heritage. An illustration is here given in regard to Northern histories by a young gentleman, yet a college student, who is spending the winter in Florida with his family, and who has recently been reading the VETERAN. He writes the editor: "I wish to thank you for several copies of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. I have read all of them from cover to cover, and



MISS KATIE DAFFAN.

enjoyed them extremely. I like very much the whole tone of your periodical. You in the South cannot be blamed for feeling indignant at the limited amount of space which is given your soldiers and statesmen by historians. I observed this fact when studying the history of the United States, but supposed, of course, you used in your schools histories written by Southerners."

HISTORIAN MRS. S. H. WATSON'S REPORT.

In making her third annual report as Historian of the Texas Division, U. D. C., Mrs. S. H. Watson, of Waxahachie, gave a retrospect of the work, and was most complimentary to her predecessor. She claimed two important requisites for herself—"steady, persevering energy and a keen sense of duty." In the language of her report she states:

"My effort has been to lead the Chapters month by month through the years of 1861, 1862, and 1863. We commenced with the startling events that proved to be the tocsin of war and desolation in our beautiful land. From Lincoln's proclamation and the fall of Sumter we came to war in reality, and discussed the thrilling battles of 1861 and 1862 until we reached the decisive Gettysburg, the turning point in the history of our beloved Southland.

"I led the Chapters through a course of colonial study, beginning when were first applied the distinctive appellations of North and South, the small cloud no larger than a man's hand that foreshadowed the future storm. We followed this as it lowered and widened over the political heavens and finally burst in its fury, sweeping away peace, love, and unity. We have walked together with Alexander Stephens round about the Declaration of Independence, talked of the great Southern statesman who wrote and, with many other Southern men, fearlessly placed his signature to this masterpiece of pure patriotism and eloquence drawn from between the covers of the Bible; from thence to the Constitution of 1781 and the revised one of 1787 on to the rights and sovereignty of the State as held by the South in 1861. In a word, I have endeavored to fasten, especially upon the minds of the younger generation, the important part the South took in the formative period of the nation. We should know these things to properly appreciate the fact that we are born Southern women; and to be Daughters of the Confederacy is our birthright, from which we must not lightly part for a mess of pottage, for it is an inheritance that comes to us through anguish, desolation, and the blood of brave men. It gives us an inalienable right to cherish memories of our heroic dead.

"O, how many of them were so young when they set out, and so full of the fire and vigor of youth! Almost every State recalls with tender pride a Sam Davis, a David O. Dodd, a John Pelham, a Dick Dowling, and a host of others who gave up life rather than sacrifice personal honor and who fell in the din of battle or did deeds of wonderful daring. These are all gone, and we have only the memory of them and their graves. But some of our veterans, the living remnant of the grandest army in the annals of history, are with us yet and claim our reverence and care. Let us earnestly seek to cheer and make comfortable their declining years and give them their true place in Southern history.

"In addition to this course of study I have for the past two years arranged the programmes for the auxiliaries, the first year by request of President Mrs. Cone Johnson and the past year in compliance with a similar request from Mrs. Moore Murdoch, the chairman of the auxiliaries. In this connection I would recommend to be used by the auxiliaries a war cate-

chism arranged by Mrs. Stone, of Galveston. I believe the adoption of this catechism by the leaders of the auxiliaries as the basis of their historical work with the children would interest and insure a very satisfactory result.

"This year Veuve J. Davis Chapter, of Galveston, Benedette E. Tobin Chapter, of Palestine, the Navarro Chapter, of Corsicana, the Oran M. Roberts Chapter, of Houston, and the Bell County Chapter, of Belton, take the lead in reporting, and deserve special mention in the order in which I have named them. Mrs. Margaret Watson, of the Galveston Chapter, has written me a letter every month during the year, containing not only a report of her work but friendly sympathy and beautiful thoughts.

"Mrs. Price, of Palestine, Mrs. Emerson, of Corsicana, Mrs. Steele, of Houston, and Mrs. Hughes, of Belton, assure me that interest in historical study in their Chapters is growing most encouragingly. The Oran M. Roberts Chapter, of Houston, met during the summer months and continued their study of the programmes. Mrs. Hughes reports the Belton Chapter and the reference books used by the Chapter. Mrs. Steele, of Houston, suggests, as a solution of the book problem that has arisen from the difficulty in securing suitable reference books, that I select some history, and use that alone in arranging the questions on the monthly programmes. She thinks that to secure one history would be within the reach of the Chapters. I have made it a rule to adopt suggestions when it is possible, and I am convinced that they will work for the betterment of the cause. While I approve Mrs. Steele's suggestion, I note that for the past two years I have taken my subjects and questions almost entirely from Jefferson Davis's work, the "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," with an occasional one from the Confederate history of the War between the States and the common school histories; also, in selecting what I term additional questions, I used last



MRS. S. H. WATSON.

year Curry's "Southern States of the American Union," and this year I have used no other than Alexander Stephens's work, "The War between the States," and I do not think I could make a better selection. I have expressed a willingness to send copies of answers when it was so desired, and this I have done in many instances.

"I would say a word in exoneration of the seeming remissness of State historians in sending reports this year. I am quite sure the historians have been faithful and have carried the work on. In fact, under the fine leadership of competent and enthusiastic women this historic part of the U. D. C., which is so important, has grown to such an extent that now I am proud to say that it is easier to recount the Chapters who do not follow my programmes than those who do, and I feel that along this line a good foundation has been laid during the past three years for the perpetuation of this organization.

"I sent out the contest that resulted in this evening's programme early in the spring, and the closing days of September brought in the last of the manuscripts responsive to the call. There were several new contestants this year, and I am glad to introduce two names that have never before appeared on the programme. The play founded on an incident of the war properly belongs to last year's programme; but failing to get it staged in Houston, I reserved it for this occasion. This convention should be proud of its literary evening, because it is unfolding a wealth of interesting war incidents, developing Southern patriotism, and bringing to the front the literary efforts of many bright women of Texas."

Additional reports, including the list of new officers and a finer picture than that on our front page, are to appear later.

ABOUT NEW WORDS TO "DIXIE."—Col. G. N. Saussy, of Hawkinsville, Ga., one of the committee appointed by Gen. S. D. Lee to assist the committee of the U. D. C. in selecting suitable words to adapt to the air of "Dixie," requests those having copies of such poems to furnish him with duplicates at as early a date as practicable, that he may be in position to discharge this duty intelligently.

"THE OLD SOUTH."

A little book bearing the above title was issued from the Nashville Methodist Publishing House just before the Christmas holidays. With its memories of the Old South the holidays are peculiarly freighted. It is beautifully printed and bound, and there are interspersed characteristic pictures from the scenes and persons commemorated. The author is the widely known Sunday school trainer, Dr. H. M. Hamill, whose addresses from the platform and writings in books and papers have been heard and read by many thousands. To most of these it is doubtless known that he was an Alabama boy, and as a mere lad served in the closing days of the Confederacy under Gen. Lee. In this little book he tells: "I was born in and of the Old South. Whatever is good or evil in me I owe chiefly to it. Habit, motive, ideal, ambition, passion and prejudice, love and hatred, were formed in and by it. The spell it cast upon my boyhood is strong upon me after more than a generation is gone." And then, with a heart full of love for his theme, the writer through the eighty vivid, beautiful, and tender pages sets forth the Old South as he saw and heard it before the last great tragedy of its history came. Historically, socially, educationally, politically, and religiously the book carries us back to the unique days and persons of ante-bellum memory, making it all very real to those of us who were a part of the times.

But while the book deals in memories, it has a vital relation to present-day problems, and discusses some of these in most forcible fashion, especially the problem of the negro and the place of the South in current national politics. The little book is a strong and peculiarly timely one, and the VETERAN commends it to the living who lovingly cherish the memories set forth by it, as well as to the younger generation by whom the Old South should be clearly understood.

In connection with this interesting publication is the fact that another minister, Rev. George A. Lofton, a widely known and popular author, wrote a book just about the same size as Dr. Hamill's, entitled "The Old South in Verse," and paid his respects with it to the VETERAN. Just as the Hamill book came from the press Dr. Lofton read the book and wrote the VETERAN: "You asked me to read Dr. Hamill's little book, 'The Old South,' and give you my opinion. I read it at one sitting. It is just as I would write it had I the same ability and inspiration. It is a conservative, but strong and vigorous, presentation of the subject discussed, and exceedingly comprehensive for the short space occupied. I regard it as a very valuable little book, preserving in vivid form the material, intellectual, social, political, and religious aspects of the Old South, and it ought to be in the hand of every Southerner, especially the young Southerner."

This "Old South," by Dr. Hamill, will be furnished by the VETERAN for twenty-five cents, or free to any subscriber who will send a new subscription in renewing. Get it promptly.

"JOHNSTON'S NARRATIVE."

The VETERAN has just procured from some publishers and jobbers the entire stock of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston's history of his part in the Confederate war, known as "Johnston's Narrative." It is in both bindings, sheep and morocco, and will be supplied by the VETERAN at half the list prices—the \$5 work for \$2.50, and the \$6 for \$3. No Southerner's library will be complete without this work and "The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," this entire stock being owned also by the VETERAN and supplied at half the list price of \$14—\$7 for both volumes, postage or expressage sixty-five cents added.



ABOUT AN ADVERTISEMENT IN THE VETERAN.

In response to inquiries concerning the Southern Mining, Milling, and Development Company, now being advertised in the VETERAN, the statement is made that the property of this company is in a gold-producing section of Colorado in the immediate vicinity of a number of rich dividend-paying mines. The management is by men known to be honorable, who stand high in business circles, and enjoy the confidence of the community in which they reside. The VETERAN has implicit faith that the management will deal in utmost good faith.

The company has men at work driving the Robt. E. Lee tunnel into the heart of McClelland Mountain, where other men have found gold in paying quantities, and it is but reasonable to suppose that this tunnel will cut veins as rich as any that have yet been found.

While the prospects for this company are most flattering, the VETERAN does not advise on the subject either to buy or sell, but makes the above statement in response to many questions. It is understood that Bradstreet's Mercantile Agency at Nashville, Tenn., has made a commendatory report on this company and its affairs.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

THE VETERAN NOW IN ITS TEENS.

With this number the CONFEDERATE VETERAN begins its thirteenth year. It is occasion for expression of gratitude beyond the ability of its founder. Meditation upon the subject recalls a large multitude of coöperators who have finished their work and laid their burdens down. They have answered "the roll call up yonder." Ah, how many, many Christian patriots did their duty faithfully to the end!

The editor will be pardoned for the boldness to assert in this connection that, actuated by the highest motives for life and eternity, he has done his very best to make the publication as fully as possible all that its exalted name implies. While to err is human, he has no apology for any sentence ever published in its pages so far as motive was concerned. He pleads for the coöperation in the future.

As there happens to be in his desk at this writing an acceptable story of the VETERAN by a careful contributor, which was not intended for use in its pages, the impulse controls to print it, as no other class of persons is quite so much interested. It is designated as a "History of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN," treating of its origin and achievements during twelve years.

It is well known that high-class magazines have not succeeded in the South as they have in the northern and eastern parts of the country. Many repeated efforts have been made; but the only Southern magazine which has survived for more than a brief season is the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, published in Nashville, Tenn. It was founded by S. A. Cunningham.

The VETERAN represents a distinctive branch of thought and of endeavor, and has long ceased to be an experiment, having completed a dozen years of successful service. For these twelve years it has never missed an issue, and for a decade its circulation has been large.

Apart from the historic value and sentiment associated with the VETERAN, it is of general interest to note something of the conception and growth of a publication which stands alone in its peculiar field, which leads all other like publications, and which, by the persistent efforts of one man, has become a potent force in the field of Southern literature. So strong, indeed, is it that the circulation of the VETERAN has extended beyond the area that inspired it, and is finding a foothold in the North, especially among the men of the Union army who bore their part in that great historic conflict of the sixties, the influence of which is certainly doing great good.

CONCEPTION OF THE VETERAN.

The conception of the VETERAN was not, after all, an enterprise—it was rather an evolution, and its beginning was surrounded by no fixed resolve to "establish a magazine," but rather to serve a specific purpose.

Immediately after the death of President Davis the Southern Press Association began the movement to erect a monument to him. The president of the Association—at the head of the Nashville *American*, now Judge J. W. Childress, of Nashville—at a meeting of the directors in Atlanta proposed that S. A. Cunningham be employed as agent to travel in the

South and enlist public interest in the memorial. This was without the application or even the knowledge of Mr. Cunningham. He accepted the assignment, however, and soon sums of money were paid to him whereby a much greater responsibility was incurred than he had anticipated. Being under no bond and free from technical restraint, he became impressed with the necessity for specific public acknowledgment of all funds received, and hence resolved to print the record on his own account.

The form of publication and the name were instinctive, and the first issue was exactly similar to all that have succeeded, beginning with that of January, 1893, save that the number of pages have been increased.

From this beginning to its present firm place in the world of periodicals the VETERAN has progressed steadily. Communications for its columns are supplied from every part of the South and from many Union veterans at the North. A multitude of events in the lives of ex-Confederates of interest and of value to the public have appeared in the VETERAN, and rarely does a well-known Southern life "cross over" but has its requiem beautifully and appropriately recorded in the VETERAN.

THE LAST ROLL

is a department devoted exclusively to this purpose. The illustrations and portraits found here, as well as in all parts of the magazine, are a distinctive feature, and many are well worthy of separate preservation. The term "Last Roll," originating in the VETERAN, has become quite national, ministers using it in pulpit and Congressmen applying it as well in sacred records at the Capitol.

But the living too have place in the VETERAN. The past does not claim its attention to the exclusion of the present. Mr. Cunningham endeavors to keep in touch with all the State, as well as the general, organizations bearing the name Confederate. The VETERAN is the more strengthened in being the

OFFICIAL REPRESENTATIVE OF MORE THAN TWO THOUSAND Camps of Veterans and Sons of Veterans, Chapters of Daughters of the Confederacy, and the Confederate Southern Memorial Association, representing over fifty thousand members.

This founder of the VETERAN has directed its every issue, and has been courageously faithful to its every duty during this long period of years. Thrilled by the widespread and

UNSTINTED COMMENDATION OF THE SOUTHERN PEOPLE, he has performed peculiar duties to the extent of his ability, and the success of the VETERAN causes inexpressible gratitude and the determination to press on with vigor to the end.

A LARGER AND A BROADER FIELD.

The VETERAN has been confined mainly to the Southern people, but should be better known among those who served the Union while Confederate history was being made. Many Grand Army statesmen have been patrons of the publication throughout its history, and show a most cordial friendship for it.

The VETERAN is not a financial venture, not a "money-making enterprise;" but it is engaged in a sacred work, and the cordial coöperation of all liberal-minded patriots in the United States is most earnestly sought.

It is well to remember that the publication of the VETERAN is very expensive and that each copy must bear its part. Recently a subscriber had changed his office and failed to receive his copy. This he explained in remitting, but added: "I am not willing for the VETERAN to lose it."

FLORIDA CONFEDERATE REUNION.

The fourteenth annual encampment of the Florida Division, U. C. V., met at Ocala November 1, 1904. Adj. Gen. Fred L. Robertson called the Veterans to attention.

The Daughters of the Confederacy opened the proceedings by singing "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name," after which Rev. I. G. Waddell, in a beautiful and touching prayer, invoked God's blessing on the Veterans and upon those near and dear to them, and upon all Confederate Veterans everywhere. The Adjutant General read several communications of interest to the Veterans, the first a dispatch from S. A. Cunningham, editor of the *VETERAN*, saying that he would be in Ocala on Wednesday, which announcement was received with applause, as many of the Florida Veterans who had never met Comrade Cunningham, and who have been reading his valuable magazine for years, were anxious to make his acquaintance. This was followed by a letter from Gen. S. D. Lee, expressing profound regret at his inability to be present. He said ill health alone forbade his taking the trip. Letters of greeting were read from Gen. P. A. S. McGlashin, commanding the Georgia Division, and Col. W. M. Crumbley, of Atlanta, Ga., Adjutant General of the Georgia Division, and regret that they could not attend. Gen. C. A. Evans—not like the man of old who had married him a wife—was detained by the marriage of his first granddaughter.

Gen. George P. Harrison, Commander of the Alabama Division and the youngest general in the Confederate army, was present, and the announcement was made that he would deliver an address at the night session. The Adjutant General further announced that Gen. William E. Mickle, Adjutant General of the U. C. V., would be with the Veterans during the encampment. He read a letter from Gen. Bennett H. Young, the whole-souled Commander of the Kentucky Division, inviting the Florida Veterans to be his guest at Louisville. The invitation was received with an old-time yell that brought vividly back to mind the days when "Old Jack" or a "cotton-tail" could evoke a whirlwind. Gen. W. D. Ballantine, Division Commander, presided at the night session. Miss Sara Whitfield sang "Way down upon the Suwanee River," the Veterans and guests joining in the chorus.

Hon. H. A. Ford, in an eloquent address, welcomed the Veterans to Ocala. He said: "It may seem somewhat inappropriate that I, an Englishman, should have been selected to make an address of welcome on behalf of an American city to a visiting Division of Confederate Veterans; but when I tell you that eight and twenty years ago I had the good fortune to get a Southern girl for a wife, I feel sure that you will all, or, at all events, the married men amongst you, fully appreciate the fact that long ago my English individuality must have been absorbed by the American individuality of my better half." The Southern Englishman's address received liberal applause.

Commander S. Pasco, ex-United States Senator and a Confederate Englishman who served through the entire war, was introduced, and made a beautiful response that was full of local historical references extremely interesting. Maj. S. L. Izlar too voiced the welcome of Marion County Camp, No. 56, which he did splendidly. His address was full of beautiful pathos until the close, when he set the audience in a roar of laughter at his unique welcome.

Brig. Gen. F. P. Fleming was called upon to respond to the welcome of Marion Camp. His address did not suffer in comparison with its predecessors. It too was full of historical allusions, but mostly of a personal nature that wrought

its way home to the people of Ocala. Gen. Ballantine then introduced the former Commander, Gen. E. M. Law, who presented Gen. George P. Harrison, the Commander of the Alabama Division. Gen. Law spoke of him as one of the truest of the brave, gallant and eloquent. Gen. Harrison did not disappoint his audience. He said that he was on the programme for the morrow, and had hoped to write his speech during the night. In fact, he came only to bring the congratulations of one hundred Camps of Alabama to their comrades of Florida. He never felt it a burden to fight or talk for "Dixie." He related a number of incidents pertaining to the hardships of the Confederate soldier under all conditions. His speech was full of good points and rich stories that elicited hearty applause, and at its close he received a great ovation.

The Major General appointed the following committees: Comrades George Reese, Henry Carter, and Thomas W. Givins, Committee on Credentials; Comrades S. Pasco, R. J. Magill, and James R. Broome, Committee on Resolutions.

At nine o'clock November 2 the encampment was convened. Comrade F. G. Railey invoked the divine blessing. The Committee on Credentials presented its report. The committee found the Division to be composed of forty-one Camps, thirty-eight in good standing, one Camp dormant, one Camp unreported, owing to death of officers, and one Camp just organized, but not officially reported by the Adjutant General of the Division. Twenty-six of the Camps were present by delegates, and all the Camps in the Division were in good standing at general headquarters, as is shown by General Order, No. 27, from U. C. V. headquarters. The report was adopted.

Gen. Ballantine's annual report contained many valuable suggestions. He especially urged the Sons to organize Camps of Sons, that they may in years to come represent their fathers and preserve to further generations a true history of the deeds of the soldiers of the South. He spoke of the Confederate soldier, his devotion to his cause, his poor equipments and small numbers, as compared with his opponents. While doing so, he paid a handsome tribute to the gallantry of the Federal soldiers on the battlefield. He paid a high compliment to the Daughters of the Confederacy, saying that to them the South owed all that it had ever attained. He urged the Veterans to contribute liberally for the memorial to the women of the South. Touching pensions, he advocated several changes in the law, one of which was a repeal of the clause compelling the applicant to trace his disability to injuries, disease, or exposure during the war. Another was the appointment of a commissioner of pensions who should personally acquaint himself with the condition of all applicants, and from whose decision an appeal shall lie to a board composed of three supreme court justices or a specially appointed local board. During the year three new Camps have been added to the Division, three dormant Camps revived, adding four hundred names to our rolls, from which must be deducted two hundred and eight deaths and suspensions, leaving a net increase of one hundred and ninety-two members.

The Adjutant General presented his report, in which he gave a short history of the Division. It was organized in Ocala December 16, 1891. While the condition of the Division is very satisfactory, there is room for improvement, there being still large numbers of veterans unaffiliated with Camps. He urged comrades to use every effort to organize new Camps and recruit the Camps already organized until every worthy veteran is enrolled, because this enrollment may be the only record of service in the years to come, and such record

will be invaluable to children and to historians. The minds of our children have already been poisoned by travesties on truth—so poisoned that it will take years to undo the mischief that has been done, and but for the noble woman of the South the situation would be worse than it is. They never forgot the Confederate soldier or the cause for which he fought; while we, in the scramble for bread for them and our children, forgot all except present needs. In conclusion, he urged the Veterans to join Camps and Adjutants to get in detail the records of each member. The report was adopted without a word of objection.

Comrade Harris announced an excursion to Silver Spring, a reception by the Daughters of the Confederacy in the hall after the adjournment of the convention, and a complimentary ball to the sponsors at the Armory.

Comrade Boyleston presented resolutions relative to the lot on which Gen. J. J. Dickison is buried, asking a contribution to purchase the remaining half of the lot and to erect a monument over his grave, which was adopted without reference.

The report of the First Brigade showed an enlistment of four hundred and thirty-six Veterans in the several Camps of that brigade.

Gen. Fleming having been called to Washington on legal business, there was no report from the Second Brigade.

Gen. Jewell presented the report of his (the Third) brigade, which now numbers fourteen Camps. He also reported the organization of Camps of Sons at Orlando and at Lakeland. Gen. Jewell asked, and was granted, permission to present, and have considered without reference, resolutions relative to the death of Gen. Gordon and the monument to his memory. The resolutions were adopted.

Gen. Mickle was introduced by Gen. Jewell, and, in response to repeated calls, made a speech that stirred the "old boys" to enthusiasm.

The Adjutant General was directed to inform Gen. Young that the Florida Division would answer to roll call in Louisville, in June, 1905.

Telegrams were sent Gens. Finley, Miller, and French.

At the hour designated the Veterans reassembled.

Comrade Reese introduced S. A. Cunningham, and paid high tribute to the work done by the VETERAN. He received a most cordial welcome.

The Major General then presented the Division sponsor, Miss Violet Harris, and Misses Johnnie Liddon and Jessie Palnarton, maids of honor—all of Ocala.

Gen. Jewell introduced Miss Stella M. Peter, sponsor, who read an original poem, "The Confederate Fray," which received hearty applause. Misses Duncan, of Tavers, and Howard, of Orlando, maids of honor for the Third Brigade, were then presented.

Gen. Law, in a graceful address, presented the sponsor for the Second Brigade, Miss Julia Telfair Stockton, and her maids of honor, Misses Elizabeth Liegere Fleming and Kate Hewes Freeland, of Jacksonville.

In the absence of Gen. Wittich, Gen. George Reese, in elegantly chosen terms, presented Miss Johnnie Gettes, sponsor for the First Brigade, and her maid of honor, Miss Lilly Erwin, of DeFuniak Springs.

Gen. Ballantine presented Miss Curma Lutham, sponsor for Nassau Camp, No. 104, and Comrade Harris, on behalf of Marion Camp, introduced as its sponsor Miss Evelyn Pelot, with her maid of honor, Miss Grace Hatchell.

Miss Irma Blake, "a rank little Reb" not yet in her teens,

sang "Dixie," and was surprised at the chorus that joined her and the applause she received.

The Resolution Committee reported a resolution, asking the State to establish a Department of Archives and History, which was adopted; one directing the Adjutant General to publish the proceedings, which was adopted; one relative to the Battle Abbey, which was adopted.

A resolution was found on the Adjutant's desk suggesting that every Camp provide itself with a number of buttons, which can be cheaply procured, and as a veteran joins a Camp present him with a button, with a request that he wear it or the regulation button, so as to be recognized.

A resolution was presented inviting Mrs. Patton Anderson to be the guest of the Division and chaperon the sponsor for Florida with her maids at the Louisville reunion. It was adopted and the Adjutant General directed to extend the invitation. [Mrs. Anderson has accepted the invitation.]

Resolutions relating to Gen. Dickison were presented and adopted, and the Adjutant General instructed to forward copies to Mrs. Dickison.

A resolution limiting the time the Major General is to serve was presented, discussed, and adopted.

Resolutions of thanks to the transportation companies, to citizens of Ocala, Marion County, the press, and others who had contributed to the success and pleasure of the Veterans were presented and adopted.

The next business in order being the election of Major General, Gen. W. D. Ballantine was placed in nomination, and the Adjutant General instructed to count the vote of the Division for him.

Pensacola and Jacksonville were both named for the next place of meeting. Jacksonville was selected.

At the conclusion the Veterans joined in singing the doxology. Rev. Norris, a member of Orlando Camp, Sons of Veterans, pronounced the benediction, and the fourteenth annual encampment came to a close.

After the close of business the sponsor held a reception on the stage and then adjourned to the armory for the ball, and at the close of the sponsor's reception the Daughters of the Confederacy received the Veterans in the hall.

Owing to inclement weather, the parade was abandoned.

During the reunion quite a number of the members of Company G, Fourth Florida Regiment, called to see Mrs. Badger, widow of the late Col. Badger, of that regiment, who was greatly beloved by all his men. The visit was delightful both to the hostess and her guests.

LIMIT TO NEGRO TROOPS.

Under the revised statutes of the United States only two regiments of negro infantrymen and two regiments of negro cavalrymen are allowed. Section 1104 reads: "The enlisted men of two regiments of cavalry shall be colored men." Section 1108 reads: "The enlisted men of two regiments of infantry shall be colored men." These are the only two sections of the statutes, of the three hundred and fourteen that deal with the organization, government, etc., of the regular army, that provide for negro troops. No provision is made for negroes in any save these two branches. It is further pointed out that, though Congress has from time to time increased and decreased the number of men allowed the regular army, never has there been any change in regard to negro troops. This precedent is likely to be maintained. To eliminate negro troops entirely from the army as they are from the navy would meet with general approval, North as well as South.

THE FIRST CONFEDERATE MONUMENT.

BY MRS. B. D. M'LEOD, BLENHEIM, S. C.

The ladies of Cheraw, S. C., claim the credit of having erected the first monument to the memory of the Confederate dead. My brother, Rowland Gooch, now of Nevada, Tex., served in the Western Department of the Confederate army. He was captured at Island No. 10 in April, 1862, and confined at Chicago, in Camp Douglas, until the next September. He participated in the terrible battle of Franklin, Tenn. He is zealous for everything relating to the cause for which he fought, and he requests me to send you an account of the origin and the erection of the first monument to the Confederate dead, located in Cheraw, S. C., in the cemetery of St. David Episcopal Church, which is one of the oldest churches in South Carolina. It was used by the British for barracks during the Revolutionary War.

Cheraw claims not the honor of originating Memorial Day, from which she conceived the idea of erecting a monument to the Confederate dead. The Ladies' Memorial Association of Columbus Ga., was organized in the spring of 1866, and at its request the 26th of April, the anniversary of the surrender of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, was chosen as the date for the first memorial service in the South. It was held in the old St. Luke Methodist Episcopal Church of Columbus. The address was delivered by Col. James M. Ramsey.

Mrs. Charles J. Williams, of Columbus, was chosen Secretary of the Columbus Ladies' Memorial Association, and in a letter addressed to the press and ladies of the South regarding Memorial Day Mrs. Williams states: "We cannot raise monumental shafts and inscribe thereon their many deeds of heroism, but we can keep alive the memory of the debt we owe them by dedicating at least one day in each year to embellish their humble graves with flowers. . . ."

It is readily seen that the Columbus Memorial Association cherished no idea of erecting a monument. The ladies of Cheraw responded promptly to this call and organized a Memorial Association, and set apart a day—May 10—on which they visit and embellish with flowers the graves of their beloved and honored soldier-dead. They decided without delay



to mark the spot of their heroes with something more durable and lasting than flowers, and so the idea of a monument was born. The faint-hearted (and the most of them were men) decried the undertaking, saying that the United States would not allow such honor to be conferred on Confederate dead. The women, however, were determined, and gave entertainments, festivals, concerts, etc. They raised one thousand dollars, and ordered the monument. This monument is of pure Italian marble, and is sixteen feet high.

The *Cheraw Chronicle* (May 7, 1903) says in regard to it:

"There is no doubt that the ladies of Columbus, Ga., originated Memorial Day, but we still claim for the ladies of Cheraw the credit of being the first to erect a monument to the memory of the Confederate dead. At whose suggestion the Cheraw Ladies' Memorial Association was organized, we are unable to say. The only record on the subject that we know of is as follows: In the summer of 1866, Dr. C. Kollock being Chairman of the Committee of Organization, the Ladies' Memorial Association was formed—Mrs. B. D. Hearsey (now Mrs. B. D. McLeod), President; Mrs. F. M. McIver and Mrs. W. J. Vereen, Vice Presidents; Miss J. C. Pritchard, Secretary and Treasurer. The monument was unveiled in June, 1867. The address was delivered by Judge J. H. Hudson, of Bennettsville, S. C. The cost of the monument was one thousand dollars. Beneath its shadow lie the sacred remains of sixty-two brave soldiers who gave their lives for the Confederacy so dear to us all.

"Mrs. Charles J. Williams sent out her letter March 12, 1866. The Ladies' Memorial Association of Cheraw was organized in the summer of 1866, and the monument was unveiled in June, 1867, one year after the organization of the society. Evidently Mrs. Williams's letter inspired the organization, but the members of the Cheraw society decided that Mrs. Williams was wrong in her assumption that 'we could not raise monumental shafts.'

"What a monument to woman's devotion! In a land that was neither a food-producing nor a manufacturing one, and through which Sherman had just marched with his horde, leaving behind him desolation and a desert of ashes, the patriotic women of the town determined that a suitable memorial should be erected to the memory of their brave soldiers.

"On the battlefield, in the hospitals, the noble women of the South bore alike the burden of woman's devotion and man's care. Then, after the smoke of the battle cleared away, these devoted women of the South came, and they continue to come, to the soldiers' graves with choice plants and bright flowers. . . ."

The inscriptions upon this "first Confederate monument" will be read with interest. Upon entering the gate of the inclosure and looking north, the inscription in circular form over the design of a harp states: "Erected by Ladies' Memorial Association." Then under the harp: "To the memory of our heroic dead who fell at Cheraw during the war 1861-65." On the west side, above the design of anchor: "Loved and honored, though unknown," and under it "Hope." On the south side are these words:

"Stranger, Bold Champions
Of the South revere,
And view these tombs with love,
Brave Heroes slumber here."

On the east side is the figure of a falling tree, over which is "Fallen, but not dead," and under it:

"They have crossed over the River,
And they rest under the shade of the trees."

THE CHATHAM ARTILLERY OF SAVANNAH.

One of the oldest military organizations in the United States is the Chatham Artillery, of Savannah, Ga., and two of its principal officers, Capt. George P. Walker and Lieut. Harry S. Dreese, have doubtless served longer in one company than any other members of either the regular army or the National Guard of this county. Both entered the Confederate army in 1861, and became members of the Chatham Artillery during the war—Capt. Walker in August, 1863, and Lieut. Dreese a year later, in 1864. Both have served continuously in the company ever since, until a few weeks ago, at their request, the Governor placed them on the retired list.

The Chatham Artillery was organized back in 1786, and is the proud possessor of two six-pound brass pieces captured from Cornwallis at Yorktown. One of the guns was presented to the company by Gen. George Washington and the other by the Marquis de Lafayette. They were too antiquated and highly prized for the battery to use during the War between the States, and, for fear that some of Sherman's valorous bummers might capture (?) them if left in sight, they were buried, and only resurrected long after the excitement of the war had subsided, and are used now on special occasions to fire salutes, etc.

In 1886 the Chatham Artillery celebrated its centennial, and entertained an encampment embracing troops from ten different States for nearly a week. During this time President Davis was their guest of honor in the city of Savannah.

"LEE TO THE REAR" IN BRONZE.

The photograph of "Lee to the Rear" is taken from a small bronze model, conceived and made by Dr. D. G. Murrell, a prominent physician of Paducah, Ky., and presented to the R. E. Lee Camp of Confederate Veterans, at Richmond, Va. Dr. Murrell knew Gen. Lee, and often saw Traveler while attending the university at Lexington, Va., and his intense admiration for this truly great man inspired him with the desire to perpetuate his memory in bronze, which would show



the heroic courage of the great soldier and at the same time the sublime and tender love of his men for him, one occasion by some of his private soldiers seizing the reins of his horse and leading him out of danger, while others were crying out: "Lee to the rear."

Dr. Murrell hopes that his little statuette will be the means of starting a movement that will result in having a bronze statue of heroic size made, commemorative of Gen. Lee in his devotion of his soldiers.

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT EUFAULA, ALA.

November 24 was a red-letter day for the good people of Barbour County, Ala., and especially the Barbour County Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, for it was the consummation of a labor of love in which those noble and patriotic women have been engaged since 1897—the dedication of a monument to the Confederate soldiers and seamen of Barbour County, Ala.

The shaft is of Georgia granite, beautifully polished so as to produce two shades of gray, and is thirty-five feet high. On top of this, exquisitely carved in Italian marble, is the statue of a private Confederate soldier, with his accouterments, standing "at rest." The monument complete cost \$3,000.

Ten thousand people assembled in the little town to witness the interesting ceremonies of unveiling the monument. The procession formed at the courthouse and marched out to the grounds. The Eufaula Rifles, headed by a brass band, led, followed by veterans, sons, and grandsons, floats filled with beautiful young girls representing the different Southern States, and behind these carriages with old veterans too feeble to walk, distinguished visitors, officers, and speakers. Arriving at the monument, the ceremonies were opened with prayer by Rev. E. L. Hill; then the reading of the list of officers and men of the First Alabama Regiment, a list of companies from Barbour County, and the roll of Eufaula Companies. The Eufaula Rifles fired a salute, and Misses Mary Merrill and Ida Pruden drew the cords whereby the splendid, beautiful monument stood a feast for all eyes.

The presentation of the monument to the city, in the name of the Barbour County Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, was made by Miss Mary Clayton, the organizer of the Chapter and a daughter of Gen. H. D. Clayton. The Mayor, George H. Dent, responded in behalf of the city. Hon. B. H. Screws, the orator of the day, made a beautiful address, after which tributes of love and reverence for the Confederate soldier in form of evergreen wreaths were placed around the base of the monument by the Robert E. Lee Chapter of Children of the Confederacy. Rev. E. L. Hill pronounced the benediction. Many groups lingered around in admiration of the beautiful monument, and more than one old veteran was heard to say that it was as much a monument to their loving loyalty to the memory of the Confederacy as it was to the courage and devotion of their old comrades.

COL. W. D. PICKETT'S PENSION AS A MEXICAN WAR VETERAN.—The many friends of this accomplished gentleman and soldier will be pleased to learn that he has recently received from the United States government fifteen hundred dollars accumulated back pensions due him as a Mexican war veteran. In applying for the pensions, Col. Pickett stated that he did not ask it because he was in need of a pension, but because it was due him for services in behalf of his country. Col. Pickett joined the United States army when a mere boy, and fought with distinction through the Mexican War. When the War between the States began, in 1861, he entered the Confederate army, and again won distinction on the battlefield. He is one of the very few Confederate veterans living who fought through two wars and is now carried on the pension rolls of the Federal government. Col. Pickett is now living at Fourbear, Wyo.; but his many friends in Kentucky and Tennessee anticipate with pleasure his retirement from active business pursuits, and that he will return to these States, where he may spend his declining years among those who will ever be proud of him for his active, useful, and noble life.

STRATFORD, BIRTHPLACE OF ROBERT E. LEE.

BY SUSAN HUNTER WALKER, TRINITY RECTORY, LONG GREEN, MD.

In the bleak cold of a January day Robert E. Lee, the Southern Commander, was born at Stratford, Westmoreland County, Va. The little child grew healthily, and developed broadly in the spacious home of his distinguished ancestors.

Stratford on the Potomac is one of the best-preserved of the colonial homes of Virginia. It is a massive pile of English brick, constructed somewhat after the form of a flattened letter H. It is almost ruggedly simple, and its architecture is unique, from the high basement to the two great clusters of chimneys upon its roof. No ornamental feature of architecture or of decoration beautifies or mars its substantial simplicity. It stands solidly and squarely on its firm foundation, as did its builders and inhabitants throughout all their generations.

The main entrance to the house is by a long flight of sandstone steps that lead to the central door. This is supplemented at each end by a long staircase, which enters upon a passage extending through the entire length of the house. The mansion contains in all eighteen large square rooms.



BIRTHPLACE OF GENS. RICHARD HENRY AND ROBERT E. LEE.

There is little variety in these well-lighted, high-ceiling chambers, except in the case of the central hall, which is worthy a special word of description. It is a fine apartment about thirty feet square, and forms a connecting link between the two wings. It is handsomely paneled in oak from floor to ceiling, with decorative pilasters relieving the panels at short intervals. This was undoubtedly the family gathering place, as four roomy glass-front bookcases have been set in the panels of the wall.

Stratford was built by Thomas Lee, fifth son of Richard Lee, whose father, Col. Richard Lee, was the first of his family to come to the colony of Virginia. He came from his home in Shropshire, England, in 1641, forced by loyalty to the Royal cause to abandon his native land. Thomas Lee built Stratford in the early years of the eighteenth century, naming it after his English estate. It was burned, and, with the aid of fifty thousand dollars from Queen Charlotte, was rebuilt in its original design in 1729.

This Thomas Lee was President of the Colony, and after serving in this capacity for some time was made Governor by royal appointment. Col. Lee died, however, before the commission as Governor reached him. A flat tombstone in the grove near the house covers the graves of his wife and himself. It bears the following inscription: "Here lies buried

the Hon. Colonel Thomas Lee, who died November 14, 1750, aged sixty years, and his beloved wife, Mrs. Hannah Lee. She departed this life January 25, 1749."

President Thomas Lee had six sons, the names of whom have gone down to history as synonyms for patriotism, culture, and high character. They are as follows: Philip Ludwell, Thomas Ludwell, Richard Henry, Francis Lightfoot, William, and Arthur. Philip Ludwell Lee, the eldest son and inheritor of Stratford, had a daughter, Matilda, to whom the estate was bequeathed. She became the first wife of her cousin sometime removed, "Lighthouse Harry" Lee. On her death she left Stratford as a home for her husband and children until the majority of her eldest son, Henry. Here it was that "Lighthouse Harry" Lee brought his second wife, Miss Ann Carter, who became the mother of Robert E. Lee.

OLD YEOCOMICO CHURCH.

At a very age this babe, destined to become one of Virginia's greatest sons, was brought to the house of God for baptism. The font from which Robert E. Lee was received into the fold of Christ's Church is to-day in existence and used in old Yeocomico Church, Westmoreland County, Va.

Yeocomico is sixteen miles from Stratford; but in those old days time and means were plentiful, and a ride of this length to church was a weekly or fortnightly occurrence with a goodly proportion of Yeocomico's congregation. This old parish church of the Lees, the Carters, of Nomini Hall, the Corbins, Turbervilles, and many others of the old families of this historic section is still in a fine state of preservation, and one of the best examples of pre-Revolution houses of worship still in use in Virginia. It is, too, a charming departure from the common "barn" type of colonial church architecture, being cruciform and decorative in some of its features. It was built in 1706 with bricks brought from the mother country, and they have stood the two hundred years of their existence with admirable fortitude.

Over the main entrance is a picturesque Gothic porch, which recalls old England. The door reached through this is a massive affair of double planking, held together by handmade bolts, and its huge wrought-iron hinges extend across half its surface. It is so heavy with its weight of wood and years as to be difficult to open, and for convenience a smaller door has been cut within the larger, that one may lift the latch and enter God's house with greater ease.

Two brick aisles transect nave and transept. The former leads to the railed chancel, which holds the venerable altar,



OLD YEOCOMICO CHURCH.

and the font of the native gray sandstone, both of which have been in use since the church's beginning, and both of which undoubtedly performed their part in hallowing the lives of Robert E. Lee and his famous forebears.

Yeocomico Church stands in a well-shaded God's acre, wherein repose the bones of the departed flock of the neighborhood. Completely surrounding the churchyard is a substantial brick wall, which protects the historic old church and yard from desecration by ruthless man or beast.

In the war of 1812 Yeocomico Church suffered desecration at the hands of the soldiers who were set to watch the British who came up the creeks from the Potomac on destroying expeditions. They tore down the wall about the churchyard, used the church as a stable, and finally abandoned it to the mercy of the elements and stray flocks and herds of the neighborhood. The holy table was not left untouched, and the hallowed font was desecrated. Bishop Neade says, in his journal of 1838, in regard to these things: "The communion table was removed into the yard, where it served as a butcher's block, and was entirely defaced. Being of substantial material, however, it admitted of a new face and polish, and is now restored to its former place, where it will answer, we trust, for a long time to come, the holy purposes for which it was designed. Nor was the baptismal font exempt from profanation. It was taken some miles from the church and used as a vessel in which to prepare the excitements to ungodly mirth. This, however, was not long permitted, and it is now restored to its former place."

The church was again despoiled in the War between the States, but again it was restored, and now we hope it may be left unmolested to carry on its good work for ages to come.

THE ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.—The *Religious Telescope*, Dayton, Ohio, says: "It was slavery's attempt, in its death struggle, to deal a stunning blow to the head of the nation that was crushing out its life—a blow dealt in a desperate revenge for its having been compelled to submit to the triumph of liberty. It was slavery, in its dying throes, administering to itself its own scorpion sting, thereby render-

ing its own character doubly despicable, and its own death more certain and everlasting. Hence, the *cause* (slavery) of Lincoln's assassination being forever annihilated, no such despicable crime can again spring from that source." Slavery was in no way responsible for the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, except in so far as it was connected with other causes that brought on the War between the States; and after a searching investigation, where all the evidence that passion and prejudice could produce was brought to bear, it was clear that no citizen of the Southern Confederacy had anything to do with this despicable murder. Booth, who assassinated Mr. Lincoln, was not a citizen of the Confederacy; at no time was he a resident of any of the seceded States. As well might the assassination of Garfield or McKinley be attributed to the South and to slavery as the assassination of Mr. Lincoln.

AN OLD "GRAY COAT" OF "TAN COLOR."—During the reunion at Nashville there was on exhibition at General Headquarters an old moth-eaten cloak made of some brown material and lined with red cloth that attracted more or less attention, and was left by the owner at the headquarters. A paper pinned to it stated that "This cloak was worn by Tom Triplett through the war. He was a member of Stewart's Black Horse Cavalry. Enlisted when only fifteen years old and was so small that he could not mount with his equipments or without assistance. Comrade Triplett was born and reared in Fairfax County, now Alexandria, Va., and now lives at Pine Bluff, Ark. The cloak is at the VETERAN office.

CONVENTION OF NORTH CAROLINA U. D. C.—Only brief mention is here made of the eighth annual convention of the North Carolina Daughters, which was held at Fayetteville on the 28th and 29th of October. The Daughters decided to place a portrait of Gen. Ransom in the North Carolina Room at Richmond. The 23d of August was selected as the day for the presentation of the crosses of honor, and a committee was appointed to petition the Legislature to provide for marking in some suitable way the spots where the North Carolina troops fought during the war, and especially at Gettysburg.



YOUNG COUNTY (TEXAS) CAMP, U. C. V., GRAHAM, TEX. COMMANDER R. C. M'PHAIL IS SECOND ON RIGHT OF COMRADE IN CHAIR.

HEROIC SERVICE AT BATON ROUGE.

Col. V. Y. Cook, of Newport, Ark., who was a Confederate private, colonel in command of the Second Arkansas Infantry, and major general in command of the Arkansas Division, U. C. V., reports a thrilling account of service by his Confederate captain and two comrades. He sends also a picture of the group:

"The picture is that of the three brave men who burned the Federal cantonments at Baton Rouge, La., August 5, 1862.



CAPT. C. W. JETTON, SERGEANT J. W. MORRIS, PRIVATE J. W. KING.

"After a hard-fought battle the Federals were driven from their position rearward of their encampment under protection of their gunboats, when Gen. Breckinridge called for three volunteers to go forward and burn their encampment, which occupied a position between the two armies. Immediately Capt. Charles W. Jetton, of Company H, Seventh Kentucky Infantry, and two of his enlisted men, Sergt. John W. Morris and Private James W. King, volunteered for the perilous enterprise. They lost no time, and soon succeeded well with their work.

"The Federals, seeing their encampment in flames, trained their heavy ordnance from the gunboats upon their deserted quarters, using canister, shrapnel, and solid shot, which fell thick and fast. Had they known the burning was the work of only three men, and that Gen. Breckinridge with his army had retired out of range of these death-dealing missiles, they would soon have routed these three Confederates. They were so busy with torches that they did not realize their danger nor tire of hazardous performance. Finally the gunboats ceased firing, and a line of infantry advanced just as these gallant three were firing the commissary and sutler's stores. Private King, seeing that the Federals were closing upon them, grabbed some hats, and Sergt. Morris a knife, gold pen, and a few pairs of shoes. Just then Capt. Jetton joined them at the sutler's tent and said: 'Hold on, boys, I must have a pair of these pants.' Right here the two men 'got wrong' with their captain for the first and only time during the war. The

entire company thought they had the best captain in the service.

"Had Capt. Jetton gathered an armful of pants and gone right on, that would have looked like business; but he wanted only one pair of trousers, and he was determined to get a fit. He continued looking at the numbers, and tried the length of several pairs, keeping at it until the enemy got very near them. King and Morris advised their captain of the danger, but hurry he would not. The well-worn 'bosom' of the pair he had on so indicated the necessity of a new pair as to mitigate his seeming indifference to danger. The captain finally got a fit and the three started on a lively run, the Federals in close proximity and their bullets flying around the heroic three like mad hornets.

"They had not gone very far when they came upon a Confederate soldier caring for his brother, who was mortally wounded. The man called to know if one of them would help him move his brother to a shade some distance in the rear, when Private King, like the good soldier he always was, regardless of conditions, and though hard pressed by the enemy, gave a helping hand, aided in carrying the wounded man to the place designated, then he followed his fleeing comrades to the extent of his speed through a hailstorm of bullets.

"In March, 1864, this regiment was mounted and assigned to Gen. Forrest's Cavalry Corps, with which these men did valiant service in many arduous campaigns and hotly contested battles. All of them are yet living, honored and respected by all who know them."

SPANISH FORT, NEAR MOBILE.—Comrade Jesse M. Dunaway, of Avalon, Tex., writes: "I notice in the *VETERAN* that mention is made of the fight at Spanish Fort. I would like to see a full account of the fight from some of my old comrades in the *VETERAN*, for it was a heroic defense. It was estimated that the Federals outnumbered us fourteen to one. I was there, a member of the Twenty-First Alabama, and our regiment had position, as support, between two of our batteries for sixteen days and nights. Another thing I should like to know is if the Confederate dead at Ship Island have ever been cared for. I was captured at Fort Gaines and carried, with thirty-five other prisoners, to Ship Island. We were guarded by negroes and had to submit to brutal treatment from them. We were forced to carry green pine cord wood on our shoulders for seven and a half miles, and if we fagged under the load the negroes would prick us with their bayonets. We left eighteen of our thirty-six prisoners buried in the sand at Ship Island, their old ragged blankets answering the double purpose of winding sheets and coffins.

I surrendered at Meridian, Miss., in May, '65, and heard Gen. Maury H. Dabney (Little Shorty, we used to call him) deliver to us his farewell address.

FLAG TO THE HELEN PLANE CHAPTER.—Mrs. G. I. Teasley, of the Helen Plane Chapter, at Canton, Ga., reports the donation of a flag by the noble woman in whose honor it was named, stating: "The flag was presented at the Elberton convention and is an exact copy of the battle flag of the Confederacy, for which our fathers bled and our mothers prayed. In accepting the flag, let us seek to emulate the virtues of the donor in her beautiful love and loyalty to the traditions of the South and strive to attain the highest and best in all things good and benevolent for which our organization stands."

CONFEDERATES IN MONTANA.

At the last important meeting of Confederates in Montana the body elected Paul A. Fusz as Commander for the Northwestern Division, and George F. Ingram was elected the Commander for the Montana Brigade. In the evening there was a reception, at which there were seventy-five guests, given by Winnie Davis Chapter. Gen. Ingram was master of ceremonies. The speakers were Dr. W. G. Eggleston, Chief Justice Theodore Brantly, former Gov. Preston H. Leslie, and Gen. Frank D. Brown.

One of the numbers on the programme was a solo by Mrs. J. L. Patterson, of Bozeman, State President of the U. D. C. There were a number of Southern songs, in which the audience joined heartily. Refreshments were served during the evening. The hall was decorated for the occasion, several large flags of the stars and bars being in the decorative scheme.

Paul A. Fusz, the new Commander of the Northwestern Division, U. C. V., was born in Hericourt, France, August 5, 1849. His parents came to St. Louis (United States) in 1852. In August of 1864 he joined J. M. Utz in procuring quinine and other medical supplies for the army and getting them out of St. Louis. Upon going out of the Federal lines, Utz and his recruits were captured as they rode to join Price's army. He and young Fusz were taken to St. Louis, tried, and condemned to death. Utz was executed and Fusz was paroled by order of President Lincoln.

FLAG OF THE THIRTEENTH U. S. INFANTRY.

BY N. M. CARPENTER, EUTAW, ALA.

In the September VETERAN there is an account, by Comrade G. T. Cullins, of Caledonia, Ark., of the capture of this flag at the battle of Nashville, wherein he confuses a little incident.

I was in command of the Thirty-Sixth Alabama Regiment, and Capt. Knox, of Company B, was on my extreme right. After the firing had somewhat ceased and the negroes began to retreat, Knox, seeing the color bearer still standing at his post, jumped over our breastworks, caught up one of the enemy's guns, shot the color bearer, and captured the flag, which had the following inscription on it: "Thirteenth U. S. Colored Infantry. Presented by colored ladies of Murfreesboro."

On our retreat, while camping at Columbia, Tenn., Gen. H. D. Clayton sent for the flag, and had it put in his wagon for safe-keeping. Unfortunately, the mules got hold of it one night and damaged it greatly, but the mutilated remains are yet preserved in this (Greene) county.

THOMAS MOORE AND WIFE, ELIZA JANE.

This venerable old couple were married in 1837. The ancestors of Mr. Moore went to Kentucky in the days of Daniel



MR. AND MRS. THOMAS MOORE.

Boone. He was born in Mercer County, of that State, in 1815, and his wife, Eliza Jane Dodd, in Barren County in 1818. In 1853 they moved to Burnet County, Tex. Mr. Moore was a member of the secession convention of Texas, in 1861, and acted in the Civil Department of the Confederacy during the war. In 1867 they moved to Waco, where Mr. Moore died in 1898. Mrs. Moore is a remarkably well-preserved old lady in mind and body. She has eight children living—five sons and three daughters—to comfort her in old age.

DIVIDED IN WAR TIMES.

Herewith is a war-time picture of F. A. Taulman, of Hubbard City, Tex., taken just after he enlisted in the Confederate army, in 1861. He was a member of Company G, Thirty-Second Texas Dismounted Cavalry, Ector's Brigade. He went to Fayetteville, Ark., in September of 1861, and joined Gen. Ben McCulloch's escort at Camp Jackson. He was with McCulloch until that general's death, at Elkhorn (Pea Ridge). He was captured at Blakely, Ala., on April 9, 1865, the day of Lee's surrender, with the whole garrison, and sent to Ship Island, where he had a taste of discipline as dispensed by big buck negroes with bayonets and Yankee uniforms. Fortunately he did not



F. A. TAULMAN.

have to stay a great while, release coming on May 6, 1865.

Comrade Taulman was the recipient of a cross of honor bestowed by the Daughters of the Confederacy of Hubbard City some time since. The father of this comrade was an ultra-Unionist. In a letter to a friend during the crucial period of this country he states: "My second son, Francis, who went to Texas in June, 1860, I have not heard from since the mail communication was cut off last July. I advised him to come home in my last two letters to him, as I expected trouble there; but he seemed to think there was no danger, and stayed too long to be able to get away." It would be difficult to imagine the elder Taulman's thoughts when he afterwards learned that when he wrote this letter his son was a Confederate soldier.

REUNION OF COMPANY G, FIRST GEORGIA CAVALRY.—A sad, yet pleasant, reunion at Rome was that of Company G, First Georgia Cavalry, held during the State Encampment, U. C. V., at the residence of W. D. Jones. This company was the first one of cavalry that left Floyd County, March, 1862, with a membership of eighty-seven, rank and file. Recruits came during the three years, running the number up to one hundred and forty. There are now living twenty-three, eleven in Floyd County—viz., T. S. Burney, G. W. Warren, H. T. Moore, D. P. Philips, H. H. Waters, Sol Everett, John Corley, James Selman, W. D. Jones, W. A. Overby, and W. L. Aycock. Lieut. George A. Webster, Waterworks Department, Atlanta, Ga., is the only living officer. He and the first nine named were present at the dinner table of W. D. Jones. After the splendid dinner and music they spent an hour together, at the conclusion of which they sang "God Be with You Till We Meet Again."

PROMOTED ON THE FIELD FOR GALLANTRY.

BY S. EMANUEL, NEW YORK.

In the New York *Sun* appears a review of "Four Years under Marse Robert," by Major Robert T. Stiles, in which he asserts that he "never saw or heard of a promotion on the field, and does not believe such a thing ever occurred during the war." While Maj. Stiles is in the main correct—as promotions on the field were so rare as to be almost unknown in the Confederate service—yet they did occur. One such came under my observation—that of Lieut. C. Carrol White, commanding Company A, Tenth (Manigault's) South Carolina Regiment, in front of Murfreesboro, Tenn., December, 1862.

Maneuvering had begun, incidental to the great battle that followed. Company A was deployed as skirmishers, when, quick as lightning, a squadron of cavalry—the Fifteenth Pennsylvania—thundered down the line, striking the right of Company A, capturing Lieut. White and many of the two first groups. White, detecting indecision in the faces of his captors, gave the command, "Company A! rally on the right group! commence firing; don't mind us." White and his men dropped to the ground, his order was quickly obeyed, and the deadly fire from nearly one hundred Enfield rifles was sent into the enemy's ranks, emptying many of their saddles—two officers, Majors Herring and Rosengarten, falling, besides many of lesser rank. This command was formerly the Philadelphia City Troop, composed, in part, of the élite of that city. White and his associates each grappled with one of the enemy, and brought them, prisoners, into our line. Lieutenant Francis S. Parker, aid to Gen. Bragg, was on that part of the field when the incident occurred. In a letter received from him some years ago, now in my possession, he said: "I presume of course the episode at Murfreesboro of Capt. White's brave 'Rally on the right group!' is remembered by you. I recall the sensation of so many years ago as if it had just occurred. The position from which I was to observe and report was on our left, and so I became aware of the occurrence. It was a rare exhibition of presence of mind, and the act of true courage of the soldier." Upon this affair being made known to Gen. Bragg, he immediately ordered Lieut. White's promotion to a captaincy. In further recognition of Capt. White's bravery, after the battle had been fought Gen. Beauregard, at Charleston, needing a battery of rifle guns, requested Gen. Bragg to furnish him with them. Gen. Bragg acquiesced. Annexed is a copy of Gen. Bragg's letter to Gen. Beauregard, accompanying the guns.

"HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF TENNESSEE,
TULLAHOMA, TENN., May 27, 1863.

"*Dear General:* It is a source of much gratification for me to be able to respond to your request for a battery of rifle guns from our capture at Murfreesboro. My aid, Lieut. Francis S. Parker, and Capt. C. C. White, Tenth South Carolina Regiment, are charged with the mission of delivering these guns to you in Charleston as soon as they can be put in proper, serviceable condition. As the two fine regiments from that historic State were conspicuously distinguished on the bloody field which yielded up these trophies, their able and gallant commander, Col. Manigault, has been requested to furnish four names from among the most honored of his fallen officers to be placed on the guns.

"Very respectfully and very truly yours,

BRAXTON BRAGG."

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THIRTY-SEVENTH VIRGINIA INFANTRY.

W. C. Tyler, of Company A, writes from Kansas City, Mo.:

"If your columns are not too crowded, I should like to say a word about my old regiment, the Thirty-Seventh Virginia Infantry. This regiment was made up largely from the Counties of Washington, Scott, and Tazewell, Southwestern Virginia. We were mustered into service in May, 1861, and went into camp at Abingdon, Washington County. From there we went to Richmond, and thence to Staunton, where we took up our line of march for Laurel Hill to meet Gen. McClellan, who was at Philippi. The regiment was then commanded by Col. S. V. Fulkerson, one of the bravest of the brave. After a long and tedious march we reached Laurel Hill, where we dug intrenchments, built breastworks, and were regularly initiated into the duties of soldier life.

"In about ten days Gen. McClellan commenced his advance, which made him commander of the Army of the Potomac. After a severe fight with Col. Pegram's small force at Rich Mountain, he succeeded in flanking Gen. R. S. Gamett's position at Laurel Hill, who was forced to retreat through the mountains, and was attacked and killed at Carrick's Ford, on the Cheat River. The command then fell to Col. (afterwards Gen.) William B. Taliaferro, and we continued our retreat to Monterey, Highland County, Va., whence, after resting and recruiting, we advanced to Camp Bartow, on the Greenbrier River. There we remained, marching, countermarching, and skirmishing with the Yanks, until early in December, when we took up our line of march for Winchester, where we became a part of the immortal Stonewall Jackson's Division. From that time the Thirty-Seventh bore a conspicuous part in all the battles from Kearntown to Appomattox, ever in the thickest of the fray. Col. Fulkerson was mortally wounded at the first battle of Cold Harbor, and from that time the regiment was commanded by Col. T. V. Williams, who still survives, and is living at Edinburg, Grundy County, Mo.

"The regiment was made up of as fine fighting men as there were in the army and commanded by as gallant officers as ever drew sword in defense of a righteous cause—such men as Capts. Lancaster, Preston, Reed, Wood, Shumate, and others. I hope that many surviving comrades will see these notes and call to mind the noble Thirty-Seventh and its gallant officers who were at Kearntown, McDowell, Winchester, Port Republic, the seven days' fight around Richmond, Cedar Mountain, Second Manassas, Ox Hill, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, and on to the end, where the flag went down, but glorious still. To all of my old comrades I wish health, happiness, and length of days. May their last days be as peaceful as their former days were glorious! Please all subscribe for the VETERAN."

PURSUIT OF GEN. STURGISS.

BY HENRY EWELL HORD.

Having whipped Sturgiss at Brice's X Roads, at daylight next morning we took the road in pursuit of him. Gens. Forrest and Buford rode together at the head of Lyon's Brigade, Third Kentucky leading. I think Gen. Lyon had been detailed to take charge of the battlefield, prisoners, plunder, etc., we had captured the day before. There was one regiment, the Twelfth Kentucky, in advance of us, though not in sight. The first thing we came upon that looked like war was a large, fine ambulance full of dead Yankees, packed in so tight that they held each other up on the two long seats on each side of the ambulance. Forrest and Buford halted to have a look at

them. They had evidently been abandoned by their friends probably before they were dead, as the horses were gone. It takes a good deal to move an old soldier, but every face showed sorrow for the poor fellows left there to die by their friends. Under the seats were two little closed-up closets with a small door in the end, doubtless to carry the dead.

One of our boys noticed the doors. They excited his curiosity, and he jumped off his horse and opened one. The Yankee driver had a number of live geese, which no doubt he had stolen, confined in there, and as soon as the door opened out flew an old gander with a low hiss. The fellow was stooping down peeping into the door, his face so close he could not see what it was. He got only a glimpse of something white, which he must have taken for the ghost of the dead men overhead, for it scared him pretty nigh into fits. I never heard a fellow yell so in my life. He fought and yelled, and as fast as he knocked one out of his face another would fly out. The rest of us on our horses could see what it was, of course, and the whole command joined in the laugh. After the geese had all got out and the fellow had somewhat recovered his nerve he started to mount his horse, when somebody in the ranks told him to open the other door. He glared around at his tormentors, and answered: "I'll be d—n if I do." His emphatic language started everybody to laughing again, even Gen. Forrest joining in; but the "old man" was the first to think of business, for, turning to Gen. Buford, he said, "While we are laughing at that d—n fool the Yankees are getting away. I'll go on; you follow as fast as your horses can stand it;" and, striking a lope, he was soon out of sight.

It was not long till we heard firing in front, and the boys commenced yelling: "Old Bedford's treed." We soon got a "hurry up" order. The command passed down the line, "Keep closed up if it kills your horses," and away we went. When we struck the Yankees we "formed fours" and sailed in, tore their line all to pieces, and scattered them in every direction. While we were re-forming and gathering up prisoners the next regiment would take the lead and sweep down on them, and in that way we worked a sort of endless chain attack that did not allow them to halt to rest or get water. Only once, at Ripley, I think, we were dismounted and formed a regular line of battle, and there we completely routed them and captured their last gun.

Gen. Forrest had handed out some mighty nice taffy to Capt. Morton and the battery boys on the way they handled their guns the day before, and they had left camp that morning all "puffed up" with new guns, eight horses to each gun, and the firm determination to break all records and have old Bedford pat them on the back some more. Although they killed six horses, they never were able to get near us. It was a cavalry fight all the way through, and a friendly rivalry between the different regiments to see which could outdo the others. I am not sure but that we counted some of our prisoners twice. Once Gen. Forrest himself took part of Rucker's and Bell's Brigade and tried to get around the Yanks, but it did not work. When he got back into the road they were on he was in our rear.

At Salem Gen. Forrest had to be taken off his horse, he was so near fainting from fatigue. Gen. Buford was not, however. Mounted on a Kentucky thoroughbred, one of his own rearing, he hung on to that flying column, and every chance he got would rush down on them. I don't think he would ever have thought of holding up as long as anybody's horse could keep up with him. Two Yankee stragglers were the cause of our finally halting. They mistook us for their troops, and rode the whole length of our command, from rear to

front. We saw them, but thought they were some of our men returning from taking prisoners to the rear. It was about eleven o'clock at night, and too dark to see the color of uniforms. Just as they were passing Gen. Buford, who was riding at the head of our column, one of them asked: "Whose command is this?" Gen. Buford answered: "My command, A. Buford." "Good Lord!" said the Yank, and we could hear the rip, rip of their spurs as they dashed down the road. "Halt!" yelled Old Abe; bang, bang, went his pistol, but they made good their escape; then he halted his command, rode back, and wanted to know where those Yanks came from. When some one told him they came down the line, he made things blue and brimstonny with his profanity, and told us, among a good many other things, that we were "a lot of d—n sandlappers riding along half asleep" and let the Yanks ride over us. Some one told him it was too dark to see colors. "See h'll," yelled Old Abe; "sr:ell 'um." We were passing through a dense forest at the time, and the General got suspicious of an ambuscade, so he ordered one of his staff, Maj. Turk, to dismount twenty-five or thirty of us and deploy as skirmishers. I was one of that unlucky lot. We had not gone fifty yards before I stumbled over something and came near falling. I looked back to see what it was, and discovered that it was a Yankee sitting at the foot of a tree sound asleep. I woke him up, told him he was a prisoner, and called to the other fellows to look close, that there were Yanks about. Pretty soon all up and down the skirmish line I could hear the boys waking up sleeping Yankees. We kept on about half an hour, and had taken quite a number of prisoners, when I heard Gen. Buford call: "Turk, where are you?" "Here, General," answered Turk, who was out in the brush with us. "Call in your skirmishers, take some of them down the road, and put out a picket. We will stay right here till morning. Every d—n man with me is sound asleep."

Maj. Turk had been lieutenant in my company for years, so when I heard his order, "Skirmishers, rally on the road," I skipped back to my horse, for I was pretty certain to get a job of standing picket the rest of the night if I "rallied." I jerked my saddle off "Old Pete," crumbled up some crackers for him to eat, and was asleep before one could count a dozen. Next morning we found we were sixty-five miles from Brice's X Roads, without corn or rations and nothing in the country to subsist upon. So Gen. Buford started the prisoners back under guard, and disbanded the rest of our brigade to hustle for themselves to get back to Guntown as soon as they could and pick up all the Yankee stragglers they came across. Part of Bell's Brigade followed the Yanks still farther, but I don't think they caught up with them again. I should state that nobody cared for Old Abe's cursing; his bark was ever worse than his bite. He was one of the kindest-hearted men I ever knew, except the peerless John C. Breckinridge, the best man we ever served under. Turk told me next morning that he, as well as the pickets, went to sleep on post, and slept till daylight. The fact was, we had about reached the limit of endurance for man and horse.

GEN. PETTUS ESCAPES JOHNSON'S ISLAND.

BY T. B. COX, WACO, TEX.

In May, 1863, there was fought near Port Gibson, Miss., one of the hottest little battles of the war. Gen. Pemberton had sent a detachment four thousand strong to support the siege guns at Grand Gulf, about thirty miles below Vicksburg, commanded by Gen. Bowen. The Federal gunboats had repeatedly made unsuccessful efforts to destroy the forts and effect a crossing for Grant's army.

Gen. Grant, having failed in his assaults on Vicksburg from the front, adopted this strategy, and it won him the rear of this Gibraltar of the Confederacy. Grant left Sherman with his division to keep up a feint against Pemberton in front, while he, with an army said to be ninety thousand strong, moved down the west side of the river, and, failing at Grand Gulf, effected a crossing at Brunisburg, ten miles below, before Gen. Pemberton was advised of the move. Gen. Bowen the same night marched with his four thousand out on the Port Gibson and Brunisburg road to within eight miles of the latter place and formed a line of battle, not knowing that he was to measure arms with Grant's whole army, save the one division left in front of Vicksburg.

There was some fighting that night between the pickets, skirmishers, and artillery; but the next morning, without fortifications of any kind, the four thousand met Grant's army in open field, and poured volley after volley into the crowded ranks of the infantry covering our entire front and right flank. The Sixth Mississippi made desperate charges on batteries that were sweeping the field with grape and canister, only to be forced back by Grant's overwhelming force massing on every part of the field. For much of the day the four thousand, swinging right and left, held in check the ninety thousand, with Gen. Pemberton's army twenty miles away marching to our assistance, but which never reached us.

Gen. Bowen's little sorrel had been shot from under him, and Gen. Tracy was killed in the second desperate attempt to counteract the flanking columns. The entire line of the four thousand was now enfiladed, and the enemy was in the rear of the right wing before any idea of yielding the field occurred to the gallant four thousand. When finally the order came to fall back, half of the line was enveloped and about one thousand others were cut off and captured in the open field. Gen. Pettus and the writer were of this number. Gen. Pettus was at that time lieutenant colonel of an Alabama regiment, and I was sergeant major of the Sixth Mississippi. The prisoners, about eight hundred, were marched to the river that night. We were so overcome by fatigue and loss of sleep for the two preceding days and nights that we could scarcely walk. Occasional halts were made for rest, when all would fall asleep. The night was quite dark, and the guards would have to shake the prisoners to wake them up.

Gen. Pettus was fortunate in being out of line at one of these halts, and in the darkness was not missed by the guard. Finding himself alone, he hastily made for the woods and escaped. He rejoined his regiment in time to participate at Champion Hill and Baker's Creek, and with Pemberton was forced into Vicksburg. During the siege his colonel (Garrett) was killed, and Gen. Tracy having already fallen, he was promoted to the rank of brigadier general. He survived the siege of Vicksburg, surrendered with Pemberton's army, and afterwards won distinction with his brigade on many fiercely contested fields to the end of the war. The rest of us were taken to the Alton penitentiary, where many died with the smallpox. Some were sent on to Johnson's Island from the penitentiary, where the survivors lingered till the close of the war. Others were exchanged at City Point, in which number I was counted, to continue the fight until surrendered at Greensboro with Gen. Joe Johnston.

ESCAPE FROM NEW ORLEANS PRISON.

The following paper was read before the Granbury Chapter of the U. D. C., at Granbury, Tex., by Mrs. Annie S. McKinnon, of Tascosa, Tex.:

"This is the story as it was told by the veteran himself.

It was in an unsuccessful attempt to capture Fort Butler, near the little village of Donaldsville, in Louisiana, that Samuel Hancock Smith was captured. He was shot from the parapet, and received a terrible wound. It was two o'clock in the morning of June 28, 1863, when he was shot. The Federals placed him on an old sailcloth beside a dead comrade of theirs, and there he lay from 8 A.M. until 3 P.M., covered by thousands of flies. Finally, after piteous pleadings, the Yankees carried him to a tent, and he was placed beside the dying body of a major of the Confederate army. This gentleman, by the way, was a member of an old Virginia family of gentle birth and wealthy. While in his death agony, the poor boy twitching convulsively as if struggling to hold the noble spirit, human vultures appeared, tearing the ring from his finger, the gold buttons from his shirt, and rifling his pockets.

"You can imagine the condition of the wounded soldier who received no medical attention from the day he was wounded, the 28th, until the 30th. They thought his wound was fatal, and momentarily expected the end. On the 29th the prisoners were started by water to New Orleans, arriving there the following evening.

"With the rest of the wounded Mr. Smith was put in the prison hospital, and remained there five months before he became convalescent. His life was due to that grandest body of women that ever lived, the 'women of the Confederacy.' Those who dwelt in the beautiful, quaint old city of New Orleans were ceaseless and untiring in their efforts to alleviate the sufferings of their soldier boys in New Orleans prisons. All the wiles of the feminine heart, all the arts of a woman's nature, were brought into play. One beautiful lady (her picture is a treasured possession) claimed Smith as her nephew and a young lady as cousin, so they got to visit him daily, taking to him fruit and other delicacies. But for a water bed furnished by the ladies of the city he would surely have died. This kept down inflammation, and he lay on it three months. As soon as he was able to sit up he was taken to the prison house proper (the old customhouse), where the prisoners were herded together, many in a room. Their beds were filthy blankets, and their fare was bread, water, and said to be 'mule meat.'

"Mr. Smith was once placed in a cell in solitary confinement for infringement of prison rules; but the thing that stung was to march between two rows of grinning, jeering negro soldiers, with bayonets ready to run him through if he made the least sign. Truly a brave sight! One poor, weak, emaciated, handcuffed white boy, hardly able to move a muscle, forced to march between lines of dusky demons, whose ancestors yet live in the jungles of Africa. In the cell he was fed on bread and water, with one good meal for Sunday. Here he stayed three weeks.

"The following incident may offend the delicate sensibilities of some, but it serves to illustrate the soldier's loyalty, and more especially love for fun, even under the prison's shadow. A cavalry recruiting officer came at several different times, his special purpose being to persuade them to desert. He painted glowing pictures of the fine horses they would have to ride, the clothes they would wear, the food given to eat, and the bounty offered by President Lincoln. But the boys got tired of it. They swore at him and made sport of him, but all to no purpose. So, to quote their own words, they 'lay for him,' and tobacco juice was the watchword. Several of the boys became interested in his story (?), and asked all sorts of questions. How elated he felt when such a crowd gathered around! He already had visions of promotion. It was winter, and he had on a heavy army overcoat.

The boys behind chewed vigorously, and expectorated unerringly always at some point on that overcoat. He waxed eloquent, the boys in front grew feverish, and the boys behind never missed an aim. Tobacco juice actually trickled from the Federal cavalryman's overcoat as he made his most unceremonious exit, never to return.

"The young lady who had called Mr. Smith 'cousin' in the hospital had not forgotten him. She and 'Aunt Sallie,' the elderly lady, came often to the regular prison. One day she seemed a bit nervous; her hoop skirts stood out even more stiffly than usual. When she went away there was a rope of sufficient length to reach the pavement stowed safely up the fire flue. The terribly injured back and one useless arm precluded all hope of escape to Mr. Smith. Fifteen or twenty fellows got away, however. The last fell when about halfway down, and was rendered insensible.

"There was a second siege of hospital life for Mr. Smith; he took smallpox, and was in the hospital five weeks. Finally came welcome news that there was to be an exchange of prisoners. With a number of others Mr. Smith was put on board the steamer *Polar Star* at the rear of Bank's fleet. They steamed up the Mississippi into the Red River. When not far below Mansfield the news came of Bank's defeat, and the boat was reversed and started back to New Orleans. Mr. Smith and a comrade named Snell resolved on escape or death. It was nine o'clock at night when they made a dash for liberty. Snell went overboard first, and the guard was taken so by surprise that when he fired at Snell the bullet fell short of the mark; Smith then knocked the gun up and jumped. The guard thought he had shot Mr. Smith through, and reported him dead. A comrade watching the affair thought so too, until meeting him at the U. C. V. at Dallas. With only one arm, he could do but little swimming. He relied on floating, but was so exhausted and nearly strangled when he reached the shore that he could not pull himself out. Fortunately, his comrade was near and rescued him.

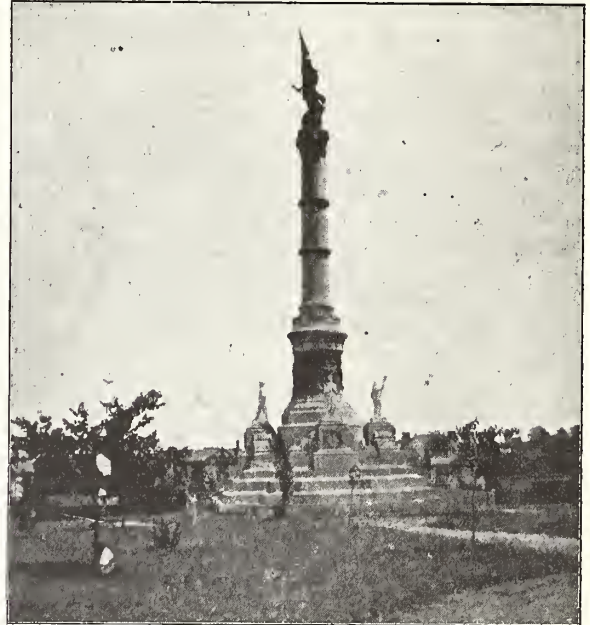
"Then came nine days of weary wandering and almost starvation. They were in the jayhawker strip, with Yankees all about. There were lagoons to traverse, with their cypress knees, mud, and water. Their first help was from an old man at a little cabin. He had little to give, but told them to travel only at night and to hide in the deepest, darkest thickets in daytime. They grew so weak, stiff, and sore that the time came when the wounded man was the stronger. Their food was principally the young shoots and twigs of trees. In an old, deserted cabin they found a bacon rind and a few ears of corn, and on these they feasted. Finally they came to a cabin, where they got a good meal, and the woman directed them to a settlement six miles away. There they found one of their recruiting officers, and he sent them to their old command at McNutt Hill. On the eleventh day after their escape they walked up to their commanding officer. Mr. Smith had been reported dead, lost from the *Polar Star*. The officer, Capt. John W. Squires, threw up his hands and exclaimed: 'My God! can this be Sam Smith?'"

MONTGOMERY CONFEDERATE MONUMENT.

"Through the untiring energy and boundless influence of the Ladies' Memorial Association, this monument day by day grows heavenward, a beautiful and blessed soul tribute of the South to memories which can never die, but which shall live through the cycles of time, admonishing hoary age and thoughtless youth of a storm-cradled nation that went down to rise no more, leaving behind it, in inextinguishable brilliancy, both wisdom and truth, to guide us ever onward and upward.

Near its base the Southern Confederacy was born. It is indeed a hallowed spot. Here it was that the new nation was committed to the keeping of Mr. Davis, and echoing in the hearts of many yet-living are his responsive words: 'I will, so help me God.'

"Causes which gave birth to the Confederacy are, like it, buried to rise no more. The monument is the tombstone of both. While it commemorates the fatigues, hardships, and privations incident to soldiers whose government could not equip or feed them, it also memorializes the tears, the ago-



CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT MONTGOMERY, ALA.

nies, the blood, and death of noble men who gave their lives a sacrifice upon a country's altar. Its mounting spire is no threat of antagonism to the Stars and Stripes, and is an assurance that the New South cherishes fond recollections of the past and clinging hopes of the future."

The above lines were written by a Confederate, Jas. W. Powell, formerly of Montgomery, Ala., at the request of B. L. Aycock, Esq., of San Antonio. Comrade Powell resides now in San Antonio, Tex. He affiliates with Albert Sidney Johnston Camp No. 144 of Confederate Veterans. He heard the words from Jefferson Davis's lips, "So help me God." With moistened eye he relates that scene of scenes where Mr. Davis took the oath of office.

THIRTEENTH VIRGINIA AT FREDERICKSBURG.

ADDRESS OF CAPT. S. D. BUCK, OF BALTIMORE, MD., BEFORE THE BUCHANAN CAMP, U. C. V.

The first battle of Fredericksburg had been fought and won. Burnside followed the fate of his predecessors, and now the two armies rested upon the banks of the beautiful Rappahannock River, which for months was the dividing line between the hostile forces. Jackson's Corps after the battle in December went into winter quarters at Moss Neck, guarding the villages and ferries from Fredericksburg down to Port Royal. The Army of the Potomac was being recruited from every clime under the shining sun, while the Confederates could only rest and hope in the heroism of their members and be recruited from the "cradle" and sick rolls; but the few we had were tried and true, and could withstand the

hardships of army life, sing the songs of patriotism, and glory in the deeds accomplished. McClellan, Burnside, Shields, McDowell, Banks, and others had measured swords with Lee and Jackson, and now "Fighting Joe Hooker" took command of the Army of the Potomac, an accomplished soldier, and with an army that had never before been equaled in number and equipment much was expected of him. The press of the North, under flaming headlines, declared Richmond would fall in thirty days.

Monday, April 27, Hooker's preparations were completed, and Tuesday night his first, third, and sixth corps were at Franklin's Crossing, three miles below Fredericksburg. Stoneman had begun his cavalry raid to the James River, and that brilliant leader, J. E. B. Stuart, had his forces in motion, and captured prisoners from Howard, Slocum, and Meade.

Pardon me for digressing just a moment. I cannot pass by the grave of one who fell March 17, at Kelly's Ford, Maj. John Pelham. Roses and lilies bloom and bow their heads over his grave where he sleeps in his Southland, and I feel like bowing my head in thanksgiving that God gave Pelham to the South. Lee, the immortal, baptized him "Pelham the gallant," when his Napoleons thundered upon the flanks of Burnside's army. I had the honor of fighting by his side at Sharpsburg where the Thirteenth supported his battery on our left, and was promoted to first lieutenant in the provisional army of Confederate States for conduct on that field. The horses could not drag the heavy guns over the plowed field, and the men of that grand old regiment almost carried the pieces to a position only a few hundred yards in front of the enemy, and Pelham loaded each gun with double charges and kept thousands of the enemy back. I see him now, and wish I could portray the picture on canvas, that every Southern boy might see it and be proud that such an example was left him. He was taken from us, and we mourned our loss.

"But his fame on brightest pages,

Penned by poets and by sages,

Shall go sounding down the ages."

Hooker crossed at Germania and Ely's Ford. Gen. Stuart had discovered Hooker's plans, and at once informed his illustrious chief that Hooker was concentrating his whole army at Chancellorsville.

As my paper is to treat upon the Thirteenth Virginia at Fredericksburg, I must leave Hooker in his trenches at Chancellorsville and turn to Early. Gen. Sedgwick, with twenty-five thousand troops, crossed the river three miles below Fredericksburg April 29. Jackson's Corps drew up in front of him. D. H. Hill was on the right at Hamilton's Crossing, his right on Massaponox Creek. It was discovered by Gen. Lee that Sedgwick's move was a feint. In consequence, he ordered Jackson to leave one division of his corps in front of Sedgwick and to move on Chancellorsville with the rest of his troops. Gen. Early's division of eight thousand was left to confront Sedgwick with twenty-five thousand. Jackson moved out Wednesday night late, and the entire line was occupied by Early. My regiment, the Thirteenth Virginia, under Col. J. B. Terrell, was on picket duty at the old gas house. Col. Smith (Extra Billy) commanded the brigade. The morning the Federals crossed we were ordered back, and formed a skirmish line, the three right companies on the road leading down to the river and the others, or left wing of the regiment, swung back from the road, connecting, I think, with a North Carolina regiment. As we moved back from the river and were deploying as skirmishers the first shell from Falmouth Heights greeted us, and as we marched

back to the Bowling Green road the enemy had good practice at us, but did no harm. Part of the regiment took position against the south bank of the road, the condition of which gave us good protection. Companies I, K, and H (the latter my company) were protected by the embankment on each side of the road, while the companies on our left were in open field; but the soil being light and sandy, the men were soon at work throwing up rifle pits, and almost every fellow dug a hole that protected him to the waist. I was on the extreme right and within speaking distance of the enemy, who had moved forward and were in the road to our left and on our right, conformed to our line and in the open field. We were not over two hundred yards apart, and not a musket had been fired. As before stated, my company, with I and K, occupied the right of the regiment and of the army.

The Colonel was near-sighted and came to where I stood, watching our flank, which was exposed, and, handing me his field glasses, asked me what was going on in front. After a careful examination, I told him that the lawn in front of the stone house was full of soldiers and many officers. He at once sent a messenger back to report this fact, and suggested that artillery should open on them, which was done, and heavy firing soon began on both sides. I learned later that our shells did great damage, as the house was the headquarters of a general officer. While this duel was in progress Col. Terrell became very restless, and again appealed to my better sight. I took the glasses and described the position of the enemy's line of battle and their battery in our immediate front. Their infantry occupied the roadbed in front of our left wing. He said that the left must move forward and possess the road. Had his eyes seen what mine did, he would have hesitated; but he knew what he was doing, and believed the regiment would take the road if ordered to do so. Drawing his sword, he in a loud, sharp voice ordered "Right wheel." The order almost took my breath, as I knew the line of battle in the road within two hundred yards of where I stood would deliver a deadly volley as soon as our men rose, and so did he. I was first lieutenant, and several senior officers were present; but, taking in the situation, I leaped into the road and called the men to follow. The enemy gave our left a direct volley. I ordered a left oblique fire, and struck them square in the flank and in the back. Their line broke, and as they crossed the road our men who had not gotten in position in time for the first fire now got their work in. Our left suffered terribly, but gained the position. The slaughter, for numbers engaged, was heavy. I could almost walk on the enemy's dead for one hundred yards without touching the ground. We drove them back, but could not cross the road on account of artillery; but we rendered the battery in our immediate front useless by killing every man who ventured to it. We had it our way for only a short time. As they could not dislodge us from the front, they moved to our left flank two pieces of artillery, planting them three hundred yards away on a knoll, and raked us with grape, canister, and shrapnel for two hours. In this engagement I was shot. The ball lodged in my blanket, making thirty-two holes.

I never saw a hotter place, but we stuck to the position, holding it until next day, when we saw the United States flag on the hill at "Marye House." We fell back that night and joined Gen. Early, marching to Chancellorsville. Next day we were met by Gen. Lee, who had disposed of Hooker, and now came down to pay his respects to Sedgwick. Gen. Early put Col. Terrell again in front with the Thirteenth Virginia as skirmishers "to feel the enemy." The position

they occupied was very strong. We made five distinct charges, and broke their lines every time, but could not hold them. From the plank road leading from Orange C. H. to Fredericksburg, looking northwest, we could see plainly their lines on the hill protected by underbrush. To get to them we had to cross a bottom for fully a quarter of a mile, in the center of which there was a ditch several feet deep and a small stream of water, and on charging across this field the command had to jump this ditch or get down into it on one side and climb up on the other. When we got to this point we received a heavy volley from the enemy on the hill in front, which caused the men to take advantage of the protection thus afforded, and some time was lost in getting them forward. Col. Terrell led the charge, and as we dashed up the hill through the bushes a terrible fire met us from the woods held by the enemy; but on we went until within a few yards of the line, when they broke and fell back, but before we could get into the works another heavy line of skirmishers came up and drove us back. Five distinct charges were made by the regiment, and every time reinforcements came up in time to check us. In the first charge a Federal officer was holding his men to their works by his own reckless courage: standing on the works and urging them to hold on to their position. One of my company was wounded by my side (M. C. Copenhaver, a gallant soldier), and as he fell I took his gun and fired at the officer, who fell either by my shot or some one else's. As we fell back, Gen. Early sent forward another regiment to relieve the pressure. At the ditch referred to above we rallied, and my orderly sergeant, James W. Legg, an excellent soldier, was killed. I saw the lint fly from his gray coat when the ball struck him, and he fell forward in the ditch. I jumped down and tried to lift him up, but could not. When I got up I was alone, the command having left me, and for fully two hundred and fifty yards I ran, "because I could not fly," and every jump a bullet struck near me. This is the only time I ever tried to carry a man off the field. It is a wrong principle; better protect your friends by driving the enemy. I had the misfortune to run a ramrod through my hand in trying to load a musket. It was bleeding freely and the Colonel ordered me back to the surgeon. It was a painful wound, but was well in a few days. There was not a better regiment in the army than the Thirteenth Virginia. Gen. Lee said, "It was a splendid body of men;" Gen. Ewell, "It is the only regiment that never fails;" Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, "It always does exactly what I tell it;" Gen. Early, "They can do more hard fighting and be in better plight than any other troops I ever saw."

About 4 P.M., May 30, 1864, the gallant Col. Terrell fell at Cold Harbor. His commission as brigadier general was at Gen. Lee's headquarters when he fell, and he did not know of this honor;

"But his name shall never be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
And Glory points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps."

The day after the charges referred to, as we were going to camp, an artillery regiment on the roadside, overlooking the position we fought for, and who saw the charges we made, gave us three cheers, and said they regretted that they could not help us, but could not do so without hurting us, as we were too close to the enemy. With such commanders as A. P. Hill, James A. Wheeler, and James B. Terrell, it is not surprising that the regiment stood as it did and received compliments from the commanding generals and others.

How the past looms up before me! I dream of the army,

I hear their martial tread, I dream of those who touched elbows in the charge, I dream of the cause for which we fought; but the Confederate soldier is no dream, the flag under which he marched is no dream. It was real, and the deeds of the Confederate army have been written in blood upon the pages of history, and will stand in golden letters throughout the ages. Time will but brighten and add to its glory, and generations to come will be proud to trace their lineage to the men whose deeds and daring electrified not only a nation but the world.

LIDDELL'S DIVISION AT CHICKAMAUGA.

BY J. W. MINNICH, GRAND ISLE, LA.

In the October issue of the *VETERAN* is a communication from Capt. J. D. Smith, of the Twenty-Fourth Mississippi, concerning the battle of Chickamauga, which is a very interesting and truthful account from Comrade Smith's point of view as remembered by him after a lapse of forty-one years; but it is calculated to still further "confound the confusion" resulting from the various conflicting reports, official and others, of the operations conducted, or misconducted, during those two terrible days in the woods of Chickamauga. With the operations of the second day I have nothing to do; my command saw absolutely nothing. But of the operations of the first day at and in the neighborhood of Jay's Mill, in front of Baird's and Brannan's Divisions, I was not only an eyewitness to all that occurred, but an active participant from the firing of the first volley by Croxton's Brigade of Brannan's Division at 7:30 A.M. until both he and Baird were driven back into the woods, "after five hours of fighting," according to Federal official reports.

Now the main question is: Who did the driving? Gen. Hill, in his *Century* article some years ago, says it was Liddell's Division, thus: "Baird now began a readjustment of his lines, and during the confusion of the movement Liddell's Division, two thousand strong, struck the brigades of Scribner and King and drove them pell-mell, capturing Loomis's Battery, commanded by Lieut. Van Pelt," etc. This does not agree with Capt. Smith's account of the "shooting match," as seen by myself and others of my command who added our mite toward inducing Baird to take to the woods. Nor do any of the official or unofficial reports which have come under my notice agree with the actual facts of the first four hours of fighting on the 19th—that is to say, from 7:30 A.M. till high noon.

There is a lack of accuracy in the dates given by Comrade Smith, unless it be a misprint by the *VETERAN*'s type. He says it was on the 18th. My own recollection is that it was on the 19th, and it is upheld by every mention of the battle heretofore published. It is evident that Comrade Smith's memory has become somewhat confused in the race with time, and he sadly mixes facts with faulty memory. In the first place, he says that "our position was on the extreme right of our line," and "our right flank being protected by Forrest's Cavalry;" and farther down he speaks of the enemy's "works." This would naturally cause the reader to conclude that the enemy had time to throw up some kind of protection against our assaults. Comrade Smith has evidently confused the events of the second day with those of the first. Vanderveer's Brigade, of Brannan's Division, was the extreme left of Rosecrans's army on the morning of the 19th (and remained in its first position until late in the afternoon), its skirmishers throwing their bullets into the right flank and rear of Forrest's First Brigade of Georgia Cavalry dismounted on the hill in front of Jay's Mill, and, passing over

our line, went in the direction of Baird's lines, who were less than four hundred yards in our front and left. To Vanderveer's right and directly in our front was Croxton's Brigade, of the same division, three hundred to four hundred yards distant, perfectly concealed by the scrub black-jack brush. On Croxton's rear and right was Baird's Division. (See Roster, page 4.) These were the two divisions which attacked the First Georgia Brigade, dismounted, on the low hill in front of Jay's Mill, and were held in check by it until Walker's men (Liddell's Division) came in after 12 M. and drove Baird and Croxton off the ground, Vanderveer holding his position an hour longer, if not more.

Now the question is: Whose brigade was it that drove Baird and Croxton from our front? We knew at the time that they were of Walker's Corps. The extreme right of the line was so close to me that I could almost note the expression of the nearest man. As the line reached the fence, holding their guns at "ready" in their right hands, with the left they pushed the rails until they could step over and align on the wood side next to the enemy, never taking their eyes from the brush in front, where Baird's men lay concealed less than one hundred and fifty yards distant. There was, and had been, no "confusion" in Baird's lines up to this time. Baird and Croxton were both waiting and ready.

Comrade Smith says that these were Walthall's men "on the extreme right of the line." But he says that "Ector's and Liddell's Brigades, successively, had made an effort to dislodge them, but had failed." Gen. Hill says it was "Liddell's Division, two thousand strong, that struck the brigades of Scribner and King and drove them pellmell." But here is a fact which will be vouched for by every living member of the First Georgia Brigade who was in the fight that day: These were the first infantry to come on the field within the range of our sight and hearing, and the only works they were called upon to drive Baird and Brannan from were the works of nature—i. e., big trees and scrub black-jack. There had been no previous attempts to dislodge Baird from the direction of Alexander's House, where Walker's Corps lay, as we from our position could plainly see, there being a wide field to our left over which these gray lines advanced.

The Federal reports say of Baird and Brannan that "after five hours of fighting the divisions were withdrawn." We say that with the exception of Vanderveer's Brigade they were driven, and it was most beautifully done, but at a cost of one-half of the driving force. But again official reports say that Ector's and Wilson's Brigades were first sent against Baird and Brannan (Wilson's) "sometime after eight o'clock," and Ector's "about nine;" "and at 10:30 Liddell's Division was also sent to the right." Both divisions became heavily "engaged." (See Roster, page 24.) Now this does not at all tally with Capt. Smith's account, nor does it tally with the facts; and, so far as Wilson's and Ector's operations anywhere near the mill are concerned, before Liddell's Division routed Baird and Croxton, it does not tally at all. I have always had too high a regard for Gen. Walthall to endeavor to detract in any way from his gallant record.

When we write history, let us have facts, not fancies or beliefs. As before stated, there was a wide-open field to our left, and for a full quarter of a mile we had from our left an almost unobstructed view; and until we saw Liddell's Division coming over it nearly half a mile distant we had not seen a single infantry command. Official reports say that "at 10:30" Liddell was sent to the right—that is to say, at 10:30 the order was given for Liddell to hurry to the relief of Forrest's Brigade at Jay's Mill, which was being battered

out of all semblance of organization by Baird and Brannan. None of Bragg's corp or division commanders made a move without orders from headquarters, therefore we can well surmise that the order to hurry to our relief came direct from headquarters, and headquarters were at Leet's Tanyard, seven miles distant. Certain it is that Liddell did not fire a shot until after 12 M.

Gen. Forrest rode along the front of our line after 10 A.M. He no doubt recognized the great value our position would be to the enemy, and encouraged us thus: "Hold on, boys, the infantry is coming; they'll soon be here to relieve you." No doubt he believed that himself, but the "soon" seemed to be the longest of its kind ever spun out. But when the relief did come it came with the force of a battering-ram, and in less than fifteen minutes Baird was going to the rear, taking Croxton with him. Now, who did the driving, Walthall's Brigade alone, or did Govan's (Liddell's) help? It was a pretty heavy contract for a single brigade to undertake. Liddell's Division was composed of Govan's and Walthall's Brigades, and this is the first time I have seen it stated that either of them went into that action separately. Another thing which convinces me that Comrade Smith confounds the events of the second day with those of the first is his statement about Walthall's asking permission to "charge them." According to all statements heretofore given us, Walker's Corps was bivouacked near Alexander's House (which was only a short distance from the bridge of the same name), more than a mile in a straight line from where we were at the mill, and Baird and Brannan in our front were still farther by not less than three hundred yards, and no previous assault had been made on either. We did not assault, but acted strictly on the defensive against four times our own number and completely concealed.

It is strange how we see things and remember events so differently, and how glaring errors, based on faulty information no doubt, are published and accepted as history. The first day's fighting at Chickamauga has about as many errors to its credit as any battle ever fought. It was fought in the woods, and errors grew on every tree. One of the most glaring is the official account of the opening of the battle, and it is perhaps from this that Comrade Smith gleaned the idea of the unsuccessful assault on Baird by Ector. Let us first examine Gen. Hill's version, a most fanciful sketch of an event that never happened. Gen. Hill's Corps was "the extreme left" with center at Glass's Mill, six and a half miles from where the fight opened, not by roads, but as the crow flies, and it is presumable that he was with his corps, inasmuch as the order of battle had been delivered by Gen. Bragg to his corps commanders the evening previous (the 18th), and could have had no personal knowledge of what was happening on the extreme right of a six and a half mile line. He says: "Croxton's Brigade, of Brannan's Division, met Forrest's Cavalry on the Reed's Bridge road and drove it back on the infantry, two small brigades under Ector and Wilson. These advanced with the 'Rebel yell,' pushed Croxton back, and ran over his battery, but were in turn beaten back by Brannan's and Baird's forces." Of all the errors ever published about this fight, this is about the worst. The only truth in it is the fact that two of our regiments (cavalry), the Tenth Confederate and the Third Georgia, were met by Brannan and driven back, not on the infantry but on the other part of their own brigades at Jay's Mill. This was about 7:30 A.M., and Ector and Wilson were then near Alexander's House, more than a mile distant, with the rest of their corps (Walker's).

Now let us look over the official fancy sketch on file at headquarters, Office of Records of the War of the Rebellion, and given to the world upon the occasion of the dedication of Chickamauga Park, September 19, 1895. It says: "Brannan was ordered forward quite early on the 19th to beat up a Confederate brigade reported to be isolated on the west side. Brannan soon ran into Forrest's Cavalry, and speedily drove it back [that much is true, but right there the truth stops short and fancy takes the reins] on the infantry, which disclosed not a lone brigade, but a vast force pressing forward to seize the roads to Chattanooga." The "vast force" was the First Georgia Brigade, dismounted, with a "park of artillery" (?), consisting of two three-inch Parrotts and a twelve-pounder Napoleon, on the hill in front of Jay's Mill waiting for him. Four skeleton regiments and one battalion (about one thousand men), and one regiment with about six hundred effectives—six all told—against Brannan's nine; and about a half hour later (see Roster, page 4) a brigade of four, at least, of Baird's Division and three batteries. According to their own account, it was four and a half hours later that they had their first sight of any infantry whatever. But we were lying prone on the bare crest, and had long guns of all patterns, from the converted flintlock to the most improved Belgian, Springfield, Minie, Austrian, and Enfield. We might have looked like infantry, and doubtless they thought we acted as if we had a whole corps to support us; but the "vast force" they met at the starting of the row was vast in their imagination only. While it is true that a considerable number of our troops had crossed the river during the night of the 18th, not a single regiment was to be seen by either Brannan or Baird from their position in the brush on our front. Hence, they could not in any manner estimate the force in their immediate front.

Gen. Henry V. Boynton commanded an Ohio regiment in Vanderveer's Brigade (the Thirty-Fifth Ohio), and in a letter on the subject he says that it was the stubborn resistance to their advance at Jay's Mill which caused the belief that they were opposed by "a much larger force than you now reveal to us." Nor does he, an active participant, make any mention of any previous attempt upon Brannan or Baird, nor has he any knowledge of Croxton having been "run over" by Ector and Wilson; and he was certainly in a position to know if anything of the kind had happened, as this brigade joined his on the right. None of the official reports make mention of any assault having been made upon Baird by any infantry whatever until after he had been driven from his first position by Liddell's Division, of which Comrade Smith's brigade (Walthall's) formed a part. In his eager pursuit of Baird, Liddell suddenly found himself flanked by Gen. Richard W. Johnson's division of fresh troops sent hurriedly forward from Kelly's Field to the support of Baird, and by Johnson's and Baird's reorganized division was in turn pushed back almost to the very spot from which he had driven Baird only an hour or so before. Capt. Smith makes no mention of this retrograde movement, when impelled thereto by a superior force, and yet his brigade was engaged in it. It is a well-known fact that our troops did not have a walk-over on the first day any more than they did on the second, nor was their path strewn with roses either day. It was a kind of seesaw game, although it finally resulted in the Yankees having but a small part of the board left to hang off altogether.

I would not have written to such length but for the fact that the CONFEDERATE VETERAN is not only the mouthpiece

of the Confederate soldiers, but is intended to perpetuate their deeds—a faithful history of their achievements—and its pages should not be mixed with errors. Its aim is the truth and fairness toward all concerned, and we, each and all, who contribute to its columns should not allow any unjust discrimination to mar its pages. Let us all remember right before we write, nor rely on memory alone.

OVER HIS HEART THE PICTURE OF LEE.

One of the "Old Guard" of the great Napoleon was dying on the field of Waterloo. The surgeon in attendance was probing for the ball that had entered the stalwart form near the heart. The case was a hopeless one, but there was no groan of pain from the dying hero. He looked up at the surgeon and said, as the steel instrument entered his breast: "Go deeper, go into the heart, doctor, and you will find the Emperor there." This has been handed down through the years as an example of love and devotion on the part of a soldier for the general who sent him into battle and to death. By some it is considered a pretty story from the imagination of a smart writer, and soon forgotten. Yet there occurred in Augusta, Ga., an incident that illustrates the love of the old soldier for his leader.

About fifteen minutes prior to the departure of the four o'clock train on the Georgia road an old gentleman entered one of the cars of the waiting train and deposited his bundles in convenient places. He was perfectly sober and apparently in perfect health as he took his seat in the car. Suddenly there was the sound of some one gasping for breath, and the nearest passenger turned and saw the old gentleman evidently in the throes of death. The alarm was sounded, the services of a physician were secured, but death claimed the old gentleman before the doctor could get to him.

No one in the car seemed to know the dead passenger, and a search through his clothing began to see if there was anything that would serve as an identification. A little inner pocket was found on the left side of the vest, a very unusual place. There was a paper resting in the bottom of the pocket, and when taken out it was found to be a badly faded, much-worn picture of Robert E. Lee. It was evident that this picture of the great chieftain had rested over the heart of this old soldier for many years. Jabe Griffin had been true through four decades to the memory of the man to whom he had given love, devotion, and confidence away back in the sixties when the war call sounded through Dixie Land.—*Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle.*



DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY IN ARKANSAS.

DISBANDING PRESIDENT DAVIS'S ESCORT.

BY L. C. McALLISTER.

At the Nashville reunion I met a comrade of the Second Alabama Cavalry, Ferguson's Brigade, who informed me that he was one of Mr. Davis's escort that accompanied Gen. Ferguson to Gen. Breckinridge's headquarters, and was there paroled and disbanded by Gen. Ferguson. He stated that he had found it difficult to join any Confederate Camps, because he did not have a parole signed by a Federal officer. As there may be others like my Alabama friend, I think it well to publish the circumstances under which these paroles were given and a list of those to whom they were issued. I filled out many of these papers and kept a list of names; and while it may not be complete, it is very nearly so.

We were camped near Washington, Ga., Gen. S. W. Ferguson's Brigade, with some other cavalry, acting as escort to President Davis. The gold and silver of the treasury had been paid out to the troops, our regiment receiving twenty-five dollars *per capita*, men and officers alike. Gen. Johnston had surrendered, and much discussion was indulged in by men and officers as to whether or not we were included in that surrender. On the evening of the 4th of May, 1865, Gen. Ferguson ordered the command to "saddle up." Col. Boyle, of the Fifty-Sixth Alabama, refused to obey the order unless informed that we were not to engage in hostilities, stating that he believed we were included in Gen. Johnston's surrender, whereupon Gen. Ferguson, who thought otherwise, saying Gen. Johnston had not included Mr. Davis's escort in the troops surrendered, ordered Col. Boyle under arrest. When marching orders were given, the other officers of the regiment refused to obey unless Col. Boyle was relieved. Gen. Ferguson then sent word to the men and officers of the brigade to meet him near the center of the camp. He made us a little talk, said that he did not think we were included in the surrender of Gen. Johnston; had hoped that his brigade would be the last troops to surrender east of the Chattahooche River, but was unable to enforce his orders, and he would be pleased to have as many of the men and officers as chose to do so accompany him to Gen. Breckinridge's headquarters, some four or five miles west of Washington, where he would report that he no longer had a brigade. Between ninety and a hundred men and officers went with him.

That night we discussed the matter freely, and decided we would escort Mr. Davis to the Mississippi River, or to Mexico if he desired it. Next morning, however, Gen. Ferguson called us together and informed us that Gen. Breckinridge had told him we "could do no more," that Mr. Davis had gone on, and for us to take advantage of Gen. Johnston's terms of surrender. Gen. Ferguson then said that he wished to shake hands with every man who had stood by him to the last, and as he passed down the line the men, as well as the General, were all crying. Every man was furnished with a written parole signed "By Command of S. W. Ferguson, Brigadier General; T. K. Irwin, Captain and A. A. A. General." I wrote the paroles for the men and saw Capt. Irwin sign them. Capt. Irwin was then placed in command of us, and we started for home. We soon came up with some Yankee cavalry, and when we informed them that we had surrendered under Gen. Johnston they made no further inquiry, but told us that we must give up our arms, which we did, leaving them in a house about seven miles west of Washington. I acted as quartermaster for Capt. Irwin as long as we were together.

The following is the roll of men who reported to Gen.

Breckinridge May 4, 1865, being the last command to report for duty to the Secretary of War of the Confederate States:

Brig. Gen. S. W. Ferguson.

Staff Officers.—Capts. T. K. Irwin, A. J. Sykes, C. Rice, and F. E. Richardson; Maj. J. M. Foster; Lieuts. J. A. Tomlinson and J. W. Thompson.

Second Alabama Cavalry.—R. M. Hill, Surgeon; H. T. Cochrane, Major. Company A: William Prater, O. Hester. Company C: W. Lawrence, T. Parish. Company D: W. H. Clements, Sergeant; C. Martin, J. Dockery, N. Gore, T. Carson, and J. Sanders. Company G: C. D. McQueen and J. H. Tekel, Sergeants; H. H. Tekel. Company H: E. K. Robbins and F. Boykin, Lieutenants; G. W. Tunstall and W. A. Riley, Sergeants; A. H. Bradley, Frank Feagin, R. E. Hodges, W. R. Hodges, E. R. Hodges, J. J. Hodges, W. H. Richardson, William Turk, and Jesse Walker. Company I: D. Hagood.

Fifty-Sixth Alabama Volunteers (Cavalry).—Company A: L. D. Williams, Sergeant; J. W. Benbau, J. C. Fonville, D. H. Graham, R. H. Jarrett, and J. Mastin. Company B: T. Kemp, — Pollard, F. Riley, and J. T. Wrenn. Company D: S. G. Evans, J. S. Hays, and N. Knight. Company E: L. C. McAllister and J. Sanders. Company H: R. Baker, Sergeant.

Twelfth Mississippi Cavalry.—A. D. Cox, Sergeant Major. Company A: M. Henry, Sergeant. Company B: F. Brown. Company C: G. P. Walker. Company D: C. M. Graham, Second Lieutenant. Company F: J. H. Lewis and W. P. Acker, Lieutenants; G. W. Seale, J. W. Lindsey, and J. J. Carter, Sergeants; C. M. Boulton, G. W. Acker, A. A. Bolton, J. C. Bridges, J. A. Dennis, J. H. Sansom, Young Wall, F. M. Wall, A. S. Wier, William Wyatt, and A. Pierce. Company H: S. Maddox. Company I: J. Rule. Company K: J. Deaton, Sergeant; I. Sparks.

Muldrow's Regiment.—W. H. Moseley, Surgeon. Perrin's Company: C. E. S. Gulley, Sergeant; S. S. Garner, J. B. Hull, P. S. Hull, and G. W. Hull.

Ninth Mississippi.—J. Saulsberry, — Kittrell, and — Gustavus.

Miscellaneous.—W. R. Stratten, Fortieth Alabama Infantry; P. B. Thompson, Duke's Brigade; G. A. Hodges, Company D, Fourth Texas Infantry.

The initials of Dr. Hill, Surgeon of the Second Alabama Cavalry, are almost illegible on the old roll. This man lived at Mount Meigs, Ala.

A SUCCESSFUL BLOCKADE RUNNER.

Mrs. Maggie Mohler Gwin, of Baltimore, Md., sends some interesting reminiscences, pathetic as well as amusing, of her experience when a young lady in the Valley of Virginia during the war, from which the following incidents are taken:

"It was a gloomy evening, raining in torrents, when a young lieutenant, a friend of the family, rode up to our gate, dismounted, and came in. We could hear the water slushing in his boots as he walked up on the porch, where we were assembled to meet him, and, knowing how gently he had been reared and his fastidious tastes about dress, we insisted that he exchange his wet boots for a pair of nice, dry, homemade carpet slippers; but he persistently refused, insisting that he was quite comfortable. It was not until next morning that we understood his refusal, when 'Bike,' the negro boy whose duty it was to look after the boots and shoes of our guests, came in and, with the whites of his eyes showing conspicuously, said: 'Miss Maggie, I knows why dat soger wouldn't pull off

'is boots whar you all wuz las' night, kase de legs of his breeches wuz scorched off most up to his knees, 'n he didn't have on nary sign of a sock nuther.'

"It is needless to say that the embarrassed lieutenant went off with a warm pair of socks that morning. I had three brothers in the Confederate army: One killed at Chancellorsville carrying the colors of the Tenth Virginia, another on the staff of Gen. Maury, and the other one of the cadets of the V. M. I. that took part in the battle at New Market and afterwards one of Mosby's famous followers. On more than one occasion when the Federal raiders and house burners were devastating the fair Valley of Virginia the mention of Mosby's name stopped the pillaging and hastened their departure.

"The growing scarcity of medicines and other necessities of life suggested the idea that I might run the blockade and get these needed supplies. How to pass through the Federal lines without having to take the oath, which I determined not to do under any circumstances, was the question. We had only Confederate money, but we had safely secreted some boxes of plug tobacco, which were good for greenbacks if we could only get them inside the Federal lines. Getting the wife of a neighbor to chaperon me, we hired a safe old horse and spring wagon. Arranging the boxes of tobacco for a seat, and covering them with a cushion made of an old sack stuffed with straw, we drove down the valley near the picket post to where a relative of mine lived, claiming protection as a British subject. We remained there several days, getting acquainted with the Yankee guard sent to protect her house and gathering such other information as might be useful in our enterprise. We finally made arrangements with a 'good Union man,' who had permission to pass in and out of the lines, and who had a son in the Confederate army that we had befriended on several occasions, to haul our tobacco in under a load of hay and meet us at a certain place inside.

"The next thing was to get through ourselves, for the good man could not smuggle us through under the hay with the tobacco; so we dressed like the people of the neighborhood, with sunbonnets and white aprons to complete our attire, and with baskets swinging on our arms we went singing down the road to a blackberry patch where the pickets were posted, and at once began industriously to fill our baskets as well as our mouths with berries, all the time gradually working our way inside the line. The pickets paid no attention to us whatever after seeing that we were only gathering blackberries, and in a short time we had wandered out of their sight in the bushes. Hurrying to the meeting place, we found our friend with the tobacco all right, which, with his assistance, we succeeded in quickly disposing of and purchasing a supply of medicines, coffee (ah! sure enough coffee), tea, sugar, calico, tableware, etc. How our hearts thrilled with pleasure, as we 'laid in our supplies,' to think of the comforts we would carry to our suffering friends at home! But getting out with our purchases was a more serious problem than getting in. Again we appealed to our Union friend. He was carrying us to a point where he thought we could get through, and were almost at the pickets in the little village of Kearneysville, when, in a moment, without warning, we were in the midst of one of those sharp, quick, and unexpected fights that made Mosby's men so famous. The bullets whizzed around us, but we cared nothing for that when we saw the Yankees break and run. I jumped up on the fence by the roadside and swung my old sunbonnet around and around my head as our boys came dashing in on them and shouted: 'Give it to them, boys.' A silver-haired doctor now living in Baltimore,

who was one of Mosby's bravest where all were brave, says, in telling of this incident, that I said, 'Give it to 'em hot, boys;' but I deny the 'hot' part of it. I will say, however, that the mother of this same doctor had requested me to bring him out a pair of cavalry boots.

"Hoop skirts were worn in those days; and if we girls could not always get the spring steel variety, we would take a small grapevine and run it in the tucks of our skirts, making it answer the same purpose as steel. I confess that, with a woman's vanity, I had on one of those grapevine varieties at the time of which I write. Packing the legs of the boots full of contraband articles for our friends outside, such as medicines, etc., I ran a stout cord through the straps and then tied it securely around my waist under my skirts. While standing up the boots behaved very nicely and kept very quiet, but when I would sit down they would strike the floor with a thud that would take all the color out of my face and make my heart beat almost audibly. Reaching the home of my 'British subject' relative, she procured me a pass through the outside pickets from Gen. Reno, and while they were examining my pass I sat in the wagon humming 'Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,' looking so innocent, notwithstanding the annoyance the cavalry boots were causing me, that one would have thought I was looking straight under the slab where poor Alice slept. When permission was given me to 'pass on,' I soon had my old horse putting his 'best foot foremost' until I was safely out of sight and sound of soldiers.

"The inconveniences of my trip and the risks incurred were as nothing compared to the joy of my friends in seeing me safely home again and the grateful thanks of those whose wants I was able to supply, and they were many, for I had brought out a good supply of second-hand clothing, shoes, etc., that kind friends in Baltimore had sent to the needy of Virginia."

SICK COMRADES AT NASHVILLE EARLY IN 1862.

The following is a list of sick Confederate private soldiers and noncommissioned officers remaining in the Blind Asylum, Nashville, February, 1862. It is presumed that they were there when Nashville was evacuated by the Confederates. The letter following the name of the regiment is that of the company to which the soldier belonged:

Isaac McEntire, 5th Ark., K; F. M. Wakeland, 7th Tex., H; C. J. Martin, 3d Miss. Bat.; G. W. Huffman, 3d Miss. Bat.; W. H. Means, Okochickama, Miss.; J. A. House, 5th Ark., F; J. L. Means, Okochickama, Miss.; John Turner, 9th Ark., C; R. A. Roberson, 2d Ky., K; John Kane, 1st Ark., B; J. G. Ogilvie, 9th Ark., B; N. J. Butler, 3d Miss. Bat.; Andrew James, 6th Miss., G; Alexander Holly, Marmaduke's Bat., Ark.; James Power, 3d Miss. Bat.; J. E. Hudson, 9th Ark., A; William Dodson, 19th Tenn., F; S. E. Wilson, 10th Ark., E; W. A. Johnson, 10th Ark., E; W. T. Myhand, 5th Ark., K; T. B. Tillman, 7th Miss., F; Alex Irwin, 10th Ark., H; W. B. Thornton, 10th Ark., D; A. B. Stanhard, Fifer's La. Bat.; J. W. Deen, Allison, Tenn., Billington's Company; W. A. Boys, Wagon Master 8th Ark.; J. M. Cannon, Johnson's Art., Eldredge's Company; Elihu Tilley, Johnson's Art., Eldredge's Company; Alex Harrison, 2d Miss., K; R. B. Lanford, 10th Ark., E; William Kelly, 6th Miss., D; F. A. Green, Texas Rangers, F; J. P. Herndon, Johnson's Art., Eldredge's Company; W. R. Watkins, 1st Mo., C; Augustus Haynie, 10th Ark., B; T. P. Hughes, 8th Ark., D; G. B. Hodges, Quarles's Tenn. Regt.; G. M. Ferrell, 6th Ark., C; Henry Whatley, 8th Ark., A; J. C. Hogan, 9th Ark., I; Robert Richie, John Stewart's Company, Ala.; L. L. Fonville, 25th Miss., A; Josiah

Dyer, 24th Tenn., H; Demps Arrington, 10th Ark., E; John S. Dupree, 1st Ark., F; Thomas Shaughnessy, 10th Tenn., C; L. Watkins, 5th Ark., G; A. S. Cathon, Col. Gautt's Tenn., Whitehead's Company; J. J. Smith, 6th Miss., C; D. R. Robinson, 4th Ky., I; A. T. Kendall, 4th Ky., I; B. Stewart, and R. R. Kirkland, Hale's Ala.; J. K. Polk, 15th Ark., C; E. L. Mankin, unknown; Lem Outland, 4th Ky., G; E. B. Cattell, 3d Ky., I; W. H. Upton, Hale's Ala., Edwards's Company; J. M. Ferguson, 4th Ky., G; Eugene Vandevier, 3d Ky., I; W. W. Taylor, Hale's Ala., Edwards's Company; F. M. Haley, 44th Tenn., A; H. H. Malone, 4th Ky., K; W. C. Keel, 2d Ark., E; John Nunnally, 24th Tenn., Goodner's Company; F. H. Harris, 9th Ark., A; Henry Houston, Hale's Ala.; W. A. Smith, Hale's Ala., Fletcher's Company; A. J. D. Reed, 23d Tenn., G; E. W. Smith, 1st Ark., A; Felix Farley, 22d Miss., D; Newton C. Nix, Ferguson's Tenn., Osborne's Company; William Ralph, 1st Miss., B; David St. John, 3d Ky., A; A. T. Cahoe, 20th Miss., H; Henry Morris, 3d Ky., A; T. C. Walston, 3d Ky., H; Pleasant Craig, Hale's Ala.; one unknown.

The above is as correct a list as I can make out in the present confused and disordered condition of the hospital.

A. A. HATCHER, *Acting Surgeon.*

BATTLE OF PORT WALTHALL.

BY B. W. JONES, SPOTTSVILLE, VA.

Jasper Kelsey, of Lynnville, Tenn., writing in the *VETERAN* of the Twenty-Third Tennessee Regiment, of which he was a member, states: "In April of 1864 the regiment was in a hard-fought battle on the Southside Railroad, between Petersburg and Richmond, losing a great number of men in killed and wounded; but by that fight they saved the railroad connection between the two cities."

It was not in April, but on May 7 of that year, that the battle he writes of was fought. It occurred at Port Walthall Junction, on the Richmond and Petersburg Railroad, and not on the Southside road, which ran from Petersburg to Lynchburg, and is now a part of the Norfolk and Western system.

It was indeed a "hard-fought" battle; and but for the resolute stand made by Gen. Hagood, with his brave South Carolinians, and Gen. Bushrod Johnson, with the no less brave men under his command, aided by detached commands hastily brought together, the Federals might easily have walked right along into Petersburg on that day, and changed the whole character of the summer campaign between Lee and Grant.

This writer was there with the only company of artillery on the Confederate side (Hawkins's Battery of four twelve-pound Napoleon guns and a part of Lightfoot's Artillery Battalion), and has a vivid recollection of the entire engagement. Does Mr. Kelsey recollect anything about the four guns that occupied the high ground a little to the west of the railroad cut, where the infantry were put into line? Did the Tennessee troops occupy that cut just in front of the Federals as they came down in the field on the east side of the railroad? Or were they farther up the railroad toward Richmond, where the Federals attempted the flank movement and made the desperate charge to gain the railroad track?

The battle lasted about three hours, I think, and the gun at which I served sent at them about one hundred rounds of shell. Our four guns did much to hold the enemy in check. Our loss was light—six men wounded, of whom one subsequently died.

Was Mr. Kelsey in the other still heavier battle against Butler, in which Beauregard commanded on our side, fought

on Monday morning, May 16, near Drewry's Bluff, and in which battle we forced the Federals back under the cover of their gunboats in James River? That was a heavy battle; and our left wing, near the James, where the battle opened, and Lightfoot's whole battalion of sixteen guns was engaged, suffered severely in both killed and wounded. But we saved Richmond, and prolonged the life of the Confederacy another year.

CLEBURNE'S DIVISION AT FRANKLIN.

BY PRIVATE W. A. WASHBURN, OF BOGGY, TEX.

I wish to correct the statement in the July *VETERAN* that "Cleburne's men dashed at the works, their gallant leader was shot dead, and they gave way." I was a private in Company H, First Arkansas Regiment, Govan's Brigade, State Troops, which later, when entering the Confederate States service, became the Fifteenth Arkansas. On the evening of November 30, 1864, near sunset, our division (Cleburne's) ascended the high hill south of Franklin. The town in the valley of the Harpeth lay a beautiful sight beneath us. Govan's and Granbury's Brigades filed to the right, and after reaching the foot of the hill were soon drawn up in line of battle and ordered to load. Lowrey's Brigade was not in line with us. Gen. Govan dismounted, and Gen. Cleburne rode along the line, cautioning us to save ammunition and "use the bayonet."

The command "Forward" was given, and we moved in perfect order. I glanced to right and left, and observed the whole line moving the same way. Skirmishers were advanced until we drew the fire of the enemy's first line of works, some two hundred yards away; and, as Cleburne always did, we were halted, skirmishers withdrawn, bayonets fixed; and at the command, "Right shoulder shift; forward; double-quick; march!" we went forward, and in three minutes' time we were over the advance works and had them on the run—those who didn't lie down. We delivered a telling volley, and they left the ground blue with their dead and wounded. We rushed on, not stopping to re-form, keeping near them. We could never have reached their inner line if it had not been that their first was between us and their main line. They were only about fifty yards ahead when they got over their works, but from there to the main line we were in a besom of destruction—musketry and canister "filled the air." We did not dash at the works, but onto them; many went over. I—out of breath—climbed on top of the works. We had never seen the Federals fail to run before under like circumstances. I brought down my gun to fire, and was shot in the arm, clothes riddled, and my gunstock broken.

Now, as to Cleburne's men failing to hold the works to the right of the pike, they held them as well as did Brown's or any other division. What was left of it lay down on the outside, and the Yanks on the other side of them. The flank fire that the writer endured was from closer by, and was made possible by the works being constructed in angles. Our boys kept their fire down to some extent by shooting and throwing dirt. After we were against the bank we couldn't be harmed from the front, as we were in the ditch. Our men hurt them pretty badly by firing up under the head logs. If Cleburne's men got to the left of the Columbia Pike, I cannot tell; but some of Brown's Division were to the right, from whence the troops, who failed to hold the works, let an enfilading fire on Strahl's men. Gen. Gordon was to the right of the pike. How or why, I know not. He was as gallant, brave, and daring a soldier as ever drew a blade. I saw him

yield his sword and surrender. I surrendered at the same time with about fifty others. When the Federals left, myself and two others were suffered to come back across the river.

Fifty-two per cent of Cleburne's Division were disabled from the abatis to the top of the works. My regiment was about three hundred strong when they filed to the right of the hill that November evening, and never mustered over sixty guns after. President Davis, in his "Rise and Fall of the Confederacy," describes truly the affair as it was. Our CONFEDERATE VETERAN is our historical record, and every care must be taken to prevent these unjust reflections resting on troops with such reputations as Cleburne and his division had won. If old Pat could have lived thirty years longer, such reflections would not have been made.

CLEBURNE'S DIVISION AT MISSIONARY RIDGE.

BY B. F. GRADY, CLINTON, N. C.

The numerous publications in the VETERAN and in the Chickamauga Park Dedication about the Chattanooga battles do injustice to Cleburne's Division and to Granbury's Brigade. I have been surprised at this, though it is probably due to the fact that all the prominent participants in the battles are dead, most of them being killed at Franklin. After Sherman got ready to attack Bragg's right on Missionary Ridge, Cleburne hurried there to check him. When we were preparing to climb a spur of the mountain, the Yankees made their appearance on its top. We then took position on the ridge just in our rear. My company (K, of the Twenty-Fifth Texas Dismounted Cavalry) went forward and skirmished till midnight, and when we were relieved we found that the brigade (Granbury's) had erected a breastwork across the ridge. We went to sleep, but before day Gen. Cleburne ordered us to move back a few hundred yards and take a position across the ridge. On a ridge to our right (a valley between us) we could see Lowry's Alabama Brigade at right angles to us; but it was never attacked. I do not know who was on our left, but think it was Govan's Arkansas Brigade. We had no time to prepare any defensive works before we were attacked. The fight lasted all day, Sherman doggedly determined to drive us away; but we held the ground till about nine o'clock at night, when we learned that Bragg had been routed. Then, engaging a little in what "our army did in Flanders," we abandoned the ground. The next day our division was selected to guard Bragg's rear to Tunnel Hill. We waded the Chickamauga at Ringgold, and next morning the pursuers were upon us; but we repulsed their every attack till perhaps two o'clock, thus giving the remnants of Bragg's artillery and wagons time to get out of reach of the invaders. We then withdrew, and the enemy stayed on the other side of Taylor's Ridge.

I am not willing for Cleburne's Division, and particularly Granbury's Brigade, to be passed over in silence when these battles are up for discussion. A well-known history of the United States, and written by a Southerner, says that in the Chattanooga battles Bragg "was defeated everywhere," which is very unjust. Sherman's defeat, in his flanking movement on Missionary Ridge, was perhaps the worst he ever suffered, unless we give Vicksburg credit for a more damaging repulse when Sherman and McClernand went there in December, 1862.

CAVALRY OF HOOD'S LEFT AT NASHVILLE.

BY JOHN JOHNSTON, MEMPHIS, TENN.

Rucker's Brigade of Cavalry held the extreme left of the Confederate army in front of Nashville. I was a member of

the Fourteenth Tennessee, then commanded by Col. R. White. We were in camp back of the Cockrill place and just north of the Charlotte Pike.

The morning of December 15 dawned bright and clear. Just after breakfast we were called to arms, and, hastily mounting, went off in a gallop. As we rose the hill we were greeted by the sound of artillery over toward our right front, which betokened the opening of the battle. Riding rapidly forward for a few hundred yards, we were dismounted and placed behind a line of rail stacks on a sort of bluff. The ground in our immediate front was a low level, several hundred yards back to the foot of a range of hills.

We soon became hotly engaged with the enemy's skirmish line, which lasted for some time. We rested quietly for a little while, when suddenly some one exclaimed: "Look! look! Just look at the Yankees!" Springing up and looking over our rail piles, we beheld a sight which filled us with awe. About half a mile away, but in plain view, there appeared an immense number of the enemy's infantry, as we supposed, coming over the hills and marching with quickstep down the slope toward us, forming into one, two, three, four, five, or six lines of battle—how many, I could not say—and marching as steadily as on dress parade. Their line of march was not directly toward us, but across our front, so that when they got opposite us we were squarely on their right flank and about three hundred yards or less away. In fact, they seemed to have ignored us and to have directed their attack against a line of our troops directly in their front and apparently running nearly at right angles with us. We stood quietly looking on at the masses of the enemy passing our front, feeling helpless. Our line was very thin, and we could not muster over twelve hundred in all, while there must have been as many thousands of them. About that time the general engagement to our right front seemed to open up, and, after firing a few scattering shots, we walked back, mounted our horses, and rode to the back of the field in our rear. Here we met McDonald's Battalion, led by Capt. Barbour. After conferring awhile, we filed off southward, led by McDonald's Battalion. We did not know what had happened in our front, and never knew until I recently read an account of it in Dr. Wyeth's "Life of Forrest." From this narrative it would appear that the great masses of Federal troops that passed before us that morning were Wilson's Cavalry dismounted, and that they were attacking Ector's Brigade of Infantry, which was to our right. I think this must be a mistake. They looked like infantry, and I have always believed that they were.

Following the lead of McDonald's Battalion, we came to where Gen. Chalmers's headquarters had been. The Yankee cavalry had run into them but a short while before, but none were then in sight. Turning to the left, we moved eastward up a ravine a little way, then rapidly up and over a rough, steep hill on our left. As we were ascending the hill Gen. Chalmers rode up alongside in a gallop, urging us forward. Reaching the crest of the hill, we were thrown into line, facing northward and down a long, sloping hillside covered with sedge and patches of small trees and bushes. A few hundred yards down the slope we saw a line of mounted Yankee cavalry advancing up our way. Without halting even to form we charged, and much to my surprise they gave way. This was repeated several times, until, being reinforced by heavy lines of dismounted men, they advanced steadily up the hill, and we retired slowly before them southward, until we crossed a small stream and took position behind a high ridge on the southern side, with the Harding Pike just to our

left. Here, with our riflemen posted on the crest of this ridge, reinforced by a small battery, we repulsed several charges of cavalry and held our ground until night came to our relief. While the fighting was going on at this point the gunboats on the Cumberland, though out of sight, threw a number of immense bombs in our direction, which exploded not far in our rear.

About dark the fighting ceased in our front, and we were quietly withdrawn and moved out, with Col. D. C. Kelley at the head of the column, in a southeasterly direction toward the Hillsboro Pike. Striking into a cross-country road, we followed it until we came to a farmhouse. Col. Kelley had the owner brought out, and he guided us to the Hillsboro Pike, which we reached about midnight, or possibly later, and, turning to the left, followed it for a quarter or half mile toward Nashville. Presently we saw the flickering of a fire several hundred yards in our front, which we approached very slowly; then came the flash of a gun and the whir of a bullet. Halting for a few seconds, Col. Kelley in low tones gave the order to countermarch, and led us back down the pike for a short distance. Some of us were then formed into a skirmish line across the pike, and the balance of the command went back a little way and took position on a low ridge at a place where a cross road led off toward the Granny White Pike, and fortified by piling up logs, rails, and brush. In the meantime the enemy had pushed forward their outpost until they came in contact with our skirmish line. They exchanged a few shots with us and then retired. We could tell their whereabouts only by the flash of their guns. We sat on our horses quietly until day dawned, dark and lowering. The mist soon turned to a gentle rain, and later was mingled with snowflakes. It was late in the day before the enemy appeared in our front. For some time our skirmish line only was engaged, but after a while they came on in force, and we were pressed slowly back to our main line. The skirmishing now became spirited, and we were freely shelled by their artillery as we rode up the crest of the hill on which our line was posted.

In a few minutes after we reached our main line the Seventh Alabama came marching afoot from our right front. As soon as they reached us we mounted and moved off hastily in the direction of the Granny White Pike. It was growing dark when we reached the pike. The head of our column turned to the left and we rode up the pike toward Nashville a short distance, and came to a halt at a lane, with a small field on our left. Just then the report of a gun was heard in our front, and a bullet came singing down our line. The front of our column had already been formed squarely across the pike. We were faced to the left; the fence thrown down, we rode inside, dismounted, and were hurriedly marched across the field to the fence on the west side and took position behind it, our line being at right angles with the line of our other men who had formed across the pike to our right. Others formed on our left, and extended probably into the open woods beyond the south fence. Here we became immediately engaged. The enemy's cavalry in overwhelming numbers were already close on our front and flank. Wilson's whole cavalry corps (as we have since learned), estimated at from seven thousand to ten thousand, was now attacking our small force. Hood's army had been driven from its last position and was now making its way to and down the Franklin Pike, and this cavalry force, including the force we had been fighting over on the Hillsboro Pike—which had doubtless followed us—was now endeavoring to force its way down our road to strike Hood's army on the flank, and we,

not over twelve hundred men, stationed across the Granny White Pike and to the westward of it, were the only protection to Hood's army in that direction. We—that is, the private soldiers—did not know all of this then, nor did we know of the fearful odds against which we fought, but we were in fine spirits and sprang to our work with alacrity and enthusiasm. Kneeling or crouching down behind that rail fence, which constituted our only protection, we poured a constant stream of shot out into the night. We could see nothing; the mist and darkness had covered all in front, and we shot blindly out into the dark woods, our whole line from right to left being one continuous blaze of musketry. In all that we were greatly encouraged and animated by Col. Kelley, who gallantly sat his horse and rode up and down behind us, cheering us and calling out to us: "Pour it into them, boys! Pour it into them!"

How long this lasted, I do not know. I thought about thirty minutes, but some say until midnight. It all came to an end very suddenly. While we were in the height of the battle, with no sign of wavering, a young friend of mine, immediately at my right, sprang to his feet and exclaimed, "There they are now!" indicating that he saw the enemy's line but a few feet away. Instantly our whole line rose and began to fall back. Surprised and astonished, I called out, "O no; don't run, boys!" but it was of no avail—all were in full retreat, and we could do nothing but make a run for our horses, which were held on the other side of the field near the pike. What my friend saw I don't know, and whether anybody else saw the situation as he did I cannot tell, but the whole line seemed to give way all at once. And we did not fall back any too soon, for the enemy had almost completely enveloped our left, and in a few minutes more would have been in possession of the pike in our rear and our way of retreat in that direction effectually closed. As it was, quite a number of our men were captured before they could reach their horses. After getting into my saddle with some difficulty, I was hailed by a companion, who had been left afoot. Directing him to climb up on a fence, he succeeded in getting behind me. But all this consumed some minutes of very precious time, and when we rode onto the pike our comrades had all fled, and we were left alone. Going down the pike at a lively pace, we saw, about one hundred feet to our right, a group of mounted men crowding together and cheering as if winding up some sort of a scrap or chase. We could see them but dimly, and at first thought they were some of our men, but, fearing we might be mistaken, rode past. It turned out that this was a party of Yankee cavalry who had just finished up a fight with Gen. Rucker, and had captured him after shooting him from his horse. Riding down the pike for several hundred yards, we turned off into a little country road that diverged eastward from the pike, and soon found ourselves alone. All was now quiet, and no sound of battle was heard. We went down this road for a mile or two, when we came upon the Franklin Pike, and greatly to our surprise saw our infantry passing down it, seemingly in a very disorganized condition. Just as we reached the pike the clouds parted and the moon came out and flooded the scene with a brilliant light.

My heart sank within me when I came thus upon our routed army, for, strange to say, during all the two days that had just passed we had heard no sound of battle but our own and had very little information as to what was going on over on our right. But now I realized that the battle was lost. After looking sadly upon the scene, my companion and I rode back about fifty yards from the pike, procured some forage

for our horses (he having captured a loose horse), wrapped the halters around our arms, laid down in a fence corner, and went to sleep. When we awoke the sun was up, Hood's army had all passed, and no one was to be seen but an occasional barefooted straggler bivouacking by the roadside. There was not a sound or sign of impending battle; all was as peaceful and quiet as if no war had been. But, realizing that we must be in an exposed position, my companion and I mounted our horses and rode down the pike toward Franklin. Going a mile or more, we came upon Gen. Hood and his staff and a number of soldiers at a place where a road seemed to come in from the direction of the Granny White Pike. Gen. Hood was sitting on his horse very quietly, and was looking up the road as if expecting the appearance of the enemy in that direction. He had a worn and dejected look. A few men had rallied at this point, and I found there a number of my own regiment who, I suppose, had followed another road to this place. After waiting here for some time, we gathered quite a respectable regiment of cavalry, and under orders from our chief we took a road that led off in a southeasterly direction from the main pike, and followed it until we came to a halt on the wooded hills south of Franklin and east of the Columbia Pike. It must have been as late as seven o'clock when we left Gen. Hood on the Franklin Pike, and nothing had been seen of the enemy up to that time.

Col. D. C. Kelley adds to the above paper, by request:

"The account of the part taken in the battle of Nashville by your correspondent is more accurate than is generally made by a private in the ranks. For the benefit of the future historian it may be well enough to say that Col. Kelley, by order of Gen. Rucker, was in command of the cavalry, in action, of 'Rucker's Brigade.' The troop which he speaks of as 'McDonald's Battalion' was in reality 'Forrest's Old Regiment.' McDonald's Battalion had been restored to its old place in the regiment. The writer is mistaken on the point of being near Gen. Chalmers's headquarters when we made the second fight. We had fought first on Richland Creek. When the second fight was made we were near the Davidson house, on the Charlotte Pike. Chalmers's headquarters were on the Harding Pike. I did not see, or receive an order from, either Gens. Chalmers or Rucker during the day. After night, when the enemy had been repulsed and had been withdrawn from the field, an order came from Gen. Chalmers, through Gen. Rucker, to make good our connection with the left flank of our army. At daylight, without the loss of gun or wagon, we found the left flank of our army on the Hillsboro Pike.

"The latter position, which he mentions as on the Granny White Pike, was in conformity to an order to Gen. Chalmers handed me by Gen. Rucker after 4 P.M. The order was to the following effect: 'The army is in full retreat. Keep the enemy's cavalry off my rear at all hazards. Hood.'

"The writer could not give too much credit to the fighting of the eight hundred men left him in Wilson's front that night. Gen. Rucker had taken two guns and selected a position in the rear for fortification, to which at the last possible moment we were to retire. After desperate fighting for an hour or more in the dark and four repulses of the enemy's advance, Col. White, of the Fourteenth Tennessee Cavalry, sent me word that the enemy was passing him on his left. He received in response an order to 'mount a squadron and charge any force that attempts to pass your flank.' Unfortunately, I was so near the line of my central regiment that the message was overheard. This regiment had, by bad handling, been twice stampeded. I had placed

them in the center that I might personally hold them in position. They had fought nobly that night, but now panicked and broke. The former commanding officer had been relieved; the major in command gallantly aided in the effort to rally them, but, raising the cry that 'ammunition is exhausted,' they broke for their horses. I moved to the right to bring another regiment to the center. Their break left the Fourteenth unsupported on my left flank, and before we could reoccupy the center the enemy broke through the unoccupied space, separating me from the Fourteenth, struck Gen. Rucker preparing a position in the rear, and left me to throw the remainder of the command between the enemy and our disorderly mess of infantry in retreat on the pike at Brentwood.

"Gen. Rucker was wounded, captured, and his arm amputated in Nashville the next day. I covered the retreat on Franklin with less than five hundred men. About nine o'clock the next morning Col. White and the Fourteenth Tennessee Cavalry rejoined me at Franklin."

D'GOURNAY'S BATTALION OF ARTILLERY.

The following sketch was written by Col. DeGournay a short time before his death at the request of J. W. Minnich, of Grand Isle, La., who served under DeGournay from the organization of his first company and who sends it to the *VETERAN* for publication:

"After seceding from the Union Louisiana took possession of Forts Jackson and St. Philip, and I went to the first-named as quartermaster to the Orleans Artillery. While there I learned that the Legislature had voted the formation of four companies of artillery for State defense. I made immediate application for a captaincy, and proceeded to form a company, many members of the Orleans Battalion enlisting with me. We were soon relieved by another command, and I returned to New Orleans with nearly a full company of drilled artillerymen, expecting to get my commission and go on active service without delay. I was mistaken. A young lawyer, with no military experience, but being the grandson of a Revolutionary hero, wished to raise a company. The cool alternative was offered me to join this gentleman as his first lieutenant, my men forming the nucleus of his company, or to receive a commission as captain of a second company, but I promptly refused both.

"I was about disbanding my company in New Orleans when influential friends advised me to wait a little longer. At this juncture Alfred Coppens returned from Montgomery with Jefferson Davis's authorization to raise a battalion of zouaves, the first commission issued, I believe, under the seal of the government of the Confederate States. Coppens proposed to me to join him. 'But my company,' I objected, 'is intended for artillery service.' 'That is no objection,' said Coppens. 'I have a right to a battery of artillery attached to the battalion.' Although our arm was heavy artillery, I yielded, and we proceeded to organize the Zouave Battalion, which was soon ordered to Pensacola.

"There Gen. Bragg objected to receiving my company as artillery; the Zouaves were light infantry and not entitled to have a battery. 'But,' added the General, 'I am very glad your men are trained artillerymen. While I must enroll you as light infantry, I will detail you on artillery duty. You will report to Gen. Villepigue and help to build and man the batteries at Warrington Harbor.'

"We did this work so satisfactorily that when we were ordered to Yorktown Gen. Villepigue gave me a note of introduction to Gen. Magruder. My Pensacola experience was repeated at Yorktown. Gen. Magruder, an old artillery

officer, was glad to have artillerymen. He placed us immediately on detached duty, and set us building the river defenses. As fast as a battery was built we manned it, and very soon Gen. Magruder began detaching men from various infantry regiments to be drilled and to serve as artillerymen. Nominally we were a Zouave company, therefore we never did any service with the battalion during the first year of our enlistment, and at its expiration were finally disconnected from it.

"Gen. Magruder asked the Confederate government to give me a colonelcy and authorize me to raise a regiment of heavy artillery, which was done. Three companies were immediately formed—viz.: my old company, reorganized with Lieut. John M. Kean as captain; Capt. Seawell's company, composed mostly of old Zouaves; and Capt. Lebesque's company, from New Orleans. To these were added Capt. W. N. Coffin's and Capt. C. Wright's companies of Virginians. I was elected major, pending the recruitment in New Orleans of my other companies, which, unfortunately, never rejoined the corps; but, owing to the necessities of military movements farther South, were absorbed into other regiments.

"*'DeGournay's Independent Artillery'* did good service at Yorktown, and when it was decided that the place must be evacuated a detachment of the battalion was ordered to remain some hours after the departure of the army and to keep up a desultory firing so that the fact of the evacuation be not discovered by the enemy. At 1 A.M. we had spiked our guns and, turning our backs on Yorktown, started on a forced march to catch up with the rear of the main army, which we did close to Williamsburg. Having neither field pieces nor muskets—only a few of the latter for mounting guard—we could be of no service in the field, and were ordered to precede the army to Richmond and report to Gen. Lee.

"In Richmond the battalion did little else than garrison duty in the forts around the city and took an insignificant part in the seven days' battle, ending with Malvern Hill. After this the battalion was ordered to proceed to Port Hudson, La., which it was necessary to fortify. I had received my commission as lieutenant colonel of artillery, and carried with me four companies to Port Hudson. Here we found a field for even more useful service than we had performed around Richmond or at Yorktown. Save a battery of two field pieces, Port Hudson was defenseless. We set to work building the river batteries and manning them as fast as guns were obtainable. The Tennessee Battalion, added to my command, was of great help. Before we were ready, however, an amusing incident happened. The armored boat *Essex* came down the river just about daylight, and passed under full steam pressure, firing broadsides on her way. We returned the fire with our two fourteen-pounder field pieces and a thirty-pounder Parrott gun belonging to Miles's Legion. Of course we could do little damage with such light ordnance. The damage done by the *Essex's* fire was one mule killed while peacefully grazing in a field beyond our lines. To my amazement some time later I read Capt. Porter's report of the 'battle!' He had found Port Hudson strongly fortified; had received the fire of several ten-inch guns, with some damage to the *Essex*; but had finally silenced all these heavy batteries and proceeded triumphantly to New Orleans (!). This mendacious report was printed in the official records of the war.

"We were left undisturbed at our work until April, 1863, when a combined attack was made by Gen. Banks on land and Commodore Farragut by water. Banks's attack was a complete failure, his army being routed and retreated in great

haste. Farragut had better luck. He succeeded in passing two of his vessels, but lost the fine frigate *Mississippi*, which was run aground, set on fire, and finally floated downstream a blazing pile, to the great danger of the remaining gunboats, which steamed back in disorder. Not a vessel would have passed, and Farragut's fleet would have been destroyed, but for an untoward incident which shows the importance of strict adherence to duty and obedience of orders. A huge pile of combustible matter had been erected on the other side of the river and an officer put in charge with instructions to set fire to the pile so soon as an advance of the fleet was signaled. That side of the river shore is low, while our side consisted of high bluffs, from which our batteries would direct a plunging fire at the vessels thus coming into a bright light while we remained in relative darkness. Well, on that particular night of April 14, this officer was absent from his post. 'Dreaming of no danger,' he 'had gone to take supper with a friend some miles inland.'

"Things remained quiet for nearly a month, then orders came to evacuate Port Hudson. Our line of land breastworks was calculated for twenty-two thousand men, and we had that number when ordered to evacuate. Division after division left in proper order. There remained only four thousand, two hundred men, including the heavy artillery. Gen. Frank Gardner had started when, some distance from the fort, information reached him that Banks had traveled up on the other side of the *Mississippi*, crossed the river at Bayou Sara, and was coming down with an army of twenty-five thousand strong to invest Port Hudson, while Farragut above, with his two boats and the remainder of the fleet below, and augmented by the addition of four mortar boats, would shut us up closely.

"Gen. Gardner returned in haste to undertake the difficult task of defending, with a garrison of four thousand two hundred men, a line of defense built for twenty-two thousand. There was no possible means of extricating the little garrison; no hope of winning a complete victory over a foe that beset us by land and water. There was but one course left, that imposed by a sense of duty, to hold on at all risks, and so keep the enemy at bay that he could not go to reinforce other commands. If, miraculously, for there were no available Confederate troops within reach, relief should come, well and good; if not, like Phenix's celebrated fight when he held his adversary by inserting his nose between the latter's teeth, we would hold Banks to his task; he should not let loose and go to swell Grant's army. He had come to take Port Hudson so as to 'clear the river of obstacles.' Very well, we would make this work of taking us as hard a job as he had ever undertaken. As long as powder and shot lasted we would resist; after that—we would not think of the consequences. Gen. Gardner invariably replied to summons of surrender: 'As it is my duty to defend this fort, I decline to surrender it.'

"From the 7th of May to the 8th of July Port Hudson was under constant fire; by day from heavy land batteries; by night from the fleet. Huge bombs and 150-pound shells came hissing overhead and fell here and there, almost harmlessly, it is true, for the small number of killed on our side was in ridiculous proportion to the tons and tons of metal hurled at our heads, and particularly so at the river batteries, where our loss was only five men. On the land lines the enemy's field pieces and rifle shots did more execution. At a small, much-exposed battery on the line, the Tennessee Battalion, which had been put in charge, lost heavily in officers and men.

"But I shall not attempt in this hurried sketch to give a succinct account of the daily happenings of this long siege. Three general attacks and several partial ones were repulsed with much damage to the enemy, although, with our long line of defense and scanty garrison, Port Hudson would have been taken if the enemy's charge could have been an unbroken advance on all points. This never happened, owing to mismanagement on the part of the Yankee officers as much as to the irregularity of the ground they had to march over. However that may be, our men behind the breastworks had to move in double-quick time to the right or left, beat back the assailants, and run to another point of attack.

"On the 4th of July Gen. Gardner issued an order recommending more than usual vigilance, as Gen. Banks might avail himself of the enthusiasm inspired by this memorable date to make a night attack. On the same day Gen. Pemberton surrendered Vicksburg, having, so said his report, chosen that day in the hope of obtaining better terms. So differently men will judge which is the better course suggested by duty.

"But we were ignorant of the Vicksburg happenings until the 6th, when hurrahs, the firing of guns, etc., in the Federal camps attracted our attention. At first we thought they were preparing to attack; but when it was ascertained that the firing was done with blank cartridges and no commands were forming, we were quite puzzled. 'Hello, Yank!' cried one of our advanced pickets to the soldier on similar duty opposite to him. 'What are you making all this fuss for?' 'Vicksburg has surrendered,' was the exulting reply, 'and you Rebs had better do the same.' 'You can't catch us with your Yankee tricks.' 'No trick,' was the reply. 'Johnny, gospel truth; the news came this morning.' At this juncture the attention of the Confederate officer in command of the pickets was attracted by this prolonged palaver, and he approached. The Yankee repeated his story, which the officer immediately reported to Gen. Gardner. The matter was too serious to be accepted on the mere report of a Yankee private; but official communications soon passed between Gens. Banks and Gardner, and the news, with its stupendous consequences, was accepted as true. A council of war was soon held. A prolonged resistance was out of the question. We had so little ammunition left that we had of late been compelled to reserve it until the enemy should charge on our breastworks; disabled guns were loaded with all sorts of projectiles to be used for the destruction of any scaling party. For days my men had been collecting unexploded bombshells at a point the enemy tried mightily to undermine. A chute was made in the crest of the parapet. When notice was given of the approach of the miners, a stalwart artilleryman would take up one of these bombs, poise it over his right shoulder, the corporal standing behind would apply a light to the fuse and give the word, 'Let go!' and the bomb, rolling down the chute, would fall and explode right in the faces or in the midst of the mining party. Such were the tricks of defense we had to resort to, but there was something worse—provisions were giving out. For a week officers' and men's rations had been reduced to half a pound of mule meat and three ears of corn per day. What little proper food remained was saved for the sick and wounded, of which we had some one thousand, five hundred. Drugs and medicines had given out, and the doctors were at their wits' end—a sorry plight indeed!

"The reply to the question why we stubbornly held this post against the tremendous odds is that by doing so we neutralized Banks's army of twenty-five thousand men, so that it could not reinforce Grant at Vicksburg nor interfere with the sending of relief to Gen. Pemberton. Besides, Farragut

had passed but two vessels, the remainder of the fleet being held in check. The Mississippi was now free, Vicksburg having fallen, and our resources were exhausted. We had to cut our way through the enemy's lines or surrender. There was no alternative. If we adopted the former, we must abandon our sick and wounded and our artillery. Should we succeed in cutting our way through, at great loss of life, no doubt, where could we go? There was not a Confederate force to which we could rally.

"Two days were consumed in discussing the terms of surrender, during which our hunger increased. That evening the fumes of coffee and fried meat were a blessing to our hungry boys. A generous supply of provisions had been sent to us. By these terms the enlisted men were to be set free and sent home, the officers to preserve all rights of property, their side arms, baggage, servants (even if these were slaves, provided they elected to follow their masters), and to be sent, at their choice, either to New Orleans or to New York, pending their exchange. The terms agreed upon were reported ostensibly 'unconditional.'

"On the 8th of July, 1863, Banks's army entered Port Hudson. Twenty-two hundred ragged, wan-faced Confederate soldiers were drawn up to receive the victors, fifteen hundred men were limping around or lying in the hospital, and five hundred lay beneath the shell-plowed soil of the little village on the cliff. Historians merely enter this record: 'Vicksburg having fallen, Port Hudson surrendered,' a brief way of disposing of a chapter in Confederate history of which every actor showed the devotion and endurance of a hero.

"The secret terms of surrender were duly observed. After some weeks spent in the unfinished customhouse building in New Orleans, where we were the recipients of unwearying kindness from the people and were permitted to see our friends and relatives, we were sent to New York as first-class passengers, with no restraint but our parole. We expected to be sent immediately to City Point for exchange, but were doomed to disappointment. After spending a couple of days at Governor's Island, we were sent to Johnson's Island.

"We went by rail to Sandusky, on parole, accompanied by a mere squad of men as protectors or introducers. And we did need some introduction, as at every town where the train stopped gaping crowds surrounded the cars, wondering from what States were these men in strange uniforms, armed with sword and revolver. You may judge of their astonishment when told that we were Rebels. Capt. Hewitt was accompanied by his negro servant (Bill, I think his name was), who created no little amusement at Johnson's Island by the dignity with which he repulsed the friendly advances of the Home Guards, our jailers.

"I have made mention of these 'post-surrender' incidents only to show that the 'unconditional' surrender, however flattering to Yankee vanity, did not affect to the extent of an iota the privilege accorded us by the secret convention. But once in prison, things were changed for the worse. I will not write the history of those weary months—eighteen fell to my share—of humiliation, sufferings, and privation spent in various Northern prisons, but will leave that dark record in obscurity. Let bygones be bygones; the war is over, and if I have come in contact with petty tyrants, cowardly sneaks, and fanatical idiots, it has been my fortune to fall in with not a few noble-minded, generous enemies, who treated a fallen foe with the true soldier's courtesy and kindness.

"One word more concerning my battalion. Every man did his duty, bravely, devotedly, during that long siege, but none more thoroughly than the members of my old company,

now commanded by the gallant young Capt. John M. Kean. Between these men and myself there was a bond of trust, of affection, born by close contact during the first year of the war and cemented by time as we shared hardships and dangers with that mutual trust which makes the strength of a military organization. To any of these, my old Zouave men, whom these lines may reach I send the warm greeting of a friend. I think of them now with pride, as in the old days I was proud of them."

STRENGTH OF U. S. ARMY AND NAVY, 1861-65.

BY COL. G. N. SAUSSY, HAWKINSVILLE, GA.

Regarding the forces engaged during the War between the States, permit me to correct the figures shown in the *VETERAN* for September, compiled by Cassinon G. Lee. Below you will find an official statement of troops contributed to the Federal armies during the four years of fierce warfare in the early sixties by States: Maine, 71,745; New Hampshire, 34,605; Vermont, 35,246; Massachusetts, 152,785; Rhode Island, 24,711; Connecticut, 52,270; New York, 455,561; New Jersey, 79,511; Pennsylvania, 366,326; Delaware, 13,651; Maryland, 49,730; West Virginia, 30,003; District of Columbia, 16,872; Ohio, 317,133; Indiana, 195,147; Illinois, 257,217; Michigan, 90,149; Wisconsin, 96,118; Minnesota, 25,024; Iowa, 75,860; Missouri, 108,778; Kentucky, 78,540; Kansas, 20,067; negroes and white Southerners, 212,083. Total, 2,859,132.

To this enormous aggregation add 128,644 enlistments in the Federal navy in more than three hundred armed vessels and transports, and you have a total fighting force of 2,987,776, or lacking only 12,224 of an even 3,000,000. Against these tremendous forces the Confederacy brought into the field but 600,000 [Other statistics say 895,654.—Ed.] soldiers, and maintained itself for four years against the world in the attempt to create a nation. Close students of the details of affairs during those four years state that more than 2,200 armed collisions of greater or less moment took place between the contending forces.

In nearly all statements that appear in print regarding comparisons of the forces engaged, little stress is laid upon the Federal navy. This is not fair, for that arm of the Federal service was a most important factor in determining final results. It sealed the Southern ports against outside assistance. By its heavy guns and ironclad vessels it outclassed our Southern forts, demolished and forced their surrender, and in all honesty the Federal navy should be accorded its share in the part it took in the history of the early sixties.

I confess that I am partisan enough to "ring the changes" when it comes to showing what part the South and Southern men have done for this country—for instance: Grant got the glory, Sherman gets the odium, and Thomas the reputation for generalship during the war. Thomas was a Virginian. By all odds Farragut was their greatest naval officer. He was a Tennessean and Mr. Lincoln was a Kentuckian, so it appears that our friends, the enemy, got their brains in the army, the navy, and the forum from the South during that fearful period.

A GREWSOME EXPERIENCE AT PETERSBURG.

BY GEORGE WISE, ALEXANDRIA, VA.

While engaged in engineering at Petersburg in the summer of 1864 the writer had charge of the work in connection with Elliott's (or Evans's) and Gracie's salients and the intervening infantry line. One morning he was employed in directing a gang of soldiers digging a pit for the erection of

a ten-inch columbiad (the largest gun ever mounted on that line by the Confederates) near the reverse angle of the lines. At the angle was a field piece which was often in action. In its rear, reached by a zigzag alleyway, was the bombproof for the protection of the officers and men who handled and had charge of the gun, and where they ate and slept when not on duty.

At the time of which I write the lieutenant of the gun was sitting at his breakfast table in the bombproof and the writer was standing on the outer rim of the pit mentioned, a hundred or more feet away, when the enemy opened fire on the field piece from their lines about two hundred yards distant. The first shot sped true, and, entering the embrasure of our gun, the shell struck the axletree of the piece and exploded, sending its pieces helter-skelter.

One piece of the shell, in some mysterious way, entered the bombproof, took off the upper part of the unfortunate lieutenant's head, and threw a piece of his skull, some two by four inches in size, with a portion of the smoking brain, some of his hair, and a piece of the red rim of his cap, at the writer's feet. Picking up the fragments of the poor lieutenant's head and head gear, the writer called to one of his men and sent him to ascertain the particulars of the occurrence. The man soon returned and narrated the above account, but failed to give the name of the gallant officer who had thus lost his life in the cause of the South. Several men about the gun were wounded by the same shot.

The writer has often thought of this far-away incident, and wondered who the unfortunate lieutenant could have been.

ONLY A PRIVATE.

BY CAPT. W. F. DAWSON, RICHMOND, VA., 1866.

Only a private! his jacket of gray

Is stained by the smoke and the dust.

As Bayard he's brave, as Rupert he's gay,

Reckless as Murat in heat of the fray;

But in God is his only trust!

Only a private! to march and to fight,

To suffer and starve and be strong;

With knowledge enough to know that the might

Of justice and truth, and freedom and right,

In the end must crush out the wrong.

Only a private! no ribbon or star

Shall gild with false glory his name!

No honors for him in braid or in bar,

His Legion of Honor is only a scar,

And his wounds are his roll of fame!

Only a private! one more here slain

On the field lies silent and chill!

And in the far South a wife prays in vain

One clasp of the hand she may ne'er clasp again,

One kiss from the lips that are still.

Only a private! there let him sleep!

He will need nor tablet nor stone;

For the mosses and vines o'er his grave will creep,

And at night the stars through the clouds will peep,

And watch him who lies there alone.

Only a martyr! who fought and who fell

Unknown and unmarked in the strife!

But still as he lies in his lonely cell

Angel and seraph the legend shall tell—

Such a death is eternal life!

CONFEDERATE HOME IN AUSTIN.

Col. Duke Goodman, Inspector General, was directed on November 15, 1904, by Maj. Gen. K. M. Van Zandt, commanding Texas Division, U. C. V., to visit the Soldiers' Home at Austin and report faithfully its condition, and he states:

"General: Complying with your direction, I, without any previous notification, entered upon a thorough inspection of the Confederate Home at Austin, its grounds, barracks, hospital, administration, and other buildings, together with its business management and all conditions appertaining thereto.

"Upon my appearance at the Home I was met by a guard on duty at the Administration Building, and was guided by him through the grounds of the Home. At my request, I was first conducted by the guard through the dining room, which has a capacity for seating about three hundred men. This room is well lighted and airy, and provided with hatracks and every convenience necessary to comfort. The floors, walls, and windows were clean, and all the tables were scrupulously so. Through the serving rooms I passed into the large kitchen, which has recently been floored with cement, the walls and ceiling being freshly plastered and ceiled. An extra large John Van range has been only recently installed; and all utensils and furnishings I found to be clean and in perfect order. In the last year the kitchen has been greatly enlarged, and there has been constructed in the basement a capacious cold storage for the preservation of fresh meats and perishables. In the kitchen the cooks were preparing the food, which was of the very best quality and abundant. I particularly noticed the bread as being superior to any I had seen for quite a while. The matron and quartermaster presided in the dining room, and perfect order was maintained.

"The new hospital I found to be, although crowded with the lame, the halt, the blind, and those afflicted with all manner of ill, to which the aged veteran is a certain heir, as near as I could judge, in perfect condition. The best methods of sanitation seem to be observed and the tenderest and most skillful care was being given those who are beyond any hope of ever being able again to care for themselves.

"I went 'the rounds' with the inspecting officers on the occasion of their regular Saturday semimonthly inspection of the barracks. On these occasions the veterans are all required to be in their several quarters, in default of which, by the rules of the Home, tobacco rations are suspended, and the inspection proved satisfactory in every way. My inspection led me through the large quartermaster and commissary storerooms, where I found carefully arranged and stored a vast accumulation of goods and provisions provided under contract with the Purchasing Agent for use during the whole of this fiscal year—the wisdom of which I most seriously question. Many articles must deteriorate, and I would judge that quarterly supplies would be better and more economical.

"By the gracious kindness of the Daughters of the Confederacy, the room in the Administration Building previously used for a chapel has been converted into a delightful library and club room. This room is most tastefully furnished and contains a large number of volumes of well-selected literature. The best of the magazines and newspapers are found on the tables, and the veteran is enabled every day to enjoy a literary feast. The post office, very handsomely arranged, is in this room, where the veteran postmaster daily distributes tidings from the friends of the old soldiers.

"I accepted the compliment of a lunch with the Superintendent and the members of his official family. The board

was provided with food of precisely similar character as that I had seen on the tables of the main dining room and prepared by the same cooks. I examined the books of the Home, which seem to be carefully and accurately kept. The accounts are all examined and approved by the Board of Managers every month and audited by the State Comptroller. I was particularly impressed with the records kept by the Master of Rolls, himself a veteran inmate. A daily report, as that of a regimental adjutant, is prepared for the Superintendent, and this is consolidated at the end of each month for examination by the Board. From the records of the Master of Rolls every inmate is accounted for every day in the year and the number of the room he occupies, or if he is on furlough or in the hospital.

"I conversed freely with a great number of the old men. A large majority of them, who offer in their own personality and present contentment the best evidence of having been good soldiers, I was pleased to find fully appreciate this great work of beneficence undertaken by the State, and express fully their gratitude and satisfaction. A few complaints come from those who would doubtless be dissatisfied under any conditions of restraint by which they could be surrounded. A few thought that white shirts should be provided, and others complained that they had great difficulty in securing needed clothing. The Superintendent tells me the latter is in many cases a just complaint, and that he has had almost unsurmountable difficulties in having contracts for the old men executed. All the veterans with whom I was thrown in contact were neatly and warmly clad, and several remarked very frankly to me that if the clothing distributed from year to year had been properly cared for and preserved by recipients they would be well supplied. Unfortunately there have been inmates at the Home who, in violation of the rules, dispose of their clothing; and doubtless some of them are loudest in their complaints.

"It is hardly my province in this report to advise with reference to the betterment of the Home; but I will be pardoned if I suggest that the roads and walks exist only in name, and the fences and gates are altogether unworthy of the State. I suggest that the Legislative Committee urge this matter for immediate consideration, and that an emergency appropriation sufficient to do the work be asked of the Legislature. In this connection I would also urge that the unfinished ward in the hospital be completed without delay and furnished for much-needed use. A furnace should be provided to heat the large dining room and administration building. This is a great necessity, and would enable the management to get rid of the cumbersome and uncleanly stoves and provide additional accommodations in the dining room. It gives me great pleasure to report that the Superintendent and officers of the Home appear to have used all care and energy in conserving the best interests of the institution. The rules of government I have carefully examined and believe them to be fair and absolutely necessary for a proper administration, and I am warranted in reporting that they have been enforced in a spirit of kindness and comradeship. Nothing possible seems to have been left undone to make the institution a real and happy home for our old comrades who in their declining years have been driven to seek its refuge."

The foregoing is almost a literal copy of Col. Goodman's report to Gen. Van Zandt, and it is commended for the double purpose of information to the great people of Texas and as suggestive to comrades in other States. The exami-

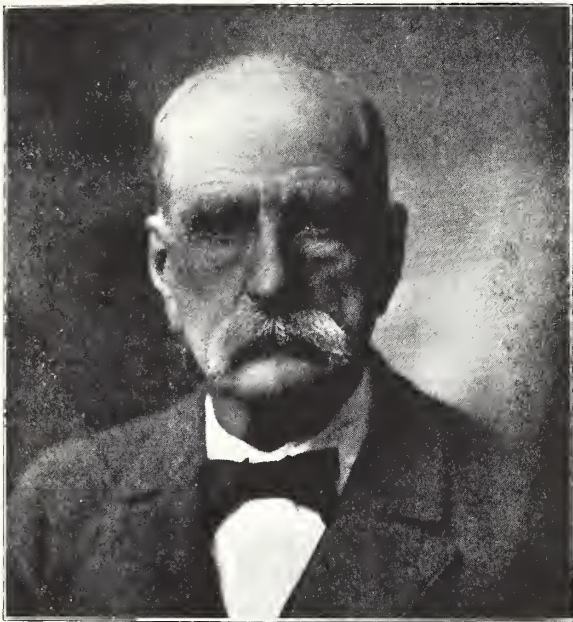
nation and report were required by the Commander of the Texas Division, U. C. V., at his own expense, that the law-makers be supplied with the true condition of affairs, and that comrades, relatives, and friends of these noble but unfortunate men learn their true conditions. As stated, there are complaints in this Home, as there are in every place of the kind in the land, and Gen. Van Zandt was pleased to make this investigation at the suggestion of the Superintendent.

COL. ROBT. McCULLOCH, VENERABLE VETERAN.

Col. McCulloch was one of the first sons of Missouri to respond to the call of Gen. Sterling Price, in 1861, for troops to defend the State from Federal invasion. He reported promptly with a full company at Jefferson City, and from there followed the fortunes of Gen. Price's command through the Missouri campaign of 1861.

Early in 1862 he raised and organized the Second Missouri Cavalry, was made colonel of the regiment, and after the battle of Pea Ridge, or Elkhorn, was transferred with Price's troop east of the Mississippi and joined Gen. Bragg's army at Corinth. After the battle of Corinth Col. McCulloch and his regiment were assigned to Gen. Forrest, with whom he served until the close of the war, winning the rank of brigadier general.

Col. McCulloch, although a man of strong personality and a strict disciplinarian, was as gentle and tender as a woman.



COL. ROBERT McCULLOCH.

He knew personally every man in his regiment, and when in camp made their comfort his first consideration; but he would lead them with fierce and reckless daring into the very thickest of the fray. He was badly wounded twice, and much of the time confined to his ambulance while on the march; but he never gave up the active command of his brigade. The Second Missouri Cavalry was composed almost entirely of young men and boys of the best families in the State. It is believed that a majority of them were killed or wounded and their bones bleached on the fields of battle fought over by Forrest in West Tennessee, Mississippi, and Alabama.

Col. McCulloch is yet living at his old home in Boonville, Mo., at the ripe old age of eighty-four. The other officer

of this gallant old regiment yet living are: Lieut. Col. Robert A. McCulloch, a kinsman of Col. Robert; Maj. P. A. Savery, of Tupelo, Miss.; Capt. Gus Zallinger, of Otterville, Mo.; Lieut. George M. Buchanan, of Holly Springs, Miss.; Capt. Ed Aldrich, of Collierville, Tenn.; and Lieut. Zack Jennings, of Water Valley, Miss.

DARING DEED OF IKE DAVENPORT.

BY E. P. ANDERSON, WAXAHACHIE, TEX.

In 1863 a freckle-faced boy about sixteen years of age, finely mounted and followed by a two-thousand-dollar negro on another fine horse, joined Wirt Adams's Cavalry Regiment in Mississippi. That boy was a reckless "dare-devil." He is now a quiet minister in the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, and his name is I. S. Davenport, a Christian gentleman with a splendid wife and children worthy of their ancestry (excepting his wild career). In 1864 he joined Harvey's scouts, and operated around Natchez, Miss.

Ike always rode a good horse, and needed one in his business. On one occasion he wanted a remount, and, as the Yankees had depleted Mississippi, he concluded he would retaliate. One pleasant day, dressed as a guileless boy from the country, he and two of his young lady friends drove into Natchez. The young ladies went shopping and he went to get a horse. After the ladies finished shopping they drove home, and were met just outside of the Yankee lines by some friends. Ike picked out a magnificent bay horse, fifteen and a half hands high, with saddle, pistols, and outfit complete, tied at headquarters, that belonged to a captain in a Yankee regiment. Having procured an official-looking envelope so as to look like a courier, he mounted the horse and rode off as if on business for the United States government. When out of sight of headquarters, he struck a lope, and, upon reaching the pickets, he galloped by as if to overtake some one ahead, and they did not suspect him. The vedettes were not quickly suspicious; but when interrogated and he said he had a package for a carriage ahead, they started to investigate, when he went like a shot out of a gun, and was one hundred yards away before they fired. He met some of our scouts just outside of the Yankee lines. The horse did good service for the South. The captain who formerly owned the horse sent word to Davenport that he carried a good rope tied to his saddle to hang him with when he caught him, to which Davenport replied that he would not waste a good rope on him, but would hang him with a grapevine if he ever caught him.

In connection with the foregoing Comrade Anderson writes: "As the VETERAN circulates among the old United States soldiers, I will ask you to assist me in locating one of them, who was a brave man and a gentleman. On July 3, before Vicksburg surrendered, I was sent to the mouth of the Yallabusha River (where it empties into the Yazoo) to capture a Yankee gunboat that was reported to be there; but it had left, so on our way back to the army, about twenty miles off in the hills, I stopped at a plantation on the Yazoo to get breakfast and have our horses fed. While I was waiting and taking a nap a negro came over from an adjoining plantation and reported the 'yard full of Yankees.' I mounted and went over to investigate, and found a squadron of Yankee cavalry foraging and expecting no trouble, as they were several miles within their lines. We captured a good number of them, and I took charge of Lieut. Chase, a nephew of Gov. Chase, of Ohio, a fine fellow about twenty-one or twenty-two years old. He was a brave man, and I would like to hear of him."



"They are passing away from us, passing away;
The weights they have lifted, the burdens they've borne,
They have all been heavy, and shall we mourn
That they are all passing away?"

It is now forty years since the close of the War between the States. Many who participated in that great struggle were young and vigorous but are now old and feeble. They are fast passing away. In a few more years there will be no more reunions and none to answer roll call. These noble old heroes deserve to live in the memory of every lover of liberty. They fought in defense of constitutional government, and not one of them should be allowed to pass away without having his name placed on the record of honor.

DEATHS IN CAMP WARD, PENSACOLA, FLA.

The membership of Ward Camp, No. 10, at Pensacola, Fla., has been sadly diminished during 1904 by the heavy hand of death, five members having been summoned by the last roll. The first of these was Walter Tate, who died in April. He was a graduate of the University of Virginia, and was true to the teachings of the Mother State, casting his lot with his people in repelling invasion. After the war he went to Florida, and was one of the first to join Camp Ward, and continued a faithful member to the end.

Thomas R. McCullough died on the 13th of September. Early in the war he enlisted in Gen. Clanton's Command of Cavalry, and his empty sleeve attested his courageous spirit. He went to Florida at the close of the war, and became one of the most prominent citizens of Pensacola. He was county judge at the time of his death, having held that position for twelve years.

Andrew J. Jones died September 25. He went from Mississippi to Florida about five years ago, and had been a faithful and zealous member of the Camp.

Antonio Ferrara died October 10. He was a native of Italy. He joined the Twenty-First Alabama Regiment of Infantry, Capt. Festorozzi's company, and was a faithful Confederate soldier to the end. He became a resident of Pensacola about 1880, and at the organization of Camp Ward cast his lot with his comrades.

Augustus Stuckey died October 18. He enlisted in the Fifteenth Confederate Cavalry, and was made first sergeant of his company. In all positions of his life he was noted for his faithfulness to duty.

DEAD OF N. B. FORREST CAMP, CHATTANOOGA.

Extracts from report read by John W. Faxon, Historian, at the Memorial Services Sunday, October 30, 1904:

"We open another page to-day in our Camp's death history, upon which we inscribe the names and record of those with whom our common cause is connected by an inseparable association. What a forceful reminder these memorial services are to the living, and how clearly do they warn us to 'put not off the safety of our souls!'

"We add to our record the names of eight of our comrades 'who have died to the world,' but we trust to 'begin in heaven to live with Christ.'

"John Augustus Smith.—Comrade Smith was born in Jackson County, Ala., in March, 1838. He enlisted in Company B, Fourth Tennessee Cavalry, in 1861, was wounded at Pultaski, Tenn., captured at Brentwood in 1863, and escaped. He was paroled at Raleigh, N. C., at the close of the war. He joined N. B. Forrest Camp, No. 4, in February, 1898. His name should have been placed on our list of last year's dead, as he died May 8, 1903. He was buried at White Oak Cemetery.

"Milton Russell.—Comrade Russell was born in Camden County, Ga., May 13, 1837. He enlisted in the Confederate army September 19, 1861, at Dalton, Ga.; and served on the coast of Georgia, near Savannah, until June, 1862, when he joined T. J. (Stonewall) Jackson at Stanton, Va., and participated in the fights around Richmond. He was mustered into service as second lieutenant, and promoted to captain October 7, 1862. He remained with Gen. Jackson's old corps until wounded, which resulted in the loss of an arm; and was captured at Winchester September 19, 1864, from which place he was sent to prison in Baltimore, where he was held a prisoner until after the surrender. He was elected a member of N. B. Forrest Camp July 5, 1886, and Commander of the Camp in December, 1902. He died at his home, in Chattanooga, Tenn., December 4, 1903, and is buried at Forest Hill Cemetery.

"F. M. Hatfield.—Comrade Hatfield was born December 27, 1837, in Bledsoe County, Tenn.; enlisted near McMinnville, Tenn., September 6, 1861, as second corporal, Company K, Fifth Tennessee Regiment. He was paroled at Valley Head, Ala., in 1865. His rank at the close of the war was second lieutenant. He was elected a member of N. B. Forrest Camp in March, 1899. He died February 14, 1904, and was buried at Daisy, Tenn.

[Comrade E. M. Dodson is next mentioned. See sketch in VETERAN, Last Roll, August issue.]

"W. C. Haffy.—Comrade Haffy was born at Athens, Tenn., in 1848. He enlisted in the Confederate service in 1862 in Company C, Thomas's Legion, Walker's Brigade; was elected a member of N. B. Forrest Camp in October, 1897; and died in Grady Hospital, Atlanta, Ga., May 9, 1904.

"Jonathan W. Ownby.—Comrade Ownby was born in Lumpkin County, Ga., June 29, 1824; enlisted in the Confederate service April, 1864, in Company C, First Georgia State Troops, Stovall's Brigade. He was paroled at the surrender, in 1865. He was elected a member of N. B. Forrest Camp in April, 1899; and died June 17, 1904. He was buried at Graysville, Ga.

"John G. Beasley.—Comrade Beasley was born at Spottsylvania C. H., Va., May 21, 1821. He was a soldier in the War between the States and Mexico. Although forty years of age, he enlisted in the Confederate army at Penfield, Green County, Ga., in Company C, Third Georgia Regiment, Army of Northern Virginia, in 1861 as a private. He was wounded in the battle of Seven Pines, and was paroled at the close of the war at Appomattox C. H., Va., April 9, 1865, as major. In 1865 he settled at Gordon Springs, the boyhood home of Gen. John B. Gordon, and he and Gen. Gordon were warm personal friends. After his wife's death, in 1903, he came to Chattanooga to live with his daughter, Mrs. W. C. Bice. He was elected a member of N. B. Forrest

Camp June 7, 1904. He died September 23, 1904; and was buried at Dalton, Ga."

Comrade Faxon concludes his tribute as follows:

"On this mournful occasion we should turn backward our thoughts and reflect that amid the ensanguined struggle of a terrible war, where death's merciless reaper always cleft its widened swath, our Maker spared the old soldiers present to-day for some wise purpose. Was it not that we could prepare for a future life which is inevitable? Looking before us at these tottering frames, almost gazing into their own graves, we feel that we are

Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown,
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown;
Almost looking in death's valley
From our sightless-growing eyes,
Where Christ, our faithful Shepherd,
Waits to lead us to the skies."

TRIBUTE OF MRS. FRED A. OLDS.

The Johnston Pettigrew Chapter of U. D. C., of Raleigh, N. C., through Mrs. Helen DeBerviere Wills, sends the following tribute to this noble Christian woman:

"In the death of our beloved and honored President, Mrs. F. A. Olds, the U. D. C. of North Carolina have met with a grievous loss. Besides her peculiar fitness for the duties of a presiding officer, she had so endeared herself to the Daughters throughout the State that each one feels it a personal bereavement. This was evidenced most forcibly during the memorial services held in honor of Mrs. Olds by the U. D. C.



MRS. FRED A. OLDS.

Convention in Fayetteville recently. One after another rose and testified to the loving remembrance in which she is held and to the noble work in which she had long been both a leader and fellow-worker.

"The services on this occasion were solemn and beautiful. The whole convention joined in singing her favorite hymns, and many with faltering voices told of her charity, her zealous care for the old and disabled veterans, of her energy

in the work of the King's Daughters, and her unselfish devotion to duty wherever and whenever it called her.

"She was one of the originators and managers of the Associated Charities and of the Day Nursery of this city, and for a long time one of the managers of the Ladies' Hospital Aid Society. She was President of St. Luke's Home for Old Women, and largely concerned in the fitting up of the Confederate Soldiers' Home here. The slow, but certain, growth of the idea of a State Reformatory for youthful criminals has resulted from her constant zeal in its behalf. We feel sure of the sympathy of the U. D. C. and of the Veterans in all parts of the South, where our late beloved President was known and esteemed.

"The memory of her faithful service will ever be gratefully cherished in the hearts of all with whom she was associated in Christian and patriotic work."

ELISHA WHITTLE.

Elisha Whittle was born in Richland County, Ga., in 1846, and died June 1, 1904, at Graceville, Fla. He was a member of Company G, Sixty-Third Alabama Infantry, and was sergeant major of Frank Phillips Camp, U. C. V., when he died.

Wilson Watford was born in South Carolina in 1826, and died at Graceville, Fla., in June, 1903. He was also a member of Frank Phillips Camp, and during the war served as a member of Company G, Eleventh Florida Infantry.

GEN. JESSE JOHNSON FINLEY.

After a life full of years and honors, Gen. J. J. Finley died at the residence of his son, in Lake City, Fla. He was born in Wilson County, Tenn., in 1812, the son of Obadiah Gaines and Mary Lewis Finley. He was educated at Lebanon, and early in life began the study of law; but his studies were interrupted by the Seminole War, in which he served as captain, having recruited a cavalry company. He was admitted to the bar in 1838, and two years later removed to Arkansas and became a member of the State Senate in 1841. He afterwards became a citizen of Memphis, Tenn., of which city he was Mayor in 1845. From there he removed to Florida the following year, in which State he was prominent and active in political life. Settling in Marianna, he became a member of the State Senate in 1850; in 1852 he was a presidential elector on the Whig ticket, and the year following was appointed judge of the local circuit. During the War between the States he also served as judge, but resigned in 1862 to enter the ranks. He was speedily promoted to captain; and on April 14, 1862, became colonel of the Sixth Florida. He served in East Tennessee under Gen. Kirby Smith, in Davis's Brigade, Heth's Division, where he exhibited that he was a natural leader of men. He was soon made a brigadier general, and assigned to command of the Florida Infantry in the Army of Tennessee, Bate's Division, Hardee's Corps. He was in command of this brigade at the battle of Missionary Ridge, where he won signal distinction. At the battle of Resaca Gen. Finley was severely wounded, and again at Jonesboro, where he narrowly escaped capture.

Upon the conclusion of hostilities Gen. Finley settled in Lake City, removing to Jacksonville in 1875. In that year he was elected to Congress, and upon the expiration of his term was reelected. His seat for that term, however, was contested, and given to his opponent. In 1887 Gov. Perry appointed him to fill an unexpired term in the United States Senate. In the same year he was made judge of the Fifth Judicial Circuit, retiring after six years of service

because of the infirmities of old age. Gen. Finley was twice married. Two children survive him, Charles A. Finley and Mrs. M. F. Griffiths.

STEPHEN S. DALGARN.

During the war a youth, so small, so young, and so pale as to excite compassion, joined the Confederate Army of Northern Virginia—Company D, Second Virginia Infantry. He seemed quite unequal to marching under the burden of cartridge belt, haversack, knapsack, blanket, and gun. With manly fortitude and heroic purpose, however, he marched in Jackson's Foot Cavalry through its most arduous campaigns, refusing all help and favor; and fought in its battles with a soldierly courage worthy of men of sterner physique. He suffered all the privations of his command without murmuring, and bore all its hardships with noble fortitude to the end of the war.

After the war closed he settled in Frederick City, Md., as merchant. Later he moved to Charlestown, W. Va., and opened and successfully conducted a mercantile store. He married Miss Eliza Shugert, became a member and a most valued deacon in the Presbyterian Church, a director in the Bank of Charlestown and in the John Stephenson Female Seminary, besides occupying many important positions in the business community. He was an upright and exemplary citizen of public spirit, and enjoyed the respect and confidence of all good people. Fortunately for him, he had not deferred to a dying bed his reconciliation to his God and Saviour, for his end came most unexpectedly and suddenly on Sunday, August 14, 1904.

CAPT. B. F. McCLANAHAN.

Dr. A. N. Perkins writes from Beaumont, Tex.: "Capt. B. F. McClanahan died at Sabine Pass in September after a short illness. He was one of the first to volunteer in 1861, joining Gen. Lane's regiment at Dallas, and was the color bearer of that regiment in the celebrated charge which resulted in the death of the Federal Gen. Lyon. Capt. McClanahan was under Gen. Bragg at the battle of Murfreesboro and many other engagements, and was a brave and gallant soldier, believing to the day of his death that he fought in a just and holy cause. He was paroled at Meridian, Miss. During Cleveland's administration he received the appointment as customhouse officer at Sabine Pass, serving four years. Capt. McClanahan was a newspaper man, and published the *Sabine Times* for several years. He is survived by a wife, daughter, and several grandchildren."

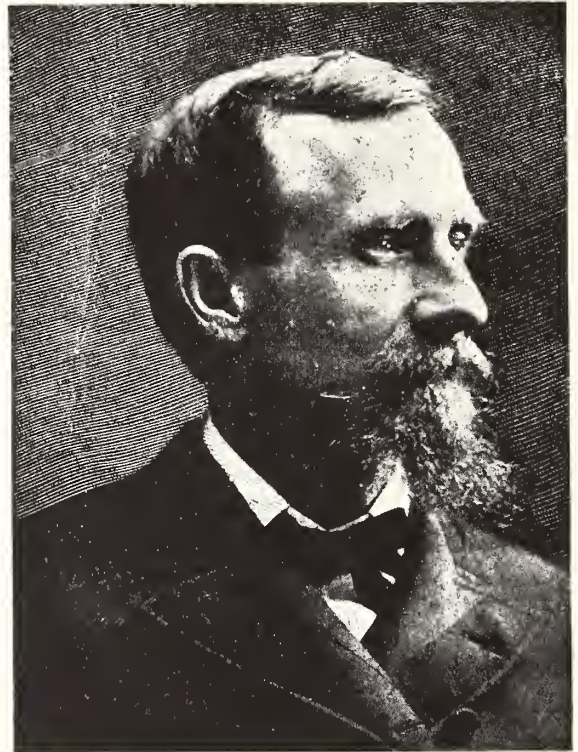
MRS. R. W. CRABB, UNIONTOWN, KY.

Mrs. Bettie E. Crabb, wife of Maj. R. W. Crabb, of Uniontown, Ky., died November 27 after a married life of nearly thirty years. Two sons and a daughter are left with the devoted husband to mourn the loss of this Christian wife and mother. She was a friend to the Confederate soldiers, and will be sadly missed.

CAPT. JOHN LYTLE CARNEY.

Capt. John L. Carney died in Clarksville, Tenn., October 28, 1904. He was born in Murfreesboro, Tenn., February 6, 1837; and was educated at Union University there. He loved his home and his people; their cause was his, and when war was declared he took up arms in defense of the South, and served to the end, surrendering with Forrest at Gainesville,

Ala. He assisted in raising a company, of which he was made first lieutenant; and this company was D, of Douglas's Battalion, which, with Holman's Battalion, formed the Eleventh Tennessee Regiment of Cavalry, part of Forrest's old brigade. Lieut. Carney was appointed quartermaster of the regiment in 1864, and while serving in that capacity still continued with his company, never missing a battle. When Capt. John Lytle took charge of the private scouts Lieut. Carney



CAPT. J. L. CARNEY.

became captain, and commanded the company in the rest of the battles, yet continuing to serve as quartermaster.

Brave and true, gentle yet firm, he was loved and honored by his comrades, for the ragged boys in gray had no hardships which he did not share. A few years after the war he removed from Murfreesboro to Lake Weir, Fla., which was his home at his death. His wife, who was Miss Amanda Turner, of Rutherford County, Tenn., survives him with five children. He was a Christian, noted for his charity and generosity, and especially tender toward the poor and unfortunate. Death for him had no terror, and, resting upon the love and mercy of God, he felt,

"Though from out our bound of time and place
The flood may hear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar."

LIEUT. JAMES L. LIVINGSTON.

Comrade Livingston was born in Orangeburg District, S. C., February 22, 1831, and moved with his parents to Haywood County, Tenn., in 1847, near Lebanon Church, which was his home until his death, September 30, 1904. On December 12, 1860, he was married to Miss Ann W. Carlton, who, with a large family of children and grandchildren, survives him.

On April 12, 1862, at the call of his country and with the

blessing and tears of his devoted young wife, he entered the Confederate army as a member of the Seventh Tennessee Cavalry. He was elected sergeant and later lieutenant of the company, serving gallantly under Forrest until the surrender, at Gainesville, Ala., May 10, 1865.

Lieut. Livingston was an active member of Hiram S. Bradford Bivouac until his death, and in the resolutions passed expressive of their sorrow and esteem they say: "Those who were never within the circle of his influence and never felt the blessings of his presence can realize only in an imperfect degree the loss we have sustained in the death of Comrade Livingston. This Bivouac has lost the active service and wise counsel of a devoted and able comrade, whose life as a soldier, a citizen, and a Christian gentleman is a worthy example to the living; whose death was a victory and whose memory is a benediction."

MRS. C. K. VERTNER.

Resolutions were adopted by the Luray Chapter upon the death of Mrs. C. K. Vertner, President of the Chapter, setting forth the loss to the Chapter in her wise counsel, fidelity, zeal, and devotion to the lost Confederacy. Her example is commended by the Chapter, while its members resolve to be more faithful and zealous to promote the work of the Chapter, in which she took such a deep interest. Heartfelt sympathy was expressed for her family in their sore bereavement. Mrs. S. A. Walton and Miss Lena Storer composed the committee.

W. R. DORAN.

William Russell Doran was born in Jackson County, Ala., in 1832; and died at his home, in San Saba, Tex., in October of 1904. He went with his father's family to Texas in 1850, and when the war broke out he entered the Confederate service under Capt. Bates, in Ector's Brigade, as a member of Company I, Fifteenth Texas Cavalry. His health failed after a year's service, and he returned home.

MAJ. N. T. N. ROBINSON.

Maj. N. T. N. Robinson, of New Orleans, died at the Providence Hospital, Washington, D. C., December 9, 1904. He had been in ill health for some time, and for a month was at Providence Hospital.

Maj. Robinson was educated at private schools in New Orleans and in the University of Virginia. At the age of twenty-three he was cashier of the Citizens' Bank of New Orleans, which position he gave up to enter the Confederate army with the Crescent Rifles, which was the first company to leave Louisiana. Later he was placed in command of a company of artillery. He served in Tennessee under Gen. Johnston, having command of the Louisiana mounted battery, was promoted to major, and, at the close of the war, was acting assistant adjutant of the Department of East Louisiana. In the first Cleveland administration he was attorney for the Department of Justice, and in the second Cleveland administration was Assistant Solicitor of the Treasury.

Maj. Robinson married the daughter of Gen. James N. Bethune, of Georgia, who survives him with one son, Norborne Robinson, Jr., of Washington, D. C.

CAPT. J. T. WHITEHEAD.

James Thomas Whitehead entered rest in his home, Jackson, Tenn., March 2, 1904. He was born in Boston, Lincolnshire, England, in 1840. In youth he moved to Canada with his parents. Later he came South, and settled at Grand Junc-

tion, Tenn., and was engaged in the marble business when the War between the States began. He espoused the Southern side, and raised a company of cavalry. Shortly afterwards he was transferred to the artillery service with the rank of lieutenant and later as captain. He was in the siege of Vicksburg and commanded an important battery. He was among the prisoners captured and immured in a Northern prison until the close of the war.

Capt. Whitehead was recently appointed by Gov. Frazier, of Tennessee, one of the commissioners to locate certain historic spots connected with the siege of Vicksburg. He was a member of John Ingram Bivouac and of the Confederate Veterans, Company C. At the time of his death he was working on a memorial tablet of the deceased members of the Bivouac, which was a gift from him and a labor of love to his deceased comrades. His name has been carved upon it with others who have gone before and placed in the Bivouac rooms, but his place can never be filled. He was senior warden of the Episcopal Church and a staunch, consistent member, a citizen respected and esteemed by all who knew him. Surviving Capt. Whitehead are his wife and four children, two sons and two daughters.

CAPT. E. T. KINDRED.

Capt. E. T. Kindred died at his home, in Ronoake, Va., December 1, 1904, aged sixty-seven years. When the call to arms was sounded in 1861 he was living in Gonzales, Tex., and was one of the first to volunteer. He commanded Company F, Fourth Texas Regiment, Hood's old brigade. He surrendered at Appomattox. After the war Capt. Kindred returned to his Texas home, but in 1868 he removed to Virginia, where he had married, in 1864, Mary T. Tinsley, daughter of B. T. Tinsley, of Roanoke County. As one of the Army of Northern Virginia, Capt. Kindred was known among the best. His funeral was conducted by the William Watts and Happ-Deyere Camps.

S. D. RICH.

Stephen D. Rich, a native of Perry County, Miss., was born July 25, 1837, and died August 25, 1904. During the War between the States he served in Company B, Ninth Mississippi Cavalry. He was an upright citizen and a useful man in his community and Church. He spent all his life in Perry County. The Hattiesburg Camp, No. 21, passed resolutions to cherish his memory and to commend his example to the younger men of the county.

B. K. MCQUOWN.

William Wood, of Glasgow, Ky., reports the death of B. K. McQuown, a member of Joseph H. Lewis Camp, and who served in Company C, Second Kentucky Cavalry, under Morgan. Comrade McQuown was a good and faithful soldier, and after the war was equally faithful in his duties as a citizen and Christian. The burial was by comrades of the Camp.

WIDOW OF GEN. D. H. HILL.

Mrs. Isabella Morrison Hill, widow of Lieut. Gen. D. H. Hill, died at her home, in Raleigh, N. C., December 12, 1904, in her eightieth year. Despite her advanced age, Mrs. Hill was a woman of remarkable intellect and strength of character, and kept alive to the last a widespread love and interest for her friends. Mrs. Hill was the highest type of Southern womanhood. Educated, cultured, an exemplary Christian, devoted to her Church and to every good cause, she lived in

an atmosphere far removed from everything that was not uplifting and elevating. Mrs. Hill was a worthy descendant from two of the most distinguished families of the Old North State. She was the daughter of Rev. Robert Hall Morrison, the first President of Davidson College and a noted Presbyterian minister, whose wife was Miss Mary Graham, a daughter of Joseph Graham, of revolutionary fame.

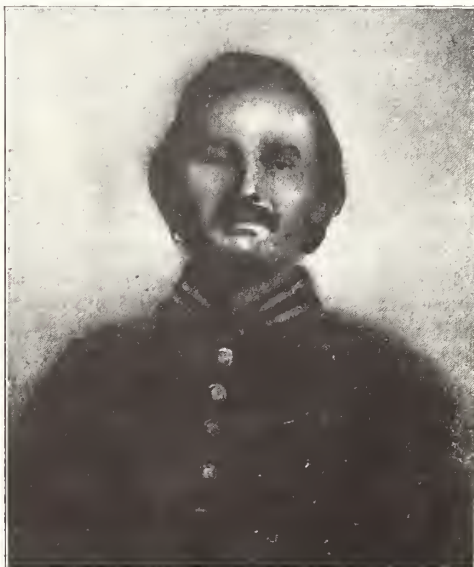
Mrs. Hill is survived by three sons, Prof. D. H. Hill, of the Agricultural and Mechanical College, Raleigh, N. C.; Chief Justice Joseph M. Hill, of the Supreme Court of Arkansas; Dr. Randolph W. Hill, of Los Angeles, Cal.; and two daughters, Mrs. Eugenia Arnold, of West Virginia, and Miss Nannie Hill, of Florida. She is survived by two brothers, Mr. Joseph G. Morrison, of Lincoln County, N. C., and Dr. R. H. Morrison, of Shelby, N. C.; and two sisters, Mrs. T. J. (Stonewall) Jackson and Mrs. John E. Brown, of Charlotte, N. C.

The exemplary life of Mrs. Hill and the fame of her distinguished husband in the Confederate army are the richest legacies that could have been left to their children.

R. W. MAJOR.

R. W. Major was born in Trigg County, Ky., January 13, 1842. He entered the Confederate army in August, 1861, in Company G, Fourth Kentucky Infantry, as second sergeant. He was promoted second lieutenant, afterwards to first, and at the close of the war was in command of the company. He participated with his company in the battles of Shiloh, Vicksburg, Baton Rouge, Murfreesboro, Jackson, Missionary Ridge, Rocky Face Gap, and Resaca. In the latter he was wounded, but in forty days was back with his company again, and participated in the battles around Atlanta. He was wounded again at Peachtree Creek, and twice more at Jonesboro, where he was captured; but he succeeded in making his escape about twenty days later, and returned to his regiment, which was soon afterwards mounted and sent to South Carolina, where they participated in a number of skirmishes. The men were paroled at Washington, Ga., May 6, 1865.

Mr. Major was married October 16, 1873, to Miss Emma Chappell. Four sons and two daughters blessed this union.



R. W. MAJOR.

Comrade Major died on the 29th of October, 1891; and some years after his death the following poem, written by him, was found in the inside pocket of his old, faded army jacket:

TO MY OLD GRAY JACKET.

You're like your master, worn and old,
And scarred with wounds, my suit of gray.
I'll smooth you free of crease and fold
And lay you tenderly away.

But ere I hide you from my sight,
Forgetting all that's lost and gone,
Let me recall the visions bright
I saw when first I drew you on.

I saw a nation spring to breath,
I saw a people proud and grand
Do battle to the very death
For freedom and their native land.

I saw a cause pure of all harm,
Thrice noble and without one stain;
I'd given for it my good right arm,
And give it o'er and o'er again.

I saw across a stormy sky
The bow of glorious promise gleam,
And, as its splendor blazed on high,
Fade like the fancies of a dream.

Then darkness, such as might be felt,
Came down upon our hapless land;
And yet I knew our woe was dealt
In wisdom by a Father's hand.

Gray jacket, you fill my heart with tears,
Though to my eyes they may not spring,
Recalling our four glorious years,
And all the memories they bring

Our fight is lost, our hopes are fled,
The land we love sits sore bereft,
Lamenting for her mighty dead.
You are the only vestige left.

Old jacket, once more you will be worn
When I am in my coffin laid.
Upon the resurrection morn
I wish to stand in you arrayed.

GEORGE W. HATFIELD.

Geo. W. Hatfield was born in Sumter County, Ala., October, 1837; and died July 3, 1904. He was an active member of Camp Sterling Price, U. C. V., and the following is taken from the resolutions of respect passed by the Camp: "When the tocsin of war sounded, he immediately answered his country's call and took up arms in her defense. He enlisted in Company C, Fifth Alabama, and went to Virginia, where he nobly and gallantly behaved on many battlefields, as members of his Camp can attest. He entered the war as a private and returned a captain. We knew him as a soldier and as a private citizen, and in both war and peace he proved himself a man. While we mourn his loss, we shall ever cherish in memory's sacred shrine our departed comrade. He was a consistent member of the Baptist Church."

J. M. Fleeman, of Alton Hill, Tenn., died on the 29th of October, aged about seventy-two years. He served during the war in Company E, Second Tennessee Cavalry.

CHICKAMAUGA.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

It is night at Chickamauga. In the
woods the armies lie
Waiting for the deadly grapple 'neath
the soft autumnal sky.
Not a drumbeat breaks the silence, not
a bugle stirs the lines
Wrapped in sweet and dreamless slum-
ber in the camps among the pines;
But the breezes of September soon a
requiem will sing
For the gallant ones whose spirits have
forever taken wing,
Aye, upon the leaves of autumn, dyed
by War a crimson hue,
On the banks of Chickamauga Gray
will mingle with the Blue.

It is morn at Chickamauga. Hark! the
drumbeats roll afar,
And the clear notes of the bugle sound
the tocsin wild of war;
There the muskets crash like thunder
all along the serried lines,
And the grim, death-dealing cannon mar
the beauty of the pines;
Higher rolls the tide of battle, and the
leaves with blood are wet,
And the bosoms of the bravest feel the
cruel bayonet;
Back and forth amid the carnage move
the legions in their ire,
And from phalanx mad to phalanx
leaps the never-ending fire.

It is noon at Chickamauga. Yet the bat-
tle is not still:
Men are dying in the valley, men are
fighting on the hill;
Rush the batt'ries o'er the fallen in that
hell-enchanted wood,
And the hundreds fight together where
at morn the thousands stood;
Steel meets steel upon the hilltop, and
the cannon shake the glen,
And amid September's flowers fall the
nation's bravest men.
There'll be mourning in the Northland,
far from battle's serried lines;
There'll be sobbing in the Southland, in
the homes among the pines.

Night again at Chickamauga, and the
guns at last are still,
Where the dead doth lie by thousands
in the vale and on the hill;
Nevermore they'll see their banners
wave against the balmy sky.
Hark! the wounded cry for water—
would to heaven they could die!
By the narrow, crimsoned river War
has paused awhile for breath.
Ah! the Indian named thee right, Chick-
amauga—"stream of death;"

Let the living seek their blankets where
the ground is thick with slain,
Let them dream of home and loved ones;
God will guard the battle plain.

To-day at Chickamauga bloom the roses
in the wood,
And the robin wooes his sweetheart
where in strife the thousands stood;
Rises high the shaft of glory 'neath the
soft skies of the South,
And the mother wren is nesting in the
cannon's grimy mouth;
You can hear the crickets singing where
the legions met one day,
And violets bloom along the lines where
grappled Blue and Gray;
There's a sound that rises softly on the
drowsy summer air,
As the bells of Chattanooga call the
holy ones to prayer.



MR. HARBAUGH, THE AUTHOR.

So delightful has been the Muse of
T. C. Harbaugh in the *VETERAN* that
inquiry was made of him for a personal
note, and he writes: "Born in Middle-
town, Frederick County, Md., at the
foot of South Mountain, January 13,
1849; came to Ohio two years after my
birth, and have since resided in Cass-
town. Adopted literature as a profes-
sion years ago, and have contributed to
many publications all over the country.
Have written many novels, etc. My
love for the bravery of the American
soldier in the Civil War has often
called for poems from my Muse, and
I am glad to say she liberally responds.
This is about all I know about myself,
with the exception that I am not mar-
ried. Don't know why. Am sorry I
can't come down to the reunion; but I

expect to visit Nashville and its battle-
fields in the fall, when I shall be glad
to take the hand of my Southern
friends."

THE LAST HYMN.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

"Jesus, Lover of my soul"—
Flashed the guns beneath the sky,
Silent never grew their roll—
"Let me to thy bosom fly."

"Hide me, O my Saviour, hide"—
Fiercer roared the battle's blast;
Faster flowed the crimson tide—
"O receive my soul at last!"

"Other refuge have I none"—
Sang the boy beneath the tree—
"Mother soon will be alone,
O support and comfort me."

"All my trust on thee is stayed"—
Listen how the Minies sing—
"Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing."

Sank the sun behind the town
Just beyond the battle plain,
And the moon looked coldly down
On the wounded and the slain.

Dead upon the field he lay,
Past the war god's mad control;
But his white lips seemed to say:
"Jesus, Lover of my soul."

CHRISTMAS GREETING.

(To office force of the *VETERAN*.)

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

'Tis now the precious Christmas time
Steals softly over land and sea,
With blessings from the holy clime
Of Bethlehem and Galilee;
And in the Northland I would twine
A bit of everduring spray,
And send it with these wishes mine
To friends in Southland far away.

Again shines forth the Christmas Star,
That bids in love our sorrows cease;
It shone when once the wise men far
Sought out the cradled Prince of
Peace.

And while life's river takes its course
May God's sweet love with us abide;
And so I wish the *VETERAN*'s "force"
A merry, happy Christmastide.

December, 1904.

A patron of the *VETERAN* makes in-
quiry of any of Mosby's command for
information of Robert Dearing, who
was one of Mosby's scouts. Particulars
are wanted of his death. The inquiry
comes from "Mary Trip."

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative power in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it this recipe, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 847 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

HUNTING AND FISHING IN THE SOUTH.

The subject of this article is most thoroughly and comprehensively dealt with in a sixty-five-page booklet just issued by the Southern Railway. The work is one of real merit, and treats of the South and her famous hunting grounds in every State south of the Mason and Dixon line. Full extracts from the game laws and the exact location of the different grounds, with hotel rates at near-by points, and special directions and exact information pertaining to the kind of game sought, are given in minute detail. On the front cover is shown in characteristic pose a picture of ex-President Grover Cleveland, with gun in hand, dressed in regulation hunting costume, about to fire at a flock of ducks resting on the water near by. On the reverse cover appears the picture of Joseph Jefferson, the veteran actor, with a fishing rod in hand, engaged in his favorite pastime. Both of these pictures are used by special permission; Mr. Jefferson's was secured first, and when Mr. Cleveland was told that Joseph Jefferson's picture would appear on one side he remarked that he could stand it if Jefferson could. The engravings and half-tones are ably executed, and are of a nature to fire the blood of the hunters and fishermen.

Copies can be had at the City Ticket Office of the Southern Railway, 111 West Ninth Street. Call or write J. E. Shipley, T. P. A., Chattanooga, Tenn.

Mrs. M. J. Kinney, 1008 Wilson Street, Los Angeles, Cal., wants the war record of her father, Benjamin F. Fry,

By Anointing with Oil Cancer of the Hand Cured in One Month.

FEBRUARY 5, 1904.
DR. D. M. BYE CO., DALLAS, TEX.
DEAR SIR: After using the medicine you sent me according to directions, on the morning of the 12th day I removed the cancer from my hand and it is well. It is now about four months since it healed up.

Yours truly, L. S. NEWMAN,
Pleasant Grove, Tex.

There is absolutely no need of the knife, or burning plaster, no need of pain or disfigurement. The Combination Oil Cure for cancers is soothing and balmy, safe and sure. Write for free book to the Originator's Office, Dr. D. M. Bye Co., Box 462, Dallas, Tex.

of Mississippi, who died in Camp Chase prison of smallpox, it is thought.

John Gusbands, of Mill Creek, Ind. T., would like to hear from any of his old comrades of Company F, Eighth Mississippi Infantry.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Mrs. Gertrude F. Hess is prepared to shop for patrons in and out of New York City, wishing to make purchases of house furnishings, dressmaking, tailoring, etc., where the latest styles and best terms can be obtained. Her knowledge of the best and most reliable New York houses and their prices enables her to give her customers marked advantages of quality and price. Personal supervision given to all orders. To patrons intending to visit New York City and wishing to make purchases, Mrs. Hess extends her cooperation in the way of information or by personal conduct through the shopping districts.

HANCOCK'S DIARY

gives a faithful account of the experiences of the writer, R. R. Hancock, who was a member of Bell's Brigade, Buford's Division, Forrest's Cavalry, and it includes a history of Forrest's command for the last fifteen months of the war. Bound in cloth, 644 pages. Price, reduced, \$1.50; with the VETERAN one year, \$2.

VALUABLE RELICS.

An elderly lady, a lineal descendant of Col. William Fauntleroy, of Richmond County, Va., impelled by necessity, offers to the highest bidder a brooch containing the hair of Gen. R. E. Lee, presented to her in 1867, and now valued at one hundred dollars; also a bronze and silver medal once owned by her grandfather (Robert F.),

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For particulars address Miss Fauntleroy, Chase Home, Annapolis, Md.

THE REAL LINCOLN

From the Testimony of His Contemporaries

By CHARLES L. C. MINOR, M.A., LL.D.

Second Edition. Revised and Enlarged.

The publishers have pleasure in announcing a second edition of Dr. Minor's remarkable contribution to the history of our country. Originally published as a pamphlet, the commendation it received and the fascination of the subject impelled its author to further and greater research, and the present volume is the result.

In explanation of the nature and aim of the book it may be said that its object is to controvert the error which partisan ignorance is endeavoring to perpetuate in exalting Lincoln to the highest pinnacle of fame in the catalogue of American heroes.

Full cloth, 12mo, 230 pages; price, \$1.25 postpaid.

EVERETT WADDEY CO., Publishers, Richmond, Va.

EVERY OLD MAN READ THIS

MR. EDITOR: You ought to tell your gray-headed readers that there is a business that they can easily engage in, which pays big profits, and where their age inspires confidence instead of being a disadvantage. I am 48 years old, and a year ago finished a course of instruction, by mail, with the Jacksonian Optical College, 905 College Street, Jackson, Mich. It took me about two months, working evenings and spare time, to complete the course and get my diploma. Since then, by pleasant outdoor work, which takes me into the open air, I make from \$3 to \$10 a day fitting glasses. I have visited the College since I graduated, and found the gentlemen composing it to stand very high in the social and business circles of Jackson, Mich. Hoping you will publish this, I remain, yours truly, A. J. LOVE, St. Louis, Mich.

THE STATE

COLUMBIA, S. C.

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Semiweekly, - - 2.00 a year
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The Savannah Weekly News

J. H. ESTILL, President

SAVANNAH, GA.

Benjamin T. Lanier, of Knox City, Tex., inquires if Col. Charles P. Ball, of the Eighth Alabama Regiment, is still alive. He would like to hear from him or any member of his old company, which was commanded by Capt. Tutts, of same regiment.

EVERYBODY MUST HAVE A CALENDAR

A STRIKING ONE ISSUED FOR
FREE DISTRIBUTION BY THE
N., C. & ST. L. RAILWAY.

Calendars for the year 1905 will soon be in urgent demand, as they are things to which everybody refers more or less during the course of the year.

Many of the big railroads and other corporations make a practice of giving them to their customers. Some are works of art, but none are more handsome or better arranged for practical use than the 1905 Calendars of the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway.

This road has for years made it a practice to give all who apply a Calendar. The one to be distributed this year shows an improvement over all its predecessors, as is to be expected with the experience that has been had in getting them out. It is a wall Calendar on heavy paper, with tinned top and bottom and an eyelet by which to hang it. It is about 20x30 inches in size, and is printed in several colors. The figures are all large, and the Sundays and holidays are in red. Just above each figure is a smaller one, showing the number of days since the first of the year. This is an aid in calculating time. The months are arranged down the two sides of the Calendar, and in the center are two artistic and interesting railroad scenes, with the trade-mark of the road between. One of the pictures represents the Dixie Flyer as seen going at full speed through the mountains out from Chattanooga and not many miles away from Lookout Mountain, one of the famous sights of the South. The other represents the capture on this road of the engine "General" by the Andrews Raiders, a daring incident of the War between the States with which all of the older generation are familiar.

The contrast between this famous locomotive and the modern big passenger engine is very striking.

Copies of the Calendar will be mailed free on application to W. L. Danley, General Passenger Agent of the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway, Nashville, Tenn.

Mrs. H. M. Pulsifer, 205 Goethe Street, Chicago, Ill., is anxious to learn the company and regiment in which her uncle, Clark Moore, served. He was at the law school at Germantown at the



Silk Flags

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beginning of the war, but left there and went to Fort Sumter, where he entered the service of the Confederacy. It is not known whether he joined a Kentucky or South Carolina regiment. Reply can be sent directly to her.

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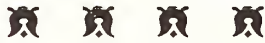
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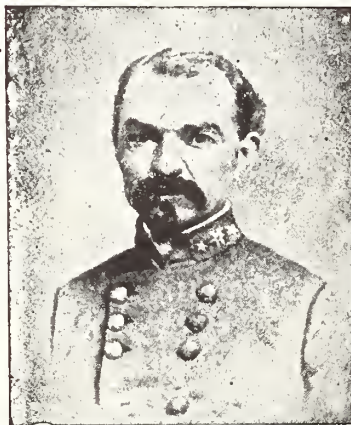
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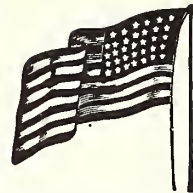
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to attempt to quench the fires of disease, to check its onward spread, by using a stimulant, a medicine, preparation, tonic, or treatment that depends for its effects upon an artificial stimulant, either from alcohol or other drugs, as it is foolish and foolhardy to pour coal oil upon a fire to quench the flames. You wouldn't be so foolish—you would pity a person who would—yet that is just what you and thousands of others are doing every day that you pour into your stomachs, that you put into your system, the drugs, tonics, tablets, powders, and compounds, made to sell, and to sell only. They only serve to feed the fires, not to quench them.

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MINING TO THE FORE

The bright, progressive men have come to recognize that conditions alone cannot be maintained by the production of wheat and cotton, or cattle and sheep, and they are forming companies and syndicates to engage heavily in mining. This industry has so appealed to men of means and influence that there is hardly a town in the whole country that is not directly or indirectly interested in the development of mining propositions somewhere west of the Mississippi River. In nearly every money center more attention is now paid to mining stocks than to any other pursuit.—*Western Mining Herald.*

Time was when railroad stocks were considered the gilt-edge investment in this country, but to-day railroad and industrial securities are taking a back seat when it comes to mining. Colossal combinations of capital are now being diverted from the wheat pits and from cattle markets to the mines of the West. The output of the precious metals is constantly increasing, while the dividends and profits accruing are assuming mammoth proportions.—*Western Mining Herald.*

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Vol. 13

NASHVILLE, TENN., FEBRUARY, 1905

No. 2

Confederate Veteran



GENERAL ROBERT EDWARD LEE ON HIS FAMOUS HORSE TRAVELER. (See page 88.)

In an address delivered before the Southern Historical Society at Atlanta, Ga., February 18, 1874, Senator Ben H. Hill, of Georgia, paid the following most worthy tribute to General Lee:

When the future historian comes to survey the character of Lee, he will find it rising like a huge mountain above the undulating plain of humanity, and he must lift his eyes high toward heaven to catch its summit. He possessed every virtue of other great commanders without their vices. He was a foe without hate, a friend without treachery, a soldier without cruelty, a victor without oppression, and a victim without murmuring. He was a public officer without vices, a private citizen without wrong, a neighbor without reproach, a Christian without hypocrisy, and a man without guile. He was Caesar without his ambition, Frederick without his tyranny, Napoleon without his selfishness, and Washington without his reward. He was obedient to authority as a servant, and royal in authority as a true king. He was gentle as a woman in life, modest and pure as a virgin in thought, watchful as a Roman vestal in duty, submissive to the law as Socrates, and grand in battle as Achilles!

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" CHATANOOGA, Southern Ry.....	9:55 a.m.
" KNOXVILLE, Southern Ry.....	1:20 p.m.
" BRISTOL, N. & W. Ry.....	7:00 p.m.
Arrive LYNCHBURG, N. & W. Ry.....	1:45 a.m.
" WASHINGTON, D. C., So. Ry.....	6:52 a.m.
" BALTIMORE, Md., P. R. Ry.....	8:00 a.m.
" PHILADELPHIA, P. R. Ry.....	10:15 a.m.
" NEW YORK, P. R. Ry.....	12:43 p.m.
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MR. EDITOR: You ought to tell your gray-headed readers that there is a business that they can easily engage in, which pays big profits, and where their age inspires confidence instead of being a disadvantage. I am 48 years old, and a year ago finished a course of instruction, by mail, with the Jacksonian Optical College, 905 College Street, Jackson, Mich. It took me about two months, working evenings and spare time, to complete the course and get my diploma. Since then, by pleasant outdoor work, which takes me into the open air, I make from \$3 to \$10 a day fitting glasses. I have visited the College since I graduated, and found the gentlemen composing it to stand very high in the social and business circles of Jackson, Mich. Hoping you will publish this, I remain yours truly, A. J. LOVE, St. Louis, Mich.

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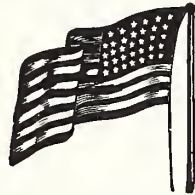
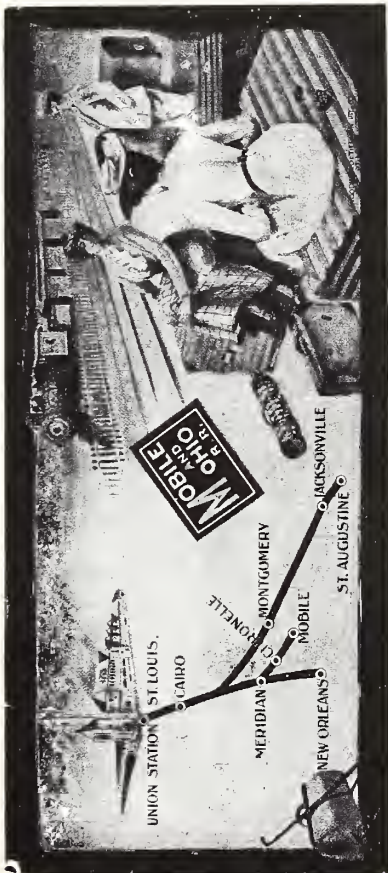
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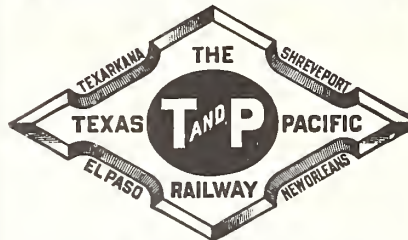
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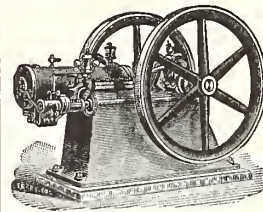
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Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them. Advertising rates furnished on application.

The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The *civil* war was too long ago to be called the *late* war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.

The terms "new South" and "lost Cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

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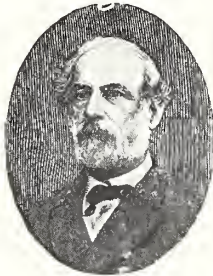
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NASHVILLE, TENN., FEBRUARY, 1905.

NO. 2. } S. A. CUNNINGHAM.
PROPRIETOR.

THE BIRTHDAY OF GEN. LEE.

It was not expected to undertake any review of the proceedings of patriotic Christian people in honoring Gen. Robert Edward Lee on January 19, the ninety-seventh anniversary of his birth, since it would take a year to report all that is good; but the occasion for using his portrait (on Traveler) on our cover page induced the purpose to refer to the first few accounts received by the VETERAN. Atlanta Camp comrades, ever enterprising, sent the brief report which appears first.



A correspondent, writing from Atlanta, Ga., January 19, states: "The birthday of Gen. Lee was observed here by all classes of our citizens. All banks and public buildings were closed, and business generally was suspended. Exercises, consisting of recitations, readings, and songs suitable to the occasion, were held in all the public schools. The Confederate Veterans and the United Daughters of the Confederacy of Atlanta carried out an interesting and elaborate programme at the Wesley Tabernacle. It was presided over by Judge George Hillyer. Mrs. Edmund Berkley, President of the Atlanta Chapter, U. D. C., delivered crosses of honor to quite a number of old veterans, followed by an address on Gen. R. E. Lee by Mr. Charles J. Haden. Mrs. Elizabeth E. Lumpkin, of Rock Hill, S. C., also addressed the audience, and was followed by Gen. Clement A. Evans, who, in behalf of the Veterans, presented a beautiful loving cup to Mrs. S. E. Gabbett. The entire programme was interspersed with delightful vocal and instrumental music. The 'Virginia Society' of Atlanta held a banquet at night in the Aragon Hotel in honor of the event. No special orator from Virginia was present this year, but speeches were made by Gov. J. M. Terrell, Hon. Clark Howell, James R. Gray, Bishop Kelley, of Savannah, George W. N. Mitchell, and Charles Bayne. The birthday of Gen. Lee should be generally observed throughout the South. It would be well for every Southern State to make it a legal holiday. In this way it would annually impress upon our children the justness of the South and the heroism of our people in the War between the States."

All honor to our comrades and to the people of Georgia's capital city for the consideration they exhibited in honor of an event that lacks but three years of a century!

PENSACOLA PAYS PATRIOTIC TRIBUTE.

In a memorial address at Pensacola, Fla., Gen. George Reese made the address upon Lee and Jackson, in which he said:

"It is natural that I should relate some events that came under my observation, but the rank and file of an army saw very little of the general officers. I remember seeing Gen. Jackson but once. That was at Fredericksburg, just before that great battle, as he rode along the line dressed in a uniform of gray.

"I had the pleasure of being near to Gen. Lee on several occasions. The first was when he was reviewing his army near Winchester. Greatness was stamped upon his every movement. The next time was at the Wilderness, when he was under fire, the shells falling thick and heavy, and the Minie balls seeming as thick as hail. It was just after the Texas Brigade had refused to let Lee lead them in the charge that seemed a hopeless effort to stem the advance of Grant's legions. He was as cool as when he was reviewing his troops. I never shall forget his look when he said: 'Alabamians, I expect you to do as well as the Texans.' Under such an inspiration, is it any wonder the Alabama Brigade drove the enemy, double their number, fully a mile? I saw Lee several times during the siege of Petersburg and on the retreat to Appomattox. The last time I saw him was when he was under the escort of Federal cavalry, passing through our lines going to Richmond. All who saw him on that occasion will recall his kindly bearing and the tears that ran down his cheeks as he bade his soldiers good-by.

"As time rolls on the names of Lee and Jackson increase in brightness, until already they illumine the pages of history as no other of modern times. Like all great men, Lee's modesty has obscured his greatness, except with a few who try to detract from his fame as a general of the Confederacy, or by blind prejudice and ignorance to besmirch his pure and noble character by alluding to him as a traitor and perjurer, as a Grand Army Post in Kansas did last year, and so teach the children in their schools. History will yet teach these minds that they cannot control the future estimate of Lee as recorded by some of the greatest generals and statesmen of the world."

He then gave his audience the grand tribute to Gen. Lee by Lord Walseley.

Gen. Reese concluded his patriotic and able address as follows: "To you patriotic Daughters of the Confederacy we old soldiers who loved these great men under whom we served must look for the preservation of an untarnished record of

the brave officers and men of the Confederate army, who fought for right and home. You have done well in the past. We look to you to do better in the future. As you have in the past ministered so nobly to our physical wants, so in the future we trust you to keep green and transmit to posterity unsullied the undying fame and glory of the soldiers of the South. Let none say in your presence that the great leaders of the South were traitors. Teach future generations the truth of history, and they will not be ashamed to say: 'I am proud that my ancestors were true patriots and loyal to the Southland.' Take care of the records, and see that no false impressions are handed down to your descendants."

SONS OF VETERANS WANT CORRECT HISTORY.

Realizing the necessity for immediate action, in order to save from neglect and ruin some of the most valuable historical data in the South, and in order to assist the effort to establish to posterity a true account of the War between the States, the Sons of Confederate Veterans, at their last annual reunion in Nashville, adopted the following resolutions by William Armistead Collier, Jr., of Memphis, Tenn.:

"Whereas, in view of the following facts, set forth in the supplementary report of the former Historical Committee. That the archives of the State of Tennessee have been found by a committee of the last Legislature to be in a deplorable condition, many of the most valued State records having been allowed to go to ruin from neglect; that the archives of the State of Mississippi were in a like condition previous to the establishment of a Department of State, known as the 'Department of Archives and History;' and, therefore, that in all probability similar conditions exist in other States of the South; and whereas we believe the preservation of historical material to be a sacred duty which we owe to our State and country, to our forefathers, ourselves and posterity, and one of the high objects of the existence of our organization of Sons of Confederate Veterans; and whereas it has been demonstrated by the States of Alabama and Mississippi that this object can be best accomplished by the creation and maintenance of a separate department of State, devoted to 'the care and custody of official archives, the collection of materials bearing upon the history of the State, the compilation and publication of the State's official records and other historical materials, the diffusion of knowledge in reference to the history and resources of the State, the encouragement of historical work and research,' etc., and that such department can be maintained and do efficient service at an expense of \$2,500 a year; be it therefore

"Resolved, That we, the United Sons of Confederate Veterans, in convention assembled, do hereby indorse and commend the efforts of the States of Alabama and Mississippi; and pledge our organization, as Camps and as individuals, to bring about the early establishment in every State in the South of similar departments to those now in successful operation in the above-named States, the purpose of such departments being to save from neglect, loss, and destruction the archives of the States, to collect, preserve, edit, and make known their invaluable records and all public documents and material which will be necessary in the future to a true knowledge and understanding of State and Southern history.

"Be it further resolved, That the movement to establish these departments be put in charge of a special committee, which shall be appointed for no other purpose and with no other end in view; that this committee be designated the

'Committee on the Establishment of Departments of History;' that it be made up only of comrades who are so much interested in the movement that they will pledge themselves before appointment to appear before the Legislatures of their respective States and bear their own expenses in using every honorable means to secure the enactment of laws establishing such departments in every State where, after personal investigation, the same are found to be needed.

"Be it further resolved, That we hereby call upon the Governors of the Southern States to recommend the passage of such laws as aforesaid; that we invite the coöperation of all patriotic organizations and historical societies and invoke the aid of the press of the South in this important movement."

PROPOSED LAW FOR TENNESSEE.

The House Bill No. 69, entitled "An Act to Establish a Department of Archives and History for the State of Tennessee," prescribes its functions and duties and provides for its maintenance:

"Section 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Tennessee that there is established for the State of Tennessee a 'Department of Archives and History,' to be located at the State Capitol in apartments to be set aside for its use by the Governor, and the objects and purposes of the said department are the care and custody of official archives, the collection of materials bearing upon the history of the State and of the territory included therein from the earliest times, the compilation and publication of the State's official records and other historical material, the diffusion of knowledge in reference to the history and resources of the State, the encouragement of historical work and research, and the performance of such other acts and requirements as may be enjoined by law.

"Section 2. Be it further enacted: (1) That said department shall be under the control of a board of nine trustees chosen from the membership of the Tennessee Historical Society. (2) That within ten days after the passage of this act the President of the Tennessee Historical Society shall call a meeting of its members to choose said board. (3) That immediately after assembling in response to a call of the president said board of trustees shall be equally divided by lot into three classes. The term of service of the first class shall expire at the end of two years; of the second class, at the end of four years; of the third class, at the end of six years; the running of the several terms of service for the purposes of this act to be January 1, 1905. (4) That the board shall have the power and the authority to fill all vacancies therein, whether by expiration of term of service or by death or by resignation; but the names of all newly elected members shall be communicated to the next ensuing session of the State Senate for confirmation, and in case it shall reject any of the said newly elected trustees it shall proceed forthwith to fill the vacancy or vacancies by an election. (5) That all trustees chosen to succeed the present members or their successors whose respective terms shall have fully expired shall serve for a term of six years, and appointees to fill vacancies by death or resignation shall serve only the unexpired term of their predecessors. (6) That the said board of trustees shall hold at the State Capitol at least one regular meeting during the year and as many special meetings as may be necessary, and at said meetings five members shall constitute a quorum. (7) The director hereinafter provided shall be secretary of the board. (8) The trustees shall receive no compensation for their services other

than the amount of their necessary expenses actually paid out while in attendance on the meetings of the board or the business of the department. (9) Said board is empowered to adopt rules for its own government and for the government of the department, to elect a director, to provide for the selection and appointment of other officials or employees as may be authorized, and to do and perform such other acts and things as may be necessary to carry out the true intent and purposes of this act.

"Section 3. Be it further enacted that (1) the department shall be under the immediate management and control of a director to be elected by the board of trustees, whose term of service shall be four years and until his successor is elected and qualified. (2) He shall take an oath of office as other public officials, and shall be commissioned in like manner. (3) He shall devote his time to the work of the department, using his best endeavor to develop and build it up, so as to carry out the design of its creation, and shall receive for his services the sum of eighteen hundred dollars per annum, payable monthly, as other State officials, and a continuing appropriation for the said annual salary is hereby made. (4) He shall have control and direction of the work and operations of the department; he shall preserve its collections, care for the official archives that may come into its custody, collect as far as possible all materials bearing upon the history of the State and of the territory included therein from the earliest times, prepare the biennial register hereinafter provided, diffuse knowledge in reference to the history and resources of the State, and he is charged with the particular duty of gathering data concerning Tennessee's soldiers in the War between the States. (5) He shall make an annual report to the board of trustees, to be by them transmitted to the Governor, to be accompanied by such historical papers and documents as may be deemed of importance by him, and the director shall contract for the printing and binding of said report, which shall be paid for as other printing and binding.

"Section 4. Be it further enacted that any State, county, or other official is hereby authorized and empowered in his discretion to turn over to the department for permanent preservation therein any official books, records, documents, original papers, newspaper files, and printed books not in current use in his office. When so surrendered, copies therefrom shall be made and certified by the director upon the application of any person interested, which certification shall have all the force and effect as if made by the officer originally in the custody of them, and for which the same fees shall be charged, to be collected in advance.

"Section 5. Be it further enacted that an official and statistical register of the State of Tennessee shall be compiled by the director after each general election, to contain (1) brief sketches of the several State officials, the members of Congress from Tennessee, the Supreme Court judges, the judges of the Court of Chancery Appeals, the members of the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Tennessee; (2) rosters of all State and county officials; (3) lists of all State institutions, with officials; (4) State and county population and election statistics; and (5) miscellaneous statistics—and said register shall be published in an edition of one thousand copies for free distribution, the printing and binding to be paid for as other public printing and binding.

"Section 6. Be it further enacted that the department is charged with the duty of making special effort to collect data in reference to soldiers from Tennessee in the War between the States, both from the War Department at Washington

and also from private individuals, and to cause the same to be prepared for publication as speedily as possible.

"Section 7. Be it further enacted that in addition to the salary of the director, hereinabove appropriated, the sum of seven hundred dollars annually is hereby appropriated for the maintenance of said department, and the Comptroller is hereby authorized to draw his warrant on the State Treasurer for the whole or any part of the said amount, in such sums and in such manner as may be authorized by said board of trustees.

"Section 8. Be it further enacted that this act take effect from and after its passage, the public welfare requiring it."

HEROES OF SABINE PASS.

Mrs. Kate Alma Orgain, Historian Texas Division, U. C. V., sends lists of the men who gained the unprecedented victory of Sabine Pass during our great war. She designates it as "revised roster" of those engaged in the battle, September 8, 1863, as concurred in by John A. Drummond and Richard O'Hara, two of the survivors:

Lieut. Richard W. Dowling, commanding.

Lieut. N. H. Smith, of Engineer Corps.

Dr. G. H. Bailey, Post Surgeon.

Abbott, Patrick.

Carr, Michael; Carter, Abner R.; Clair, Patrick; Corcoran, James.

Dragan, Hugh; Delaney, Michael; Doherty, Thomas; Drummond, John A, was enlisted as John Anderson (powder monkey).

Eagan, Michael.

Fitzgerald, Patrick; Fitzgerald, David; Fleming, James; Flood, John.

Gleason, William.

Hassett, John; Hurley, Timothy; Hennesy, John, Hagerty, Thomas; Huggins, Timothy.

McKernon, Thomas; McKeever, John; McCabe, Alex; McDonough, Timothy; McDonnell, Patrick; McGrath, John; McNealis, John; McMurry, Daniel; Monaghan, Michael; Mulhorn, Joinse.

O'Hara, Peter; O'Hara, Richard.

Pritchard, Edward; Powers, Morris; Puckett, Lawrence.

Rheine, Charles.

Sullivan, Thomas; Sullivan, Patrick; Sullivan, Mike.

Walsh, Mathew; White, Jack W.; Wesley, John; Wilson, Joseph.

Names on Drummond's list not on O'Hara's:

Donovan, Dan.

Hardin, William.

Jett, Livingston.

Name on O'Hara's list not on Drummond's:

Malone, Patrick.

GEN. CABELL'S SEVENTY-EIGHTH BIRTHDAY.—Comrade J. A. Cummins, of Bowie, Tex., writes: "I met with the Sterling Price Camp, U. C. V., of Dallas, and we went in a body to pay our respects to Gen. W. L. Cabell yesterday, the first of January, to help him celebrate his seventy-eighth birthday. We had the time of our lives. The honor was conferred upon me of cutting the cake first. Gen. Graber, Gen. Sellers, Col. Simpson, and many other distinguished old veterans were numbered among his comrades present. Gen. Cabell said he felt he was only sixteen when surrounded by so many of his old comrades, and to see the ladies kiss him and hear his pleasant old laugh was a treat. This is just a mere glimpse of that afternoon. Mrs. Katie Cabell Currie, one of the noblest women of whom the South can boast, gave each of us old veterans a most cordial welcome."

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

CONFEDERATE VETERAN INDEX.

After being delayed many months in completing the VETERAN INDEX, we are glad to announce that it is now ready, and those desiring to have this bound in with their volumes can send an order and have it filled promptly. This has been an expensive work, and in asking a dollar for the set of twelve indexes we are simply trying to be reimbursed for the actual cost of issue. The Index for Vol. XI. was mailed with the VETERAN last year, and those who preserved it may kindly give notice when ordering the others. These indexes will be of great assistance to those who have had their volumes bound, as they may be pasted in, as well as to those who have waited the index before binding.

SOUTHERNERS MISJUDGED BY TARDINESS.

A Cleveland (Ohio) paper published recently, in a special from New Orleans, the statement that "The South has no love for Dixie," basing the assertion upon the report that to fifteen hundred letters of appeal for some funds to erect a monument to Daniel D. Emmett there was but one response. This circumstance is noted, not to approve the charge, neither to deny it, but to suggest an important fact. The Southern people do not respond to such appeals with creditable promptness. That is an important reason why the advertising department of the VETERAN is not more liberally patronized. If its legions of friends would be active in attendance upon what is advertised in its pages, the result would be amazing. The management does its part fully. First of all, it will not print anything which has not reasonable evidence of merit. The price offered never affects it. Advance over the card rate would not be considered as an inducement to give space for anything of doubtful merit. It is literally impossible for the management to influence its multitude of patrons beyond this kind of appeal. As they read quietly in their homes the various things advertised, if they would, when any article is deemed desirable enough to order, mention that they saw the notice in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, it would help to strengthen it far beyond what they may casually imagine. Advertising departments in periodicals are often established through a method of personal canvass for purchasers of low-priced articles and giving money to pay for them simply for the benefit of having the advertiser understand that such an order was sent through seeing the advertisement in — paper or magazine. It often pays to give money.

Now, if friends who sincerely have the success of the VETERAN at heart would be diligent in this regard, the results would extend beyond conceivable benefit.

Recurring to the introductory statement in this article, the VETERAN denies the charge that the South does not love "Dixie" and that she does not revere Dan Emmett, who wrote "Dixie" when bitterness of sectionalism was at fever heat. He wrote it in New York City in the winter of 1859, and it was the expression of a man whose "parents were Southern born," and who in the music of his kindly soul declared he would "live and die for Dixie," although himself

a native of a Northern State. More credit is due the author of "Dixie" from a sectional standpoint than is generally given. His theatrical manager did not direct him to write a sentiment or "doggerel" for the South, but simply to write that which would be an "arousement" for the company, and his heart sang of Dixie because he loved her people.

With no complaint of our people who want a finer version of "Dixie," for they simply desire to exalt the version of the famous song, it is a singular attitude to want to put new words to a tune that originated by its author. Who would change the words of "Yankee Doodle Dandy," and yet what more patriotic meaning in it than "Dixie?"

When the subject of a monument to Daniel Decatur Emmett is presented in a known proper way, it will find supporters throughout the South, although there are illustrations to the contrary. Think of how "Bill Arp" endeared himself to all the people who believed in the Southern cause, and yet how few sent the one dollar requested for his memorial. Who will repent, and send still?

To those who decline to pay for the VETERAN because they "did not get it" or who changed address and failed to get it this statement is made, or to the families of those noble men—subscribers—who have passed away: The VETERAN is never sent to anybody who is not supposed to desire it, and it is always discontinued upon notice. While it is a hardship to pay for something not received, it is a far greater hardship in the aggregate for the office to lose it. In such instances, if the parties addressed would pay half the amount, it would help to maintain a periodical which should have the support of every true Southerner. Every copy is an expense.

THE LESSON OF LIFE.

He has solved the wonderful problem,
The deepest, the strangest, the last;
And into the school of the angels,
With the answer, forever has passed.

How strange that in spite of your questions
He maketh no answer, nor tells
Why so soon were honoring laurels
Displaced by God's immortelles!

How strange he should sleep so profoundly,
So young, so unworn by the strife;
While beside him, full of hope's nectar,
Untouched, stands the goblet of life!

It is idle to talk of the future
And the "might have been" 'mid our tears;
God knew all about it
Away from the oncoming years.

God knew all about it—how noble,
How gentle he was, and how brave,
How brilliant his possible future—
Yet put him to sleep in the grave.

God knew all about those who loved him—
How bitter the trial must be—
And right through it all God is loving,
And knew so much better than we.

So in the darkness be trustful;
One day you shall say it was well
God took from his young brow earth's troubles,
And crowned it with death's immortelles.

SOUTHERN LITERATURE.

BY MRS. KATE ALMO ORGAIN, TEMPLE, TEX.

"Let me make the songs of a land, and any one may make its laws." Teach a child the poetry and the stories of his native land, and you may exile him, but you cannot make him forget his early home. The literature and songs of a country reach the soul of a boy, and "the boy is the father of the man." "Marching through Georgia" is sung in some of our schools; is "Maryland, My Maryland" also learned? We have Longfellow, Bryant, and Whittier days; do we also have some set apart for Lanier, Timrod, Ticknor, or Hayne? Do our public school children know even the names of these Southern poets?

In the course of conversation with a city superintendent he made use of this remark, which would no doubt be true of nine-tenths of our schools: "The average teacher knows little more about Southern writers than the pupils."

In Paris, Tex., a girl, belonging to the graduating class, asked her teacher "if the South ever had any literature."

Prof. J. E. Blair, of San Marcos Normal, wrote to me that in his last commencement exercises he had desired to give some place to Southern literature, but when he searched for fact and matter "the paucity of material was alarming."

Prof. F. S. Minturn, of Bryant, said in an address: "I know but little about Southern literature, and I have learned that little since I left school. All the schools I attended were intensely Southern, yet had no place in their curriculum for Southern authors, and Southern writings had no exponents. They taught plenty of good, wholesome thought from Greece, Rome, Great Britain, and Northern States, but seldom even a poem from a Southern writer, yet the South had before the great war two hundred and forty-one writers."

What more patriotic work could engage the Daughters of the Confederacy than recovering and inducing love for, and study of, these classic authors, many of whom were Confederate soldiers?

Let our children learn proudly that "the first lisps of American literature were not in New England, but along the sands of the Chesapeake and near the gurgling tides of the James River." Show them that when Irving and Cooper were writing their interesting books John Pendleton Kennedy, of Baltimore, a Southern friend and comrade of Irving, and William Gilmore Simms, of South Carolina, were telling equally well the stories of the South.

We labor to erect shafts of marble and granite to our soldiers; but how could we build a more lasting monument to such Confederate warriors as Sidney Lanier, Paul Hamilton Hayne, Henry Timrod, Joel C. Harris, Thomas Nelson Page, Dr. Francis Orrary Ticknor, William Gordon McCabe, and Father Ryan than by impressing with imperishable love their beautiful writings upon the hearts of Southern children? Longfellow needs no monument. "The Psalm of Life," "I Stood on the Bridge at Midnight," "The Rainy Day"—these are engraved on every American heart.

We try to teach our children patriotic feeling through the doleful air of "God Save the Queen;" while Henry Timrod, the Southern poet-soldier, who, dying, left the stain of his ebbing lifeblood on the last proof of his book of poems, could fire the soul of a boy with one or two verses of "Carolina:"

"Hold up the glories of thy dead,
Say how thy elder children bled,
And point to Eutaw's sacred deathbed,
Carolina!

ENLARGED GROUP UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY AT WAXAHACHIE.



Tell how the patriot soul was tried,
And what his dauntless breast defied,
How Rutledge ruled and Laurens died,
Carolina!

Or where can you find more impassioned patriotism than
in Father Ryan's "In Memoriam:"

"They are thronging, mother, thronging,
To a thousand fields of fame;
Let me go, 'tis wrong and wronging
God and thee to crush this longing.
On the muster roll of glory,
In my country's future story,
On the field of battle gory,

I must consecrate my name?"

Or in the grand poem of Dr. Ticknor's "Virginians of the Vale," which has been anonymously copied in many Northern papers and pasted in many scrapbooks South without any knowledge that it was written by Dr. Ticknor, the scholarly physician and Southern patriot, who never struck his lyre for gold or fame:

"We thought they slept—the sons who kept
The names of noble sires—
And slumbered while the darkness crept
Around their vigil fires;
But aye, 'The Golden Horseshoe Knights'
Their old dominion keep;
Whose foes have found enchanted ground,
But not one knight asleep?"

Would you cultivate in your child the love for his own hills and dales? Then instill into his young soul such words as "The Old Red Hills of Georgia," by Henry Roots Jackson, another gallant Confederate soldier:

"And where upon their surface
Is the heart of feeling dead?
And when has needy stranger
Gone from those hills unfed?
Their bravery and their kindness
For aye go hand in hand
Upon your washed and naked hills,
My own, my native land."

Read to your boy also the poem of another soldier, "Land of the South," by Alexander Meeks:

"Land of the South, imperial land,
How proud thy mountains rise!
How sweet thy scenes on every hand!
How fair thy covering skies!
But not for this, O not for these,
I love thy fields to roam;
Thou hast a dearer spell for me—
Thou art my native home."

We need not depend alone upon New England poets for our literary inspirations. Some critics claim that "Balaklava," by James Barron Hope, is not one whit inferior to Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade:—"

"Brightly gleam six hundred sabers,
And the brazen trumpets ring;
Steeds are gathered, spurs are riven
With a mad shout upward given,
Scaring vultures on the wing."

Ask the teachers who have your children's mind and heart in their shaping hands to read to them "McDonald's Raid" and the "Battle of Kings," by the soldier and poet laureate, Paul Hamilton Hayne, or the poem of the same name, "The Battle of King's Mountain," by William Gilmore Simms.

Do you wish to croon a little story to your little ones at twilight hour or round the fireside after supper? Read to

them the exquisite poem "Little Nellie in Prison," by Paul H. Hayne, or softly repeat his loving verses to his boy Will:

"We roam the hills together
In the golden summer weather,
Will and I.
And the glowing sunbeams bless us,
And the winds of heaven caress us,
As we wander hand in hand
Through the blissful summer land,
Will and I.
Where the tinkling brooklet passes
Through the heart of dewy grasses,
Will and I
Have heard the mockbird singing,
And the field lark seen upspringing,
In his happy flight afar,
Like a tiny winged star,
Will and I."

Read also to them the story of "Little Bob Bonnyface," and then leave their hearts beautifully tender with Hayne's pathetic poem, "The Silken Shoe:—"

"My shoe, papa, please hang it
Once more on the holly bough
Just where I can see it
When I wake, an hour from now.
But alas! she never wakened.
Close shut were the eyes of blue,
Whose last faint gleam had fondled
The curves of that dainty shoe.
Ah, children! you understand me.
Your eyes are brimmed with dew
As you watch on the Christmas holly
The sheen of a silken shoe."

When the children are asleep you can ennoble your own soul by reading "The Aspect of the Pine," "Fire Pictures," "The Voice in the Pine," "The First Mocking Bird in Spring," or any of the poems in the splendid volume of four hundred pages written at Copse Hill, near Augusta, Ga., where Paul Hamilton Hayne labored for fifteen years after the Confederate war, which beggared him, to keep the wolf from his door. These are only stray gleamings from a Southern fund of literature almost inexhaustible. Is there not a work of magnificent recognition and grateful commemoration waiting the active hand and heart of every Daughter of the Confederacy, a work that will outlive marble shaft or granite pile?

I have spent much of the past year in the study and examination of Southern literature of the ante-bellum days, and I have yet to find one impure word, one repulsive thought, or one sensual tendency. Can we say as much for all our present literature or of the modern poem and novel?

PRACTICAL AND PATRIOTIC.—The J. J. Finley Chapter, U. D. C., of Gainesville, Fla., are most practical as well as patriotic. This Chapter was organized in 1903 with thirty-four charter members, who elected Mrs. G. K. Broome, "a Southern woman of the sixties," the first President. The Chapter has grown rapidly, and now has over sixty members on its roster. One of the principal objects of the association is to see that proper histories are taught the children of the South. The Chapter feels that the Davis Monument is practically completed, and, as this is a monument to every soldier who fought under the Southern cross as well as to our glorious chieftain, that now their best efforts should be directed toward the practical good of our soldiers and the education of our youths.

FATHER AND SON CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

Capt. L. Lake and his son, A. C. Lake, the first of Oxford and the latter of Crystal Springs, Miss., are perhaps the only two Confederate veterans living, father and son, who entered the Confederate army at the beginning, served continuously to the close of the war, and are now active participants in all the annual reunions of the United Confederate Veterans.

Capt. Lake was born in Dorchester County, Md., September 7, 1817. His father was an officer in the War of 1812, and his grandfather was an officer in the Revolutionary War. In 1830 Capt. Lake moved to Jackson, Tenn., going by boat and stage, except the first twelve miles of his journey, which were made by railroad. It was the only railroad in the United States at that time, and extended from Baltimore to Elicott's Mills. The car was so small that one horse was sufficient to draw it. In 1834 Capt. Lake moved from Jackson, Tenn., to Grenada, Miss., where he was when the war began, in 1861.



A. C. LAKE.

CAPT. L. LAKE.

He was at once appointed post quartermaster for equipping State troops, and was soon after commissioned by the Confederate government, with rank of captain. In 1863 he was ordered to Texas to handle Confederate cotton through Brownsville to Mexico with which to purchase quartermaster supplies. This traffic was broken up by the Federals capturing Brownsville, through which the supplies were shipped. Capt. Lake then returned to Mississippi and reported to Gen. J. E. Johnston, who assigned him the duty of gathering supplies on Warrior, Tombigbee, and Alabama Rivers and forwarding them to Montgomery for the army. After the fall of Atlanta Capt. Lake was ordered to Grenada, Miss., with Col. J. W. Culp, with whom he later surrendered.

Capt. Lake was, as may be seen, eighty-seven years old September 7, 1904. His wife is also a native of Maryland, and is eighty-one years old. On October 28, last, this happy and venerable couple celebrated the sixty-fourth anniversary of their marriage.

Their son, Mr. A. C. Lake, was born in Grenada, Miss., June 24, 1844, and joined in 1861 Stanford's Battery, organized at that place. They were ordered to Columbus, Ky., to Gen. Polk, and served with that division from Shiloh through the Kentucky campaign and back to Tennessee, participating in all the battles of his command in Tennessee, through the Atlanta campaign, back again to Tennessee with Hood, and going out with his depleted army. Having lost three of its guns at the battle of Nashville, the battery was ordered, after crossing the Tennessee River at Bainbridge, to Choctaw Bluffs to man some siege guns that commanded the Alabama River. After the fall of Mobile Choctaw Bluffs were abandoned and the battery was moved to Meridian, Miss., and there surrendered and paroled by Gen. E. S. Canby, U. S. A., May 5, 1865.

From Meridian the men of the battery remained in organization until at Grenada, where they formally disbanded. When organized in 1861 the company comprised four officers and sixty-four men. It was afterwards, by recruits, increased to one hundred and ten. Upon the sad return there were only fourteen men, and eight or nine of these were unfit for duty, and the orderly sergeant was in command.

In the four years' service of Comrade Lake he was not absent from duty exceeding six weeks. After the battle of Shiloh he was sent home sick, but soon returned to his command. In front of Atlanta he received a wound that laid him off for thirty days; but at no time was he absent from his gun when it was in action, having never in the four years missed a fight in which his battery participated. This venerable comrade was with his command below Atlanta when the refugees, the helpless women and children, arrived, expelled from Atlanta by the wicked order of Sherman, and he shared with them his rations, as did many of the other soldiers.

LEE AT LEXINGTON.

BY JOHN WILBER JENKINS, SOUTHERN EDITOR BALTIMORE SUN.

Calm-eyed, serene,
The swordless General stood,
Inspiring youth to noble thoughts and deeds;
Planting the pregnant seeds
Which in the peaceful time to come
Would burst into the fragrant bloom
Of a new nation, bound in brotherhood;
Remembering all the brave
Who climbed the heights of flame
Or plunged the depths of hell
At his command;
Surveying all the hopes and fears
That crowded the disturbing years—
The star-crossed flag
That, wreathed in glory, fell;
The valorous armies, torn by shot and shell;
An empire's embers, smoking in its ruins,
Proud of the very ashes of its past.
He knew his cause was dead,
But buried in a million loyal hearts.
Duty had led him through life's tortuous ways;
His great soul did not know defeat,
Nor mourn the unreturning days.
The Valley of the Shadow
Unfaltering he trod,
As one who faces heaven unafraid
And does not fear the judgment of his God.

Baltimore, January 12, 1903.

RELATIVE STRENGTH OF THE TWO ARMIES.

In the September VETERAN there was published a statement of Mr. Cassenove G. Lee, of Washington, a recognized authority on war statistics, showing that the enlistments in the Northern Army were 2,778,304, against 600,000 in the Southern army. The publication of these figures, showing the enormous odds the South had to fight, brought vigorous protests from the press of the North and demanding Mr. Lee's authority for such statements, to which he replied as follows: "The statement most objected to is the total number of enlistments in the Confederate army—that is, 600,000 men. The New York Tribune never, to my knowledge, said anything kind or generous about the South, and therefore what it says in support of that section may be received as authentic. Its Washington correspondent, in the issue of June 26, 1867, page 1, says: 'Among the documents which fell into our hands at the downfall of the Confederacy are the returns, very nearly complete, of the Confederate armies from their organization, in the summer of 1861, down to the spring of 1865. These returns have been carefully analyzed, and I am enabled to furnish the returns in every department and for almost every month from these official sources. We judge in all 600,000 different men were in the Confederate ranks during the war. Of those, we do not believe one-half are alive this day. Of the 300,000 of the Confederate soldiers yet alive, no man can say what proportion are wholly or in part disabled by wounds or disease.'

"Gen. J. A. Early, in 'Southern Historical Society Papers,' Volume II., page 20, says, 'This estimate is very nearly correct;' and there was no better authority in the South than Gen. Early. The 'American Cyclopedia' (D. Appleton & Co., 1875), of which Charles A. Dana, late Assistant Secretary of War, was editor, in Volume V., page 232, says: 'The Adjutant General of the Confederate army, Gen. S. Cooper, in a statement made since the close of hostilities, estimates the entire available Confederate forces capable of active service in the field at 600,000. Of this number, not more than 400,000 were enrolled at any one time, and the Confederate States never had in the field at once more than 200,000 men.'

"The letter of Gen. Cooper relating to this subject is published in Volume VII., page 287, of the 'Southern Historical Society Papers.'

"Lieut. Col. Fox, of the United States army, in 'Losses in Civil War,' says: 'The aggregate enrollment of the Confederate armies during the war, according to the best authorities, numbered over 600,000 effective men, of whom not over 400,000 were enrolled at one time.'

"This author also gives to the 'eleven States of the Confederacy a military population in 1860 of 1,064,193, with which to confront 4,559,872 of the same class in the North.' Of this, 600,000 were in the Confederate army and 86,009 in the Union, while the Confederate States received 19,000 from the border States, making 677,009 in both armies out of the 1,064,193 men of the age of service in the South, and leaving 387,184 for other duties, such as State government officials, Confederate government officials, railroad employees, ordnance and other manufacturers, and skulkers and invalids. It is a historical fact that many of the centers of population in the South soon fell into the hands of the Federal army. Thus, in Virginia, Alexandria was occupied the day after secession, Norfolk and Wheeling soon after, together with the whole of the western part of the State, and by the time the Confederate conscription act went into force many large cities were out of the control of the Confederacy, and the circle gradually

contracted until the end. Therefore, it is safe to say that the conscription act was never enforced in half of the most populous part of the Confederate States. In the town of Alexandria, Va., for instance, five companies of infantry and one of artillery were organized in 1861. Alexandria's quota should not have been less than 1,000, according to the established rule; but these companies numbered less than 500 men, most of them young men of from eighteen to twenty-five, and after the occupation by the Union soldiers very few reached the Confederate ranks. Of those who remained at home, many from necessity, having no other means of livelihood, served the Federal army in various capacities, such as teamsters, drovers, and laborers, and these are not estimated among those who enlisted in that army. These conditions existed in many parts of the South, so it will be seen that the estimates made by Northern authorities from the population of the South are not reliable, and that given by the authorities who were best able to judge must be received.

"While it is a historical fact that we fought as a whole about five men to our one and that it took four years to conquer us, and while the Northern men were better equipped, better armed, better clothed and fed, still it does not prove they were less brave, for they came from the same race of people [Except the foreigners and negroes, about 400,000.—Ed.]; but it does prove that they were without a cause and without leaders. A great leader will incite men to brave actions even in a bad cause, but a noble cause will incite them to brave action without a leader. The attempt was made to convince the North that they fought for the Union, and some think so even now; but the truth is, if the Northern leaders had loved the Union as devotedly as did Davis, Stephens, Lee, and the Johnstons, war would have been impossible. What the North did fight for was a fanatical frenzy on the part of its leaders to free the negroes, in which nine-tenths of the men felt no interest, and on the part of the politicians and contractors to feather their nests.

"On the other hand, the cause of the South could not be better stated than in General Order No. 16, to the Army of Northern Virginia, which says: 'Let every soldier remember that on his courage and fidelity depends all that makes life worth living—the freedom of his country, the honor of his people, and the security of his home.'

"Could they fight for a better cause, and has not such a cause made men superhumanly brave in all ages? Did the North produce in their respective sphere men of such extraordinary military genius as Lee, Jackson, A. S. Johnston, Stuart, Forrest, and Mosby? No intelligent, candid Northern man of to-day claims that it did. When I look at the snap judgments on posterity, statues to Northern generals (though most of them are Southern men) in Washington, I wonder how posterity will treat these outrages on justice. They will not find an impartial, competent military historian that will give to one of them, except, perhaps, McClellan, one particle of military genius. These I believe to be the true reasons for the long-delayed success of the Northern armies, notwithstanding their overpowering numbers and resources."

Rev. P. D. Stephenson, of Woodstock, Va., corrects the statement made on page 586 of the December VETERAN that he was chaplain of Govan's Brigade. He says he was only a private through the war.

The one essential thing for each friend of the VETERAN is to see to it that his subscription is paid in advance.

A WOMAN'S MEMORIES OF THE SIXTIES.

SOME INTERESTING LETTERS NOT HERETOFORE PUBLISHED.

BY MRS. MARIA EVANS CLAIBORNE, ST. LOUIS, MO.

The first of September, 1861, marked the real beginning of the Civil War for me. For it was on that date that my husband, Col. Mark L. Evans, left me and our happy home at Gonzales, Tex., to go to the war—and to his death on the battlefield. He had responded to the second call for volunteers, and had received a commission to raise a company for Terry's Texas Rangers, a regiment of cavalry under the command of Col. Frank Terry, of Sugar Land, Fort Bend County, Tex. Of this command many brave men fell in battle, "foremost in the fight," while others were spared to fortunate careers in civil life. Prominent among those who fell were the gallant Col. Terry, Lieut. Frank Batchelor, and Capt. A. G. Harris; while of the living left were Col. A. M. Shannon, of Galveston; Capts. John R. Baylor, of Rockport; — Friend, of Cuero; and George Littlefield, of Austin.

The Terry Rangers started for Richmond, Va., journeying first to Houston and thence to New Orleans. Arriving at the Crescent City, they were ordered instead to Kentucky, where they remained in camp for about two months, only a few skirmishes occurring meanwhile. The prospect for a speedy peace, of which we were so confident at the outset, having proved delusive, early in December I set out from Gonzales, Tex., to join my husband at Bowling Green, Ky. Nor did we yet dream of a four years' war.

At this time, December, 1861, all of the ports on the Gulf Coast of Mexico were blockaded by the Federals, and I had to go by land. There were but few railroads in Texas at that period, and I had to travel to Alleyton, fifty miles, by stage, that being then the terminus of what is now the Southern Pacific Railroad. From Alleyton I went to Houston, and thence to Beaumont by train. There I took a boat on the Natchez River to Niblett's Bluff, where I had again to journey by stage through Louisiana to New Iberia, on the Bayou Teche. I went by boat again to Brashear City, and from thence to New Orleans by railway. This journey, long and tedious, I made alone with my two small children.

Arriving in New Orleans, we were glad indeed to rest for two weeks at the home of my mother there. The very sad news of the death of Col. Terry was received while there. He was killed in battle at Woodsonville, Ky., on December 17. An extract from my husband's letter, which conveyed the shocking news to me, will perhaps not be amiss, since it gives in its every word a faithful account of this first great loss in the regiment, bringing home to us the realization of what the conflict might mean for ourselves:

"HEADQUARTERS TEXAS RANGERS,
CAMP TERRY, NEAR CAVE CITY,
December 19, 1861.

"My Dear Wife: At the earliest moment practicable I hasten to lay before you a short report of our late battle, fought on Tuesday, the 17th, near Woodsonville, on Green River. On last Sunday our entire regiment was engaged in attacking the enemy's pickets along Green River, on a front of at least thirty-five miles. We killed five or six and took a good many guns, mules and horses, and prisoners. On Tues-

day last we started from here in advance of Gen. Hindman's Legion of Infantry, numbering two thousand, two hundred men, ninety cavalry from Mississippi, and our cavalry of Texas Rangers, numbering two hundred and eighty, for Green River.

"The General brought a battery of four six-pounders. We reached Rowlett's Station, one mile from Green River, about 11:30 A.M. Ice Jones and company were sent to the left to reconnoiter, and soon the firing was heard between these pickets and Jones's company, and in a few minutes Ice came galloping in and reported to Col. Terry that the enemy were coming up the hill on our left flank in force. Col. Terry sent him back to still keep watch of their movements and report from time to time.

"By this time the firing got closer, and shot after shot was heard, and in a few minutes the shots appeared very close to us, and soon a shower of bullets came whistling over our heads, and the enemy came up in a hundred yards of us. Col. Terry raised his hat and waved it, and shouted: 'Charge, my brave boys, charge!' I was close to him when he gave the command, and we all started at a gallop, the Colonel leading everybody. The enemy were posted in a thick skirt of black-jack on our left, about four hundred strong, and only about one hundred and twenty of us charged them, and such a charge! The boys raised the yell, and every one dashed ahead upon the bright bayonets and right in the face of a hail of bullets. We routed them, shooting them down right and left and putting them to flight in every direction. We charged right over them, and I never saw men fall as they did. One tried to run his bayonet into me, but was shot by Mr. Thomas, of Capt. Wharton's company. All the enemy, we found, were of the Thirty-Second Indiana.

"Col. Terry made a desperate charge upon about a dozen, and fell dead, having received a ball in the chin and coming out in the back of his head. His horse was shot from under him about the same instant. I have the honor to know that I shot the Dutchman's brains out that killed him. I emptied my six-shooters into the crowd, and saw several fall dead.



COLONEL EVANS.



MRS. MARIA EVANS CLAIBORNE.

"Poor Terry! He was a gallant colonel, and won the admiration of everybody by his manly courage and by his kind heart and noble disposition. I got down and took hold of him and tried to raise him up, but he was a corpse and very much disfigured. I called up four men to help carry him off the field. His son Dave was perfectly thunderstruck when he came up and saw his dead father, and he fell upon him and screamed as if his heart would break. It was a heartrending sight to see the Colonel's brains all shot out lying beside his dead horse, and others lying around, wounded and dead; and the enemy lying round, dead and wounded, and the wounded groaning and calling for water.

"We routed them from their stronghold and were masters of the field. Capt. Ferrill fought them on the other side of the railroad and killed about thirty. We killed about twenty-five or thirty in our charge, and part of our men followed them up in the field and killed a good many. Our men were then called off and ordered to form again. The artillery was brought up and commenced playing on the enemy, and made lanes through their ranks. We threw shells at them, which did some execution. They threw three shells at us. One sung over my head and burst in the air in our rear. Two Arkansas companies of infantry engaged a part of their right flank and killed sixteen. Our killed were: Col. Terry, Corporal Dunn, of Company K, and Privates Beall and Lofton, of Company D. Lieut. Morris, Company K, was mortally wounded; severely wounded, John Jackson, Capt. Walker, Company K. Capt. Ferrell fought a gallant fight and lost two men and seven horses. Capt. Walker had two horses shot, while there was one horse shot in my company and Col. Terry's. It was a desperate and hard-fought battle, and lasted about one and three-quarters of an hour. I was in the thickest of the fight, and had a chance to know for once what it is to be in a battle and to smell the smoke of 'the cannon's opening roar.'

"All our boys fought gallantly, and every one showed that he felt the reputation of Texas was at stake. That day added a bright page to the already wide fame of the Texas Rangers. But we have lost our Colonel, and many a sad heart and solemn face is in camp; and the whole army is awe-struck and grieved at our sad misfortune.

"I was ordered by Gen. Hindman after the Colonel's death to take charge of the regiment, as I was the ranking officer in the field present, and I felt a heavy responsibility. But Maj. Harris has arrived from Bowling Green, and takes command to-day. Gen. Johnston is sending a large force up to this place, and bloody work may be expected if the enemy come on this side of the river. They are reported to be thirty thousand strong.

"Write to me soon and give my love to my friends. I will try to get to see you and my darling children soon. Your affectionate husband,

M. L. EVANS."

The State of Louisiana being then under martial law, I was obliged before leaving the city to go before the provost marshal to be identified before I could obtain a passport out of New Orleans. Having secured this, I went from New Orleans to Columbia, Tenn., the home of my childhood and youth, my school days having been spent at the famous old schools, the Female Institute and the Tennessee Conference Female College. That I might continue to have the advantages of these schools, upon my mother's change of residence to Texas, in 1853, I was left by her with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Garrett L. Voorhies. My mother's three brothers

were all supporters of the Confederate cause and closely identified with it, as their names (Col. William Milton Voorhies, Rev. James G. Voorhies, and A. O. P. Nicholson) will recall.

On January 1, 1862, I left Columbia for Nashville to join my husband and to procure a boarding place nearer him. This we found in the pleasant country home of Mr. William Shaw, about ten miles out of the city, and a mile or two from the Gallatin Pike. Mr. Shaw was then the sheriff of Davidson County, and his lovely home was in a beautiful valley surrounded on all sides by high hills. While there the sad news came that the Federals had attacked Fort Donelson, on the Cumberland River, and a bloody battle was being fought. We could hear distinctly the booming of the cannon. It sounded like a terrible thunderstorm in the distance.

The result was the fall of Fort Donelson and the loss of many lives, while many were taken prisoners. Then came the awful news that the Confederate army in Kentucky was falling back into Tennessee, and soon could be heard the rumbling of the artillery and the heavy army wagons on the Gallatin turnpike. Many hearts ached, and every face showed it. Our next news was that Gallatin had been burned by the Federals. There was much anxiety on every hand.

Under these conditions I feared that I might be left within the Federal lines; and to add to my anxiety, I had with me a brother ill with rheumatism caused from exposure in the army. Mr. Shaw kindly offered to convey me and my brother, H. Clay Evans, across the Cumberland River to Nashville. We gladly accepted his kindness, and within an hour my brother and I, with my two small children and our baggage, were piled by Mr. Shaw into an express wagon, he accompanying us, and hurried away over the rugged roads.

Soon we came to the turnpike, and just in sight came a long line of army ambulances, the sick and wounded from the hospitals at Bowling Green, Ky.—a gloomy sight indeed. Just as they had passed us, we saw several men approaching in Federal uniforms, and with them one of the men who had been sent out for information. As they reached us this man spoke to us and said: "You see I am in the hands of Federal officers." This so shocked and grieved me that I could not restrain my feelings, and I began to weep, when one of the officers spoke up gravely: "That is too severe a joke." Then he assured me that they were Confederates, and had only fortunately captured some Federal clothing, and introduced himself to me as none other than the "Rebel, John Morgan."

After thus relieving my fears, Gen. Morgan, knightly soldier that he was, kindly offered to escort me himself safely into Nashville. He informed me that they were the rear guard of Johnston's army, the procession of the sick and wounded which we had just viewed being the last to proceed. And so, Gen. Morgan leading the way, we once more went on our journey, reaching Nashville in a few hours. Arriving there, we found the streets so crowded that we could scarcely make our way through; but Gen. Morgan's presence opening the way, we found it less difficult again because of his valuable assistance.

The scenes of this memorable day I can never forget. We saw Gen. Forrest's command as they came in from Fort Donelson after their terrible battle and their long march through mud and water; it was a pitiful sight that I shall always remember. From the veranda of the St. Cloud Hotel, as we passed it, we saw Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston addressing the army and giving his marching orders. Among the regiments drawn up in line for these orders, and ready, every

man of them, to obey, were the Terry Texas Rangers, who at that moment, to my proud, anxious heart, seemed of all that body of brave men the bravest and the best.

We found it difficult to secure a lodging place, being obliged to seek one hotel after another, finding every one filled to overflowing, until finally we reached the Planters', where, although at that time but a third-class hostelry, I felt very fortunate in finding a comfortable stopping place for the night. There I parted with gallant John Morgan and my good friend, Mr. Shaw, thanking them both for their valued services.

In Nashville all business was suspended, of course, every house closed, and all was excitement. I had failed to find among the crowds that thronged the streets the one face of all for which I was looking, and it was not until the next morning that I saw my husband. Standing out on the little veranda outside my room and looking out upon the crowd of soldiers that filled the street below me, I recognized my husband at a little distance from me. He had passed my hotel and his back was to me; but seeing the Texas star on his hat, and sure that it was he, I called to him aloud, "Mark! Mark!"

Turning quickly in the direction of my voice, he saw me waving, and rode back to me. He had left his regiment on the early evening before, riding all night that he might be in time to see me safely across the Cumberland River and within the Confederate lines. He arrived at Mr. Shaw's only about an hour after we left. Passing over our joyful meeting, mingled as it was with the shadows of impending disaster and all the nameless sorrows of war, our stay in Nashville was short, being but one night and the day following. The city was in great confusion, every one fleeing who could get means of conveyance. Not a vehicle of any kind but had already been pressed into service.

It was on Sunday when the first news came that our army in Kentucky was falling back into Tennessee. Many were at church, and the first news was announced by the ministers from their pulpits. The people were almost instantly wild, many going from church to the stations at once. Train after train was sent out heavily loaded with refugees. Among these a great many were the students from the many schools of the city and the section surrounding it, many going directly to trains without packing trunks or taking a meal—no one thinking of sleep that night. Then indeed

"There was hurrying to and fro,
And lips all pale."

On the river, throughout the blackness of the night, there burned a broken line of red fire from boat to boat of all the many stored with commissary supplies, which had been set afire and floated down the river. Leaving Nashville, I went with my children for a few days back to my old home at Columbia until my husband should arrive with his regiment. All along the way down as we journeyed we saw stationed at the bridges the men who, at a moment's warning, were to set fire to them. And even as we passed, like electric signals in the distance, we could see the smoke of the burning bridges, over which we had just passed in safety. This was the case as far as Franklin.

From Columbia I journeyed with my husband and our children by railway to Decatur, Ala. The army was arriving there on the Tennessee River in large forces daily, moving on down to Corinth, Miss., where, it was thought, a stand would be made, as the Federals, many thousands strong, were landing near Iuka. When I passed Corinth on my journey

homeward toward New Orleans, there were thirty-five or forty thousand encamped around the town, the camps extending for miles. It was one grand military camp of infantry, cavalry, and artillery. On every side the accouterments of war—locomotives and army wagons, horses, pack mules, ambulances, and cannon—were everywhere to be seen, with stores of deadly cannon balls and shells of every kind.

From Decatur I went direct to New Orleans, where I received the news from Shiloh in a brief telegram from my husband, dated April 9, which read: "Just in from the battlefield. Safe." On the same date he wrote me concerning the battle.

[Here follows a long, interesting account of the battle, which may be used later.—ED. VETERAN.]

Before I could reply to this letter I received a telegram from my husband, stating that he would be one of the military escort to accompany to New Orleans Gen. Johnston's remains, which would arrive on the next day, the 10th of April. As will be remembered, the remains of the distinguished commander lay in state in the city hall in New Orleans, after which they were placed temporarily in Mayor Monroe's vault, being removed after the war to Austin, Tex., and buried in the State Capitol grounds.

Passing over the grand military funeral given by the city of New Orleans as a last honor to the lamented Gen. Johnston, the greatest spectacle of sorrow I ever witnessed, my stay in New Orleans was shortened by the threatened attack on Fort Jackson, on the Mississippi River just below the city. It was reported that the Federals were firing on this fort, and, all news being suppressed, we decided that Texas would be a safer refuge, so we started once more homeward over the terrible route we had traveled a few months before.

So on the morning of April 18, 1862, we left New Orleans. That evening the Federal gunboats arrived under Farragut, and New Orleans had fallen. We had but barely escaped the triumphal entry of Ben Butler, and fortunate we were to have escaped his merciless rule. Back again to our home in Gonzales, Tex., we journeyed from New Orleans, my husband accompanying us on the journey. Arriving there, my husband could remain but a few days with us to see us safely settled, when he was obliged to hurry from us again to join his regiment. It was on the 1st of May that he left on his return trip, which proved to be a long and tedious one. It was the 31st of May that I had word from him that he had reached Vicksburg, Miss., at which point he had crossed the Mississippi, landing just as two gunboats of the enemy appeared in sight and fired upon one of the Confederate batteries; but receiving no reply, they retired, "it being evident," he wrote, "that they were only trying to get the range of our guns. But in this they failed." The greater part of this trying journey by my husband and two or three companions was made in an open skiff on the river, each taking a turn at the oars. In this way they made all the way from Monroe La., to Vicksburg, the country all being then under water.

Letters now came less often even than before; for the Federal lines separated us, and they had always to come by hand, as chance might afford an opportunity now and then of a hasty note's being intrusted to some soldier returning home. By a friend so returning my husband sent me late in September, 1862, a few hurried lines written in pencil on two leaves torn from his small memorandum book. Long before he had written me on the 17th of June from Camp Lookout: "We have plenty of good water, but hard living. Nothing but

flour, bacon, and beans. The coffee and sugar are played out. None to be had, and the boys are learning to do without."

Week followed week, and no letters. Nothing to break the desolate silence, until finally news came—vague, conflicting rumors only—that my husband had been wounded, how severely no one could tell certainly. Some cheered me with the assurance that he was only slightly wounded and that he would soon return home; others were sure that he had been wounded mortally. Every one showed tenderest sympathy; but it was hard to know whom to believe, so conflicting were the reports received. Finally one desolate day there came a letter, short and simply worded. It read:

"HARRODSBURG, KY., October 21, 1862.

"Mrs. Evans, Dear Madam: It has fallen to my lot to inform you of the melancholy fate of your lamented husband, and may God help you and give you fortitude in your bereavement.

"Capt. Evans was ordered into the battle of Perryville on the 8th inst. to charge a battery, which he did most gallantly. But he received a fatal wound in the head by a Minie ball which fractured his skull. He was brought to my home, where he had good attention until the 18th inst, when at forty minutes past six he expired. He lay in a drowsy state all the time, and never opened his eyes; he talked very little, and his talk was like a man who is very drowsy. His Masonic brothers helped to get his coffin and to bury him. He and Col. McDaniel, of Georgia, were buried at the same time. Their bodies now lie in the Masonic grounds, where they can be removed.

"Anything that you would desire me to do shall be done with pleasure. Most truly your friend, B. MILLS."

"NOTE.—The Indian boy [Capt. Evans's body servant] attended him most faithfully. My wife has his clothes, a ring, and a lock of his hair, which will all be kept for you. His brother and some friends remained with him for three days, when the enemy came and they left him in my charge.

B. MILLS."

Following this painful letter, a few weeks later came another from my husband's warm friend and comrade, Lieut. Frank Batchelor, the details of which giving so vivid a picture of war and its horrors, I have been moved to quote from it that portion which describes the scene of my husband's death:

"The painful task is mine to inform you of the death of your dear husband, Maj. Mark L. Evans, who died at Harrodsburg, Ky., in October, last, of wounds received while gallantly leading a charge of the Texas Rangers in the battle of Perryville. I was with him but a few minutes before he was shot. The enemy had turned a battery upon us to cover the retreat of some of their cavalry, who were falling back before our skirmishers. One of their shells burst near my horse, causing him to spring round so suddenly that my girth broke and threw me to the ground. Our regiment was now ordered to retire before the enemy's galling fire; but Evans, seeing my situation, stopped till I had refixed my saddle and remounted, when we rode at swift gallop till we reached the regiment. Just then we were ordered to charge the enemy, strongly posted on a hill. I rode to my company, while he went to his post as major, acting as lieutenant colonel of the regiment. He had been major, in fact, since the resignation of Lieut. Col. Walker, though his promotion had not been declared officially.

"We were thus separated, and I did not see him again during the charge. After it was over a soldier told me that he was killed. I immediately started back, determined to

bring off his body, but was met by one of our company, who told me that he was not dead, but mortally wounded and insensible; that Lieut. J. W. Baylor had taken him from the field, and that he would not live many minutes. Our company had but one commissioned officer besides myself, and I could not leave it, so I sent his brother Clay with two others to see that everything was done that could be and not to leave him. This they did, and got an ambulance and took him to Harrodsburg, in advance of our retiring army, to the house of a Mrs. Mills, who rendered every assistance dictated by sympathy and kindness. He was struck by a large-sized musket ball just above the right temple and ranged over the skull, tearing the flesh out some four inches and a half in length by one in width and leaving the skull bare and slightly fractured.

"The morning we left Harrodsburg I called to see him for the last time, and assisted in dressing his wounds. The surgeon told me that there was hardly room for hope; but I could not bear to write you till I could give encouragement to hope or be forced to state the worst. I therefore delayed this letter till the announcement of your husband's death appeared in the Louisville papers.

"I found Mark entirely sensible, but so stunned by his wound that he spoke only when roused up, and then in monosyllables. The physicians forbade talking upon any subject likely to excite him, so nothing passed between us about home."

And so alone, among strangers, neither brother nor comrade with him, my husband died, his life a sacrifice to the cause that he so bravely defended, because he was so strongly convinced of its justness. His history thus early brought to an untimely end was not sadder than that of many another on both sides of that contending army that marked its passage with the ashes of desolation. Wherever they rise—those "low, green tents whose curtains never outward swing"—"let us deck the turf that wraps their clay with our prayers and hopes that they lived not in vain."



MRS. W. CARLETON ADAMS, MEMPHIS,
Author of "Slave Monument Question" in VETERAN for November, 1904.

MAJ. HUSE, OF THE SECRET SERVICE.

Mr. J. S. Rogers, of 574 Warren Street, Boston, in a circular publishes the following: "In the summer of 1903 two friends of Maj. Huse were hospitably entertained by him at his charming home, 'The Rocks,' on the Hudson, near West Point, and during their visit were treated to a recital of some of his experiences as agent in Europe for purchasing army supplies for the Confederate States during the War between the States. I was so impressed by this unique bit of history that I succeeded in inducing him to write of it."

Mr. Rogers has issued a pamphlet account that he will furnish at twenty-five cents per copy. The narration states:

"When I arrived in England the Confederate States government was already represented by Hon. William L. Yancey, Commissioner to England, and Judge Rost, of New Orleans, Commissioner to France. Later Hon. L. Q. C. Lamar, afterwards United States Secretary of the Interior, and later still Justice of the United States Supreme Court, was appointed Commissioner to Russia; but he went no farther than Paris, and returned to Richmond before the end of the war. Commander James D. Bulloch, previously of the United States navy, whose sister was the mother of President Roosevelt, was in charge of all naval matters. Messrs. Fraser, Trenholm & Co., of Liverpool, were the fiscal agents. None of the representatives of the Confederate government required much money in the discharge of his duties except Commander Bulloch and myself. We were both to look to Fraser, Trenholm & Co. for all the money we were to expend, as indeed were all the diplomatic agents.

"The fiscal system was, almost of necessity, of the most simple character. Fraser, Trenholm & Co., of Liverpool, John Fraser & Co., of Charleston, S. C., and Trenholm Bros., of New York, were practically one concern, and the senior member of John Fraser & Co., Mr. William Trenholm, became Confederate States Secretary of the Treasury early in the war. Mr. Wellsman, senior member of Trenholm Bros., in New York, joined the Liverpool house, the senior member and manager of which was Charles K. Prioleau, formerly of Charleston. There was no loan to negotiate, for the Confederacy—recognized only as belligerents—had no credit among nations, and no system of taxation by which it could hope to derive any revenue available for purchasing supplies abroad. But it possessed a latent purchasing power such as probably no other government in history ever had.

"The cotton crop of its people was a prime necessity for the manufacturing world outside; and for want of machinery was utterly valueless in all the Southern States except Georgia, where there were a few small factories. Almost immediately after the outbreak of hostilities the Confederate authorities began to buy cotton, paying in such 'money' as it had—that is to say, its own promises to pay whenever it could. Some of these promises bore interest and were called *bonds*; some bore no interest, and these constituted the currency of the country.

"The cotton, as it lay on the plantations or in the warehouses, was for sale, and the government was almost the only buyer. To all others there was a difficulty, amounting almost to impossibility, in getting cotton to market. Some no doubt was smuggled across the border, to the advantage of 'patriots' of each side; but this outlet for a bulky article like cotton was altogether inadequate, and practically every one was compelled by the very condition of affairs, without the application of even moral force, to sell to the government and receive in payment the best that the government had to offer—namely, its own promises to pay—which, whether

stated as a condition of the promise or not, could not be made good till after the favorable close of the war. If the South failed, the promises would be valueless; if it succeeded, the obligations would be met as promptly as possible. The situation was accepted by the people, and the government acquired cotton and shipped it to Nassau, Bermuda, and Havana as fast as it could.

"To get cotton through the blockading squadron called for daring and skill; but there seems to have been no lack of either, and it was not long before every steam vessel that could carry even a few bales and was seaworthy enough to reach Nassau was ready with a crew on board, eager to slip out any dark night and run to a neutral port, generally Nassau.

"For a long time this traffic went on almost without a capture, and the Confederate government not only deposited in places of safety large quantities of a commodity in general demand throughout the world, but also had the satisfaction of seeing its property advance rapidly in value as the war went on and its necessities increased. The cotton thus shipped was all consigned to Fraser, Trenholm & Co., Liverpool, and the consignments for the army, navy, and diplomatic departments were carefully kept separate. There was, therefore, no clashing of interests between the army and navy as to disposition of proceeds. The requirements for the diplomatic agents were trifling compared with those of the army for supplies and the navy for building, equipping, and manning ships.

"I had not been long in England before the sinews of war began to be available, and I found myself able to meet my engagements in a manner entirely satisfactory to my creditors. To buy supplies was simple enough; but to ship them was another matter. As was to be expected, detectives employed by the United States government, as well as volunteer spies, were about me. Efforts were made to intercept telegrams and to tamper with employees, but few of these attempts at stopping Confederate army supplies were successful.

"One success scored by the United States was the capture of the Stephen Hart, a schooner of American build, but purchased by an English house and put under the British flag for Confederate use. . . . After the Stephen Hart episode all army supplies were carried by steamer either to a Confederate port direct or to Nassau or Bermuda. There was little difficulty in chartering steamers to carry supplies to 'The Islands.' Generally both ship and cargo belonged in good faith to British subjects, and, as the voyage was from one British port to another, the entire business was as lawful as a similar shipment would have been from London to Liverpool. . . .

"During the first two years the captures were so infrequent that, it may be safely stated, never before was a government at war supplied with arms, munitions, clothing, and medicines with so little money as was paid by the Confederacy. The shipment from England to the Islands in ordinary tramp steamers, the landing and storage there, and the running of the blockade cost money; but all that was needed came from cotton practically given to the Confederate government by its owners.

"The supplies were in every instance bought at the lowest cash prices by men trained in the work as contractors for the British army. No credit was asked. Merchants having needed supplies were frankly told that our means were limited, and our payments would be made by checks on Fraser, Trenholm & Co., Liverpool, an old, established, and conservative house. The effect of such buying was to create confidence on the part of the sellers, which made them more anxious to sell than were we to purchase. When the end came and some

of the largest sellers were ruined, I never heard a word of complaint of their being overreached or in any manner treated unfairly. As long as the system thus described continued the South not only equipped an army able to cope with the colossal forces constantly advancing upon it, but it accomplished this without distressing its people with taxes. . . .

"But the supply of acceptable arms was not equal to the demand. The civilized powers had but recently been equipped with modern arms. The United States had the Springfield; England had the Enfield, which was practically the same as the Springfield; Austria had a rifle bearing a close resemblance to both and of about the same caliber. Austria had a considerable quantity on hand, and these an intermediary proposed I should buy.

"I knew something of the armament of Austria, having visited Vienna in 1859 with a letter from the United States War Department which gave me some facilities for observation. At first I considered the getting of anything from an imperial Austrian arsenal as chimerical. But my would-be intermediary was so persistent that finally I accompanied him to Vienna, and within a few days closed a contract for one hundred thousand rifles of the latest Austrian pattern and ten batteries, of six pieces each, of field artillery, with harness complete, ready for service, and a quantity of ammunition, all to be delivered on ship at Hamburg. The United States Minister, Mr. Motley, protested in vain. He was told that the making of arms was an important industry of Austria; that the same arms had been offered to the United States and declined, and that, as belligerents, the Confederate States were, by the usage of nations, lawful buyers. However unsatisfactory this answer may have been to Washington, the arms were delivered, and in due time were shipped to Bermuda from Hamburg. Mr. Motley offered to buy the whole consignment, but was too late. The Austrian government declined to break faith with the purchasers. . . .

"The fourth year of the war saw an end of the struggle, not only because of the immense superiority of the North in men and material but also on account of a change of policy in securing supplies. For a long time there were no contractors between the European sources of supply and the great consumer, the army. Cotton, the only article of value to the outside world, passed into possession of the government continuously and without friction, and was landed in Nassau—exceptionally in Bermuda—with no back charges due. Every shilling that a bale was worth as it lay at the landing place was so much to the credit of the War or Navy Department with Fraser, Trenholm & Co., of Liverpool, and was available as soon as the arrival was announced by mail via New York. There were literally no leaks. . . . But in the latter stages of the war contracts with the government began to appear. These contracts, made in Richmond, were generally a sort of partnership affair by which the contractor, usually an English company, shared equally the freighting capacity of each blockade runner."

WITH WALTHALL AT NASHVILLE.

BY E. W. TARRANT, BONHAM, TEX.

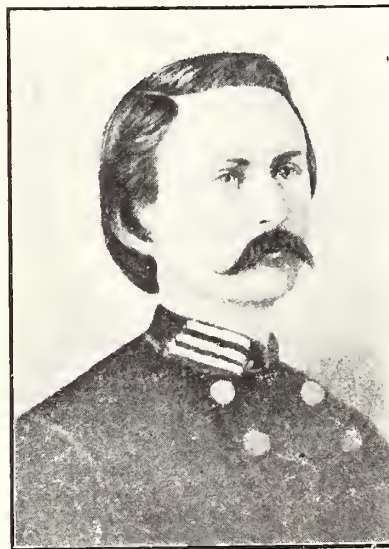
In looking at the handsome face of the "Chevalier Bayard" of the Army of Tennessee, Maj. Gen. Walthall, which adorns the frontispiece of the October VETERAN, I am reminded of an incident in the battle of Nashville, December 15, 1864, which I yet love to think of. Trueheart's Battalion of Artillery, composed of the three Alabama batteries of Lumsden, Lovelace, and Tarrant, were assigned positions on the extreme left of our army, and, as these batteries were

attached to Walthall's Division, we were under his personal observation. The writer was in command of two Parrott guns stationed on an eminence just to the right of Granny White Pike. We had not even as much infantry support as is reported by Sergt. Maxwell in his accurate and interesting account of Lumsden's Battery in that battle, and my instructions were to hold my position at all hazards. With no infantry support we had for an hour and a half kept a double line of Federal infantry at bay in our immediate front, when we discovered that our forces on the left were falling back in great disorder and were closely pursued by the enemy. When our ammunition was almost exhausted and the wheel horses to one of my guns had been shot down, a courier from Maj. Trueheart dashed up with orders for me to "limber up my guns and get them away as soon as possible." I could only partially obey orders, so I spiked one gun and started the other to the rear; but it had not gone more than a hundred yards when one of the wheel horses was shot down, Sergt. Neilson and Private Wright were killed, and the gun brought to a dead halt against the stump of a locust tree. Coming up to the gun just at this time and finding it abandoned, I spiked it and pushed on to get together my scattered men and horses. Seeing Gen. Walthall just ahead of me, with tears in my eyes on account of the loss of my guns and fearing a reproof from him, I rode alongside and, saluting him, said: "General, I held my position until I was ordered to retire, but it was too late to save my guns." Instead of getting a withering rebuke, as I had feared, he in the kindest manner possible consoled me for my loss, and said that he saw my position, that I had done everything that a man could do, and that he had no fault to find with me. Is it a wonder that I revere his memory?

STORIES OF SCOUT SERVICE.

Capt. John H. Lester, of Deming, N. Mex., was born and reared in Lauderdale County, Ala. He joined the Florence Guards, the first company raised in Lauderdale County for service in the Confederate army. The company was ordered to Pensacola, Fla., and made part of the Seventh Alabama Infantry. From Pensacola they were sent to Bowling Green, Ky., under Gen. A. S. Johnston. Their term of enlistment

having expired, Private Lester went back to Lauderdale County and assisted in organizing a company of cavalry. He was elected lieutenant and shortly after captain. At first they were a part of the Fourteenth Battalion of Alabama Cavalry, which was merged into the Seventh Alabama (cavalry) under J. C. Malone, colonel. It was afterwards changed to the Ninth. In the fall of 1862 the regiment was assigned to Gen. Wheeler's command, and served with it to the close



CAPT. J. H. LESTER.

of the war. Capt. Lester did not surrender, but left with Gen. Wheeler for Texas; but afterwards returned to his home in Alabama, and from there to his present home, in Deming, N. Mex.

After the fall of Atlanta, and up to the time of the Bentonville fight, Capt. Lester was in command of scouts operating on Sherman's flank and rear, and naturally had some close calls with the enemy.

In writing of these for the VETERAN, he says:

"The secret of success in war, 'Get there first with the most men,' is a saying attributed to the 'Wizard of the Saddle,' Gen. N. B. Forrest. But it was not always necessary to have the most men, if you could only get there first.

"In February, 1865, I had command of scouts in South Carolina. I operated inside the Federal lines, and had only twelve men. I was in the rear of Sherman's army, about fifty miles north of Columbia. One afternoon I stopped at a negro quarter and ordered dinner. We had been there only a few minutes when I saw some Yankees about half a mile from us filing off the main road on the opposite side of the road from us. I sent a sergeant and four men to follow them, while I, with the seven others, crossed the main road and went through the woods to intersect the road the Yankees had taken. When we reached the road they had taken, I saw four or five about one hundred yards ahead just going over a hill. We spurred our horses into a run, and when they saw us coming they threw something from their horses, moved off at full speed, and disappeared over the hill. When we got to the top of the hill I saw about eighty yards from me a lane full of Yankees. I looked back and saw that I had only three men in sight, one at my side and two others only a few feet behind. As we were going at full speed, I saw in a moment that there was only one thing that would give us success, 'To get there first,' as they had the most men. I said, 'Boys, we are in for it; commence shooting and yelling;' and there never were four men that did faster shooting or louder yelling.

"The Yankees were jammed in a narrow lane not more than twenty feet wide, and were so badly excited they did not fight nor run until we got in forty yards of them. They broke and ran without firing a shot; some got off their horses, jumped the fence, and ran into the woods. The others of my men soon came up and took charge of the several prisoners; the others we ran five miles into their camp. We then returned to gather up the meat, flour, bacon, and hats they had thrown away. The prisoners captured said there were only a lieutenant and thirty-two men, but they made the biggest show for thirty-three men I saw during the four years of war.

"Operating inside of the enemy's lines, it was necessary at times to 'play Yankees' and very necessary at other times to be 'Confederates.' I usually instructed my men as to whether we should be Confederate or Federal; and as we had Yankee saddles and overcoats (our coats were dyed black), we readily passed for Yankees. I was, one day, close to the rear of Sherman's army and stopped at a house to make some inquiry. The Yankees had left a few moments before I came to the house. After making the inquiry I saw the proprietor curiously eye us for a moment and then approach Bob Grisby, one of my scouts. 'Are you men Southern or Northern soldiers?' Bob hesitated a moment and, as he could not remember what instruction had been given, said: 'Mister, to tell you the fact, we have been so mixed up lately d— me if I know.'"

In illustration of the risk men would take for a house and bed when extremely exhausted, Capt. Lester states:

On one occasion in South Carolina, while in the rear of Sherman's army, I wished to locate the position of the enemy. As it was necessary to go into the enemy's camp to get the desired information, I took only one man with me. I sent the sergeant with the other scouts to a place several miles away to await me. As I was longer getting the information than I expected, and at nine o'clock I was still eight or ten miles from my camp, I decided to stop for the night at the first house. The house was about two miles in the rear of Sherman's army, on the road he had traveled that day. The proprietor asked me who we were, and I said, 'Confederate scouts.' He then informed me that two Yankees had just gone to bed in the house, and the only vacant room joined the one occupied by the Yankees. I said: 'It makes no difference to me; I will not disturb them if they will let me alone until morning.' After hiding our horses in the woods, we went to our room, locked the door, went to bed, and did not wake until after sunup the next morning. We prepared for action, went downstairs, and met our host in the hall, when he informed us that the Yankees had just gone without breakfast, as he had advised them that we were in the house. We had a good breakfast and left.

"In the summer of 1864 I was with my company in Lauderdale County. Just north of the Tennessee River were the Federals, the river being the dividing line. I was camped some four or five miles from Rogersville, with eight or ten of my men. One morning I called for a volunteer to go with me on a scout in the direction of Rogersville. Bob Porter responded. At Allen Sholar's farm, about a mile from town, we rode down a small hill thickly covered with saplings. When we got to the foot of the hill, I saw sixty or eighty Federal cavalry dismounted about fifty yards from me. Some were at the blacksmith shop having their horses shod, and the others were lying and sitting on the ground near by. As I was too close to make a successful retreat, I decided to try a 'bluff.' I ordered my command (men) to forward! Come up on the left! (in a loud voice for the benefit of the Yankees, to give them a chance to retreat). I saw in a moment that they were badly surprised and very much excited. To give them a little more excitement, we charged our horses over the saplings to make as much noise as possible. Porter said: 'Look here, Captain, let's get away from here.'

"As the Yankees were retreating, and my object accomplished, I withdrew my forces in good order. One Yankee, under the excitement, left his horse hitched to the fence. I learned the next day that they did not stop running until they got to Rogersville and reported that they had been attacked by a large force of bushwhackers. They returned that afternoon in force, one regiment of infantry, one regiment of cavalry, and a battery of artillery, and ventured three miles from town, shelling the woods as they advanced; and then returned to Rogersville, satisfied with the victory won."

To complete his volumes of the VETERAN he paid as high as three dollars for single copies. These stories illustrate the peculiar characteristics of even hardened soldiers who become "panic-stricken" when there is but little occasion for alarm. Capt. Lester has shown appreciation of the VETERAN second to no other patron.

MILITARY RECORD OF ARKANSANS.—A correspondent writes: "No State in the Confederacy furnished more soldiers or better ones in proportion to population than Arkansas. Her mili-

tary population, as it is termed, in 1860 was sixty-five thousand, two hundred and thirteen. Of this number, she gave to the Confederacy sixty-five regiments and fourteen battalions of infantry, eleven regiments and two battalions of cavalry, one regiment of mounted riflemen, five regiments of State militia, and one battalion of artillery. There was not a prominent battlefield from the Mississippi to the Blue Ridge Mountains on the east, or from the Mississippi to the border line of battle in the west, that was not stained with the blood of her gallant sons."

CONCERNING THE BATTLE OF NASHVILLE.—Comrade W. H. Kearney, of Trezevant, Tenn., says: "Just forty years ago to-day—December 16, 1904—in the evening my command, the Sixteenth Tennessee Infantry, was in line of battle at Nashville. We were on the left of our army. We had been continually extending to the left until our line was but little more than a thin line of skirmishers. Our last move brought us on top of a slight hill in the woods, where we formed a line of battle. In a few moments we saw two Federal officers ride up on top of a high hill in front of us and point to our lines. We suspected what was coming, and were not long kept in suspense. A battery soon opened on us with shell. We could see but a short distance to our right, but we could hear enough to convince us that they were having trouble over there also. In the meantime the battery was getting our range down to a fine point. The boys would naturally dodge as they began to get closer to us. Lieut. Col. Harris was in command, and he would storm out at us for dodging. Just then one of the men called out, 'Look yonder, Colonel!' pointing to our left and rear, showing an old field full of Yankees marching around us. The Colonel never thought any more about dodging shells, but yelled out, 'Boys, every fellow for himself!' and we went. That was forty years ago, but it makes me tired yet to think how I went."

COBB'S BATTERY NOT CAPTURED AT SHILOH.

In that portion of the Government Building at the St. Louis World's Fair set apart for displaying pictures of the national parks of various battlefields the following is found on the picture of the Shiloh Park: "Eleventh Iowa, Hare's First Brigade, McClernand's Division. This regiment was engaged here with the Eleventh and Twelfth Illinois, about noon April 6, 1862, in the capture of Cobb's Kentucky Battery of six guns. The regiment advanced about three hundred yards, captured a standard from the enemy, and then fell back, fighting, to Jones's field."

The attention of Capt. Cobb, who is yet living at Wichita Falls, Tex., was called to this bit of perverted history, and he makes the following statement: "The foregoing is about the substance of what Gen. McClernand wrote in his report of the battle. The high rank of the author of that report furnishes one reason why I, as commander of the Kentucky battery referred to, feel called upon to make a positive denial of the statement that Cobb's Battery was captured on the occasion referred to; and if it is intended by the expression, 'capturing a standard,' that it was the battery standard, I must add that we carried no flag (or standard) on that day, and had none for a long time after—not, indeed, until one was presented to the company by the wife of Gen. S. B. Buckner, and that one is now in the possession of Mrs. Irene Gracey, widow of Capt. Frank P. Gracey, of Clarksville, Tenn., who succeeded me as captain upon my promotion to the rank of major of artillery, February 22, 1864. Additional reasons

move me to correct the mistake. It is due to the memory of the gallant men who lost their lives on the memorable field and to the few survivors who stayed by their guns in repelling the assault of the Fortieth Illinois and Twenty-Third Missouri Infantry, in which we were supported by the Third Kentucky and Fourth Tennessee Infantry. Only eighty-four men and officers of the battery were present in the engagement, thirty-nine of whom were killed or wounded; five were killed on the field, seven mortally wounded, and died within a week. Every officer's horse was either killed or wounded, including my own, and only eight of the battery horses proper were left standing on their feet; four of these had flesh wounds. Hare's Brigade may have captured a six-gun battery, but it was not Cobb's Kentucky Battery. Besides," he added, "it was not known as Cobb's Battery until more than thirty days after the battle of Shiloh, when the company was permanently detached and in published orders by Gen. John C. Breckinridge, who commanded the Reserve Division, named Cobb's Battery."

MARRIAGE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

BY T. J. YOUNG, AUSTIN, ARK.

In the fall of 1863 the writer, who was a member of the Seventh Virginia Cavalry, was on a leave of absence, on account of a wound, at his home in Loudon County, Va. He, with several other Confederate soldiers inside the enemy's lines, was invited to a wedding which was to take place in Leesburg. The writer, Aaron T. Beans, and Ed Wright, of White's Battalion of Virginia Cavalry, went to Leesburg on the evening the wedding took place.

We met with several Confederates of different commands in Leesburg, and were informed that the Yankees had been there, but had gone back toward Washington City. My companions and I put our horses in the stable of the hotel, and were assigned a room in the second story in the back part of the building.

The Confederates who were in town assembled at the residence of Mr. Bently, whose daughter, Miss Rose, was to be united in marriage to a Mr. Poindexter, a worthy Confederate soldier.

It seems that the Yankees who had been in Leesburg that day heard of the wedding, and, instead of going back to Washington, came back to Leesburg that night to see how many Confederates they could cut off. A short while after my companions and I had returned from the wedding to the hotel the landlord's boy came running up to our room and said: "Soldiers, the Yankees are in town. The town is full of them!" They had already dismounted. About this time shooting seemed to be coming from every direction. We did not hesitate long in deciding that it was best for us to get out of the hotel, as they would be sure to search the house for Confederates, so we hastened down the back way and went under a house which fronted the street. The shooting was still going on, and Wright proposed that we go to the stable and get our horses. Beans remained under the house. Wright and I went to the stable, saddled our horses, mounted, and rode out the alley. Reaching the street, we were discovered and ordered to halt; but we kept on down the street, with Yankees on every hand shooting at us. When we got to where the street forked there was quite a squad of Yankees, who poured a volley of shots at us, and as we passed them they ran out and tried to catch our horses by the bridles. I pulled my "forty-four" on the fellow who tried to catch mine, and he abandoned the undertaking, his companions carrying him off. I was looking back to see if any cavalry were

following us when, to my horror, my horse turned a somersault into an old, broken-down culvert. I tried to get him up, but failed. I thought he was shot, so I left him and ran along the fence down to a stream, the banks of which were covered with bushes and briers.

I went up the creek through the bushes and stopped to listen. Two men came out near me, looked at two old horses grazing in the field, which they pronounced of no value, and rode back to their command. This was where they had dismounted and gone into Leesburg on foot, so as to make the surprise complete. I then turned and went back down the creek about a mile, to where I thought I would be outside the Yankee pickets—to old Fort Evans, which overlooked the town—arriving there just about daylight. The Yankees were encamped in a field between the fort, where I was, and town, but about eight o'clock they moved in the direction of Washington City.

I concluded to go down and learn the result of the raid. I found my old chum, Beans, who informed me that not one of the Confederates was captured, killed, or wounded. The Yankees had eight of their men killed and several wounded. My horse had escaped also, and went back to the hotel stable.

The manner in which the bridegroom escaped capture was laughable and, I imagine, a shade embarrassing. When the Yankees began to scatter themselves in the town he fled in his night clothes to a place of safety near the Washington and Ohio railroad, while the bride remained at home in anxious anticipation of his return. This was marrying under difficulties, and probably the groom had good reason to ask himself the Dutchman's question: "Vas marriage a vailure?"

A DOUBLE REUNION—AT NASHVILLE.

W. J. McDearman, of Trenton, Tenn., was a member of Company H, Twelfth Tennessee Infantry, Vaughan's Brigade, Cheatham's Division. He was captured at Kennesaw Mountain and sent to Camp Douglas. His family at that time being inside the Federal lines, his father made arrangements with a friend in Cairo to supply him with all needs that the commandant of the prison would permit. Through this friend he became acquainted by correspondence with a young lady living in Kentucky. McDearman was not released from prison till the 29th of June after the surrender. He returned home and found that his sweetheart, "the girl he left behind" when he entered the army, had married; but she compensated him in a measure for his loss by helping him to capture the Kentucky girl he had been corresponding with while in prison, whom she knew, and she selected the wedding ring for him. They were married in December, 1866, and for thirty years they joyously journeyed through life together, surrounded by a family of happy children, when death claimed the wife and mother.

Last June McDearman came to the Nashville reunion. While marching in the parade the hot sun gave him a severe headache, and when the column stopped for a few moments he explained to his commanding officer and dropped out of ranks. Going to the gate of a yard well shaded with trees near where his company was standing, he asked permission of the lady sitting on the porch to enter and rest in the shade. She invited him to a comfortable chair on the porch. In the conversation that followed he told her he was very anxious to get a photograph of his old commander, Gen. Cheatham. She very kindly took his name and address, saying she would try to get one and send it to him. She soon re-

called that the name was familiar to her, as she had often heard her sister speak of a boy friend by that name when she was a young girl. That information must have cured the headache, for in a few minutes McDearman was on a street car bound for East Nashville to see that sister. It was his old-time sweetheart, whom he had not heard from for more than a quarter of a century.

Time had dealt gently with her. The pretty girl he knew had developed into a handsome woman. When McDearman learned that she had been a widow for several years she doubtless looked younger to him than she really was. Of course the conversation soon drifted to old times, thin ice for two old sweethearts to stand on. The handsome widow and the well-preserved veteran became practical promptly, and in the vestry room of St. Ann's Episcopal Church (East Nashville) on the 29th of November a wedding ring, the exact counterpart of the one she had selected more than thirty years before for the first bride, was slipped on her finger, and the attractive woman became Mrs. W. J. McDearman.

While everybody had a good time at the Nashville reunion, Comrade McDearman believes he had the *best* time of any veteran present, as it was a double reunion to him.

THE CONFEDERATE PRIVATE.

BY JANIE SEREVEN HEYWARD, CHARLESTON, S. C.

From every home in the sweet Southland
Went a soldier lad, at his heart's command,
To fight in a cause both true and just,
To conquer or die, as a hero must.

With a kiss, a smile, or a word of cheer
To those who at parting were doubly dear;
With a song on his lips, his hopes ran high;
In such a cause he was ready to die.

But victory first. 'Twas his earnest prayer
To reach the front, and do battle there;
To see his own flag triumphantly wave,
Though its folds should fly o'er his open grave.

The hardships of war he bravely bore,
And proudly the shabby gray he wore.
'Twas the only color on earth for him;
Not hunger or thirst could his spirit dim.

With every battle hope sprang up anew;
He felt that the cause he loved was true,
And surely the God who brave men led
Would help and guide them, living or dead.

Sometimes they won, then hope ran high;
Again they lost, but it would not die.
They were privates only, and theirs to obey;
Not theirs to command or lead the fray.

But theirs to endure, and follow and fight;
To know that the cause they loved was right.
And so to the end they followed and fought,
With love and devotion which could not be bought.

Hungry and thirsty and foot-sore and lame,
They fought for their country, and thought not of fame;
But their names are written, with theirs who led,
In a country's heart—the brave Confed.

TEXAS U. D. C. WANT FIVE ANNIVERSARIES.

The Committee on Anniversaries of the Texas Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, comprised of Mesdames S. W. Sholars, Orange, Chairman, M. R. Macgill Rosenberg, Galveston, Fannie J. Halbert, Corsicana, J. C. Hutcheson, Houston, Harry Field, Calvert, E. N. Baker, Waxahachie, Mary Jane Lane, Marshall, and Decca Lamar West, Waco, have issued an address in which they state:

"We advise each Chapter President to appoint a committee from her Chapter to carry out the work of celebration, and we recommend that the children be brought into the programmes. We further suggest that Chapter Committees request the Boards of Trustees and superintendents of public schools in their vicinities to instruct the teachers to commemorate the birthdays of President Jefferson Davis, Robert E. Lee, and Hon. John H. Reagan, that the pupils may become familiar with the names and characters of these great men and learn to revere their devotion to the Constitution and their heroic self-sacrifice to the liberties of the South.

"The following is a suggested outlined programme for our Days of Honor, with license for each Chapter to develop its own individuality:

"On January 19, birthday of Robert E. Lee, let no pains be spared to decorate the hall or reception room in which this date will be celebrated. Use both flags under which Gen. Lee served—the Confederate and the United States flags; let both be conspicuously placed on rostrum; also portraits of himself and family. Let there be a short address or paper (original, if possible) showing the many sides of his character—soldier, commander, Christian, scholar, gentleman—in victory and in defeat. Let the stirring songs of the Confederacy be used.

"March 15, Texas Heroes' Day. By observance of this new-named day, every Texas hero will be honored—Albert Sidney Johnston, Hood, Terry, Dick Dowling, W. P. Lane, T. N. Waul, and all the brave, valiant men who fought and died for the cause they loved. Readings, recitations, and anecdotes of these should be introduced into the programme.

"On April 26, Confederate Memorial or Decoration Day, services should be held in a church. A procession, the leader bearing a Confederate banner, should march to the cemetery, there decking the graves with Texas's beautiful floral offerings.

"June 3, birthday of President Jefferson Davis. . . . As he suffered for the Confederate flag as no other man ever did, and claimed no other flag, therefore no other flag should be used on the day that does honor to our martyred chieftain. Portraits of himself and family should be shown upon the walls of the room where the celebration is held. A tribute to his beloved daughter, Winnie Davis, could be most appropriately embodied in the programme. Father Ryan's immortal dirge should close these exercises.

"September 17, Gen. Hood's Day. This date commemorates the battle of Shrapsgburg, in which Gen. Hood distinguished himself, and was the day on which he was severely wounded. An invitation from each Chapter to any of Hood's Brigade residing in vicinity to attend this celebration should be given."

They name October 8, birthday of Hon. John H. Reagan, as another, and say:

"Who in Texas does not know this 'grand old man'—the one still spared to us, the last of that great group of giants who made up the Cabinet of Jefferson Davis? He was Postmaster General of the Confederate States, and has had a long life of service in the military, the judicial, the legislative,

and the executive service under three national flags. Therefore let us do him all honor. He is preëminently our Confederate hero, and in celebrating his natal day the flag of the republic of Texas should mingle its folds with the United States flag and our Southern cross—that blood-stained banner that is loved with a passion that only defeat can give. The Daughters of the Republic of Texas should be invited to unite with the Daughters of the Confederacy in commemorating the birthday of Postmaster General Reagan, giving sketches and addresses upon the many and useful branches of service he has rendered his country; and we should especially ask that large bands of children be trained to sing 'The Bonny Blue Flag,' with as fine an orchestra as can be procured. On this occasion, if there are crosses of honor to be presented, let the Chapter President stand beneath the three national flags above mentioned while she bestows them upon the old veterans. They followed the Southern cross to victory, to death, or to that which, to many, was worse than death—defeat! Now let this cross of honor be hung over each valiant heart in token of that slow victory of the cross that rises from defeat.

"Daughters of the Confederacy, the reports from the Soldiers' Home, at Austin, tell us that these old veterans are rapidly passing away. Only a few years more, and they will be with us no longer. Then let us use every means to mark them with a cross of honor, that we may know them as our own and do every courtesy to the men who wore the gray. In closing, we ask that every Chapter President, after the 8th of October, report to the chairman of this committee as to whether these anniversaries have been kept, in order that she may make out a report for the next convention.

"We will add that on four of these dates the crosses of honor may be bestowed—the 19th of January, the 26th of April, the 3d of June, and the 8th of October.

"And now as the new year begins let us bind ourselves with a prayer for harmony, that will insure success in our sacred work."

NEW OFFICERS, TEXAS DIVISION, U. D. C.

President, Mrs. Valery E. Austin, Galveston; Vice Presidents, Mrs. D. A. Nunn, of Crockett, Mrs. Lavinia Porter Talley, of Temple, Mrs. Ellen D. Farris, of Dallas, and Mrs. Annie E. Sydnor, of Houston; Secretary, Mrs. Louella Styles Vincent, Strawn; Treasurer, Mrs. A. C. Johnson, Corsicana; Historian, Mrs. S. H. Watson, Waxahachie; Custodian, Mrs. Z. F. Fulmore, Austin.

It is sad to those who attended the convention at Waxahachie and met the sweet-faced, white-haired Mrs. Sydnor to think that so soon she was called to rest. Her death occurred soon after the convention.

A TEXAS HOME FOR CONFEDERATE WOMEN.

At the conclusion of the Texas U. D. C. held in Austin November 29, 30, 1899, Miss Philphs, the beloved Secretary of the Galveston Chapter—whose untimely death in the great storm there is one of the saddest memories—made an eloquent appeal to establish a cottage in addition to the Soldiers' Home to give more room for other deserving veterans. There were some contributions to this fund, but after the death of Miss Philphs the matter was lost sight of until the Houston convention.

Another patriotic daughter of Texas, Mrs. Winnie Pauline Baugh, of San Antonio, conceived the idea of building a home for the indigent wives and widows of Confederate soldiers.

Her eloquent and pathetic appeal won the applause and sympathy of the convention, and substantial donations were made. A motion prevailed merging the Philphs Cottage Fund into this; and with this sum as a nucleus Mrs. Baugh began her work, ably assisted by other enthusiastic Daughters.

The crowning success of her efforts was made at the late meeting of the Texas Division of the U. D. C., held at Waxahachie. The earnestness and tenderness with which she spoke could come only from the heart of a woman devoted to such a cause. Her appeal resulted in the addition of something over eight hundred and fifty dollars to her fund, making the total cash in hand nearly two thousand dollars. An incident occurred on the cars as the ladies were returning from this convention worthy of mention. Delegates were discussing the object of the fund and the amount in hand, when Mrs. Baugh



MRS. WINNIE PAULINE BAUGH.

remarked that she lacked only four dollars of having two thousand. A young gentleman sitting near, who had overheard the conversation, turned to them and said, "Ladies, I am the son of a Union soldier, born and reared in the North, but I ask the privilege of making that fund two thousand dollars," and he handed Mrs. Baugh five dollars. The ladies showed their appreciation by generous applause, and bespeak for Mr. N. L. Trowle, of Oskaloosa, Iowa, a warm reception wherever he goes in Dixie. The home is to be built in Austin, and it is gratifying to know that sufficient funds are in sight to justify the beginning of the building.

Mrs. Winnie Pauline Baugh was born in Uniontown, Ky., in 1853. She is a descendant of the best blood of an old colonial family of Virginia, and is a niece of that gallant Confederate soldier, Capt. Dick Dunville, killed at Murfreesboro. Her earliest recollections are of the dark days of the War between the States. She went to Texas in 1872, and has lived there since. She has filled prominent positions in different ladies' organizations to which she belongs; but in none has she taken more interest or shown greater diligence than in pressing to success her cherished idea of building this home, of which she is entitled to the honor of being the founder.

EXCUSABLE MISREPRESENTATION.

BY COL. T. B. ROY, ADJUTANT GENERAL TO HARDEE, NOW OF
WIESBADEN, GERMANY.

At the battle of Murfreesboro, December 31, 1862, Hardee's Corps doubled back the Federal right wing, and pressed it until the latter was reinforced and in a new position became too strong.

Next morning St. John Liddell's Brigade, of Cleburne's Division, with Semple's Battery—Churchill Semple, of Montgomery, Ala.—was pushed forward, at a certain point, to develop the enemy, and succeeded in developing him to such effect and in such force that the brigade withdrew with some precipitancy. Semple, riding behind his battery under fire, thought to set an example of coolness by dismounting to pick up a derelict blanket on the field.

As, bridle in hand, he stooped for that purpose, a shell exploded at his feet, his horse bounding with such quickness and force as to pull him over and leave him prone. On-lookers saw a riderless horse careering and the rider stretched on the ground, under the dust and smoke of concussion and explosion. Any one seeing it would have been quite sure that he was killed; but he was only stunned for a moment, and as the brigade disappeared over the brow of the hill he succeeded in recovering his horse, and followed.

Meanwhile Capt. George A. Williams, now of New Orleans, La., then Liddell's adjutant general, had been sent forward to where Gen. Hardee and his staff were grouped to report results, and as he reached Gen. Hardee Semple also rode up at his side, almost within arm's reach, without Williams seeing him. His report made, Williams, with a break in his voice, said: "I am sorry to have to add that Capt. Semple was killed."

Gen. Hardee, with a twinkle—for Semple and Williams were in front of him almost side by side—said: "Are you quite sure of that?"

"Yes, sir, unhappily, for I saw him killed."

"Who is that beside you?"

Williams turned his head, and there was Semple at his side. Discipline or no discipline, he flung his arms round him and well-nigh broke down.

Gen. Hardee's smiling comment was: "Capt. Williams, the lesson is, report only facts, and leave commanding officers to draw conclusions."

This incident was related to me with great gusto by Maj. Henry Churchill Semple, since deceased, who was a special friend of mine, I myself having only a hazy recollection of the circumstances. When I have on occasion repeated it, it has been deemed so good that it seems worthy of preservation in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

COMPANY G, FIRST GEORGIA CAVALRY.

A sad, yet pleasant, reunion at Rome was that of Company G, First Georgia Cavalry, held during the State Encampment U. C. V., at the residence of W. D. Jones. This company was the first one of cavalry that left Floyd County in March, 1862, with a membership of eighty-seven, rank and file. Recruits came during the three years, running the number up to one hundred and forty. There are now living twenty-three, eleven in Floyd County—viz.: T. S. Burney, G. W. Warren, H. T. Moore, D. P. Phillips, H. H. Waters, Sol Everett, John Corley, James Selman, W. D. Jones, W. A. Overby, and W. L. Aycock. Lieut. George A. Webster, of Atlanta, is the only living officer of the company. He and the first nine named were present at the dinner table of W.

D. Jones. After the splendid dinner and music they spent an hour together, at the conclusion of which they sang "God Be with You till We Meet Again." Other survivors seeing this will please write to Lieut. George A. Webster, care Waterworks Department, Atlanta, Ga.

CONCERNING THE BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA.

BY CAPT. H. B. CLAY, CHURCH HILL, TENN.

In the January VETERAN Comrade Minnich speaks of the operations of our army, on its right, at Chickamauga on Saturday. The writer, having been with his command on that part of the line, will endeavor to sketch what he saw and what he knew to have occurred there at that time.

The cavalry on our right was Forrest's Corps, and he only knows positively of one of its divisions, that of Brig. Gen. John Pegram. He believes that another was composed of a division under command of Brig. Gen. Frank Armstrong, and that this consisted of Armstrong's own brigade and another under Col. Dibrell.

Gen. Pegram's Division had three brigades, his own, to the command of which Gen. H. B. Davidson had been assigned; but, as he reached it only late Friday or Friday night, the latter was handicapped by his want of knowledge of the command. It had the First Georgia (instead of First Georgia Brigade), the Sixth Georgia, Twelfth and Sixteenth Tennessee Battalions, under Lieut. Col. Rucker and composing Rucker's Legion, the Sixty-Sixth North Carolina, under Col. Folk, and the Tenth Confederate, under Col. Goode. This, with Huwald's excellent battery, composed the command which, since Murfreesboro, had been operating under Gen. Pegram, and which his West Point education and life in the regular army had enabled him to bring to a high state of discipline and efficiency.

Still farther to the right was Scott's Brigade, under Col. John Scott, of the First Louisiana Cavalry. It was in action at Red House bridge during the battle, but not near enough to Gen. Pegram to be of service to him. The Third Brigade was that of Gen. George B. Hodge, of Kentucky and Virginia troops, but it was so far off that it had no part in the fighting.

Friday night Gens. Forrest and Pegram bivouacked on the field from which Gen. Bushrod Johnson had driven a Federal force. Saturday morning, at gray daylight, Gen. Pegram awoke a staff officer of his and directed him to go to the First Georgia picket and see what that firing meant. Arriving there, no difficulty was had in determining what that firing meant, as that little company was being hard pressed by what seemed quite a heavy force. Asking that a squadron be sent him, it was quickly on hand, rapidly dismounted and put in action; but as the enemy's line still lapped ours on both right and left, another message was sent, asking for the rest of that regiment. Coming up, it was either being dismounted and moved to the right of the line engaged or was being placed in position. When Gen. Pegram came up with the brigade, which, being disposed, with Huwald on the left and the Twelfth Tennessee mounted on the left of the battery, the whole line went forward at a charge, our guns at work also. The charge developed the brigade of infantry of Col. Dan McCook, and some fifteen or sixteen prisoners were taken. We saw nothing more of that brigade that day, so far as we knew.

The brigade, remounting, was moved to our left, passing an old sawmill (since understood to have been Jay's Mill), and, moving some five or six hundred yards from it, was

halted, while a conference took place between Gen. Forrest, who had just ridden up, and Gen. Pegram. During this the same staff officer was called up and ordered to take ten men and reconnoiter for a half mile in our front or in an indicated direction. Taking Sergeant Goodwin, of the First Georgia, whom he had had with him in a night reconnoissance of the position charged the next day at Murfreesboro (and who it is hoped lives to read this), they rode for three-quarters of a mile through an unbroken woodland thick with undergrowth.

Riding slowly and looking in every direction, nothing was heard or seen by them, save an occasional note from small birds. Everything was as still as if two great armies were not then moving up into positions for one of the greatest and most desperately fought battles of the war. Upon returning, report was made to Gen. Pegram. He and Gen. Forrest were still talking with each other when a heavy and unexpected fire was received by the First Georgia, its men being at ease and some, perhaps, dismounted by the sides of their horses. Where those Federals came from has been ever since an unsolved puzzle to that staff officer, for that firing came from precisely the direction from which he had returned not more than fifteen or twenty minutes before, and he knows that they were not where he and Goodwin had been.

Thrown into momentary confusion, that fine command was soon in position, with Gen. Forrest directing; while the rest of the brigade were rapidly dismounted and, with Huwald's guns, took position on a small rise, with the First Georgia on the right, Twelfth and Sixteenth Tennessee on the left of the First Georgia, Huwald in the center, and on the left of his guns were the Tenth Georgia, Sixth Confederate, and the Sixty-Sixth North Carolina. Seeing at once how greatly this command was outnumbered, Gen. Forrest ordered Gen. Pegram to hold that position until he could bring reinforcements. And hold it he did, with Huwald sweeping the front with canister; while the dismounted men fought like infantry, and not an inch of ground had been yielded when, after some time (who knows of time during a fight), there was the welcome sight of the head of Ector's Brigade of Infantry, closely followed by that of Wilson. There was a lull in the firing at this time, and Pegram was ordered to mount his men and have their cartridge boxes filled, as there were but few left in the boxes after that morning's work. Forming rapidly, with Dibrell's Regiment on their right, these commands moved in, and a bloody reception it was that met them.

Forrest's part at Chickamauga is well and carefully told in Wyeth's "Life of Gen. N. B. Forrest." The writer is glad that he owns one, but it is of such great interest that his neighbors keep his copy constantly borrowed.

RALLYING WITH A FRYING PAN.

BY J. B. MINOR, NEW YORK.

Tragedy was so often connected with the ludicrous in the life of the Confederate soldier that in speaking of one we are often reminded of the other.

May 5, 1864, marked the opening of Gen. Grant's campaign in the Wilderness. Perhaps the most desperate, continuous fighting of the war was done within the next ten days. It is not my purpose to follow the bloody paths of both armies from the Wilderness to Petersburg, but to relate a little incident that I witnessed on the 6th, one of the hottest fighting days we had.

I belonged to the First Company of Richmond Howitzers, Maj. Henry C. Cabell's Battalion of Artillery, which, in ad-

dition to our Howitzers, was composed of two Georgia companies and one of North Carolina, making sixteen guns in all. Different sections of the battalion had been sent to different parts of the field as needed. My company had position just in front of a thick woods, with a clear space of probably seventy-five or a hundred yards intervening between us and the timber. This space was level; but a short distance within the woods the ground fell off abruptly, and in this depression the Federals could form their lines of battle out of reach of our guns and but a short distance from them. Gen. Grant seemed determined to break through at this point. He would mass large bodies of infantry almost at the edge of the timber, and then rush them out sometimes three lines strong. We used double charges of canister, and made a slaughter pen of the open space in our front, ably assisted by the gallant old Third Arkansas Infantry, under Col. Robert S. Taylor, which supported us. It was the morning of the 6th, the men were worn out with fighting and want of sleep. The enemy in our front had made no demonstration up to nearly ten o'clock, and, save those on picket, we were lying down, many of us asleep. Col. Taylor, with a frying pan in his hand, was cooking for himself a breakfast, when, without any warning, three lines of battle with a terrific yell burst from the woods in our front. We showered canister upon them, but they kept coming, reached our breastworks, charged over them, and pinned to the ground with their bayonets several of the Third Arkansas. It was a hand-to-hand fight for a few moments. Col. Taylor had his frying pan by the handle, and was swinging it round and round his head, scattering the hot gravy in every direction as he rallied his men, shouting, "We must hold this position;" and hold it we did, but not until assistance came. The shouting, the shooting, the dead, and the dying made a lasting impression on me; but nothing is more vivid in my memory of that morning than Col. Taylor in the midst of the mêlée, scattering hot gravy on all sides as he shook the frying pan over his head, rallying his men.

CONFEDERATES CONDEMNED AS SPIES.

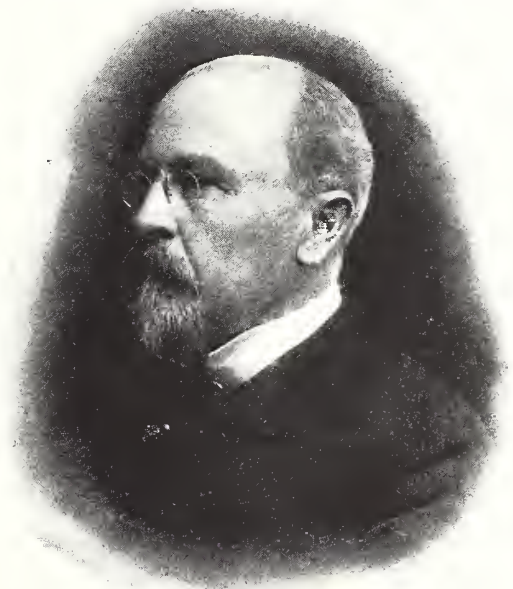
A thrilling experience had Comrade W. B. Leedy, of Birmingham, Ala., and it is the basis of this personal sketch.

William Bibb Leedy was born at Aberdeen, Miss., on Christmas Day of 1846. His parents were Lorenzo Dow Leedy, a native of Abingdon, Va., and Sarah Garrett Bibb, daughter of William Bibb, of Huntsville, Ala. His mother died in 1851 and his father in 1862, and he was reared by his mother's people at Huntsville. Huntsville was occupied by the Federal troops, and young Leedy was not able to gratify his inclination to join the Confederate army. Being offered a position as clerk under a Federal quartermaster at a salary of one hundred dollars a month, he accepted it on condition that he should not be required to take the oath of allegiance. He was so engaged along with several boy friends until the troops were withdrawn previous to Hood's advance in Tennessee, in November, 1864. Then, being free to act as he pleased, and being nearly of military age, he took part in the organization of a cavalry company.

Scarcely had the Federal troops withdrawn when his company was mustered in as Company I, Col. Russell's Fourth Alabama Cavalry, of N. B. Forrest's Corps, and he was made second sergeant. In the first fight in which he took part, on Hood's retreat to the Tennessee River, young Leedy was captured, with a number of his comrades, and was imprisoned in the penitentiary at Nashville. The fact that he had held a

clerical position under the Federal quartermaster at Huntsville was soon discovered, and he and eighteen others, similarly situated, were charged with being spies, bushwhackers, etc., and tried before a drumhead court-martial. The oath of allegiance was offered and charges were to be withdrawn. If they refused, however, the terms offered, they were to be at once convicted and sentenced to death. Leedy obtained the legal assistance of Judge Jordan Stokes, of Nashville; but of no avail, as the accused and his comrades, nineteen in all, were really condemned before trial. Of the others, Mr. Leedy recalls the names of Capt. Thomas B. Jordan, Maj. Clinton Douglass, Rev. John A. Young (who became a minister of the Presbyterian Church), Capt. W. H. Moore, of Memphis, and Capt. Frank B. Gurley (who killed Gen. McCook). Before sentence could be carried into effect Gen. Forrest sent an officer to Nashville, under a flag of truce, with the warning that he should hang a Federal officer for every one of these nineteen that were executed. This served to stay proceedings, and influential friends laid the matter before President Lincoln, who gave orders which resulted in the exchange of the whole nineteen for Federal prisoners in Libby Prison, under sentence of death for various charges.

Sergeant Leedy obtained his freedom at Richmond, in March, 1865, and with a furlough for sixty days he then started for home, making the greater part of the distance, through the Carolinas and Georgia, on foot, and through the country which Sherman had laid waste. On reaching Mont-



WILLIAM B. LEEDY.

gomery, he learned of Lee's surrender. He later gave himself up at Meridian, Miss., was paroled, and given transportation to Huntsville. Subsequent to the war he resided at Memphis from 1866 to 1870, engaged in the banking business at Huntsville until 1887, and since then has been in the real estate business at Birmingham. He is a member of W. J. Hardee Camp, U. C. V., and is major and aid-de-camp on the staff of Gen. George P. Harrison, commanding State of Alabama.

By his marriage, in 1873, to Kate Stratton, of Memphis, he has two sons and a daughter, all of whom are highly esteemed.

CONFEDERATE DEAD BURIED IN KENTUCKY.

BY MRS. SOPHIE FOX SEA,

Historian Kentucky State Division, U. D. C.

I pray that some in ignorance of the last resting places of their beloved dead will find in this list that I have gathered with infinite reverence and pity the names sought for but never found, and know that the places where the dust of their loved ones are awaiting the trump of the archangel of the resurrection are indeed God's acres, cared for, beautified, even glorified, by the loving thought of comrades and friends.

CAVE HILL CEMETERY, LOUISVILLE.

ALABAMA.

John M. Armstrong.
John R. Berrison, A. S. Boro, 41st; Gen. Alpheus Baker;
J. B. Bruce, 31st; Hiram Bush, 24th.
J. A. Carter, 7th; F. M. Champion.
William Dicks, 40th.
R. H. Frederick; W. Fraywick, 57th.
W. G. Hagood, 18th; J. Hardy, 15th; Benjamin A. Hunter.
James R. Knight, 1st.
Alonzo Lane, 1st.
D. H. Moon; Godfrey Machair, 57th; W. A. Mullinen; D.
H. Moss; E. L. D. Martin; David McDonald, Pineapple, Wilcox County, Ala.; Joseph Morrell; Thomas McGovern, 20th.
J. H. Odewer, 53d.
John Puctt, 41st; P. S. Pullen, 22d; S. R. Prigh, 32d;
Darling Pitman, 51st; M. Price.
Nathaniel Reader, 40th; J. H. Roach, 60th.
Simon Spigle, 5th.
E. E. Thomas, 24th.

GEORGIA.

G. D. Ayers.
F. Backley, George Beale.
A. P. Dunn, 59th.
A. Everett, 51st.
D. Falley.
T. C. Giddings, 29th; William W. Godfrey, 24th.
William Hendrick.
J. Lindsay, 15th.
G. W. Mooney, 13th; William McCantrey, 54th; Allen Moss.
R. O'Niel; John H. Odin, 4th.
J. W. Powell, 16th; R. T. Pullion; Lewis Potts, 61st; H.
J. Parish, 17th.
B. H. Smith.
George Turner, 63d; Thomas F. Todd, 16th; Elizabeth Temms, Calhoun ("Bury me with my people").
William A. Winburn, 16th.

ARKANSAS.

D. A. Mills.
William G. Parrish, of Gen. Foster's Arkansas Rangers;
Charles N. Perkins, Cook's First Arkansas Cavalry.
Henry L. Smith; D. H. Sangston, Bradley County, Ark.
B. F. Walker.

ENGLAND.

Richard Holdsworth, born in Wakefield, Yorkshire, Eng., wounded at battle of Shiloh.

FLORIDA.

J. T. Atkinson.
William Hastings, 3d.
Thomas Jackson, 6th.

GERMANY.

Bryant W. Hamilton, of Germany.

LOUISIANA.

Burton C. Allan, William Atway.
J. Belljohn, 13th; Daniel Busby, 13th Vols., son of Daniel Busby, of New Orleans; Octave Le Brasseur, aged 19, Attakapas.
Elphig Debocuff, St. James Parish.
Thomas W. Elkins, 17th.
C. Frommyer, 13th.
J. Gardiner.
W. H. Harris; Joseph Hisley, 25th.
Rudolph Kuk, New Orleans; Edward Kehoe, 18th.
C. McMalton, Jesse McCreary.
Archibald Pepper.
Eugene Reunday, St. James Parish.
Wallace S. Wiggins, New Orleans.

MISSISSIPPI.

J. Armer.
J. W. Beiller, 22d; John Booth, 4th; Washington Butler.
G. W. Erby.
J. M. Fail.
Erasmus Y. Glavritt, 40th.
W. B. Headley.
William C. Lacy.
William McCoy, 24th.
Peter Newcomb, 24th.
James Payne, 41st.
S. M. Shessnutt, 30th.
R. Therell, 8th; N. B. Trotter.
David Walker, W. P. Wiley.

NORTH CAROLINA.

Samuel Allen, 20th.
Baxter Grandiss.
John Trigue, 58th.

NEW YORK.

William Pomroy, of New York, Hawkins's Zouaves.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

S. O. Berry, 19th; A. Riggins, 2d.

TENNESSEE.

Elijah Andrews.
Jonathan Bailey, 5th; John A. Barrow, 27th; Milton Brann, N. W. or W. N. Bragg.
Thomas Cunningham, W. R. Chandler.
Prestly Dodson, Franklin; Alex. Dollar, A. C. Doffin.
W. R. Glover, 33d; John P. Green, W. Gotton.
W. K. Hardy, 10th; W. B. Hett, 3d; Thomas Harvy, 37th.
John Jones, Marion County.
Thomas M. S. Kelly, 1st.
Jere Lynch; Jacob Lown, 4th.
R. H. Madden, 10th; C. W. Moose, Rhea County; E. Malone, 2d.
W. C. Nixon, 4th; S. H. Night.
Fountain P. Patterson, 17th; Marcus L. Palmer.
A. J. Robbins, 38th; Patrick Reynolds, 5th.
J. T. Shelton, 43d; John Sheldon; George Stigall; James B. Shackelford, Sergeant 27th Regt.; W. J. Stevens; L. D. Small, 8th; J. Spiney, 28th; Robert Snodgrass, Sparta.
D. P. Tripple.
A. Wade, 29th; William West, Franklin; B. J. Wheeler;
R. P. Wistead, 41st; John W. Weekley, Montgomery County.
W. A. Young.

TEXAS.

John G. Field, 5th Infantry; Frank H. Griffin, Texas Cavalry; D. Messner.

VIRGINIA.

Frank Armistead.
Peter Chatwell, 28th.
James P. Hazelwood, 27th.
Lieut. Col. John Lawson, 59th.
William Pomery, Hawkins's Zouaves.

In the following cases no State or country is indicated on the tombstone:

W. S. Adams, Nelson Aldridge, Michael Adamson.
W. J. Brasween, Ellison's Cavalry; Thomas W. Bunting,
D. C. Brown, L. D. Blinks, M. Butler, J. Ballard.
John Carlisle, James Cobb, T. C. Collins.
G. W. Duncan; J. H. Donaldson, Shaw's Battery.
Maj. Joseph T. Fullerton, William Furguson, Samuel Fra-

zier.

D. Gant, Frank H. Griffin.
John Howe; W. E. House, Bennett's Regiment; A Hunt.
Ben. Knowen.
J. Lundy, Jonathan Lee.
J. T. Misenheimer; James Murphy, civil prisoner; Mat-
thew McCarty, 1st Confederate; H. A. Meyers, J. H. Mc-
Niece, P. Monahan.

E. M. O'Dum.

S. Perkins.

J. F. Russell.

W. T. Sussell, Henry C. Shotwell.

N. B. Thompson, S. Tanner, Valentine Tuffle.

J. H. Whitehead, John Walter, R. B. Wilder.

Unknown, New Orleans.

LEXINGTON CEMETERY.

The following list of those buried in Lexington is fur-
nished by Mrs. Eugenia Dunlap Potts:

James Allen, 56th Ga.; M. S. Allgood, 54th Ga.

J. S. Barker, George H. Boykin, 6th Fla.; J. W. Brooks,
2d Ark.; R. H. Brown, 7th Fla.; N. B. Buchanan, 62d N. C.;
D. Burchfield, 39th Va.; J. R. Butler, 6th Fla.

Thomas Coker, 47th Tenn.; J. R. Copeland, 48th Tenn.;
John Cowan, 6th Fla.; James Compton, Va., major on staff
of R. E. Lee, inspector of artillery 3d Army Corps, died
1902; R. T. Chambers, 34th Va.

J. Deas, 7th Fla.; M. Dryberry, 38th Ga.; John H. Dor-
sey, 2d Miss. Inf.

G. W. Eavins, 59th Fla.

G. Foley, 6th Fla.; A. Fowler, 7th Fla.; L. K. Frisby, 5th
Tex.; T. M. Fore, 43d Ala.

Charles A. Gordon, 1st Ark.

T. H. Hunter, 22d Tenn.; J. H. Harris, J. W. Hartley, R.
S. Huff, 54th Ga.; E. Hays, 6th Fla.; W. Hicks, 59th Ga.;
Peter Helm, 54th Va.; Thomas Hawkins, 43d Ala.

John D. Ives, 48th Tenn.

J. H. Jones, 54th Ga.; Zack Johnson, 1st Ala.; John Jen-
kins, 9th Miss.

L. F. Krout, 20th Ala.

G. F. Landham, 4th Ark.; J. C. Mercer, 6th Fla.; Josiah
Merritt, Charles McJones, 7th Fla.; G. W. Massey, 29th Va.;
Elija Maddox, 5th Fla.; John Martin, 10th Tex. Cav.

R. D. Nichols, 56th Ga.; James Nawles, 6th Fla.; George
Newman, 18th Ala.

G. W. Palmer, 48th Tenn.; T. O. Putnam, 12th Tenn.

P. W. Pierce, 6th Fla.; G. R. Philips, 59th Ga.

T. C. Robinson, 48th Tenn.; James Ross, 54th Ga.; S. L.
Rowan, 6th Fla.; D. J. Robinette, 3d Ga.; J. C. Randolph,
34th Va.; Robert Rivenback, 1st Fla.; W. M. Russell, Tenn.
Inf.

M. T. Searles, 20th Ala.; A. P. Smith, 54th Ga.; John
Seals, 12th Tenn.; A. R. Sergeant, 2d Ark.; R. G. Steed, 3d
Ga.; Richard Stewart, 30th Ala.; E. A. Stanbridge, 29th N. C.

R. G. Tipton, 54th Ga.; H. L. Tucker, 43d Ala.; Henry
Thornton, 30th Va. Inf.

E. Varner, 6th Fla.

T. W. Ward, 30th Ark.; James Wilson, 2d Ark.; S. J.
Williams, 6th Fla.; John Williams, 1st Ark. Cav.; N. J. Win-
field, 3d Ga.; John Whit, 34th Va.; J. S. P. Wardrope, 20th
N. C.; J. William, 42d Ga.; William Russell White, Tenn.,
fell at battle of Richmond, Ky.

DANVILLE CEMETERY.

Miss Ida Wingate furnishes the following list of those
buried in Danville Cemetery:

W. Ames, 2d Ark.; J. R. Ashley, 19th S. C.

T. P. Boling, 28th Ala.; S. T. Bryan, 9th S. C.; E. C.
Bevins; J. Barrett, 6th Ark.; C. B. Burns, 24th Tenn.; L. C.
Barnett; A. J. Becs, 3d Fla.; J. W. Bay, Ga.; T. J. Beckley,
28th Ala.; H. F. Bryan, 8th Ark.; B. D. Butler, 25th La.; A.
Burns, Ala.

J. R. Courson, 32d Miss.; M. Compton, Ga.

William A. Dunn, 7th Fla., born July 6, 1841, died in
prison at Danville, Ky., November 11, 1862; H. Dyoe, 16th
La.; L. R. Dedlack, 32d Miss.

W. English, 41st Miss.; S. P. Ethrice, 39th Ala.; J. A.
Eastward, 34th Ala.

D. M. Faun (or Fann), 10th S. C.; F. J. C. Flity, Fla.

S. A. Goodman, 2d Miss.

W. Henderson, 19th Miss.; R. G. Hardie, 19th S. C.; H.
W. Hayden, 45th Ala.; J. B. Handman, 12th Ga.; T. Har-
mon, 41st Ga.; L. M. Hicks, Ga.; T. Horman, 42d Ga.; W.
F. Haden, 37th Miss.; B. S. Hacle (or Hucley), 15th Ala.;
B. C. Horne; W. Helm, 39th Tenn.; Y. F. Husk, 37th Tenn.

W. Jackson, 54th Ga.; C. D. Jenkins, 25th La.

Capt. C. N. Kerr, 9th Tenn.; H. King, 39th Ala.

E. Lamlis, 13th La.; W. Larimer, 28th Ala.

C. W. McGrow, 56th Ga.; J. Mitchell, 52d Ga.; J. A.
Meadows, 34th Ala.

J. Occletree, 29th Ala.; M. Pasting, Ala.; W. M. Packer.

G. L. Reeves, 8th Ark.; Russell, 33d Ala.

S. W. Stanley, 24th Miss.; J. Selph, 19th Ala.; E. S. Sam-
lin, 51st Tenn.; W. Spaten, 24th Ga.; J. R. Smith, 19th S. C.;
W. M. Snow, 29th Ala.; H. Smith, 23d Ala.; J. K. Stephens,
19th Ala.

Leight Thomlinson, 24th Miss. Inf., died November, 1862,
aged 35; E. Turner; J. P. Tucker, 45th Ala.; C. Thomson,
42d Ga.; D. Turner, 19th S. C.

P. Wilson, 42d Ala.; J. H. Williams, 9th Miss.; J. H.
Wilson, 33d Ala.; W. S. Williams, 7th Miss.

The list of soldiers buried at Harrodsburg, Ky., is fur-
nished by Mrs. Ansel D. Price:

C. Joseph Allin, Tex. Regt.

John Carter, 3d Ark.; Thomas B. Carter, Secret Service,
C. S. A.; Capt. Calhoun, Ga.; Alonzo Chinn, 1st La.

Manuel Garcia, Brynes's Bat.

Jesse Head, 3d Ark., killed at Antietam; James E. Hughes,
3d Ark., died in Indiana.

Jarman Kountz, Ark., buried in Mrs. Poteet's lot.

Matthew P. Lowry, Price's Command, died in Missouri.

Capt. McClung, of Tusculumbia, Ala., wounded at Perry-
ville, died at Harrodsburg; B. P. McAlister, Miss.; Lafayette
Marshall, 3d Ark.; died at Lawrenceburg, Ky.; Sam N.
Matheney, 3d Ark., died at Stanford, Ky.

Henry Noland, William Noland, Quantrell's Command.

Maj. Price, of Tuscumbia, Ala., wounded at Perryville, died at Harrodsburg.

Chad. Rennick, Lieutenant Quantrell's Command.

Surgeon Wright, Ga.

Command not stated: Howard Alexander, killed in Southern Ky.; George Arnold, wounded at Cynthiana, died at Harrodsburg, Ky.; Thomas B. Carter, mentioned also on page 75; John Kane, Sr., killed at Crockett's Cave, Va.; David L. Richardson, killed at Lebanon; John C. Singleton, brevet captain, killed at Lebanon; G. W. Driver, Col. B. Ford, Helm, J. L. Kaars, McClung, Lieut. Lee, Andrew Moses, Mitchell, Pitson Miller, William Oglesby, William Price, Smith Richards, John Richardson, Park Robert, Lieut. Thomas York, wounded at Perryville, died at Harrodsburg, Confederate lot, Spring Hill Cemetery.

HOPKINSVILLE CEMETERY

Mrs. L. McF. Blakemore collected the following list of those buried at Hopkinsville. Fourteen dead are unknown. A monument was erected by John C. Latham, Esq., to "Unknown Dead" before the list of names was discovered:

R. F. Allen, 7th Tex., died Dec. 15, 1861; B. Adare, Oct. 25, 1861.

William Bradford, died Nov. 19, 1861; J. W. Burton, 3d Miss., Nov. 18, 1861; Joseph Baxter, 3d Miss., Nov. 4, 1861; W. J. Bottoms, 3d Miss., Nov. 30, 1861; Samuel Barkley, 3d Miss., Nov. 12, 1861; J. W. Birger, 1st Miss., Nov. 14, 1861; N. J. Bracken, Forrest's Cav. (Tenn.), Nov. 2, 1861; John Brogan, 1st Miss., Oct. 15, 1861; James Bolivar, Nov. 13, 1861; Tewellyn Bryant, aged 18, good boy, Oct. 14, 1861; J. R. Ballinger, 7th Tex., Dec. 30, 1861; J. N. Barnwell, 7th Tex., Dec. 19, 1861; John K. Bledsoe, 7th Tex., Jan. 26, 1862; Lieut. I. P. Bassett, 7th Tex., Jan. 25, 1862; E. A. Beaver, 7th Tex., Jan. 11, 1862; W. H. J. Burke, 7th Tex., Jan. 2, 1862; Wallis Beard, 7th Tex., Dec. 18, 1861.

James M. Carpenter, 3d Miss.; George W. Chinn, 3d Miss., died Oct. 27, 1861; W. T. Christian, 7th Tex., Jan. 27, 1862; W. W. Crow, 3d Miss.; Joel Cooper, 3d Miss., Nov. 19, 1861; Thomas Clanton, 7th Tex., Jan. 20, 1862; Robert Craney, 7th Tex., Feb. 27, 1862; John W. Cross, 7th Tex., Dec. 24, 1861; M. J. Clough, 7th Tex., Dec. 4, 1861; Ben Carr, 7th Tex., Jan. 12, 1862.

Sample Davis, 1st Miss., died Nov. 10, 1861; T. F. Davenport, Nov. 1, 1861; J. Davis, 3d Miss., Dec. 20, 1861; N. Davis, Forrest's Cav. (Tenn.), Dec. 16, 1861; R. J. Dyer, Forrest's Cav. (Tenn.), Dec. 6, 1861; R. C. Dunbar, 7th Tex., Jan. 2, 1862; J. W. Davis, 7th Tex., Dec. 4, 1861; D. B. Dawson, Forrest's Cav. (Tenn.), Jan. 9, 1862.

William L. Everette, 7th Tex., died Dec. 27, 1861; M. J. Elkin, 7th Tex., Jan. 13, 1862; W. B. Ely, 7th Tex., Feb. 2, 1862.

W. W. Fortune; J. B. Ferrill, 3d Miss.; John Farney, 3d Miss., died Nov. 18, 1861; Isaac Ferguson, 7th Tex., Dec. 22, 1861; B. F. Fambraough, 7th Tex., Jan. 11, 1862; M. A. Feathers, 7th Tex., Jan. 3, 1862; Thomas Funcker, 7th Tex., Jan. 25, 1862.

J. J. George, 7th Tex., died Dec. 29, 1862; Hiram Gish, 1st Miss., Nov. 23, 1861; George P. Green, 3d Miss., Nov. 23, 1861; A. L. Goff, 7th Tex.

J. J. Henderson, 1st Miss., died Nov. 7, 1861; H. J. Hill, 3d Miss., Oct. 26, 1861; Joel C. Hall, 3d Miss., Jan. 24, 1862; J. T. Hall, Jan. 25, 1862; James W. Hines, 3d Miss., Jan. 20, 1862; W. J. Haister, 1st Miss., Oct. 21, 1861; W. T. Henry, Forrest's Cav. (Tenn.), Jan. 16, 1862; J. Hardin, 7th Tex., Dec. 21, 1861; L. L. Holloway, 7th Tex., Dec. 20, 1861; R.

Hudson, 7th Tex.; M. N. Howe, 7th Tex., Dec. 27, 1861; J. N. Hayes, 7th Tex., Jan. 9, 1862; T. J. Harper, 7th Tex., Jan. 16, 1862; E. Hooper, no inscription; Washington Hall, man of color, Hill's Co., Grigg's Regt., Tex. (no date; this old man was a faithful servant to his master, and died much beloved by his company).

Job Johnson, Forrest's Cav. (Tenn.), died Jan. 16, 1862; Isaiah W. James, 3d Miss., Oct. 26, 1861; J. T. Jones, 7th Tex., Dec. 25, 1861; Robert Jarmen, 7th Tex., Dec. 11, 1861.

James Kelew, 3d Miss., died Oct. 20, 1861; I. M. Knowle, 7th Tex., Jan. 24, 1862.

William Letty, 7th Tex.; W. W. Lewis, 7th Tex., died Dec. 18, 1861; W. H. Late, 3d Miss., Oct. 30, 1861; J. W. Lawler, 3d Miss., Oct. 22, 1861; A. J. Lucas, 1st Miss., Jan. 10, 1862; John W. Long, 3d Miss., Feb. 19, 1862; B. F. Lambeth, 7th Tex., Jan. 24, 1862; Henry J. Lard, 3d Miss., no date.

H. Moore, Forrest's Cav. (Tenn.); Sergt. W. D. McCloud, 3d Miss., died Nov. 14, 1861; D. J. McCraw, 3d Miss., Oct. 30, 1861; Edmund Morgan, 3d Miss., Jan. 22, 1862; W. P. Moseley, 7th Tex.; R. T. McAnulty, 1st Miss., Dec. 10, 1861; Calvin Mafitte, 3d Miss., Oct. 22, 1861; J. B. Morgan, 3d Miss., Nov. 21, 1861; J. F. McBride, 3d Miss., Nov. 18, 1861; W. Mathings, Nov. 1, 1861; W. B. Membrane, 7th Tex., Jan. 1, 1862; William Murray, 7th Tex., Nov. 20, 1861; Newton Melton, 7th Tex., Nov. 15, 1861; P. K. Murray, 7th Tex., Dec. 1, 1861; John W. McClary, 7th Tex., Dec. 17, 1861; John Mills, 7th Tex., Dec. 26, 1861; W. B. Middleton, 7th Tex., Jan. 18, 1862; L. Martin, 7th Tex., Jan. 11, 1862; P. B. Martin, 7th Tex., Jan. 7, 1862.

J. W. Northlott, 1st Miss., died Jan. 9, 1862; Harman Newson, 3d Miss., Nov. 1, 1861; P. J. Naylor, 7th Tex., Dec. 24, 1861; W. W. Naylor, 7th Tex., Jan. 12, 1862.

John F. Oliver, 7th Tex., died Dec. 2, 1861.

James Palmer, 3d Miss., died Nov. 10, 1861; T. Perkins, 3d Miss.; William Palmer, 7th Tex., Dec. 20, 1861; J. L. Payneto, 7th Tex., Dec. 29, 1861; Cicero M. Potts, aged 18, 3d Miss., Nov. 21, 1861; James Palmer, Forrest's Cav. (Tenn.), Jan. 22, 1862; S. U. Peiry, 7th Tex., Feb. 1, 1862; George W. Pegues, 7th Tex., Dec. 28, 1861; A. W. Pearson, 7th Tex., Jan. 10, 1862; John M. Payne, 7th Tex., Feb. 4, 1862; I. Percival, 7th Tex., Dec. 25, 1861; J. T. Potts, 3d Miss., Dec. 9, 1861.

William Roe, Forrest's Cav. (Tenn.), died Jan. 16, 1862; W. W. Rozell, 7th Tex., Dec. 17, 1861; James Robinson, 7th Tex., Jan. 13, 1862; J. C. Reece, Miss. Vols., Oct. 14, 1861; Ira Rualls, Nov. 6, 1861; J. M. Reed, 1st Miss., Oct. 15, 1861; V. D. Roney, 3d Miss., Nov. 4, 1861; George Rice, Jan. 13, 1862; John Robert, Nov. 19, 1861; W. J. Roberts, 7th Tex., Dec. 26, 1861.

Daniel Seymore, Forrest's Cav. (Tenn.), died Jan. 31, 1862; F. M. Smith, Forrest's Cav. (Tenn.), Jan. 12, 1862; J. O. Steel, 2d Miss., Nov. 3, 1861; C. C. Singleton, 1st Miss., Jan. 8, 1862; W. Singleton, 3d Miss., Oct. 26, 1861; Peter A. Sewant, 3d Miss.; E. W. Smith, 3d Miss., Oct. 26, 1861; R. J. Southerland, 3d Miss., Oct. 29, 1861; H. M. Story, 7th Tex., Jan. 13, 1862; H. W. Spade, 7th Tex., Jan. 3, 1862; R. W. Sparks, 7th Tex., Dec. 23, 1861; E. T. Stephens, 7th Tex., Dec. 24, 1862; F. H. Smith, 7th Tex., Dec. 20, 1861; Bailey Sybert, 7th Tex., Dec. 6, 1861; J. A. Strain, 7th Tex., Dec. 2, 1861; George W. Stewart, 7th Tex., Dec. 7, 1861; Henry Sordon, 7th Tex., Jan. 6, 1862; C. F. Scarborough, 7th Tex., Dec. 22, 1861; W. Sansbaugh, 7th Tex., Jan. 2, 1862; John Scott, 7th Tex., Jan. 16, 1862; A. J. Shelbourn, 7th Tex., Jan. 2, 1862.

William Tumblin, 3d Miss., died Feb. 13, 1862; Daniel Todd, Nov. 21, 1861; John D. Trice, 7th Tex., Dec. 17, 1861; J. W. Taylor, 7th Tex., Dec. 27, 1861; W. F. Thompson, 7th Tex., Jan. 4, 1862; James Thomas, 7th Tex., Dec. 28, 1861; Matthew Tyner, 3d Miss.; Thomas J. Teyner, 3d Miss.

F. Utzman, 7th Tex., died Jan. 6, 1862.

F. J. Vincent, 1st Miss., died Dec. 28, 1861; F. F. Vander-syice, Jan. 7, 1862; L. H. Vercher, 7th Tex., Dec. 26, 1861.

J. W. Whaleer, 1st Miss., died Dec. 16, 1861; M. Winner, 3d Miss., Jan. 20, 1862; J. W. Wilkinson, 3d Miss., Nov. 26, 1861; W. E. Wincham, 3d Miss.; John West, 3d Miss., Oct. 22, 1861; Phil Wilkerson, 3d Miss., Dec. 20, 1861; J. H. Williams, Miss. Vols.; L. G. Williams, Green's Artillery, Jan. 20, 1862; W. G. G. Whitney, 7th Tex., Jan. 19, 1862; John R. Williams, 7th Tex., Jan. 24, 1862; W. M. Webster, 7th Tex., Dec. 17, 1861; D. B. Webster, 7th Tex., Dec. 13, 1861; J. Wilson, 7th Tex., Dec. 15, 1861; James E. Watson, 7th Tex., Dec. 22, 1861; J. T. Waller, 7th Tex., Dec. 27, 1861; John C. Wallace, 3d Miss., Feb. 5, 1862; G. H. Wilson, 7th Tex., Jan. 6, 1862.

John Young, Forrest's Cav. (Tenn.), died Dec. 5, 1861; J. A. Youngblood, 7th Tex., Dec. 23, 1862.

The following were buried at Camp Chase, Ohio:

J. L. Causey, Ordnance Sergeant, 3d Miss. Bat., died Jan. 16, 1865, aged 37 years, residence Osyka, Miss.

J. D. Newsom, Co. D, 29th Ala. Regt.

George Ranney, born in Livermore, Ky., July 24, 1839; died Oct. 23, 1863.

There is a most pathetic interest attached to the names sent by Mrs. Blakemore from Hopkinsville. Walking one day with John C. Latham, of New York, through a neglected portion of the old cemetery at Hopkinsville, Mr. H. C. Gant pointed out a spot overgrown with weeds and briars, and remarked that it was the last resting place of Confederate soldiers who had died at Hopkinsville during the fall and winter of 1861-62.

To a man of Mr. Latham's lofty sentiments and high ideals, himself an ex-Confederate soldier, there was something inexpressibly sad in the contemplation of this patch of tangled underbrush where rested the bodies of so many of his comrades. Subsequently, he placed funds at Mr. Grant's disposal for the erection of a monument, with the instruction to exhume all the bodies, place them in neat coffins, and rebury them in a circle around the site of the proposed monument. There was absolutely nothing by which the bones could be identified. The monument was completed May 10, 1888, at a cost of twelve thousand dollars; and after many years an insignificant-looking memorandum book, which had lain in the dust and debris of an old desk in the bank at Hopkinsville since it was put there in 1861 or 1862, has brought to light the names and records of the Confederate dead, in whose memory the magnificent granite shaft was erected.

The dead were buried in rows in the northeast corner of the cemetery. Beginning with Row No. 1, the owner of the memorandum book, George C. Anderson, Cotton Gin, Tex., had written legibly in ink the name, rank, and company of each dead soldier, about two hundred and thirty in all. A great many bodies were afterwards exhumed by relatives, but Mr. Gant and his associates found and reburied the bones of one hundred and one soldiers. Over their dust the Latham Monument stands an enduring tribute to all of valor that cannot die.

These men died during an epidemic of black measles in

the fall and winter of 1861-62. That their names and records were preserved under the circumstances is an enduring tribute to George C. Anderson, the owner of the memorandum book. His thought for others should be an example to us all.

A CAPT. NANCE OF TEXAS.

Notice of the consolidation of two weekly newspapers at Athens, Tenn., a few months ago included a reminiscence of war times by an exchange. Editor W. F. McCarron was a Union soldier, and the editor from which the reminiscence is copied was his prisoner.

On the night of the 16th of December, 1863, about sixty Federal soldiers under command of a Col. Dorr and Lieut. McCarron, of the Eighth Iowa Cavalry, made a midnight raid upon this section, and captured a fragment of the Ninth Tennessee Confederate Regiment, including W. P. Rutland and Green Burnett, of Nashville, George Williamson and Larry Vivrett, of Wilson County. A Capt. Nance, of Texas, and several other Confederates, who were enjoying home comforts, including the editor of the *Bakerville Review*, were captured and taken to Rock Island prison.

A very strange coincidence took place on the night of the raid. It was intensely dark, and rain had been pouring incessantly all day, the ground being mushy and rotten. The column, with their prisoners, was moving down Buffalo Valley toward headquarters, at Waverly, when a large chestnut tree turned up by the roots and fell obliquely across the marching column, mashing Capt. Nance and his horse into the earth. Both man and horse were dead in a second.

Capt. Nance's body was buried next day on the hill by the citizens without a coffin. All traces of his grave are now obliterated. His home was unknown, except that he said he was from Texas. No one ever inquired for him. He was about forty-five years old, and possessed a commanding and intellectual appearance.

ROLL CALL AFTER NEARLY FORTY YEARS.—The first reunion of surviving Confederate soldiers of Company C, First C. and C. Regiment, Second Indian Brigade, was held at Carthage, Tex., last November. The roll of said company, which was the first one to leave Carthage with a total membership of one hundred and seventy-five, was called by the old orderly, Sergt. J. T. Allison, and eighteen were present. They organized as the "Douglas H. Cooper" Camp, with permanent headquarters at Carthage, Tex. All absent survivors of said company may become members of the Camp, and no dues or charges shall ever be assessed upon its members. Annual reunions are to be held on the second Tuesday in April of each year." J. N. Hays and J. T. Allison were elected Captain and Orderly Sergeant of the Camp.

CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION OF SPOTTSYLVANIA, VA.—The many homes in the Southern States represented by their dead who are buried in the cemetery at Spottsylvania C. H., Va., will be glad to know that the Association is again reorganized and will do some active work in repairs, and give special care to the graves of the brave dead. All of the original members *except two* who did active work in the Association have died, and for some years no care has been given to the cemetery. Now the children and grandchildren are not willing that memories yet so dear shall be entirely neglected, and the effort to again revive the old Association has met with hearty sympathy and coöperation. Mrs. Samuel W. Alrich is President, and Miss Mary B. Gayle, Secretary.

A MONUMENT TO FATHER RYAN.

It is gratifying to know that a movement has been inaugurated by the *Mobile Register* to erect a monument to the patriot poet-priest of the Confederacy, Father A. J. Ryan. The body of this gifted son of the South lies buried in the Catholic cemetery of Mobile, where he resided for many years. A substantial stone marks his Christian faith, but there is no statue to keep alive his memory as the South's beloved and honored poet. The *Register* says: "We imagine this proposal will meet with a quick and generous response all over this country, for Father Ryan, although he sang of the South and was chief mourner in her desolation, was a world poet and sang of many things, with a song that reached down deep into humanity's heart. Neither time nor clime bound his influence. Wherever genius is admired there is admiration for Abram J. Ryan, whether here at home or in the North, or even the far Pacific Coast."

Commenting on the movement to erect this monument, the *Picayune*, of New Orleans, gives the following: "We, in these Southern States, have our heroes and martyrs whose names and deeds are worthy to be handed down through the ages, and we are piling up monuments of perishable material; but it is to our bards that we must trust for the immortality which our heroes deserve. Of the poets of the South who took part in and have sung of the South's Heroic Age, Father Ryan stands among the first. He was educated for the Roman Catholic priesthood, and, shortly after, having been ordained, he became a chaplain in the Confederate army, serving to the close of the war of 1861-65. No sooner was his strenuous work in the field concluded than he began to write of the cause to which he had been so much devoted, and soon after Lee's surrender he composed his celebrated poem, "The Conquered Banner," which was only one of a great number on patriotic, religious, and miscellaneous themes. He has, like the ancient Roman singer, Horace, built for himself in his poetry a monument more lasting than bronze; but this does not discharge the debt of admiration and gratitude which the people of these Southern States owe him for what he has done to consign to immortality, embalmed in his noble lines, the glorious events and deeds of the men and women of the South's Heroic Age. Let them unite to build at Mobile a memorial worthy of this noble poet of the South and the South's great cause."

TRIBUTE BY MRS. J. R. RYAN, BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

In priestly robes he stands
With wan and pleading face,
Uplifted brow with thought o'ercast,
And sympathetic grace.

A far-away, deep, questioning look
In melancholy eyes;
Sad, tender lips with sorrow pressed,
Whose smiles were almost sighs.

Low, silvery voiced, with eloquence
That charmed while hours fled,
Revealing hope and heaven beyond,
Seemed but a moment sped.

True, loyal son, loved well his land
When darkened were her skies;
He furled her starry banner,
And kissed her sorrowing eyes.

He sang the saddest story
E'er sung of conquered glory,
Of a flag that flashed and faded from all view;
Of a nation's hope that perished
And the dreams they fondly cherished
That were buried with their heroes brave and true.

Sang a requiem sad and holy
O'er that banner trailing lowly,
Where the palm tree waved o'er thousands in their woe;
They bent with hearts deep riven,
Without hope save that of heaven,
Burying loved ones 'neath the moonlight's pallid glow.

He knelt beside the bleeding,
His own pain and grief unheeding,
Soothed the anguish of the dying 'midst the slain;
His deeds adown the ages
With music of his pages,
Sweetest incense to his mem'ry will remain.

Birmingham, Ala.

WORK OF A CHAPTER IN CALIFORNIA.

The achievements of the Jefferson Davis Chapter, No. 540, of San Francisco, contain the following in the report of Mrs. Virginia Bowling Hilliard, the historian:

"At the State Convention held in San Francisco in October, 1903, a motion was passed that in future conventions each Chapter should give a detailed account of all work done during the year.

"The Jefferson Davis Chapter, in its second year, has a membership of over two hundred. It meets in the rooms of the Philomath Club. We found there most cheerful, agreeable quarters, even to the use of the daintiest china. The interest of our members is evidenced by the attendance of from seventy-five to one hundred at the monthly meetings.

"Our treasuries, Veterans' Fund and Chapter's purse, have paid out during the year, between conventions of 1903 and 1904, \$1,055. This amount was disbursed by loans to veterans, money given direct to them and to other needy Southern cases, to the expenses of conventions, Chapter expenses, and memorial work. We have been called upon by the public several times to help veterans in need. The sheriff called upon us to assist an old veteran and wife. They had been ordered to be evicted from their rooms, and the sheriff had not the courage to do it. The veteran was paralyzed. A lady, wife of a Manager on a G. A. R. Home Board, called to place in our care the widow of a veteran—old, poor, and ill with pneumonia. The Associated Charities requested our aid to send to his home in the South a young man dying of consumption. A lady in the Santa Clara Valley appealed to us for an old veteran. A word about this last case, it was so pathetic: He was an educated man, but had been for some time a farm hand. Exhausted by such work and his age, he was anxious to get a clerical position. We brought him to the city, and had in view a light place for him, when, on the second day he made another visit to Mrs. James P. Massie, herself the wife of a veteran and Chairman of the Charity Committee, to say that he would prefer to return to his native State, Alabama, to friends there. We sent him, equipped with every comfort, and money in his pocket; but he had stood the stress too long, for on arriving home he was in fever. He lingered but two days and was gone, not, however, before charging his friends to send us loving messages and heartiest gratitude. You can understand how thankful we were to have brought

comfort and support to his fainting soul and body at the end, while deeply regretting that our aid had come too late. These few cases we instance to show what is expected of us, and that we are put to strong effort to meet all calls upon us.

VETERANS' FUND.

"Last year the Chapter found a Veterans' Fund a necessity, and inaugurated it by asking yearly subscriptions of twelve dollars from gentlemen interested in our work. We are glad also of aid from the ladies, and have now subscribers from both, taking a lesser sum when offered. This fund is not yet as large as we need, but time and the interest of our members will secure it.

"Of the expense of conventions we will not speak; dignity and hospitality would be offended thereby. The details of Chapter work require money, as each Chapter knows, and these have been met.

MEMORIAL AND HISTORICAL WORK.

"Memorial work has been assisted whenever a call came. Ten dollars has been contributed to the Gen. John B. Gordon monument, ten dollars to that for Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, and ten dollars to one for Gen. Wade Hampton. Our pledge a year ago of all initiation fees to the Jefferson Davis Monument in Richmond has been fulfilled by a check for two hundred dollars sent to its Treasurer. Ten dollars was given to Miss Baughman for the Solid South Room in the Memorial Museum at Richmond, of which she is in charge. She had been so generous to our State at the Richmond Bazaar that we felt this a trifling but requisite acknowledgment of her courteous attention. She will appreciate our *Yearbook* and any other literature bearing on our State work. The Solid South Room is the receptacle for all literature concerning the U. D. C. work or interest outside of the Southern States. We ask each Chapter to bear her work in mind, as in the museum each Southern State has its own room, filled with its State relics, etc.

"Five dollars has been donated on appeal from the Chapter at Tampa, Fla., to place a memorial window to Father Ryan, the war poet of the South. A book of his poems would be valuable to each of us. 'Beauvoir,' in Mississippi, the former home of Jefferson Davis, has become the property of the U. D. C. Our Chapter has supplied all the furniture for the library in this old home, doing so in memory of the distinguished man whose name the Chapter bears, and who once dwelt in this historic house.

"We have given out but nine 'Crosses of Honor' in the year, our experience showing that, while some veterans hold these crosses most valuable and dear, others refuse them. They, however, often gladly give to our Veterans' Fund in aid of their old comrades.

"Sorrow and loss have entered our ranks. We felt deeply the going of our honorary member, Mrs. James D. Thornton, at whose home we held our first regular meeting and unrolled our Charter, with its fifty-five members. Her life had been of the old pattern—of home, friends, and Church. She had borne twelve children, and lived to see all leave the home save one. Her life closed in honor, faith, and peace. Then Mrs. Shadburne was taken from us, the wife of our veteran member, Col. George D. Shadburne, who throughout the war served on the staff of Gen. Wade Hampton. Hers had also been an inclosed, sweet life. She left a desolate husband and a family, who bless and honor her memory. Our veteran member, Mr. W. B. Eastin, also lost his wife, and stands alone. There also passed to the home above our faithful friend, Mrs. Hemenway, mother of our honored member,

Miss Eleanor F. Hemenway. She left the record of a well-spent life, sweetened by the most patient endurance of bodily weakness during its latter years. Those who came in close contact with her alone can appreciate her true worth, and understand how great a sorrow rests upon her devoted daughter. To each broken household we extended fitting memorials and loving sympathy.

"Cheering us under these losses rang the wedding bells five times in our midst, and to each bride or groom member was presented the Chapter's wedding gift, a set of Confederate flags, framed and matted in gray.

"The first entertainment the Chapter has given to raise funds for its work was a garden fete at Idora Park late in May. It was most successful, socially and financially. Tickets were disposed of only among members and friends, and, with but two weeks' preparation, we netted two hundred and thirty dollars. The day proved so agreeable that many pleaded to have it repeated as a yearly function of our Chapter. Our financial success was in a great measure due to the generous arrangements made us by the manager of the park.

"We must not fail to record our Christmas boxes to veterans at the city and county almshouse of San Francisco; in these, besides Christmas dainties of all kinds, were two new suits of underwear for each and a set of handkerchiefs and warm clothing, little worn.

"At the request of the Chapter, the formation of a Junior Auxiliary was undertaken by Mrs. Frank Walker.

"You now have a cursory view of the work of Jefferson Davis Chapter during the past year. But any summary of this work would be indeed incomplete did it not recognize the efficient and valuable leadership of the President, Mrs. Sidney M. Van Wyck, who has given, since its foundation, almost her entire time to the furtherance of the Chapter's interests, and to whom mainly is due its prosperity and success. Our membership, by its great increase to three hundred and five, gives us hope of still being able to meet all demands. We welcome each member, as, whether she proves a worker or not, her dues will be of assistance, fulfilling the old Scotch adage: 'Many a mickle makes a muckle' to U. D. C. benefit.

"Our sister Chapter in this city, the pioneer of our State, has a most beautiful motto: 'Unity in great things, liberty in small things, and charity in all.' May the spirit of these words permeate our Chapters throughout the division, giving harmony and pleasure in every department of our work!"

NOTE AND COMMENT BY A UNION OFFICER.

BY JUDGE P. P. CARROLL, SEATTLE, WASH.

The CONFEDERATE VETERAN established a place in my home, and is read with interest. The writer was an active participant in many of the battles and scenes mentioned in the VETERAN. Dr. John R. Gildersleeve's address on "Chimborazo Hospital during 1861-65" and "Group of General and Staff Officers, Florida Division, United Confederate Veterans," in your December number coerced me into writing this letter. I was a member of Dupont's fleet that reduced and took possession of Port Royal, S. C., and St. Augustine and Fernandina, Fla., in 1861-62. I was in command of Camp Chimborazo after the fall of Richmond, in 1865. Into Camp Chimborazo we gathered the floating contrabands and refugees, and utilized them in cleaning up and rebuilding the historic city. In July, 1865, I was relieved at Chimborazo, and as military commandant ordered to a sub-district with headquarters at Point of Rocks, on the Appomattox, where I met my Rebel half, who still insists that she knows of one

"Yank" that was and is conquered. On being ordered to Washington in the fall of 1865, I visited Richmond, and there met relatives of my wife that I paroled from the Point of Rocks military prison, Maryland. In obedience to orders, I finally found myself in the city of New Orleans, La., where I resigned the service to engage in civil affairs under the sign of attorney and counselor, advocate. My, what a whirl there was in those days of so-called reconstruction—reconstruction!

New Orleans then was the Mecca of ex-Confederates, as well as many others. There I often met and was pleased to have on my list of friends two generals, John B. Gordon and Longstreet; also Gens. Beauregard, Hood, Bragg, Early, and others. Govs. Chamberlain, of South Carolina, and Ames, of Mississippi, and other Governors of reconstruction days could occasionally be seen at the clubs. Gen. Mahone, of Virginia, and the late Justice Lamar, of the United States Supreme Court, did not forget to visit the Crescent City during the Mardi Gras season.

Of them all, I saw most of Longstreet and knew him best. During the great riot of the 14th of September, 1874, I was holding court in the parish of St. Bernard, adjoining the city of New Orleans on the south. On the evening of the 12th of September I had a long talk with Gen. Longstreet, Chief of Police Badger, and two others, whose names I do not now remember, but who were officers of the State militia and metropolitan police. I think the police officer was Capt. Lawler, an ex-officer of the Union army. At that meeting it seemed to be understood that if trouble came and the militia were called into action, Gen. Longstreet would take active command of the State military forces. He was looked upon by every one who hoped for peace as the man of the hour and to whose advice the opposing elements would listen. He certainly was the man to command the forces of the government; and when the order (which it was) was handed to him to take command, while it was seen that he did not relish the order, he, soldierlike, obeyed and did his duty as he understood it. In this he believed he was right, as on the same belief of right action, he, in the hour of need, stood by the Confederacy. Gen. Longstreet was not a party to the hatreds or political troubles then existing.

It was not the fault of the people, but rather of the policy of reconstruction, that sought to put the "bottom rail on top" under the promise of "forty acres and a mule," regardless of the lessons of history, the weakness, inexperience, and ignorance of an inferior race. Section two of the Fourteenth Amendment and the Fifteenth Amendment to the United States Constitution are to-day nullities. They cannot, will not, be enforced. Reconstruction should have failed as it did.

"OLD ST. LEGER."

BY MILFORD OVERLEY, NINTH KENTUCKY CAVALRY, C. S. A.,
FLEMINGSBURG, KY.

Col. St. Leger Grenfel was an Englishman, an officer of the British army, here on leave of absence during the War between the States, seeking adventure. This he found as adjutant general of Morgan's command of mounted Confederates in the early part of the war. He was a soldier by profession, and war was his delight. The tented field had been at home from boyhood, and the bugle's blast and the cannon's roar were to him sweeter music than the softest notes of the guitar. He had served in the armies of half a dozen different nations, had fought battles in all the grand divisions

of the globe, and he wore the scars of fifteen wounds made by ball and blade. He was a fine horseman, an expert swordsman, a dead shot, and a man without fear. He was above the medium height, finely formed, erect as an Indian, proud as a prince, sixty years of age, and a bachelor. We then knew little of his history—knew him only as "Old St. Leger"—and, while all admired his splendid courage, few really liked the man because of his savage temper and his strict discipline.

Grenfel's family was one of wealth and influence, but he appears to have been a wayward and disobedient boy. When quite young he ran away from home and England because his father would not permit him to join the army. Making his way to Algeria, a colonial possession of the French, on the northern coast of Africa, he enlisted as a private in a regiment of native troops. Soon his reckless daring won for him a lieutenancy, and so well had he drilled and disciplined his company of wild Algerines that on review they attracted the special attention of Marshal McMahon, the French commander in chief, who complimented them and their young officer on their soldierly appearance.

A few years later he was in the Moorish army, and it was he who exterminated the hordes of pirates that infested the Mediterranean coast of Morocco. When the French bombarded Tangiers, Grenfel was in the artillery service, and his guns responded defiantly to those of his former friends. The city was taken, but he escaped, and became one of the most devoted followers of the renowned Abd-el-Kadir. Later on he was a private in the Turkish army, learning the art of war with "The Sick Man's" soldiers.

After many years of wandering and soldiering, chiefly among semibarbarians, he returned to England. A Briton, he was thoroughly loyal to his country, and he had come home to serve in her armies. Friends aided him with money and their influence, and he entered as a commissioned officer. Soon he acquired the courtly manners and lofty bearing that characterize British army officers, and he learned the art of civilized warfare.

In the war between England and China—1840-42—Grenfel, in storming a fortified building, received a saber cut in the face, the scar of which he carried to his grave. He participated in the Crimean War, was a captain of cavalry at Balaclava, and he rode with Cardigan in the celebrated charge of the "Light Brigade" October 25, 1854. Four years later he was fighting the mutinous Sepoys, of India. In 1859 he obtained leave of absence to aid France and her Italian allies in their war against Austria. In the battle of Magenta, while acting as aid to Marshal Bazaine, he was desperately wounded.

Whenever England was not engaged in war Grenfel was unhappy, and wanted leave of absence to go in quest of adventure. Once, when all the world was at peace, he wandered away to the "Dark Continent," and in the jungles of South Africa he made war upon the lions and tigers.

Scarcely had he recovered from the wounds received at Magenta when the War between the States began, and, as he had never fought a battle in North America (he had been with Garibaldi, the Italian chieftain, in South America), over the ocean he came, and to Gen. Morgan he offered his services as the one most likely to furnish him what he was hunting for—plenty of dare-devil adventure.

In Morgan's first fight at Cynthia Col. Grenfel wore a bright red skullcap—a conspicuous mark for Yankee bullets—and was everywhere in the thickest of the fight. As Col. Landrum, the Federal commander, was being forced back from one position to another, contesting every foot of ground, some of his men halted in the railroad depot and were pouring

a galling fire into the Confederate ranks. Against these the Englishman led a furious charge, routing them and completing the victory. In this charge eleven balls pierced St. Leger's horse, his clothing, and himself, one perforating his scarlet cap; yet, strange as it may seem, he was not seriously hurt. As in this instance, he always sought the post of danger, not for any honor that might attach thereto, but because it afforded him real enjoyment. He would permit none to lead him in a charge; in a retreat he was ever nearest the enemy. Age had not cooled his blood, and at sixty his reckless daring won the admiration of our young Kentucky cavalymen, the boldest of whom could not surpass him in dash and deeds of daring. Gen. Duke, in his "History of Morgan's Cavalry," says of Col. Grenfel: "He was fond of discussing military affairs, but did not like to talk about himself; and, although I talked to him daily, it was months before he told me anything of his history. He was a thorough and very accomplished soldier, and he may have encountered something in early life that he feared; but if so, it had ceased to exist."

In the winter of 1863 he resigned his position as adjutant general of Morgan's command, and accepted that of inspector of cavalry for the Army of Tennessee. This afforded him the long-wished-for opportunity to try some of his British army discipline on our wild Western cavalymen; but it would not work on the boys, and the old man gave up the job in disgust. He had commanded and disciplined Moors, Algerines, the Sepoys of India, and other half-civilized soldiers; but he had never before encountered men who would "fight like the devil, but would do as they pleased, like these d—d Rebel cavalymen."

Severing his connection with the Confederate army, but remaining a true and devoted friend of the South, he went to Canada, preparatory to his return to England. There he met a number of old friends and former comrades, among whom were Capts. T. Henry Hines and John B. Castleman, both of Morgan's Command. These men were in the secret service of the South, and they were maturing a plan for the liberation of the five thousand Confederate prisoners in Camp Douglas, Chicago. The attempt was to be made on the 29th of August, 1864, the day succeeding that on which the National Democratic Convention was to meet in Chicago. Hines, Castleman, and other officers, with about sixty Confederate soldiers, escaped prisoners, were to attend the convention in disguise, communicate with the inmates of the prison, who were to act in concert with their friends on the outside, have guns near to arm all, and at a given signal the prisoners were to rush upon their guards, overpower them, force the gates, march out and receive their arms, and then they were to fight their way to Kentucky or Missouri.

Here was perilous adventure for the old Englishman; but unfortunately, as he considered it, he was no longer a Confederate soldier, but was an officer of the British army, and could not, without violating an obligation, assist the boys in liberating their comrades; but he would go with them to Chicago to see the result of their rash undertaking.

Convention day came, and with it an immense gathering of war Democrats and peace men. The Confederates were there too, Hines and Castleman having preceded the others several days. They had communicated with the prisoners, a signal for the attack upon the guard had been arranged, and all seemed hopeful of success. But by some means—possibly through treachery upon the part of some one in the confidence of the Confederates—the Federal authorities had become aware of the existence of the conspiracy and the presence of the conspirators. The guard at the prison was doubled and the

city police greatly strengthened, so that any attempt to release the prisoners at that time would certainly result in failure and probably in the death of many good soldiers. In view of these conditions, it was decided to leave Chicago.

Some of the Confederates returned to Canada, while others went Southward to join their comrades. All escaped from Chicago excepting Col. Grenfel and Col. Vincent Marmaduke, of Missouri. These, lingering too long, were captured, tried by court-martial, condemned, and the death sentence passed upon them. But President Lincoln commuted this to imprisonment for life. Marmaduke was confined in some prison of the North, from which, however, he was pardoned soon after the war closed. Grenfel was sent to the Dry Tortugas, a bare island south of Florida, to a U. S. military post.

The treatment received by Col. Grenfel in his island prison is said to have been brutal. He was driven about like a galley slave and tortured for the most trivial offense. He was tied up by the thumbs and other barbarous and degrading punishment inflicted in order to subdue his proud, resentful spirit. Had his keepers been true soldiers, they would have respected him for his forty years of service in the wars of the world and for the many scars he carried, but for these they seemed to hate him.

Goaded to desperation by inhuman treatment, the brave old Briton determined to flee to the ocean for refuge or for a grave; so one dark night, when his jailers slept and the winds were hushed, he stole out from his prison berth to the beach, embarked in a frail craft, and put out to sea. A storm fell upon the waters, and he was lost.

Thus perished one of the knightliest soldiers of the nineteenth century, one who had braved death in a hundred battles and lived only to feed with his flesh the tenants of the deep. Kings, lords, and mighty warriors have gone down to graves in the briny sea, but its blue waters never closed over a braver heart than that of St. Leger Grenfel; and not till Gabriel's bugle sounds the great reveille and the sea gives up its dead will it be known just when and where he fought his last battle.

TRIBUTE TO VIRGINIA.

The roses nowhere bloom so white
As in Virginia.

The sunshine nowhere shines so bright
As in Virginia.

The birds nowhere sing so sweet,
And nowhere hearts so lightly beat,
For heaven and earth seem both to meet
Down in Virginia.

The days are nowhere quite so long
As in Virginia,

Nor quite so filled with happy song
As in Virginia.

So when my time has come to die
Just take me back and let me lie
Where the noble James goes rolling by,
Down in Virginia.

There is nowhere a land so fair
As in Virginia,

So full of song and free of care
As in Virginia;

And I believe that happy land
The Lord's prepared for mortal man
Is built exactly on the plan
Of Old Virginia.

WORK OF THE U. D. C. IN OHIO.

ADDRESS IN ST. LOUIS OF MRS. FLORENCE TUCKER WINDER.

Madam President and United Daughters of the Confederacy: The regular place for my report comes in just after that of the Division of North Carolina, and it has in the past given me great pleasure to follow it; but to-day it is with a real feeling of sadness that I do so, since Mrs. F. A. Olds, its President, lies dead—a warm personal friend of mine, and one who, three conventions ago in New Orleans, gave her support and approbation of our work in Ohio by waving over us on one side the flag of our beloved native State, North Carolina, while, on the other, was unfurled the beautiful banner presented by Mrs. Rosenburg, of Texas, as many of us sang:

"Carolina! Carolina! Heaven's blessing upon her!

While we live we will cherish, protect, and defend her."

This organization had not a more zealous, active, intelligent worker than she, whose memory I thus delight to honor.

United Daughters of Louisiana in particular, we want to thank you for having little children sing the song which has given us occasion for this assembling, "The Bonny Blue Flag," and that little children drew our places on this floor; thus, though our Division is not large, innocent hands placed us where we could hear; the general order has given us a place from which we can be heard.

Now, Daughters, I have nothing but pleasant things to say of the members of my Division. Therefore, in justice, please hear me patiently, and you will know, better than you ever knew before, how happy, loyal, peaceful, and good we are; for I want to tell you that we care for your living far from their earthly home and your dead, whose souls have reached their heavenly home—therefore from this platform it gives me infinite pleasure to state that between the storm-tossed waters of the Atlantic, as they bathe the feet of that majestic goddess, "Liberty," at New York, and the sun-kissed waters of the Pacific, as they pass through the Golden Gate at San Francisco, there is a State called "Ohio," where there too are also brave, loyal women who love to keep alive the memories of home, and who, though staying at home in the sixties, were protected by the faithful darkies who loved them and were called members of their household, and who guarded them with their humble love, thus making it a little easier for the brave of that time to go forth and fight for love of home and to maintain State rights.

These women have banded themselves together and loyally work under the rules of the General Order, the title of the Ohio Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, and who send you this greeting to-day. I could hardly come without a salutation, since the Indian for Ohio means "greeting." The Division's motto is: "He wins most who honor saves; success is not the test."

The Division exists under the honored names of Robert E. Lee Chapter, Columbus, whose motto is, "Equal to victory, superior to defeat;" Judah P. Benjamin, Oxford—motto, "The ages will justify our cause;" Stonewall Jackson, Cincinnati—motto, "Do your duty, and trust to Providence;" and a charter applied and paid for a Chapter formed in loving memory of our late lamented soldier and Christian gentleman, John B. Gordon, at Springfield, Ohio.

The R. E. Lee Chapter, in Columbus, cares for your living and your dead—for your living in sometimes finding and housing Confederate veterans who come to them for aid, having helped several in the last year: two from Virginia, who

fought under Lee, one from Mississippi, and one from Louisiana; and for your dead, two thousand, two hundred and sixty at Camp Chase Cemetery, who sleep on their pillow of Southern moss, whose shroud is the flag they fought under.

I am glad to tell you that as a member of this Chapter, not as State President, I have been made permanent chairman of its memorial ceremonies, which take place annually in June. The Chapter has established a fund for this purpose and for the care of the cemetery throughout the year, using on vote of the Chapter, at its discretion, some of the unspecified money you all have sent. Last year I told you that Mr. Al G. Field headed a subscription list with one hundred dollars, followed by the names of many prominent citizens who had financially helped in the past. With this we could repair, with timber presented by a lumber dealer whose wife is from Texas, the platform, which was in bad condition, having been erected years before by that noble-hearted Federal soldier, Col. Knauss. In the future address your letters of money to me, please, Mrs. John H. Winder, No. 1 The Cumberland, Columbus, Ohio, and your money for flowers or the expenses to the Treasurer of the R. E. Lee Chapter, Miss Louise Tra-bue, Columbus, Ohio. We know you don't want us to spend all the money on that day and for a whole year thereafter let the sacred spot be neglected, even though the aforesaid fund that we have created can keep it beautiful. The Chapter goes on each year with this loving work. At these ceremonies this year twelve large Confederate flags decorated the platform, something that had never before been done. Surely the small flags that had been sent with wreaths had been used, and it was known that so many flowers had been received that an ice company offered us its cold storage. A firing squad from the National Guard was there, something that had never been done, and since then one of our soldiers



MRS. FLORENCE TUCKER WINDER.

was buried with a soldier's honor by the Zanesville Camp, G. A. R. Congress has appropriated three thousand, six hundred dollars to rebuild the walls which it had badly put up years ago.

We celebrated with song and recitation the birthdays of Gens. Lee and Jackson, choosing that time to pin upon the sacred breasts of sixteen veterans the Southern cross of honor, more precious to them than gold. We have taken flowers and nourishment into the sick rooms of veterans, and, when we could take neither, we have taken the flag that they love, and sometimes they were too feeble to partake of the nourishment; they have never yet been too sick to give a Southern salute when they saw that banner with its bars of red.

The Judah P. Benjamin Chapter has among its members directors of schools, and so be assured that the younger women will hear something that is true about the Southern history.

The Stonewall Jackson Chapter, of Cincinnati, applied for its charter on November 14 through Mrs. Hosea, niece of Mrs. Moore, of St. Louis. The Chapter was organized December 7, 1903, with twenty-two charter members, and went to work at once to be an active part of the Division, and when only four months old, through the zeal and work of Mrs. Hosea, President, gave an entertainment that realized over sixty dollars, a part of which was sent to a paralyzed Confederate soldier; later, by a luncheon given in connection with Henrietta Hunt Morgan Chapter, of Kentucky, it made one hundred dollars. Thus it was assured that, besides enough money for charity, they had enough to pay the general *per capita* tax as well as the State, so that the Ohio Division could hold its State convention in October, to which we all invite you.

If we look for any reward, may it be found at our last great convention in the words, "God will make all things clear," writ in letters of gold, and be entwined in the rainbow of promise which we will fashion out of the many brilliant-hued flowers of the Confederacy, which we will gather in heaven after having so tenderly cared for them together on earth.

J. R. RANDALL'S TRIBUTE TO COL. KNAUSS.

Comrade James R. Randall, of "My Maryland" fame, recently visited Columbus, Ohio, where he met and conversed with Col. W. H. Knauss, gratefully known throughout the South, and he wrote as follows to the *Catholic Columbian*: "One of the most interesting men I have met at Columbus is Col. William H. Knauss, whose conspicuous gallantry in the War between the States is surpassed only by his noble, patriotic, and exceptional service since. When the war ceased Col. Knauss stopped fighting, and was ready to take to his heart Confederate soldiers who, like himself, were sincere and unpurchasable, who were Americans and brothers—foes once, but now friends. If every man, North and South, had been animated with the same Christian principles as Col. Knauss, this country would long ago have been united in the bonds of peace, charity, prosperity, and brotherly love. But the politicians—those enemies of mankind—would not have it so; and they are still, after forty years of peace, or what goes for such technically, engaged in their deviltry, more or less. Valiant as was Col. Knauss in battle, he has been braver in the days since the battle flags were furled. He not only had a tender sympathy for the living Confederate soldiers and their families, but has done more to honorably care for their dead on the soil of Ohio, who perished rather than

be traitors to their cause, which was as sacred to them as the cause of the Union was to men who volunteered and were not drafted or purchased. The people of Ohio know what Col. Knauss has done, and the people of the South are learning it and invoking blessings upon him. Some day the South will raise a monument to him, and on this Christmas Day I, in the name of the Southern people, wish him and his every glorious and spiritual benediction."

Col. Knauss has about completed a book, soon to be published, that will interest the Southern people. The book will contain carefully prepared reports of the reclamation of Camp Chase Cemetery and its entire list of dead. In nearly every instance the spot on which the grave is located will be indicated by a well-executed map of the cemetery. The VETERAN has contained much on the subject of his labors there; but it never will be known by finite minds how much labor and pains he and his family have taken to preserve in the best manner possible the sacred work in which he has so long engaged. Not only has his labor been gratuitous, but he has expended in the aggregate much money, which cannot be ascertained, since he refrains from giving to the public much of the details and expenses of this good work.

VALIANT UNION VETERAN WHO SACRIFICED OFFICE FOR PRINCIPLE.

Judge Daniel F. Pugh, of Columbus, Ohio, a Grand Army veteran, had shown much interest in the care of our Confederate dead at Camp Chase, but had declined on an occasion to participate in one of the annual decorations because of pressure of business. He was advised under threat at that juncture, as he was an elective official, to refrain from participating in the service of honoring Confederates. Defying enemies of the movement, he hired a conveyance and drove in great haste to participate. Those enemies won, and he was relegated to the ranks as a lawyer; but he has never been heard to express regret.

A note received from Judge Pugh (on the ninety-seventh anniversary of Gen. Lee's birth) inclosed a newspaper clipping from Zanesville, Ohio, of June 13, 1904, on which he commented with the words, "It is interesting as well as inspiring to me," and stated that he had carried it in his pocket for months, intending to send it for the VETERAN. The dispatch is as follows: "The members of Hazlett Post, G. A. R., of this city, officiated at the funeral of a Confederate veteran yesterday afternoon. Thomas Roster, who was killed in the car barns of the B. and O. shops Friday, fought for the Confederacy, and came North soon after the War between the States. He died there, homeless and apparently penniless and friendless. It was intended to inter the remains in the potter's field of Greenwood Cemetery; but the Grand Army Veterans decided to give the body a decent burial, and purchased a single grave lot in a pretty spot in the cemetery and had the remains buried there."

If the noble men who contributed their money and their presence to thus honoring a Confederate could realize the profound gratitude of all Southern people who know it, they would be comforted in memory through life.

The superb painting of Gen. Lee on Traveler and the life-size crayon bust of Gen. John B. Gordon, which were kept on exhibition by official request in the main headquarters during the Confederate Reunion last June, were by the same artist, Mrs. L. Kirby-Parrish. Both are remembered with sacred pleasure and admiration by a multitude of old soldiers. Both pictures now adorn the artist's home in Nashville.



"On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead."

MISS SADIE PATRICK.

The death of Miss Sadie Patrick has caused general sorrow throughout the South. "Our young adjutant general" was loved by thousands of old Confederate veterans. For more than five years she had been chief clerk in the Adjutant General's office of the United Confederate Veterans, and had mastered every detail of the organization. The Camp's reports had been so arranged by the lamented Moorman that in a moment she could give any specific information desired.

Her cordial yet gentle courtesy, her devotion to the work to which she gave her brave young life, won the respect and affectionate regard of all with whom she came in contact.

Miss Sadie Patrick was born at "The Oaks," in West Baton Rouge Parish, La., the old Patrick homestead. Her father, Thomas Patrick, was a well-known man of the State. She was educated at home by a governess, and lived at "The Oaks" until a young lady; then moved to Rapids Parish, where she spent the greater part of her life. She studied stenography, graduating with honors, and was offered the position of head clerk in the office of the U. C. V. Association by Adj. Gen. George Moorman. Miss Patrick's picture may appear later.

DAVID HUBBARD.

David Hubbard was born in North Alabama, but after the war had lived in Louisiana and Mississippi until his death, at Terry, Miss., November 5, 1904. His father, Maj. David Hubbard, was a gallant soldier under Gen. Jackson in the war of 1812, and during the War between the States was Commissioner of Indian Affairs. His son, Maj. David Hubbard, organized a battalion of cavalry early in 1861.

After the battle of Shiloh, in which his battalion served with gallantry, at the suggestion of his friend, Gen. Leonidas Polk, he returned to Alabama and recruited additional companies to make a regiment of his battalion; but the Confederate government, needing more infantry at that time than cavalry, had them mustered into that branch of service, and Maj. Hubbard resumed command of his battalion with just a sufficient number of his new recruits to make it full. Soon after this, in a sharp little engagement with the enemy, a shell exploded near his head, injuring his hearing so that it incapacitated him for a time from service. As soon as his hearing was sufficiently restored he organized a company of scouts and reported to Gen. Forrest, with whom he served until the surrender. His wife and three children, a son and two daughters, survive him. Maj. Hubbard's two brothers were in the Confederate army. Duncan C. Hubbard served on the staff of Gen. Beauregard and George Hubbard was killed in the severe battle at Baker's Creek.

COL. W. C. P. BRECKINRIDGE.

Col. W. C. P. Breckinridge, soldier, statesman, journalist, and lawyer, died at his home, in Lexington, Ky., November 19, 1904. He was a remarkable man. The intellectual gifts of Col. Breckinridge were transmitted through a long line of distinguished ancestors who were conspicuous in the history of this country antedating the Revolution. He graduated at Center College, Danville, Ky., afterwards taking a law course at the University of Louisville, and began to practice in 1857.

When the War between the States began, in 1861, he entered the Confederate service as captain of a company of cavalry, and rose rapidly to the command of a brigade in that branch of the service.

Returning to Kentucky when the war closed, Col. Breckinridge resumed the practice of law, and soon achieved prominence, being also for a time editor of the *Lexington Observer*. In 1884 he was elected on the Democratic ticket to Congress from the Ashland District, and served continuously for ten years. As a lawyer Col. Breckinridge was an eloquent, forceful speaker; but it was not until he served Congress that his rare intellectual gifts and brilliant oratory won for him national applause and added fresh luster to the men of the South.

His eminence extended through a period of nearly forty years. His father, Rev. Robert J. Breckinridge, was one of the most eloquent and influential Presbyterian preachers of his day, and his grandfather, John Breckinridge, was one of Kentucky's most distinguished Senators, Attorney-General under Jefferson, and one of his chief advisers in the acquisition of Louisiana; while on his maternal side he inherited the same blood with Patrick Henry, his mother "being the grandniece of that great orator, while she was the sister of William Campbell Preston, Senator from South Carolina, who as an orator was without a peer in his day except in Clay. In style he had all the persuasive elements of person, voice, and eloquence in delivery, his words coming in un-studied melody, which charmed and at the same time carried conviction by the substance as well as the manner of his arguments. Upon both sides he came from the sturdy Scotch-Irish Presbyterian stock, who, sacrificing all in their native country, enriched the Valley of Virginia by their immigration before the middle of the eighteenth century in search of greater civil and religious freedom. His name, William Campbell Preston Breckinridge, embodies the names of some of the most conspicuous of those pioneers who blazed the way to a higher destiny illustrated in the deeds of their descendants."

Col. Breckinridge's term in Congress was regarded by his Kentucky friends as the brightest epoch for the Ashland District since the days of Henry Clay. From his first speech in Congress the whole country voted him among the most notable men then in public life.

Col. Breckinridge was affectionately regarded by Confederate veterans. At many Confederate reunions his electrifying power made many a veteran of the great war all the prouder of what he had endured for Dixie's land.

CAPT. WILLIAM MILES HAZZARD.

"On December 23, at his home in Georgetown, S. C.," writes Comrade M. R. Tunno, of Savannah, Ga., "there passed away a loyal and true soldier—Capt. W. M. Hazzard, formerly of St. Simon's Island, Ga."

"He was attached to an artillery company at St. Simons for a short while, then he commanded a company of cavalry stationed on the coast, and later he served valiantly in the

Army of Tennessee, commanded by Gen. Hood. During the time he was on the Georgia coast he several times made raids upon St. Simons. In one of them he burned the wharf, upon which a large quantity of coal, quartermaster and commissary stores had been landed by the enemy. On another raid he and only ten men, with double-barreled guns loaded with buck-shot, killed several times their number, while he was so skillful as not to lose a man.

"To Capt. Hazzard was due the revocation of orders to burn the large quantity of cotton in Augusta, most of which had been rolled out on streets awaiting the torch, and thus was saved to the owners a vast deal of money. While true as the truest and brave as the bravest in war, he was a devoted husband and father, son, brother, and friend. In every relation of life he was conspicuously worthy. He was loved by his men and by all who knew him.

"Capt. Hazzard married Miss Emily St. Pierre Trenholm, of Charleston, S. C., who, with one daughter, survives him. His associates of the Western Military Institute, of Kentucky, yet living, and all who knew him during his long and honorable life, will revere his memory. The writer was a college mate and knew him most intimately from infancy."

NATHAN CAMPBELL MONROE.

Nathan C. Monroe died in Washington, D. C., November 26, 1904, from an illness consequent upon an operation for appendicitis. He was a native of Georgia, and his remains were carried back to his old home at Macon for burial. He was a brother of Mrs. John McIntosh Kell, whose husband was prominent as a surgeon in the Confederate navy.

As a child of ten years, Comrade Monroe was sent in July, 1857, to a Moravian college at Nazareth, Pa., where he remained till June, 1861, all arrangements having been made for the completion of his education at Heidelberg. He determined to return home, however, as the war had opened, and left New York on July 23 for the South. After much difficulty in crossing the lines, he reached Macon about Au-

gust 1, leaving in a few days for the Georgia Military Institute at Marietta, where he remained till January, 1862, when he resigned and entered college at Athens.

In May, 1862, he returned home, and in July entered the Confederate army. He participated in all the battles from Chickamauga to Jonesboro, Hood's campaign into Tennessee and return, and he surrendered with Gen. J. E. Johnston at Bentonville, N. C., in 1865.

In 1868 Mr. Monroe removed to Griffin, Ga., and in 1871 was associated in the publication of the *Daily and Weekly News*. After this was formed into a stock company he was made business manager, but shortly afterwards sold out his interest and returned to Macon, engaging in business there. For some years before and until his death he held a position in a bureau of the War Department at Washington. He was a genial, pleasant gentleman, and a large circle of friends mourns his departure. Two sons and four daughters survive.

The members of Charles Broadway Camp, of Washington, as well as the Interstate Commerce Commission, in which he held position as chief of a division, paid him every honor, and an escort of prominent Confederates of Washington accompanied the remains to the South-bound train.

A pleasing incident in the life of Comrade Monroe is given by his sister, Mrs. Kell. She writes: "At fifteen and a half years of age he ran away from the military school at Marietta, Ga., to join the army. An only son, the idol in his home, the home of affluence and elegance till ruined by the war, no opposition nor entreaties could overcome the patriotism of his young soul. At a review of troops in Montgomery, Ala., Mr. Davis seemed to single him out, and said to him: 'What are you doing here? You are a baby soldier. Have you a mother at home?' 'No,' said the boy; 'but I have my father and sisters.' As the parade went on, the President seemed still to watch him, which was not so remarkable, as he was a pleasing, sunny-hearted youngster; but when Mr. Davis made his tour through the South years afterwards, at the reception given him in Atlanta Mr. Monroce offered his hand and said: 'Do you remember me, Mr. Davis? Did you ever see me before?' 'Yes; I called you a baby soldier at Montgomery, Ala., where I was reviewing the troops.' Mr. Davis must have had a remarkable memory for faces or been greatly impressed by that boyish face, so full of life and youth and patriotism."

As an illustration of the spirit to be accurate in the VETERAN, Mrs. Kell, who wrote the above, in a personal letter states: "My remembrance is that the military school was removed from Athens to Marietta, and the cadets moved with it. But I was young, and in the providence of God lost two of my little ones with diphtheria while my husband was on the Alabama in the China seas. It is natural that much that occurred at that time should be submerged in the sea of that great sorrow borne alone. Any seeming contradiction as to data or events must be the fault of my memory."

CAPT. E. T. KINDRED.

On December 2, 1904, there died in Roanoke, Va., Capt. E. T. Kindred, Company F, Fourth Texas Regiment. He was born in Montgomery, Ala., in 1839, the son of a preacher. His boyhood days were spent in Texas, and at the opening of the War between the States he answered the first call to arms, forming a company of volunteers and joining the Fourth Texas Regiment (J. B. Hood), which went to Lee's army in Virginia.



NATHAN C. MONROE.

Brave and fearless, he was also tender to and thoughtful of his men, never forgetting the least thing that would add to their comfort. Many a night when we lay wrapped in our blankets under the starlight, hungry and exhausted—and, as he thought, asleep—did I see him quietly open his haversack and slip his own scant supply of food into that of some soldier boy, whose thin face and unsteady march had not escaped his watchful eye. For all he knew, there were only the stars to witness.

Although but captain of his company, he acted as major for a long while. He was a personal friend of Gen. Robert E. Lee, and was therefore used for perilous work. Gen. Lee is quoted as saying: "Let Kindred do this, for he knows no such word as fail." This same spirit of bravery went with him through life, enabling him to face the last enemy—Death—without flinching.

He accepted Christ as his Captain, and, after a valiant fight, laid down his arms in peaceful submission.

This humble tribute is paid by "one of his privates."

THOMAS H. GILBERT.

Thomas H. Gilbert, of Ripley, Ala., died December 6, 1904, aged sixty-one years. During the war he served in Company F, Ninth Alabama Regiment. He was a member of Hobbs Camp, No. 400. As a husband and father he was faithful to the duties of life and was respected as a citizen. His wife and five children survive him.

JOHN SHIRLEY WARD.

At Manhattan Beach, near Los Angeles, Cal., November 25, 1904, there passed out of this life the spirit of John Shirley Ward—a spirit that embodied chivalry, courtesy, and lofty ideals. Mr. Ward was born near Huntsville, Ala., August 25, 1834, one of eight children. Rev. William E. Ward, of beloved memory throughout the South, the founder of Ward's Seminary, of Nashville, Tenn., was his brother. He received his college education in Cumberland University, at Lebanon, Tenn., taking the literary, classical, and law courses.

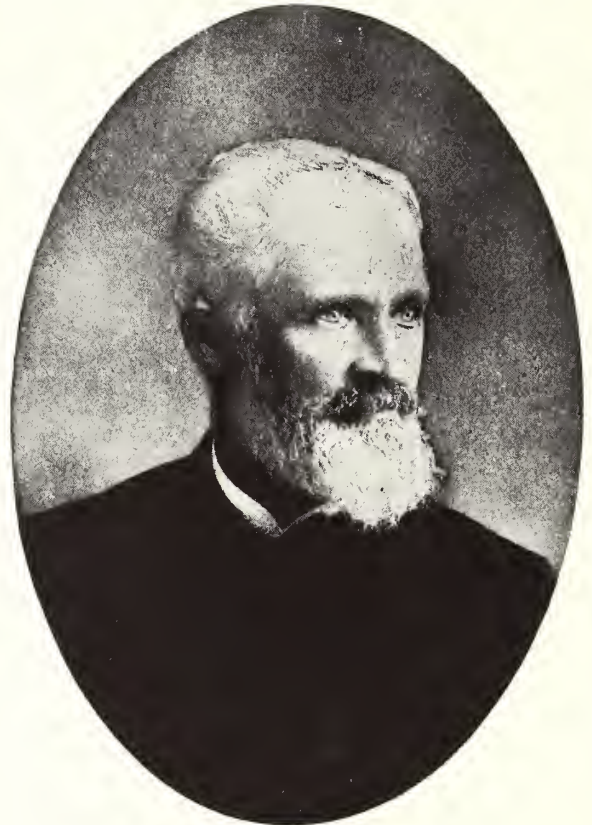
He was an officer of the Fiftieth Tennessee Regiment, was captured at the fall of Fort Donelson, and spent nearly two years in the Federal prison at Johnson's Island, in Sandusky Bay. On account of impaired health after his release from prison he was unable to join his regiment, but became a newspaper correspondent in the field on the staff of Nashville and Atlanta papers.

After the war he settled in Nashville, and became one of the owners and editors of the *Union and American*. Afterwards he became the owner and editor of *The Ladies' Pearl*, a monthly literary magazine which was regarded as an adjunct to the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. This he successfully conducted, and brought the *Pearl* to a high standard of literary excellence.

His own delicate health and the health of one of his children caused him to move to Southern California, in 1873, where he afterwards lived.

Mr. Ward was a man of rare mental attainments, deeply versed in modern and classical literature. He was a fascinating writer, a magnetic public speaker, an entertaining talker, and a genial companion. As a writer, his graceful fancy gave to even commonplace themes that magic touch of interest which at once commanded and sustained attention. He embellished his glowing thoughts with a wealth of poetic and classical allusions that seemed to come ever bubbling from his boyhood store of early reading. His pen never touched a subject that it did

not adorn. The achievements of his own beloved Southland, either in war or in peace, was ever one of ardent interest to him. Readers of the *VETERAN* may recall some illustrations of this fact. His contributions on the subject were a potent force in the great movement which, last year, resulted in the



JOHN SHIRLEY WARD.

revision of the Westminster Confession, by expunging from that time-honored creed some harsh interpretations of God's providences. He had labored for years to have the Church abandon them.

The greatest charm of the man, however, lay in something subtler than his mental accomplishments. The spirit of his strong, pure heart, his gentle dignity, his exquisite courtesy, his rare chivalry, and his warm, human interest in every life he touched returned to him a hundredfold in the deep affection felt by all who knew him.

CONRAD NUTZELL.

A well-beloved comrade and faithful member of the Confederate Historical Association and Company A, U. C. V., of Memphis, died at Memphis, Tenn., October 14, 1904. This gallant, brave, but unostentatious comrade of the immortal struggle of nearly half a century ago has answered the "last roll." He was born in Germany, and came South in 1853, when only eighteen years old, following his trade as a mechanic, in which he continued until 1861.

Young Nutzell, who was imbued with the spirit of freedom that came to him from the heroes of that great Revolution of 1848, when the demand for a united Germany was rampant in that country, at once cast his fortunes with the young Confederacy, whose objects were for the supremacy of State rights. He joined the Fifteenth Tennessee Regiment, and was elected a lieutenant. He participated in many battles. In the

battle of Corinth, in which he was conspicuously brave, and was mentioned in general orders for promotion "for gallant and meritorious service," he was assigned to the staff of Col. Ben Hill, then provost marshal at Dalton, Ga.

J. N. Rainey, Secretary of the Confederate Historical Association, of Memphis, writes of him: "With his characteristic zeal, he conceived the idea of converting six hundred Yankee prisoners, all of whom were Germans and unable to speak English, to our cause, and formed them into a regiment, which did some gallant fighting in the cause of the South."

JOHN B. BAKER.

At sunrise January 1, 1905, to greet the beginning of a new year, Orderly Sergeant John B. Baker answered the last call at his home, in Goldsboro, N. C. Comrade Baker was born in April, 1842, and was the eldest son of Col. Jesse J. Baker. He attended the Goldsboro Male Academy, but was at the Hampton Military Institute, of Virginia, when the war began. He was a member of the Goldsboro Rifles, and on the 15th of April, 1861, marched with them to Fort Macon, in response to the order of Gov. Ellis. His company was Company A, of the Twenty-Seventh North Carolina Infantry, and he gallantly bore his part with that splendid regiment from Newbern to Appomattox. He was twice captured, first at Sharpsburg, in 1861, and again at Reams Station, in 1864. He was soon exchanged after the first capture; but the second time he was held prisoner until the close of the war, at Hart's Island, New York.

For many years Comrade Baker had been an invalid, and through all those years of pain and suffering he displayed the same patient fortitude that characterized his conduct as a soldier. Two devoted sisters were constant in their attentions, anticipating his wants, and with loving tenderness ministering to their day and night for nearly a quarter of a century. Mr. Baker was never married, and, aside from his two sisters, his aged mother, eighty-five years old, survives him.

W. B. JOHNSON.

W. B. Johnson, a Confederate veteran aged seventy-one years, died at the Confederate Home of Arkansas on January 18. He was a native of South Carolina, a member of the Fourteenth South Carolina Infantry, a member of the Baptist Church, and a Mason. He came to Arkansas just after the close of the war, and was an inmate of the Confederate Home from Nevada County.

It is a singular coincidence that two members of his own command, so far away from his native State, were present to assist in laying him to rest. These comrades, J. B. Steen, J. P. Ausborn, and the deceased, W. B. Johnson, had drifted apart into different States after the war, but by chance were brought together again in the Arkansas Confederate Home.

J. K. MILLER.

Joseph Keeber Miller died at his home, near Gallatin, Tenn., February 6, 1904, in his sixty-fourth year. At the breaking out of the war, in 1861, he enlisted as a volunteer in the Thirtieth Tennessee Infantry, and served faithfully for the four years.

Shortly after the close of the war he married Miss Ellen Cleveland, of Forsyth, Ga. There were two children born to this union: E. C. Miller, of Knoxville, Tenn., and Mrs. Rufus McLain, of Sumner County, this State. Some eight

years after the death of his first wife Mr. Miller married Miss Laura Gass, of Kentucky, who survives him.

In the passing away of "K" Miller, as he was best known to his friends, the community in which he had lived all of his brave and spotless life, and where he was best known and mostly loved, lost a valued member, the State one of its best citizens, and his old Confederate comrades a loyal friend and gallant associate.



REUNION OF FAMILY AFTER FIFTY YEARS.

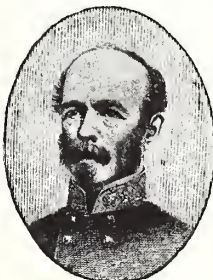
The group represents Mr. Miller, his stepfather, Mr. Norval Douglass, of California, and his two half sisters, Mrs. Gill, also of California, and Mrs. Young, of Bastrop, Tex. After having been separated for fifty years they met at the home of Mrs. Young, in Bastrop, a short time before Mr. Miller's death, where this picture was taken. He is standing.

L. H. NELSON.

Another soldier of Lee's made the crossing when L. H. Nelson died at Pittsburg, Tex., on the 22d of January. He entered the Confederate army, in 1861, at Camden, Ark., and was in many hard-fought battles until the surrender. He was faithful to duty always, in peace as in war, and as a Christian gentleman and good citizen he won the hearts of all with whom he was associated.

"JOHNSTON'S NARRATIVE."

The VETERAN has procured from the publishers' jobbers the entire stock of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston's history of his part in the Confederate war, known as "Johnston's Narrative." It is in both bindings, sheep and morocco, and will be supplied by the VETERAN at half the list prices—the \$5 work for \$2.50, and the \$6 for \$3. No library in the South will ever be complete without this work. "The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," by Jefferson Davis, is



owned also by the VETERAN and supplied at half the list price of \$14—\$7 for both volumes, postage or expressage sixty-five cents added.

"NORTHERN REBELLION AND SOUTHERN SECESSION."

The interest this publication is attracting North and South brings the author into unusual prominence as a historian.

Elbert William R. Ewing was born in Virginia September 22, 1867. He graduated at Cumberland College, and from there went to the University of Virginia and took graduating certificates in eight subjects. He then studied law, practiced with distinction for a little while, after which he took his LL.B. from the Chicago Law School, located in Missouri, and entered upon his profession. He holds the M.A., LL.B., and is a member of various historical organizations, the most distinguished of which is the American Historical Association. He is prominent in Masonic and other orders.



E. W. R. EWING, THE AUTHOR.

He volunteered in the war with Spain, but saw no service. He holds the major's commission in the National Reserve Guards of Missouri. His father was captain in the Confederate army, serving under Longstreet and Jackson, and later rode with Stewart and Fitzhugh Lee. His family, on both sides, is of the oldest and best in Virginia.

Maj. Ewing is now living in Washington City, practicing his profession, but will devote most of his time to writing history. His ability, education, undaunted courage, and unflinching determination make him, in view of his age, one of the South's most hopeful historians. He has sworn eternal warfare upon the errors of Northern historians. In his "The Negro's Struggle in the White Man's Courts," to come out soon, he shows that the Dred Scott decision was based upon Northern precedents, and in a strong legal study sustains the decision and proves that in repudiating it the North was more guilty of rebellion than the South ever was.

PORTRAIT OF LEE AND TRAVELER.

Not since the days of Bucephalus, the famous war horse of Alexander the Great, has the name of a horse been as well known or intimately associated with the name of his famous owner as that of Traveler, the favorite war horse of Gen. Lee. Traveler was raised by a Mr. Johnson, of Greenbrier County, Va., and was four years old in the spring of 1861.

When the Wise Legion was camped on Sewell Mountain, Maj. Thomas L. Broun, of the Third Virginia Infantry—Wise Legion—bought the horse from Mr. Johnson. In the fall of 1861, when Gen. Lee was in command of these troops, he happened to see the horse and greatly admired him. Shortly after, Gen. Lee was ordered to South Carolina, and the Third Regiment was detached from the army in West Virginia and sent to South Carolina. There Gen. Lee again saw the horse and expressed his admiration of the animal, whereupon the owner, Maj. Broun, offered to make him a present of the animal. Gen. Lee declined to accept him as a gift, but said, however, that if Maj. Broun would willingly

sell the horse he would ride him a week or two to see if he suited him. Maj. Broun was at his home quite sick, but wrote his brother, who was quartermaster of his regiment, that if Gen. Lee would not accept the horse as a gift to sell it to him at what he gave, one hundred and seventy-five dollars. Gen. Lee added twenty-five dollars to make up for the depreciation of our currency, and paid two hundred dollars for Traveler. Maj. Broun had named the horse Jeff Davis, but after Gen. Lee purchased him he changed the name to Traveler.

After the war Gen. Lee wrote to Maj. Broun, stating that Traveler had survived the war and asking for his pedigree. Gen. Lee was very fond of all kinds of domestic animals, but his affection for his old gray war horse was something akin to human, and the name of Traveler will be treasured, with that of his master's, as the war horse of one of the greatest captains the world has ever known.

The picture of "Gen. Lee on Traveler," in this number of the VETERAN, is copied from the life-size oil portrait painted by the Nashville artist, Mrs. L. Kirby-Parrish. In its pro-



MRS. LULIE KIRBY-PARRISH, THE ARTIST.

duction the Miley photograph—taken at Lexington, Va., in 1868, while Gen. Lee was President of what is now Washington and Lee University—was used as a model, it being the only picture of himself that he ever requested to be made.

The dimensions of the canvas are nine by ten and a half feet, the figure of the horse and of the rider being full life-size.

Gen. Lee wears a suit and a hat of Confederate gray, with gauntlets and Wellington boots which he invariably donned for horseback exercise.

The vernal landscape, with its soft, dreamy atmosphere, imparts to the central group and to the whole scene a grace of form and color at once reposeful and alluring to the senses.

While making this picture, the artist studied with intelligent care all of the later photographs of Gen. Lee, and had, besides, the rare advantage of personal suggestions from one of his most faithful soldiers and intimate friends both as to the great chieftain and his beloved charger. In the opinion of this close friend, and of others competent to judge, this is one of the best and most characteristic of all the existing portraits of Gen. Lee. First of all, the artist was inspired with ardent love for her subject, as by lineal descent she is a Virginian daughter of the Revolution and of the Confederacy; and into the execution of her task she has put this love in all its intenseness, as well as a true and enthusiastic love for her art and for her native South.

"THE OLD SOUTH."

A POPULAR SUBJECT WELL TREATED.

Prof. H. M. Hamill, who wrote of "A Boy's First Battle" in the *VETERAN* for November, has stirred glorious memories by a little book on "The Old South." It seems that Dr. Hamill was quite the man to prepare a record that pleases every one, even the old slaves, and it thrills the best-informed of those who remember that eventful period in the affairs of life.

Brief extracts copied herein express tersely the prevalent sentiment in regard to it. The widow of Bishop Wightman writes a friend a letter, in which she refers to it; also to Sam Davis and to President Davis:

Mrs. M. D. Wightman, President of the Woman's Board of Foreign Missions of the M. E. Church, South, widow of the beloved Bishop Wightman, has written a friend about Dr. Hamill's book, "The Old South:"

"I can hardly write for my tears. I have had a good cry. I love Dr. Hamill for what he is doing for us. . . . The little book is worth gold. I want two dozen copies to give away. Bless the Doctor's heart for his foreword! Bless his mother for having him to print the monograph! . . . Old Uncle Jeff makes me cry. If Aunt Hannah hasn't got the baby in her arms, she has just put it down.

"I think the little book appealed to me so strongly just now because for some time my thought has been running on the Old South and the negro. On December 18 I heard Bishop Goodsell preach to the colored M. E. Conference. . . . I have often thought of our colored people and wished we were helping them.

"Sam Davis! Our hero! I want to hand a dollar for that monument, and wish I had a hundred. And our beloved chief! I used to exult in the thought that not a line ever came from our honored President that was not instinct with what constitutes a noble man and a true gentleman. . . . I do not remember any appeal to the passions that were easily stirred. Always he was magnanimous, noble-hearted."

Gen. B. W. Green, of Little Rock, Ark., writes the author: "I have read 'The Old South' with the greatest pleasure. If you never wrote anything else, this ought to immortalize you."

W. B. Jacobs, of Chicago, Ill., adjutant general in the Federal army, writes: "Am reading 'The Old South,' and am delighted with it."

"Aunt" Mima Mitchell (colored) writes characteristically: "I was borned in the Old South. Your little book was the only Christmas present I received. I have read it through three times, and cried over it."

DR. HOWARD M. HAMILL.

Dr. Hamill, of Nashville, author of "The Old South," was born in Lowndesboro, Ala., in 1848, and is the son of Rev. E. J. Hamill, of the Alabama Methodist Conference, who was chaplain in Cleburne's Division during the last years of the war. At the age of sixteen young Hamill joined Lee's army, and served the last year of the war under that great general, receiving his parole as a member of Finnegan's Florida Brigade at Appomattox.

He graduated at Auburn, Ala., together with Supreme Court Judge Render J. Dowdell, in the first class after the war in the East Alabama College. For ten years and more he held high educational positions in the West, and was then made International Sunday School Secretary, and recently Superintendent of Training Work in Southern Methodism. He has written many books, has been a world-wide traveler, is known everywhere in Canada, the United States, and Europe as among the foremost of Sunday school lecturers, and is altogether a very busy man and in touch with every advance movement of the South.

The *VETERAN* hopes to put this little book into the homes of thousands; and, while the book is sent to any address for twenty-five cents, it will be mailed free to any patron who will send one dollar for a *new* subscriber. It will be sent free to each subscriber as well as to the patron in clubs of five. Comrades, friends, utilize this opportunity to demonstrate what influence an article in the *VETERAN* may exert. The little book of eighty pages is beautifully bound and contains a number of full-page illustrations, among them "Uncle" Jeff Shields and "Aunt" Hannah, Sam Davis, Jefferson Davis, Alexander H. Stephens, Bishop Pierce, and others.



PROF. H. M. HAMILL, D.D., AUTHOR OF "THE OLD SOUTH."

REUNION FOR 1905 AT LOUISVILLE.

JUNE 14, 15, 16 THE DATE.

Official notice comes from New Orleans February 1 that the date for the Louisville Reunion has been fixed for June 14-16, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. According to custom, these will be also the Reunion dates for the United Sons and the Confederate Southern Memorial Association.

HONOR TO PRIVATE JOHN HAMMOND.

Capt. F. E. Eve, Hazen, Ga., writes about one of his men:

"I've been on the 'surgeon's roll' for over a year, but hope soon to report for 'active duty.' This must be my excuse for not noticing sooner through the *VETERAN* the reference made to the tomb of one of my men killed at Orangeburg, S. C., John Hammond, as brave a boy as ever lived. He had no conception of danger when fighting the Federals; and if he was ever absent a day from his company or from duty until he was killed, I never knew of it. Well may it be said: 'Here lies a Confederate soldier who did his duty.' His horse was killed under him at Brandy Station in the celebrated saber charge of Cobb's Legion that broke Gen. Pleasanton's triumphal advance, recapturing Gen. Jeb Stuart's headquarters and enabling him to re-form his lines, make a counter charge on Pleasanton, and drive him across the Rappahannock. The charge of Cobb's Legion, led by Gen. P. M. B. Young, was the turning point in this fight.

"I notice in the December *VETERAN* that H. H. Scott, one of Gen. Wade Hampton's scouts, very properly corrects the claim of some of Wheeler's Cavalry to a little hand-to-hand saber and pistol fight at Fayetteville, N. C. I have heard Gen. Hampton, with snapping eyes, tell of this little affair in the presence of Hugh Scott and in his absence. The old General's saber stood him in good stead that day.

"Now as to the spotted horse: Tip Watkins was orderly sergeant in Company I, of Cobb's Legion (Richmond Hussars from Augusta, Ga.), and he captured the spotted horse belonging to Kilpatrick and *unwillingly*, as he told me himself, gave him back to Gen. Kilpatrick for two other horses. Cobb's Legion, led by that game old fighter and veteran of the Mexican War, Col. Gib Wright, who was wounded time and again by both pistol and saber, for he was ever in the front, was the first in the charge made on Kilpatrick's camp.

"The Cobb Legion went to Virginia in 1861, and was one of the regiments that formed the famous First Cavalry Brigade, A. N. V., and what Gen. Wade Hampton thought of them he often expressed in public addresses as well as in private conversation. They were never in Wheeler's Cavalry. Gen. Hampton was the ranking officer, and commanded Wheeler's Cavalry as much as he did Butler's Cavalry—in fact, after Stuart's death he was the ranking lieutenant general, and commanded all the cavalry. He was present and in command, and the fight was made by his direction. He was not a West Pointer, as was Gen. Wheeler."

THE SONS IN OKLAHOMA.

On January 6 a charter was issued by Commander in Chief N. R. Tisdal to Robert E. Lee Camp, No. 495, United Sons of Confederate Veterans, located at Cordell, Okla. The following are the officers of the new Camp: Commander, Dr. Vere V. Hunt; First Lieutenant Commanders, J. M. Armfield, R. A. Billups; Adjutant, R. L. Harvey; Treasurer, W. A. Bills; Chaplain, Rutherford Brett; Surgeon, Dr. J. E. Forber; Quartermaster, H. D. Young; Color Sergeant, W. J. Knott; Historian, T. A. Edwards.

Dr. Vere V. Hunt, who has recently located there, is a gentleman who has seen much of the world, having twice traveled around it, and whose life has been full of adventures. Born in the south of England, the Doctor spent much of his early life in the British army in West, Central, and Southern Africa. He was the only commissioned officer that escaped from the sanguinary battle of Isandhlwana, and was decorated by the Queen for bringing the body of Prince Louis Napoleon into camp. Some months later he was permanently crippled by having his horse shot under him in the final cavalry charge at Ulundi.

The Doctor graduated in arts and law from Trinity College, University of Dublin, Ireland. Out of a family of seven boys, however, five of the Doctor's brothers were physicians,



DR. VERE V. HUNT.

and, yielding to what seemed fate, the Doctor added a sixth, graduating from two of Chicago's prominent medical institutions—Dunham Medical College and Hospital, and Hering Medical College and Hospital. He also served a term in Cook County Hospital, Chicago, the largest medical infirmary west of New York.

Regarding the Doctor's immediate ancestors, who belong to one of the oldest families in England—the De Veres, of Oxford—the *Dallas News* of July 6, 1903, says: "Old Confederate veterans will remember Dr. Vere V. Hunt's name from the fact that his father and two uncles ran the blockade to join their brother-in-law, Gen. J. E. Erskire, of Louisiana, on the side of the South. All three brothers had previously distinguished themselves in the British army. The Doctor's father, Maj. Gen. Sir Edmund Langley Hunt, V.C.K.C.B., of Hurst Manor, Bucks, is Equerry to King Edward, and held the present Prince of Wales in his arms when the future king of England received his cognomen. Sir Edmund is a hale and hearty veteran of seventy-four years."

Commander in Chief N. R. Tisdal has appointed Dr. Hunt National Chairman for the Relief Committee of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans.

PAPERS TO BE READ BY THE U. D. C.

The Cradle of the Confederacy Chapter at Montgomery, Ala., outlines its programme of historical exercises for a year at a time. The conclusion to July, 1905, is as follows:

February: "Fall of Fort Donelson and the Taking of Island No. 10, Mrs. M. P. Watt; "Who Were Mason and Sli-dell?" Mrs. Jessie Lamar; "How Was Ammunition Obtained for the Confederacy?" Mrs. R. M. Collins.

March: "Battle of Shiloh," Mrs. Shirley Bragg; "Death Albert Sidney Johnston," Mrs. Paul Smith.

April: "Naval Engagement in Hampton Roads," Mrs. C. H. Beale; "Fall of New Orleans," Mrs. John W. Durr, Jr.

May: "Battle of Seven Pines and the Seven Days' Fight-ing around Richmond," Mrs. J. K. Jackson; "When Was the Proposition Made to Exchange Prisoners, and How Did the First Effort Terminate?" Mrs. Albert Taylor.

June: "Jackson's Valley Campaign," Mrs. M. A. Baldwin.

"SOUTHERN HEROES AND OTHER POEMS."

Dr. Orion T. Dozier has given the above title to the latest compilation of his book of poems. The book is dedi-cated "To the United Sons and United Daughters of the Confederacy, scions of the most noble, chivalrous, brave, and heroic exemplars of soldierly and loyal patriotism; the most faithful adherents to their God-given instincts of racial su-periority and fidelity to their Caucasian blood." It is not nec-essary to look beyond this dedication or to say the author is a Confederate veteran to find the sentiment that mainly pre-vails and is poetically expressed in the book. No collection

of Southern poems by Southern authors would be complete without a copy of "Southern Heroes and Other Poems."

The author has the happy faculty of never tiring the reader. The varied themes that tempt his Muse give zest and in-terest to the volume throughout. With surprising versatility he runs the gamut from grave to gay, at one moment as sentimental as Stern, the next as satirical as Juvenal; at times as pathetic as Poe, and then as humorous as Stanton.

He weaves the negro dialect into verse with an accuracy that marks him as "native to the manor born." For instance, Uncle Mose opens his sermon with

"My belubed cullud brudders,
Havin' left at home my specks
I'll have ter ax your pardon
Fer not readin' ob my tex;
But yer'll find de inspiration
Ob what I has ter say
In de Pistle ob de Postle
To de Church in Arfica."

This book is supplied by the VETERAN with a year's sub-scription for \$1.75, or free for five new subscriptions.

Dr. Dozier's address is Birmingham, Ala.

W. H. Davis, who was a member of Capt. James R. Lester's Company (F), Fourth Tennessee Cavalry, "Paul's People," desires to hear from Charlie Miller, who was also a member of that company, and was afterwards a lieutenant on Gen. John A. Wharton's staff.

THE CONFEDERATE MINING COMPANY, IN MARICOPA COUNTY, ARIZONA.

STATEMENT OF MANAGER THEODORE CRANDALL.

The manager of the Confederate Mining Company reports that with four or five thousand dollars more he can com-plete the development work. The rule of mining is to cut the side wall where the copper is bedded on three sides, so it will show the ore on all three sides. Then its value can be estimated to a certainty, and the mine placed upon the market if the stockholders so desire.

The manager also reports that the property is in fine con-dition and of great value, and that with reasonable time and a few thousand dollars more he can make it a great producer. He says that, at a low estimate, this property is worth at least five hundred thousand dollars.

This has all been accomplished with an expenditure of less than sixteen thousand dollars, including the purchase price of the property. A fine showing surely, one that ought to satisfy the most exacting stockholder. This report by Manager Crandall is verified by the expert mining engineer, W. H. Mercer, of Globe, Arizona.

There have been 14,433 shares of treasury stock sold, which would give each stockholder about thirty-five dollars per share, or about three and a half times the par value of the stock. Besides this, we are assured that with the expenditure of a few thousand dollars more in the mines the property can be made to show double the present value. It takes time and money, accompanied with a great deal of hard work and patience on the part of the managers, to keep the mill grind-ing; but, with the good results already obtained, it looks like the dividends will soon come.

There are a few hundred certificates of the two-dollar stock yet unsold. First call first served, either cash or on the installment plan.

R. W. CRABB, Treasurer, Uniontown, Ky.



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TO THE WEST AND SOUTH-WEST, CALIFORNIA, ETC.

Best reached via Missouri Pacific Ry. or Iron Mountain Route from St. Louis, Cairo, or Memphis. Greatly reduced one-way Colonist rates on February 21 and March 21, 1905, to Arkansas, Texas, Indian and Oklahoma Territories, and numerous points in other Western States. Great opportunities for the home seeker and investor. Home seeker round-trip tickets on sale every first and third Tuesdays of each month, limited twenty-one days. Lands are cheap, rates are low. Cheap round-trip rates now in effect to winter resorts of the West and Southwest. Liberal limits and stop-over privileges. Daily through Standard Pullman sleepers from St. Louis, via Missouri Pacific Ry. or Iron Mountain Route; also personally conducted tourist sleepers Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays to California without change. Descriptive literature, map folders, etc., furnished free. For particulars, rates, etc.; consult nearest Ticket Agent, or address R. T. G. Matthews, T. P. A., Room 301 Norton Building, Louisville, Ky.

W. P. Jeanes, of McGregor, Tex., inquires for some member of the Twentieth Tennessee Infantry, Capt. Carter's company, who can testify to the service of W. R. George, in order to enable the latter to get a pension. Comrade George entered the service at Nolensville, Tenn.

P. F. Lewis, of Aurora, Tex., asks what became of Joe Robinson, of Greasy Bend, Witt County, and a member of the Fifteenth Texas Regiment. The last known of him he was planning to escape after the capture of Arkansas Post, January 11, 1863.

"Kalola" is a new remedy for indigestion in all of its forms, and is manufactured by a Southern company of Savannah, Ga. It is always of interest to note the progress of a Southern enterprise, and from what is said of Kalola by those who use it its success seems to be assured.

A letter has been received at the VET-

ERAN office from M. R. Turner, a Georgia veteran, who says: "I can recommend Kalola to all who suffer as I did, and particularly to my old comrades. . . . Many members of our Camp use it, and have given their testimony to the company."

Two letters have also been read from E. C. Young, Inspector of the Savannah Electric Co. The first letter describes the relief had from a trial of Kalola, and the second letter says: "It has been several months since I took Kalola, and I now wish to say that I am permanently cured. . . . I can unhesitatingly say that it is the best remedy for what it is recommended that I have ever known."

Ed H. Farrar, of Centralia, Mo., has some bound volumes of the VETERAN which he is willing to dispose of. Those wishing to make up a file might write him.

**FLORIDA, CUBA, NASSAU.**

Winter excursion rates over N., C., and St. L. Ry. via Nashville, Chattanooga, Lookout Mountain, and Atlanta, through the old battlefields of the Civil War.

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Capt. W. W. Carnes, No. 106 Water Street, Tampa, Fla., is very desirous of completing his file of the VETERAN by securing the first six copies of 1893. Any one having these copies will confer a great favor by communicating with him promptly.

HANCOCK'S DIARY

gives a faithful account of the experiences of the writer, R. R. Hancock, who was a member of Bell's Brigade, Buford's Division, Forrest's Cavalry, and it includes a history of Forrest's command for the last fifteen months of the war. Bound in cloth, 644 pages. Price, reduced, \$1.50; with the VETERAN one year, \$2.



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W. B. Shelton, of Springfield, Mo. (No. 1611 N. Jefferson Street), would like to hear from any survivors of Company H (Capt. Coulter), Twenty-Ninth Tennessee Regiment.

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E. M. Pace, of Wilson, N. C., is very anxious to hear from some member of his old company, B, of the Tenth Georgia Cavalry, commanded by Capt. Smith. He parted company with them at Burlington, then known as Company Shops, within twenty-two miles of Greensboro, when Johnston's army surrendered to Sherman.

E. P. Anderson, of Waxahachie, Tex., corrects a statement on page five of January VETERAN that in 1897 land in Ellis County was worth ten to twelve dollars per acre. The date should have been 1870.

James K. Womack, of Hillsboro, Tex., makes inquiry for any survivors of Company K, Fourth Louisiana Cavalry,

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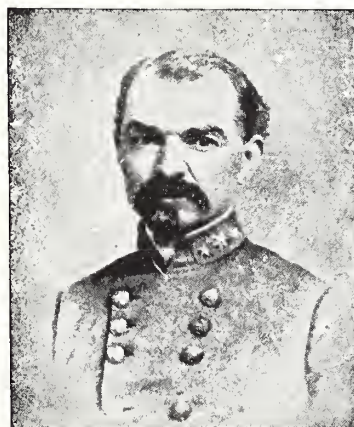
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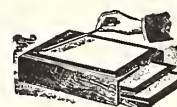
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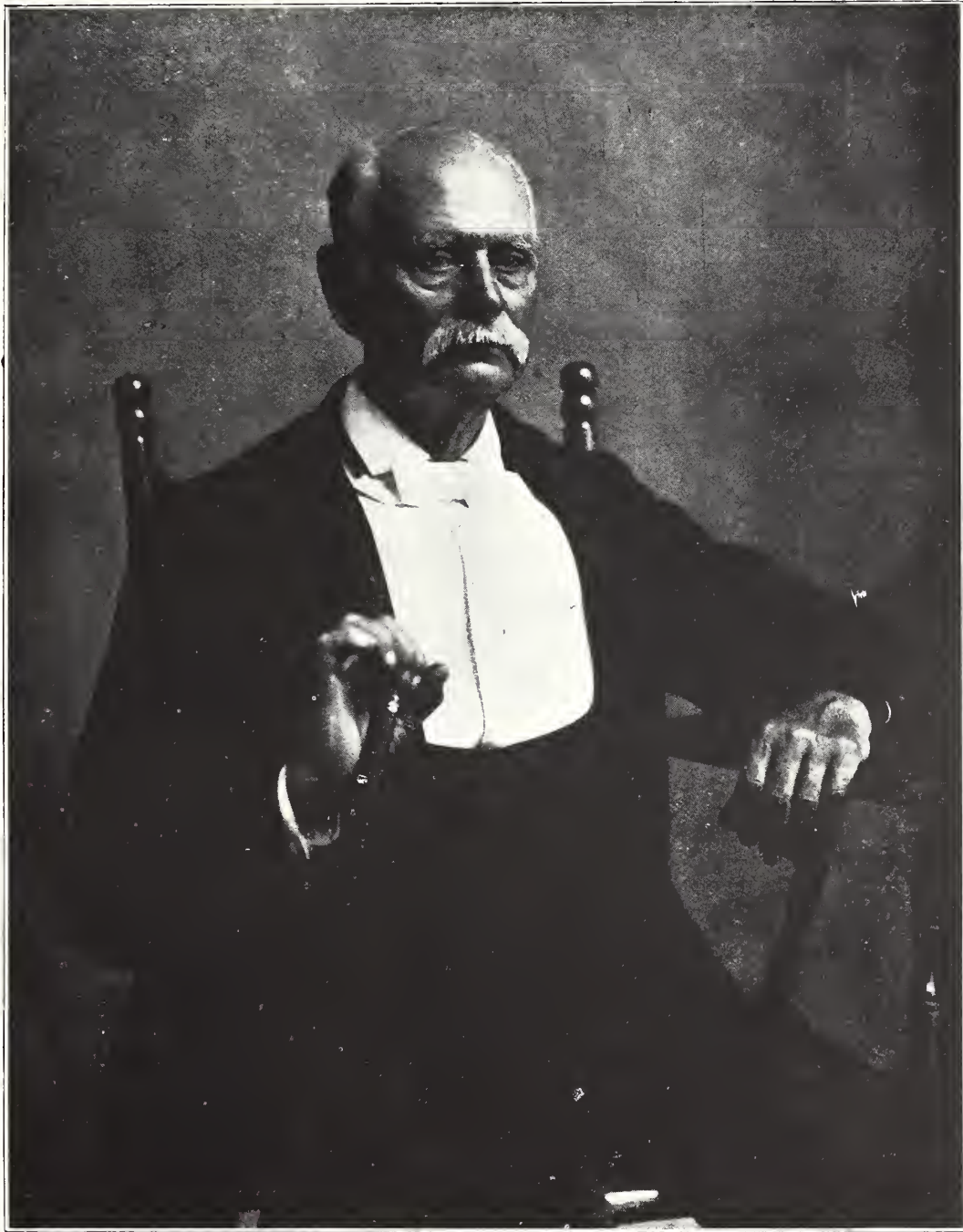


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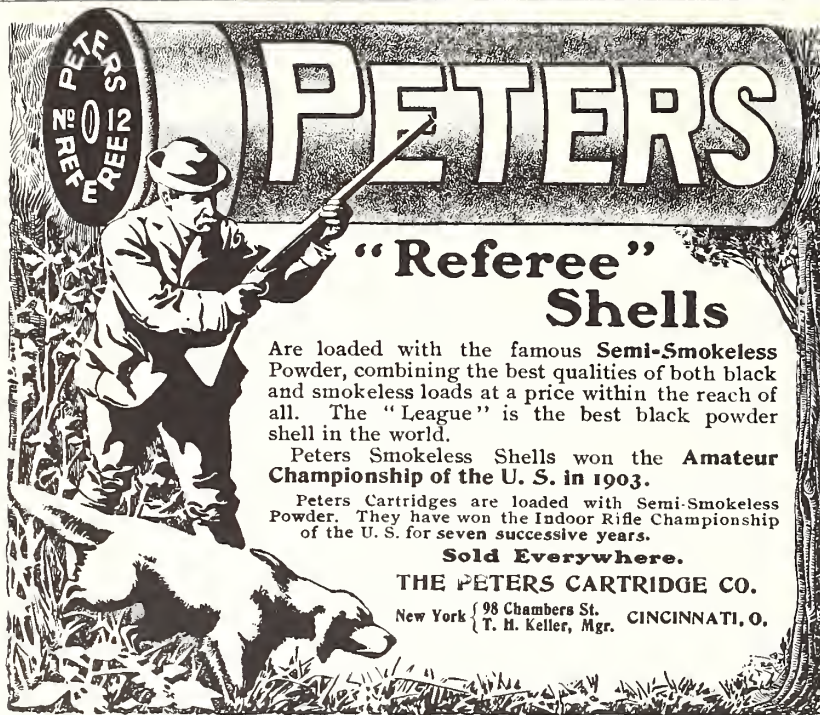
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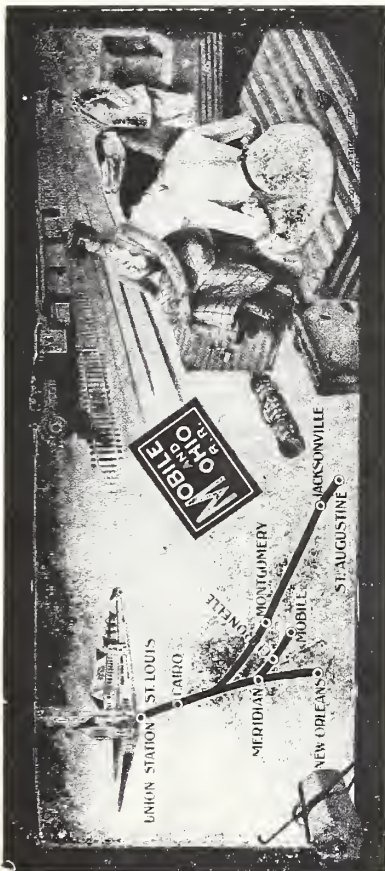
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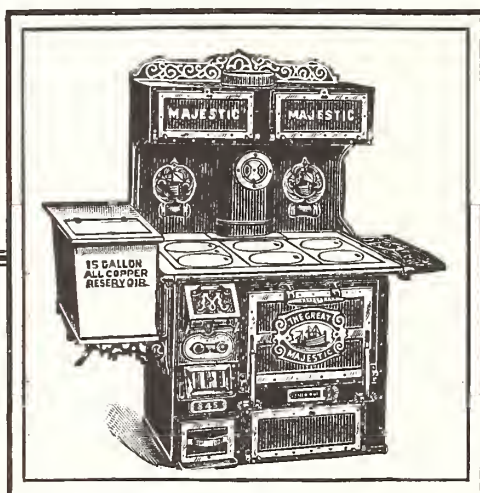
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Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

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The *civil* war was too long ago to be called the *late* war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.

The terms "new South" and "lost Cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

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UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

The VETERAN is approved and indorsed officially by a larger and more elevated patronage, doubtless, than any other publication in existence.

Though men deserve, they may not win success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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NASHVILLE, TENN., MARCH, 1905.

No. 3. } S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
PROPRIETOR.

DANIEL EMMETT AND "DIXIE'S LAND."

The fine engraving of Daniel Decatur Emmett on the title-page of this number of the VETERAN is the occasion for brief notes about him and his famous "Dixie's Land." The music is without criticism. Might as well put a feather cabled to a straw in a whirlwind as for anybody anywhere to censure the tune of "Dixie."

The words of "Dixie's Land" (as the composer designated the song) are not so cordially accepted; the author is unkindly and severely arraigned by parties desiring a change.

The composer, as a member of and a hustler for Bryant's Minstrels, was directed to prepare something for a new sensation, as business was waning. Sunday intervening, a rainy, dismal day in the poor quarters that he could afford for himself and wife, the young man, impressed with the compliment that he was capable of the important undertaking, of course was aroused to intensest concern to "prepare something new and lively." He had traveled much South as well as North, so with his resources, appreciating the great heart of the South, he instinctively undertook to do his best with the best facilities. He had misgivings, however, about the production until "Kate," his wife, pronounced it very good. It was at once popular. The chorus was taken up by the lads in the streets, and but for the war the author believed it would have been immediately popular in the North as well as in the South.

Carefully studying the words of "Dixie" in connection with the time of the composition, we may read between the lines his pride that his "parents were Southern born." Without intending partisanship, he showed ardor for the South, the first words being "I wish I was in de land ob cotton." Then he made his chorus ecstatic:

"Hoo-ray! Hoo-ray! We'll take our stand to
live and die in Dixie,
Away, away, away down South in Dixie."

It is not nearly so bad to say that "William, a gay deceiver," put his arms around "Missus" as the way so many other "deceivers" put their arms around the girls of this period, and much money is paid to witness it every night in the week. What is there in other similar "patriotic songs," such as "Yankee Doodle," to commend them?

A careful review of the simple life of the venerable Emmett strengthens admiration for him. His sturdy integrity, his primitive manners, his genial, kindly soul all bestir affection and esteem. He lived to fourscore years and more without an illness. He was sober and industrious. When he was eighty

years of age, the editor of the VETERAN was entertained in the Capitol of Ohio, and urgent demand was wired "Uncle Dan" to share in the occasion. The messenger found him off in the forest chopping wood, too late to change his suit; but he was equally honored with the special guest at a banquet worthy the President.

In a letter subsequent to this event he wrote: "Now for the banquet. I never in my life enjoyed an entertainment with so much pleasure. I liked to have forgotten that I had one more meal to eat before I died. The kindness and friendship, the good feeling and hearty welcome, extended to me can never be forgotten by one so unworthy of having such great honors bestowed upon him. I hope these 'Reunions' will be continued, for by them our late 'unpleasantness' will be entirely forgotten."

The VETERAN, as conducted, will ever revere the memory of this simple-hearted man who sought happiness without extravagance or abuse.

Although born in Ohio, at Mount Vernon, where he died and was buried, he said, in connection with the War between the States, that he would not enlist in any army against the South, and "would never fight to make the negro the equal of white men." At seventeen years of age he was a soldier in the Black Hawk War.

The mellowness of his music is a lullaby. His first verses in song were:

"Get out of the way, Old Dan Tucker,
You come too late to get your supper," etc.

HISTORY OF CONFEDERATE FLAGS AND SEALS.—Dr. Samuel E. Lewis, No. 1418 Fourteenth Street, Washington, D. C., is chairman on the committee to collect data on the flags and the seals used by the Confederate States. The work on flags is well advanced, as reported to the U. C. V. at the Nashville reunion, 1904; but Dr. Lewis, as chairman, is especially desirous of obtaining information regarding the flags of the several Confederate States as flown in the first year of the war, including banners. Assistance can also be rendered him by giving any information relating to the seals used by any of the Confederate States during the war period.

Mrs. F. A. Fuller, Secretary Joseph L. Hogg Chapter, U. D. C., Jacksonville, Tex., writes: "The books, 'Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government,' by Jefferson Davis, received. Am glad to possess such a noted work, and wish that every U. D. C. Chapter owned a set of these books, when they could get facts exactly as they were."

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

GEN. LEE WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN PRESIDENT.

Many thousands have read the beautiful tribute by Senator Ben Hill, of Georgia, to Gen. R. E. Lee on the front page of the February VETERAN. Many had read it before, some of whom did not know its author. It is interesting to read further from the distinguished statesman in the same connection. He related a conversation with Gen. Lee, to verify his exalted tribute, in which, meeting the General in the streets of Richmond near the executive offices, he said to him: "General, I wish you would give us your opinion as to the propriety of changing the seat of government and going farther South."

"That is a political question, Mr. Hill, and you politicians must determine it. I shall endeavor to take care of the army, and you must make the laws and control the government."

"Ah, General," I said; "but you will have to change that rule and form and express political opinions; for, if we establish our independence, the people will make you Mr. Davis's successor."

"Never, sir," he replied with a fine dignity that belonged only to Lee. "That I will never permit. Whatever talents I may possess (and they are but limited) are military talents. My education and training are military. I think the military and civil talents are distinct, if not different, and full duty in either sphere is about as much as one man can qualify himself to perform. I shall not do the people the injustice to accept high civil office, with whose questions it has not been my business to become familiar."

"But, General," I insisted, "history does not sustain your view. Cæsar, Frederick of Prussia, and Bonaparte were all great statesmen as well as great generals."

"And all great tyrants," he promptly rejoined. "I speak of the proper rule in republics, where, I think, we should have neither military statesmen nor political generals."

"But Washington was both, and yet not a tyrant."

And with a beautiful smile he said: "Washington was an exception to all rule, and there was none like him."

I could find no words to answer, but instantly I said in thought: "Surely Washington is no longer the only exception, for one like him, if not even greater, is here."

Whatever may have been the exact number of soldiers in the aggregate, it is conceded, or rather is verified by the records, that the Federal army and navy combined comprised 2,859,132 officers and soldiers, of whom 469,041 were from the South, two-thirds as many, anyhow, as fought for the Confederacy.

There is objection to the claim of the South that all of her forces did not exceed 600,000 men, but from any view point the figures in contrast must soften the boast of the victors.

It was not so great a contrast in courage or endurance of the South, for her people had the advantage of being on the defensive, and that meant much; but the explanation that must be accepted, and upon which the South can rest content, is that of principle, and "kept on fire" by patriotic women.

CRUEL TREATMENT OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

When the painful sensation to the country was sprung by Gen. Nelson A. Miles's attempt, "after a silence of forty years," to justify his conduct for cruelty to Jefferson Davis when in Fortress Monroe a prisoner, it was not intended to make publication in the VETERAN. The subject has been discussed by the press throughout the country and the evidence has been quite fairly reviewed. It would be inconsistent, therefore, for the VETERAN to ignore this revival of one of the darkest events in the history of that awful period. What a gracious thing it would have been in this high officer of the United States army to have expressed regret for his action instead of voluntarily asserting that he had "no apologies to offer anybody!"

Miles then ranked as a colonel. He was a young man, and he, let us admit, was influenced by the abuse then being heaped upon Southern leaders, including what they so generally styled the "Arch Traitor." It was the popular rule to abuse Mr. Davis beyond all others. Gen. Miles, having the advantage of observing and associating with genteel people for forty years since then, would have been expected to improve and to admit it. Instinctively it occurs in this connection that if he as a Democrat (?) and President Roosevelt as a Republican had each in this period of good will apologized for their treatment of the South's martyred chief representative it would have created a sectional millennium. If they had given expression in the spirit of Gen. and President Grant as a farewell message to mankind of this world, the result would have tended to blot the last vestige of sectional animosity. There is still hope for the President, who, while not apologizing for his harsh and unjust reflection upon Mr. Davis in his life of Thomas H. Benton, is making amends, and that he will yet exercise his great power for the good of the South. Notwithstanding his comparing Mr. Davis with Benedict Arnold and designating him as one of the chief repudiators in the State of Mississippi, and before that, when a younger man, he had denounced Mr. Davis in the *North American Review* as a traitor, which so wounded the patriot, who had spilt his blood for his country, that he wrote the author, Roosevelt, proposing to furnish data that would show him his error, in reply to which he is reputed to have written, "Mr. Theodore Roosevelt does not care to have any communication from Mr. Davis whatever"—his visit to the great World's Fair in St. Louis, having but a few hours in which to see the myriads of wonderful things and greet the hundreds of thousands of people, many of whom were there especially to see the President, made most significant the occasion of his going through the State building of Mississippi, reproduced as "Beauvoir," the home of Mr. Davis. It was evidently intended as a compliment to the character of Mr. Davis and to the South in general, and his well-worded expressions of pleasure in seeing it deserved only expressions of gratitude worthy the message sent by President Francis to Gov. Vardeman. Then his speech at the recent Lincoln Memorial meeting was received with gratitude throughout the South, while inspiring hope that he will yet be more considerate of the absorbing issue of the South than had previously been expected. How gracious would it have been, or would it be, if a man occupying his exalted position could realize the blessing to himself in the confession that he had committed an error and that he regretted his severe reflections upon the honesty and the patriotism of the one man selected by the Christian South to control her destinies! The editor of the VETERAN honors President

Roosevelt in many respects, and would plead with a last breath that he be candid in this thing. There is no human power—mental or physical—that can induce the Southern people to yield an iota of their loyalty to the memory of Jefferson Davis, whose character when studied closely exalts the student's estimate of mankind. This editor will not forget personal courtesies by the President, and in his honor quotes a remark by him in reply to the sincere compliment paid him for ever having been industrious, although there had never been a necessity for it—viz., "It doesn't matter whether a man be a hobo or a millionaire; if he doesn't realize that there is something for him to do, he is to be pitied." The President has many friends in the South who most earnestly pray for the good of the nation—all the people, white and black—who believe him great enough to admit that he makes mistakes, and he can so well afford to admit it candidly that they are hoping on and on that he will do so.

But to return to Gen. Miles. A fair-minded, well-informed person who knew Miles forty years ago writes that he would not act now as he did then, because he has associated with gentlemen since then and has learned to spell and read other than common words; that the overseers of Southern plantations were better educated in 1865. It is an occasion of sorrow rather than anger that men in high position in this great country have not the courage and the manhood to admit that they have grievously erred. In this matter Gen. Miles has made a pitiable attempt to defend his course. It is a lame excuse that he "was acting under orders" and was obliged to put irons on this prisoner as would be an officer compelled with a detail of his soldiers to shoot one of his comrades under condemnation by a court-martial, when, in fact, it is evident that Miles had sought permission to shackle Mr. Davis. Then he speaks of them as "light shackles." They are evidently in existence, and it is believed are among his "trophyies." Why doesn't he exhibit them now? Every argument that Miles introduces in his defense recoils with proof that there was no excuse. He even brings to light anew the villainous proclamation of Andrew Johnson, acting President after the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, that his murder and the attempted murder of Secretary of State Seward "were incited, concocted, and planned by and between Jefferson Davis" and others, naming five of them, with reward for Mr. Davis of one hundred thousand dollars and smaller amounts for the others. And yet it has long since been shown that not one of the persons named had the smallest connection with the lamentable, the awful event which was grievously deplored throughout the South. Miles might have used this to advantage in contrition.

All questions of honor seem to have been ignored. If, in the exercise of his discretion, Col. Miles, when he saw that Mr. Davis was so much opposed to being manacled, had asked whether he would endeavor to get away, he could but have given full credence to that promise. Then a hundred thousand honorable men and women in the South would have pledged their lives to any promise he would have made. There is no greater farce conceivable than that there could have been any danger whatever if Mr. Davis had gotten away from Fortress Monroe, yet he could not possibly have done that had there been no guards at his cell. When he appealed that a telegram be sent to Washington to save the South humiliation in having their chief representative treated as a common felon, of course he would have given his word that he would not try to escape. There was not, nor has there ever been, a more honorable man in the United States.

He would quickly have sacrificed every earthly possession and his life rather than his honor. Observe his career on through the ordeals that followed until he laid his burdens down, and a record for consistency as a Christian patriot stands without blemish. Recall the cruelty of strong lights and guards with guns in his presence every minute of the time for months and his meditations concerning the deprivation and humiliation of the people who had honored him! It was the most distressing attitude ever occupied by an American citizen, even before his struggle against four burly men who held him as the blacksmith riveted the shackles upon his ankles. This treatment and his deportment united the Southern people in his behalf as they had never been before, and that unity of sentiment has been strengthened through all the intervening years, and the more ardently by those who knew him best.

It was in that crisis that Jefferson Davis exhibited heroism and personal courage never surpassed and only to be compared with another Davis—Sam Davis, the immortal, during his trial and under the shadow of the hangman's noose at Pulaski, Tenn., in 1863. The indignity put upon Mr. Davis was so great that, as the representative of millions of people who had honored him as high as was possible for four years, he begged the guards, under such a vicious commander, to kill him rather than put him in chains. His thorough knowledge of the rights of man under his condition, including his experience as Secretary of War for the United States under President Buchanan, caused him to realize fully the shame of his treatment.

All honor to the memory of Jefferson Davis, and detestation without anger now to the man who so brutally and so unjustly treated him! In the generations of the future Jefferson Davis will rise in the estimation of mankind as surely as that

"Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers;
But error, wounded, writes with pain,
And dies among his worshippers."

PROMISE OF A SECTIONAL MILLENNIUM.

There were many excellent speeches made in tribute to William McKinley on the recent birthday anniversary, but the most noted one was by a Republican Congressman from Chicago, Hon. Henry Sherman Boutell. In that tribute to the man who said the time had come when the North should share with the South the care of the graves of Confederate dead Mr. Boutell paid a worthy tribute to the South. Among many other good things, he said:

"No people were ever brought face to face with more utter desolation than that which confronted the men of the South on their return from Appomattox. It was not alone that they had lost the fight; that their ranks had been sadly thinned by the war; that their lands had been laid waste, their property confiscated or destroyed. Their whole social, industrial, and political fabric lay in ruins. Their task was not the hopeful one of restoring an old order, but the well-nigh hopeless one of bringing a new order out of chaos. But they set to work with the courage and patience that create hope and defy failure. And they have triumphed gloriously. To-day they are enjoying the fruits of a victory greater than was ever won in warfare. And we of the North rejoice with them in their prosperity; for are they not our people, bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh?"

"The leaders of Southern thought in 1865 accepted the re-

sults of the war, and were willing to set to work to create a new order of things on the ruins of the old. They should have been allowed to retain their natural leadership over the ignorant whites and blacks. The most unfortunate result of our miserable reconstruction policy was that it destroyed the influence of the old leaders, instilled into the minds of the blacks feelings of 'hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness' toward their natural and wisest guides, and arrayed the whites of all classes in solid opposition to the negroes. The fear of ignorant negro domination has persisted long after the danger of such domination has passed, working often an injustice to the negro and always a greater injury to the whites.

"The amelioration of the political situation in the South is a problem that must for years to come tax the wisdom and patience of our greatest statesmen and philanthropists. We of the North have in years past made the solution of this problem more difficult for our Southern brethren. We now owe them generous sympathy and patient forbearance. Their task is a long one, and beset with peculiar difficulties. We should concede that they have done and are doing what we would do under similar circumstances. The solution of this grave and complicated problem cannot be hastened by coercion, threats, or abuse.

"But whatever we of the North may do, whatever the government may accomplish, the real burden of this problem rests on our brethren of the South. In her work of solving this problem the South could have no better, no firmer friend than President Roosevelt; for all that the South needs, besides time, is a square deal, and no one knows better than the President that a square deal for the South means simply intelligent sympathy from Northern men, unprejudiced, even-handed justice from the Federal government."

JUDGE WALTER CLARK.

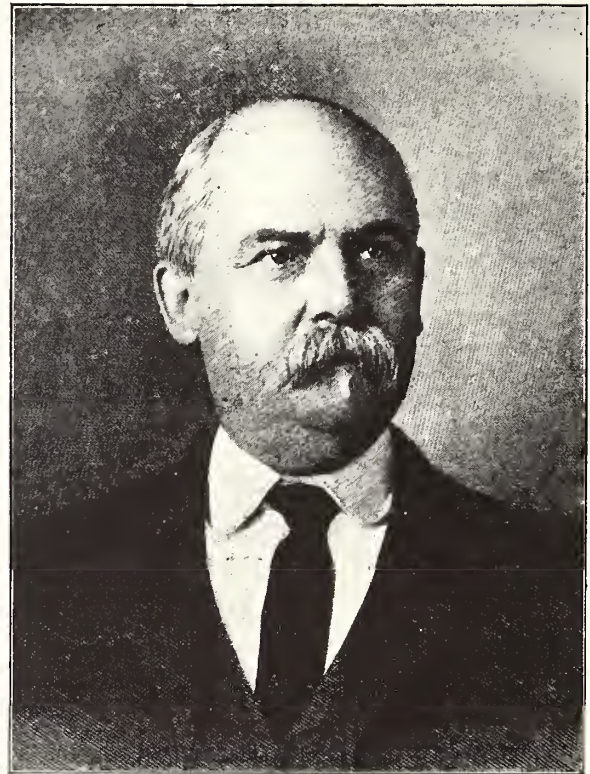
Walter Clark (now Chief Justice of North Carolina), son of Gen. David Clark and Anna M. (Thorne), his wife, was born in Halifax County, N. C., August 19, 1846. He was at the Hillsboro Military Academy, North Carolina, at the breaking out of the war, and in June, 1861, then fourteen years of age, was appointed second lieutenant and drillmaster of the Twenty-Second North Carolina Regiment (Pettigrew's), and accompanied it to Virginia. In July, 1862, he was appointed first lieutenant and adjutant of the Thirty-Fifth North Carolina Regiment, commanded by Col. M. W. Ransom, later United States Senator.

Adjutant Clark was then not yet sixteen. He was in the Maryland campaign, being slightly wounded at Sharpsburg in one of the bloodiest battles of the war, and was with his command on Marye's Heights at the first battle of Fredericksburg, when his brigade (Ransom's) aided in rolling back successive charges of the Federal line, among them Meagher's famous Irish brigade. In the summer of 1863, his brigade having been ordered to North Carolina to recruit, he resigned; and, having kept up his studies in camp, he joined the senior class at the North Carolina University, where he graduated with the first honor in his class June 2, 1864. The next day he was elected major of the Sixth North Carolina Battalion, and on July 3, 1864, he was promoted to lieutenant colonel of the Seventieth North Carolina Regiment (First Junior Reserves), being at that time seventeen years of age and the youngest officer of his rank in either army.

In October, 1864, he was commandant of the post at Wil-

liamston, the command embracing four companies of infantry, two of cavalry, and one of artillery, at the head of which he followed the enemy to Jamesville November 1. He was at the repulse of the enemy's gunboats at Poplar Point, on the Roanoke River, Christmas Day, 1864. His brigade having been assigned to Hoke's Division, he, with his regiment, shared in the repulse of Schofield at Southwest Creek March 8, 1865. At the three days' battle of Bentonville, N. C., March 19-21, 1865, he commanded the skirmish line of his brigade, and held his ground when the skirmish lines of the other brigades of his division were driven in on March 21. He surrendered with the army of Joseph E. Johnston at High Point, N. C., and was paroled May 2, 1865.

He became superior court judge in 1885, and ascended the supreme court bench in 1889. In 1894 he was renominated by



JUDGE WALTER CLARK.

all three political parties, and elected unanimously. In 1902 he was nominated by the Democratic party for chief justice, and was elected for a term of eight years, beginning January 1, 1903. In 1874 he married the only daughter of W. A. Graham, Governor of North Carolina, Secretary of United States Navy, United States, then Confederate States Senator.

Judge Clark, now chief justice of his State, has done more historical work, perhaps, than any other who served the Confederacy. He edited the five large, handsome volumes of over three thousand pages, containing comprehensive histories of the many regiments and battalions of North Carolina Confederate troops. This work was published by the State, and is a credit to North Carolina and to the South.

His distinction as a Confederate and his worthy aspiration to be useful to his fellows are illustrated by his selection as chief justice of his patriotic State, purest of all in its Anglo-Saxon blood.

WAR PRISON EXPERIENCES.

BY COL. GEORGE H. MOFFETT, PARKERSBURG, W. VA.

I think some record should be made of the experiences of Confederate soldiers in Federal prisons. This is especially true in view of the many exaggerated stories set afloat by Northern writers of the hardships endured at Andersonville. The impartial historians of the future want facts only, facts that have not been colored by prejudice and have not been set down in malice. The CONFEDERATE VETERAN is doing a good work in making a record of actual occurrences during the War between the States, and a hundred years hence its files will be sought by the impartial historian as one of the most reliable sources of information from the fact that it will give the personal experiences and testimony of men who were actual participants.

A military prison is no palace, nor is it a pleasure resort. This is true of all wars in all times and among all nations. The code of war prescribes humane treatment to prisoners, yet the degree of humanity may be governed by conditions. It is an accepted rule that the prisoner shall not be entitled to more consideration than the captor is able to bestow upon himself. And therein lies the degree of guilt in the comparative treatment of Union and Confederate prisoners. The Southern Confederacy was poor, its resources limited and rapidly diminishing, and it was shut out from all the rest of the world. It must also be borne in mind that Federal prisoners in Southern prisons were not exposed to the climatic rigors endured by Confederate prisoners in Northern prisons. The Federal Government was rich, its resources unlimited, and it had all the world to draw upon. If there was an exercise of inhumanity, the Confederate government may have had an excuse. The Federal government had none.

My experience as a prisoner of war in Federal prison pens covered a period of eighteen months—from December 21, 1863, to June 20, 1865. For the first two months I was confined in Camp Chase, and the remainder of the time in Fort Delaware. I was captured by Gen. Averill's forces on their return from the Salem raid in December, 1863, and was taken across mountains covered with snow and ice for a distance of over one hundred miles to Grafton, on the B. and O. Railroad, from whence we were transported by rail to Columbus, Ohio. While we suffered many hardships on the forced march across the mountains in midwinter, I had no reason to complain of the treatment received from our captors. They were veteran soldiers who had seen a great deal of service. Consequently they were respectful in their behavior, and shared their scanty rations with us. Our hardships on that march were merely incident to the conditions of war. It was not until we got away from them and into prison pens that the régime of inhumanity began.

I entered Camp Chase in the early morning of the first day of January, 1864, a day still remembered in that locality as the cold New Year. When we stepped from the cars and were lined up on the station platform at Columbus at about three o'clock in the morning, the thermometer was twenty-four degrees below zero and a stiff gale blowing. There were eighty prisoners in the bunch, and most of them scantily attired. The four-mile tramp across the bleak Scioto bottoms to Camp Chase in the face of that cutting cold wind was an event in our prison experience never to be forgotten. Sometimes I wonder if the young men of this day and generation could endure such ordeals. When we arrived at the prison, it was not yet daylight; and, as there was a standing order that

there should be neither light nor fire in the prison between nine o'clock in the evening and daylight next morning, we were drawn up in front of the provost marshal's office on the outside of the prison, and stood there in the cold nearly an hour before being admitted to the inclosure. In the meantime the provost and assistants employed the time in taking down our names, the commands we belonged to, the rank of the various prisoners, etc., for entry on the prison register. It was not cheerful tidings when the officials informed us that two of the sentries had frozen to death on their posts that night. Nor was it more cheering when at the early light we were admitted to the prison inclosure and saw men carrying out in blankets the dead bodies of prisoners. While we were not given positive information as to the cause of their death, we had our suspicions. Altogether it was a chilly New Year's reception for us.

Camp Chase was an improvised prison, constructed hastily for war purposes, and yet in many respects it was the most comfortable of all the Northern prisons. I can testify from actual experience that it was far superior for the habitation of prisoners to Fort Delaware. It may be of interest to the readers of the VETERAN to know something of the general plan and régime of Camp Chase. It was built on an open plain, where the winds had a fair sweep in winter and the sun rays an unobstructed descent in summer. The inclosure was a high board wall with a parapet on top, along which sentinels constantly paced backward and forth. Within this inclosure lay the prison village of rough board cabins, situated in rows with narrow streets between. They were single-room cabins, the walls built of undressed boards set upright and without joints, while the floors were rough plank loosely laid, and a roof overhead. There were a door and a small window at one side. Each cabin was about fifteen feet square, and the furnishings were a cooking stove, in which wood was used for fuel, two stools, and a small rough pine table; while at the rear the sleeping bunks in double tier were arranged against the wall. There was no bedding, except one blanket allotted to each prisoner. By adopting the triune fashion we had one blanket to spread on the rough boards and two for covering.

The diet was plain, yet the only fault we ever found was in the scarcity of it. When officials were asked to increase the quantity, the only reply was that they were doing the best they could for us under their instructions. It was not until we had been transferred to Fort Delaware that I learned in an authentic way that the "short ration" order had emanated from Washington—of which I will speak later. Rations were issued to us every third day, and we had to do our own cooking. We had a few cooking utensils, and each man was supplied with a tin plate, a tin cup, and an iron or pewter spoon. Our rations usually consisted of salt pork, with an occasional variation of either fresh or pickled beef, beans, and hominy. Once in a while, just to enjoy the novelty of a full stomach, we would eat up the three days' rations in one day, and then fast two. But experience taught us that that was an injudicious system, so the rule was to spread out the short rations over the three days.

Twenty-four men were assigned to each cabin for prison quarters. We divided off into relays for cooks, dishwashers, etc., and thus managed to keep house after our peculiar fashion. As we had neither books nor newspapers, our principal occupation was indulging in reminiscences of better and happier days. If there had been a Federal victory anywhere, the guards were sure to let us know of it; but we never heard

of Confederate victories, except from new prisoners who were brought in from time to time.

Prison discipline was very strict and rigidly enforced. The slightest infringement of prison rules often brought lamentable consequences. I recall a pathetic illustration of this fact. A fresh prisoner, who was ignorant of the rule relating to the extinguishment of fires and lights, was turned into the prison one cold morning, and, having a match in his pocket, struck it with the intention of kindling a fire in the stove. The sentinel on the parapet, who saw the light through the window, fired immediately and killed the poor fellow. I witnessed a similar occurrence the next summer at Fort Delaware, where a young man merely threw a cup of water from the window, when a guard on the outside fired upon him, the ball passing through his neck, killing him instantly.

The prisoners of war were not the only living things in Camp Chase. There were bedbugs, "graybacks," and rats—all innumerable. Did we eat rats? I answer affirmatively, and will say further that in our opinion the Chinese are right when they class rat meat as a delicacy. A "rat killing" was about the only real amusement we had. Fresh meat, regardless of the species, was too much of a rarity among these hungry men to be discarded on account of an old prejudice. When properly dressed and fried in pork grease, a rat has the exact flavor of a squirrel. The uninitiated would never know the difference.

There was a good deal of sickness in the prison during the winter, principally smallpox and pneumonia; but it is only just to the prison surgeons to say they performed their duties well, and I was told that the hospital arrangements were fairly good. Still the death rate was heavy, mainly due to the debilitated condition of the men when stricken down with disease and to the rigors of the climate.

We endeavored to buoy up our spirits with the hope of a speedy exchange, for we had not yet learned of the "non-exchange" policy adopted by the Federal government as a means of depleting the Southern armies. If a Northern soldier was captured, they could readily fill his place by the enlistment of a foreign recruit. If a Southern soldier was taken prisoner and held, he was as good as dead, for there was no one to fill his place in the field. It may have been an effective policy; nevertheless it was barbarous.

Instead of an exchange, there came a transfer from bad to worse. Early in March there were rumors that John Morgan was out on another raid, and was expected to make a dash to release the prisoners at Camp Chase. Hence there was a cleaning out of the prison. A part of the prisoners were shipped to Johnson's Island, while the remainder of us, about five hundred in number, were transferred to Fort Delaware. One day we were marched over to Columbus, where we were placed in box cars and shipped to Pittsburg. At that point we were transferred from the box cars to old passenger coaches on the Pennsylvania road and forwarded to Philadelphia, and from that place transported by steamer down the Delaware River to our future prison. Nothing of note occurred in transit, except that from Pittsburg to Philadelphia I occupied a seat with a fellow-prisoner named McGowan, of East Tennessee, who was a very sick man, and required all the attention I could give him. There was no place for him to lie down, so I had to make a pillow of my shoulder, and he reclined there all night. When daylight came I was horror-struck to find him thickly broken out with smallpox, and he died soon after reaching Fort Delaware. I had been exposed more or less to this dreaded disease during my stay at Camp

Chase, but had relied upon a successful vaccination in my childhood to make me immune. But this was to be the crucial test, for he had lain with his face touching mine, and all the night I had breathed the contagious poison in that overheated car. Naturally, I watched the "nine-day" limit with anxiety, and sure enough I awoke in the night of the eighth day with the unmistakable symptoms. The next morning I asked my bunkmates not to report my case to the prison surgeon unless it became absolutely necessary, as I had a horror of pesthouses. They respected my wishes, and, while the attack was comparatively light, I got through it without taking a drop of medicine or having seen a doctor.

Fort Delaware is situated at the head of Delaware Bay, about fifty miles below Philadelphia, and commands the entrance to the harbor of that city. It is a strong fortress, built of stone, manned with heavy artillery, and is said to have been built many years ago under the direct supervision of Gen. James Longstreet, who was at that time a lieutenant of engineers in the regular army. It stands about the center of the stream on a piece of land containing about ninety acres, known as Pea Patch Island, and there is an equal distance of water on one side to the Delaware shore and on the other side to the New Jersey shore, being a stretch of about two miles to the nearest land. The fort proper was not used for prison purposes except in exceptional cases, when some unfortunate prisoner was sentenced to solitary confinement. The prison barracks were at the south end of the little island, on a low piece of ground immediately under the guns of the fort. The prison buildings looked like long cow sheds, with narrow spaces between the rows, and these narrow, open spaces were our only exercise ground. Each building, or "cow shed," was about three hundred feet long, divided into compartments by board partitions, and each compartment, or division, was occupied by four hundred prisoners. There were eight or ten rows of these "cow sheds," and each row divided into four compartments. Each division was named after the State from which the occupants hailed; for instance, there were four Virginia divisions, a Louisiana division, two Tennessee divisions, etc., and each division under the immediate charge of a sergeant or corporal, who was subordinate to the commissioned officers in charge of the whole barracks. There was also a partition wall separating the officers' barracks from the quarters of the privates and noncommissioned officers, and no communication allowed between them. The whole was surrounded by a high plank wall with parapets on top for the sentinel guards, while another line of guards surrounded the inclosure, and still a third detachment of guards were on constant duty inside the prison inclosure.

Inside the barracks was a triple tier of sleeping bunks on each side, lengthwise thereof, with a narrow aisle between the rows of bunks. In this aisle were two small coal stoves, one near each end, and these furnished the only warmth in that open, barnlike structure for a division containing four hundred men. They seemed to have acted upon Col. Sellers's idea—that all that was needed for warmth was the appearance of heat. The buildings were of the type I have described at Camp Chase, only more barnlike in appearance, cheaply constructed of rough boards set upright without joints, giving free ingress to the cold winds through innumerable cracks and crevices. They were cold in winter and hot in summer. The one-blanket-to-the-man rule was enforced here, as at Camp Chase, with this difference: at Camp Chase, if a man had an overcoat, he was allowed to retain it; at Fort Delaware it was taken from him.

After our arrival at Fort Delaware it did not take us long to realize that we had indeed come from bad to worse. The conditions at Camp Chase were bad enough, but infinitely worse at Fort Delaware. The latter, on account of its unhealthy location, had been condemned by a competent military tribunal as unfit for prison uses, yet the Federal government continued to use it for prison purposes until the close of the war. But to our mind the main difference was in the character of treatment received by the prisoners, and this was probably due to the difference in the temperament of the commanding officer. At Camp Chase the commander, Col. Webber, was a soldier with gentlemanly instincts, and, although hampered by instructions from the War Department, I have always believed he did the best for us that he could under his instructions. At Fort Delaware the commanding officer was of a different type. He was a Hessian brute.

If these minute details as to prison buildings and conditions have been wearisome, I will say by way of apology that I have given them for a double purpose: First, that the reader may have an intelligent understanding of our environments; secondly, inasmuch as the old prison buildings have all been removed, and the ground since adorned and beautified, the visitor to Fort Delaware to-day, without the aid of these records, could hardly realize that upon this fair spot of land could have been enacted the horrible cruelties which I am about to relate, or that in those days the most tender appellation the prisoners could apply to that spot of ground was to call it "Hell's Half Acre."

I have said the discipline at Camp Chase was strict, and strictly enforced. At Fort Delaware the discipline was brutal, and brutally enforced. For the slightest infraction of discipline, and sometimes without any cause, except from the malicious whim or caprice of a guard or officer, the most humiliating punishments were inflicted, usually accompanied by the severest torture. A common form of punishment was to "buck and gag" the victim. This was done by placing a gag in his mouth, then pinioning his arms behind him and running a stick through between the elbows and back. In this helpless condition the prisoner was thrown to the ground and left to lie there a whole day exposed to the broiling sun or to the chill of a wintry atmosphere, according to the season. But their most popular penal system was to hang up the victim by the thumbs—or "thumb-hanging," as it was technically known. In the passway between the mess hall and kitchen a number of swings were suspended, such as you see in the ordinary gymnasium. To these swings was a cord and pulley attachment. The process was to loop the cord over the two thumbs, and then with the use of the pulley to draw up the victim until his toes barely touched the earth. In this agonizing strain he would be suspended for hours. This was a daily occurrence, and I have seen six or eight "thumb-hangers" suspended at a time. Their fellow-prisoners were unable to relieve their torture or even speak a word of sympathy, for a guard stood by to shoot any one who interfered in their behalf. I was told by those who had undergone the punishment that the agony was inexpressible. There were numerous instances of dislocated shoulders and joints, thumbs would be cut to the bone by the tight cords, and in some cases mortification would set in and the thumbs would have to be amputated.

There were other modes of punishment, but the variety was so great and the victims so numerous that if I undertook to tell all it would fill volumes. Yet there was one instance in which the ludicrous was so closely allied to the pathetic

that I cannot refrain from making mention of it. Occasionally a bunch of prisoners would be taken out to do menial service on the island or around the fort. While this in a way was humiliating, yet there was always some glad enough to avail of this opportunity for an "outing" and to breathe an atmosphere beyond prison walls. One day a batch of prisoners was taken out to assist in unloading a steamer lying at the wharf and to carry the cargo of commissary supplies into the fort. In this batch was a bright-faced, curly-haired boy of about eighteen years of age, whose home, as I remember, was down about Lynchburg, Va., and who had been captured at Spottsylvania. When he got to the wharf, he was loaded up with an armful of bacon hams to carry into the fort. As he traversed the steep ascent leading to the fortress, pressed by the urgency of hunger, he dug out with his thumb and fingers little scraps of bacon, which he ate. He was detected by a guard, who reported him to the officer in charge, and the sentence for this petty offense on the part of the starving lad was that he should be given one of the raw hams and be compelled to pace a sentinel's beat, under charge of successive sentinels, until he had eaten the whole of it. There was to be no rest, no stop, no relaxation until all of the ham had been devoured. The boy performed his task bravely, for under the surveillance of an armed guard he tramped along that beat the remainder of the day, through the night, and into the next day, gnawing away at the raw ham until nothing was left but the bone. It is unnecessary to add that the cruelty of this method of punishment was as fantastic as it was fatal.

I will not stop to relate the multiplicity of humiliations and cruelties inflicted by that demon censor of the prison, nicknamed "Old Hackout," who hobbled in and out at all times of the day and night, carrying a big club which he wielded right and left, hitting anybody or everybody who might be in his reach. During the summer months it was a custom to march the prisoners into a little triangular space lying between the bay and the prison barracks, when they were herded like sheep in the market while the officers were searching the vacant barracks for contraband articles. Search day, as it was known, was always announced by the prison censor hobbling in and crying out in a loud voice: "Hack out! hack out!" It was thus he acquired his nickname.

I come now to the most mournful part of my story and the most tragical. Taking all the circumstances into consideration, to my mind it has never had a parallel in fiendish atrocity. I refer to their system of killing prisoners of war by a process of slow starvation. Upon entering the prison inclosure at Fort Delaware one of the first sights that greeted my eyes was a posted order, or bulletin, emanating from the War Department at Washington. After this lapse of time I will not undertake to recite the exact words of that remarkable order, but I do undertake to give its exact substance. I read it, then reread it again and again until its contents so blistered themselves upon my memory that the scars are still legible. Hence, there can be no mistake in my recollection of it. It began by reciting that it was "a retaliatory measure" in retaliation for hardships imposed upon Union soldiers confined in Rebel prisons, and then proceeded with instructions to commanders of Federal prison posts to reduce the diet of Rebel prisoners under their charge to one-fourth of the regulation allowance for army rations, and to allow no luxuries nor permit surplus comforts. The order was signed "E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War," and was attested by "A. Schoepf, Brigadier General Commanding" and by "G. W. Ahl, Assistant Adjutant General."

When I first read it, I could scarcely believe my own eyes. Was it possible that there was a civilized government on earth willing to place itself on record in practicing such an enormous barbarity? But there it was in legible characters posted up against the outside wall of the mess hall, near the entrance, in full view of all who cared to stop and read it. Probably the original of that order may be found to-day buried somewhere beneath the musty files of the War Department unless, possibly, some one merciful to civilization had the goodness of heart to destroy it. Yet it is a singular fact that in all the war histories I have read—and I have read many—I have seen no reference to it. Nor have I been able to find it in examination of the so-called "War Records" issued by the government. Perhaps it is better that it should have been buried with its author.

The following relation of actual facts will show how cordially the commander at Fort Delaware accepted the mandate of this order in the spirit which actuated it. The system of issuing rations at Fort Delaware differed from the custom at Camp Chase, in that they were cooked when issued. There was a large mess hall with narrow tables, only one plank wide, extending in rows from one end of the hall to the other. There were no dishes, not even a tin plate or pewter spoon. A ration for each man was placed on the table, and these rations about a foot apart. The prisoners were marched in by divisions, entering the hall by a door at one end of the hall and making their exit by another door at the other end. When a division of men entered the hall they were lined up by one of the tables, when each man picked up the ration assigned him; then they filed out of the other door and back to their barracks. Division after division was served in this way at each meal.

There were only two meals a day—breakfast and dinner, so-called. The breakfast was served from eight to nine o'clock and dinner from two to three. There was no supper. To show how literally the "no-luxury" part of the order was fulfilled, I will say that during my confinement of over fifteen months in Fort Delaware not a drop of coffee was served to the prisoners, nor did we even smell coffee. But it was not so much from the denial of luxuries as from the scantiness of the food served that we suffered. Here is the bill of fare for each and every day: Our breakfast consisted solely of one slice of bread and one small slice of meat, making in quantity and substance about a five-cent sandwich, such as can ordinarily be had at a cheap restaurant. No more, but liable at times to be less and without any liquid to wash it down except the green, brackish water we drew from the old tank in the prison yard, which furnished our sole water supply. The only variation in this breakfast fare was the occasional substitution of three small army crackers, or "hard-tack," for the slice of bread, and sometimes the little slice of meat was omitted so as to make it a dry morsel of bread or three little "hard-tacks," as the case might be. The dinner was an exact duplication of the breakfast, with the addition of about a pint of what they called soup—in reality the water in which the meats had been cooked—with a few beans or a little rice stirred in. These two feeds, misnamed meals, constituted our total daily supply.

There was just enough to keep the appetite whetted without satisfying it, causing a gradual lowering of vitality, an ever-increasing hunger—in short, a protracted starvation. It is a horribly excruciating form of suffering to be hungry, hungry, hungry all the time—just enough food to sharpen the appetite, but never enough to satisfy that everlasting gnawing sensa-

tion at the stomach. When a person dies of starvation caused from a total lack of food, there is a shorter limit to the suffering. But here the starvation process was long drawn out, all the more agonizing because of its protracted duration. We were hungry all the time, and the little food we got made us still more hungry. The slice of bread and the slice of meat were gulped down with a longing for more. But that was the limit to the supply, and as the days rolled by into weeks and the weeks into months there was no cessation of that perpetual gnawing sensation, unless death or sickness intervened to relieve the torture. As the vitality lowered from insufficiency of food and the consequent nerve exhaustion the brain sympathized with the empty stomach, until this hunger became a mania. It filled our thoughts by day and our dreams by night. Men would sit around in groups, indulging in reminiscences of bygone days when they had plenty of good eating. One remembered a Christmas dinner when the table groaned with good things; another recalled a certain wedding feast; still another would tell of the big peach cobbles and apple dumplings his mother made; and so the talk went the rounds, until the big-hearted Scotchman, McAlpin, would bring an end to these reminiscences with the remark: "What is the use of talking about all those things now, when I would be perfectly content to be my dog at home eating from the slop pail?" They at night there would be dreams of roast turkey, plum puddings, of fruits clustering in the arbors, of strawberries growing wild; but just as the hand was reached forth to seize the tempting viands the dream vanished. The prisoner would turn over on his hard bunk to dream it over again. And this, too, in a land of plenty!

And, as if to intensify the tantalization of the situation, officers and guards would frequently come into the prison inclosure eating fruits, apples, or oranges, and then scatter the peelings around to see the famished prisoners scuffle for them. A favorite form of this malicious tantalizing process was to come in with a large slice of watermelon and eat it in the presence of the hungry prisoners. All eyes were riveted upon the luscious melon, jaws would drop and mouths water, but all they could get were the scattered fragments of the rind thrown out to them like bones to dogs.

Out of the hundreds and thousands of such instances, I will cite only one for example. There was Bob Rankin. He was one of those good boys who never had an evil thought. I had known Bob back in the halcyon days of childhood. We had played together, had hunted together, had been in the war together, were captured together, and up to this time had shared our prison privations together. I had known Bob's father, a fine type of the sterling Virginia farmer, a man of good breeding and dignified manners. I knew his mother to be a tender, loving, and lovable Christian woman. Possibly at that very moment these two old people, away down in their Virginia home, as they looked into each other's eyes, each saw in the expression the same anxious inquiry: "Where is our boy to-day? Does he still live?" There was Bob before me just out there in the prison yard, that narrow space between the "cow sheds" I have spoken of as our only exercise ground. There had been a heavy rain the night before, and the mud was nearly ankle deep. As Bob sauntered along slowly, barely dragging one leg after the other, there was a lean and hungry look on his face. The few clothes he had on were in tatters, and he was barefooted. Suddenly the toe struck something that was quickly prized up through the mud. Upon the discovery that it was something to eat, I saw the look of delight that flashed across Bob's face as he

grabbed for it. It was a great big piece of watermelon rind. Without scarcely taking time to brush the mud away he fell to devouring it, and gulp after gulp it went down, until all had disappeared. A few days later Bob was taking his long sleep over in the bogs and quagmires of New Jersey. I missed him, yet somehow I derived a melancholy sort of comfort from the thought that Bob had died with a full stomach.

The cruelty in all this was that it should have occurred in a land teeming with abundance. As we looked out through our little pigeonhole windows across the bay to the Delaware side we could see golden fields of wheat waving in the sunlight, the corn in the ear, orchards laden with fruit, and cattle grazing in the green pastures. We knew that all the markets of the world were open to these people. Yet in the midst of plenty they denied to these helpless prisoners sufficient food, to appease the pangs of hunger. And thus we reasoned that their cruelty was willful and deliberate.

Is it a wonder that at times the heart rebelled? But not for long, because above everything else we had a solemn realization that in God was our only trust. Still, death was a relief to those who could die. I did not pray to die, but I did ask that my appetite be taken away or for anything to lessen the torturing pangs of slow starvation. And in good time my request was granted.

The summer was very hot; and the heat, together with the bad water and foul atmosphere, multiplied sickness. It was the latter part of July when I was stricken down and carried out in a blanket to the hospital, where I spent the first night on the floor, because there was no vacant cot, in an establishment which had accommodations for over eight hundred patients. The nurse was kind enough to tell me that there would be plenty of vacant cots by morning, and I understood the significance of the remark. It was amply verified, and above the cot on which I was placed the next morning there still remained the card containing the name of the patient who had died during the night. I wondered if I was soon to follow him down into the "dead house" in the basement of the hospital building, where the dead were deposited each day and night to be taken out the next morning for burial over in New Jersey (where the prison cemetery was located). In tidiness and general cleanliness, the hospital was in pleasant contrast to the old barracks where I had lodged so long. Notwithstanding its overcrowded condition, the nurses were attentive in their ministrations, and a surgeon visited each ward twice a day. The medical department was the one redeeming feature of the prison. While the hospital diet was light, as a matter of course, consisting of milk, broths, toast, and jellies, yet it was daintily prepared and served. To my mind it was the one bright spot in a long line of darkness. The only inconvenience was from crowding the cots closely together in order to meet the urgent demands for hospital accommodation, and even then sick men died in the barracks because there was no room for them in the hospital.

The mortality was excessive. Two of my bunkmates had been brought into the hospital just the day before, all of us stricken with the same malady, yet before the end of the week both of them had died. In reply to an inquiry as to the death rate in the hospital, the steward told me that for the months of June and July it averaged over seventy deaths per day. I believed him, for I had the ocular demonstration. Each morning at an early hour carts would rattle up to the "dead house" just underneath our ward and would haul the dead to the wharf, where they were placed on a little steamer

and ferried over to the Jersey shore for burial. I recall one morning when by actual count seventy-two pine coffins containing dead bodies were loaded into the carts and taken away.

My hospital sojourn gave a good opportunity to study death in its many varied forms, until the death rattle became the most familiar sound. Men were dying all around me every day and every night, and almost every hour of the day or night. Some died in delirium, while other passed away as if falling into gentle slumber. But whether in delirium or calm repose, usually the last words were of home and of the dear folks down there. From out of the multitude of pathetic deathbed scenes I recall one which impressed me with its psychological features. Do the dying have a presentiment of the exact time when the soul will quit the body? He was a young Mississippian who occupied a cot in close proximity to my own, with whom I often conversed. He seemed to be enamored with the idea that an exchange of prisoners was to take place soon, and usually it was the theme of his conversation. He detailed to me many plans he had in mind of what he was going to do when he got back to Dixie. One afternoon I observed that he was unusually restless, tossing from one side to the other, until the bedding was all disarranged. It was during the period of my convalescence, and twice I got up and arranged his sheets and smoothed down the pillows for him. The last time I performed this service he asked the time of day. Looking out of the window to the sun, I replied that it lacked about two hours of sunset. Then he remarked: "Well, I have just two hours longer to be with you." I asked him what he meant by that remark. In a perfectly composed tone he replied: "I shall go out just as the sun goes down." I was lying on my cot about two hours later when I heard the boom of the sunset gun fired from the fort. Instinctively my gaze turned toward the young Mississippian. I saw the eyelids closing slowly as if into quiet sleep, but he had ceased to breathe. The prisoner of war had at last been exchanged.

Before I had fully recovered, but sufficiently convalesced to walk without assistance, I went back into the barracks, in order to make room in the hospital for some poor sufferer who needed medical attention more than I did. Upon my return to the barracks I found, to my inexpressible joy, that my appetite was gone. God had been good to me. It is a singular fact that the walls of the stomach seemed to have contracted to fit the "one-fourth" ration. It is true I continued to be weak and debilitated. I had shriveled and shrunken into a walking skeleton, yet the hunger pains were gone. Nor did they ever return in the excruciating form I have hitherto described.

The summer ripened into autumn, the autumn passed into another winter—so cold, cheerless, and desolate—the springtime came again, and with it tidings of the fall of the Confederacy. But it was not until in the early summer an order came for the release of all prisoners of war.

On the morning of the 20th of June, 1865, I was called out to the provost's office to subscribe to my "amnesty," and when this was performed I was told that I was again a free man. Strange as it may seem to the reader, the announcement of our release excited no enthusiasm among the freed prisoners. Possibly our long and miserable confinement had made us callous to events. All the buoyancy of youth was gone. At sixteen years of age I had quitted college to go into the war, and had just recently passed my twentieth birthday when released from Fort Delaware. I felt that the best period of

my young manhood had been a wasted existence. Then again, we were men without a country. Our storm-cradled nation, once challenging the gaze of the world, had fallen to rise no more. With that feeling of being aliens in a strange land, it is no wonder that our heartstrings were tuneless now or that our home-going should have been shadowed by solemn reflections.

Within two hours from my release we were on a vessel steaming up the Delaware to Wilmington, where we took a train for Baltimore, to be again transferred to an old transport vessel which carried us down the Chesapeake to Fortress Monroe. Then another transfer to a smaller steamer, which took us up the James River, landing us at Richmond in the afternoon of the third day.

Back again in Dixie Land? But O how changed, and how different from what we had dreamed or hoped! It was a land of ruins. Yet in its desolation the dear old land seemed dearer to us than in the days of prosperity.

"Dear old Southland!

Much have we loved her in her glorious past,
Our lingering breath shall bless her to the last;
Though all her suns be sunk and all her stars be set,
And storm and darkness reign, we love her yet."

Col. Moffett, the author of the foregoing remarkable story, penned it evidently in sorrow rather than in anger. It is a record clear as sunlight, and it should be preserved.

LEE CAMP DINNER BY NEW YORK CAMP.

The fifteenth annual dinner of the Confederate Veteran Camp, of New York, in honor of Gen. R. E. Lee, was held in the large banquet hall of the Waldorf-Astoria January 25.

This annual entertainment, having become the great social event of the Southerners in New York, was as usual largely attended. Several hundred ladies and gentlemen dined at tables, and the boxes were filled with others. The guests and members occupied two hundred and eleven of the two hundred and twenty-eight tables in the great dining room.

Prior to the formal proceedings Commander Owen proposed a toast to the health of Mrs. Davis and to the memory of Jefferson Davis, which was drunk standing.

Of the announced toasts, the first was to "The President and the Army and Navy of the United States. As Aaron and Hur upheld the hands of Moses, so do the army and navy uphold the President." Another was to the memory of Robert E. Lee. Gov. A. J. Montague, of Virginia, spoke of "Lee as a Citizen," and Hon. A. C. Braxton, of Virginia, made an address upon the soldiers of the Confederacy, whose valor no geographical lines can circumscribe. Of the music, "Auld Lang Syne," "Bold Soldier Boy," "A Hot Time in the Old Town," and "My Virginia Sweetheart" were enjoyed.

Maj. Edward Owen was the originator of these annual dinners, with ladies present dining with the gentlemen. The first one was held at the Windsor Hotel in January, 1899. Since then they have been held at the Waldorf-Astoria, and are now recognized as one of the greatest social events of the city.

Th Camp has made great progress under Maj. Owen as Commander. In 1897 and 1898 it numbered about one hundred and fifty members; now there are nearly four hundred members.

At the eight annual dinner, in January, 1898, Maj. Owen was presented with a handsome repeater watch as a token of the appreciation of the Camp for the great service he had

rendered, and at the twelfth annual dinner, at the Waldorf-Astoria, he was presented a beautiful gold, diamond-studded commander's badge. This last presentation was a special compliment, in addition to the past commander's badge, and in recognition of his service in the advancement of the Camp.

The New York Camp was organized in 1890. The originators were Rev. W. W. Page, John F. Black, W. S. Keiley, J. R. McNulty, Joe H. Stewart, S. W. Jones, and Edward Owen. Maj. Owen was originally Paymaster and Secretary of the Executive Committee from that time until chosen commander, and in both offices he worked diligently for the interests of the Camp. In many engrossed resolutions of the Camp he has been honored. Prior to 1898 he declined the position of commander, but that year he accepted, and he has been reelected commander unanimously each year since.

CORRECTION OF ERRORS BY CORRESPONDENTS.

BY JAMES BEESON, HYTOP, ALA.

I see several mistakes in accounts of battles and troops in the *VETERAN* of late, and, as I presume it is your purpose to give facts for future historians, I ask space for corrections. One account of the Tennessee troops says that there were but three regiments from that State in the Army of Northern Virginia—the First, Third, and Seventeenth. There may not have been any but those three that remained there through the war, but I know that the Second, commanded by Col. Savage, was in Virginia in 1861 and on the battlefield of Manassas July 21.

I served in Company H, First Arkansas Regiment, from the beginning until July 12, 1864, when I was wounded through the right foot and rendered unable for field duty. The Second Tennessee was in the same brigade (Holms's, of Beauregard's Division) in Virginia and also with us the war through. Both regiments were transferred to the Army of Tennessee after the fall of Fort Donelson, and organized with that army just before the battle of Shiloh. We served in Walker's Brigade, Anderson's Division, through the Kentucky campaign and until the reorganization at Eagleville just before the battle of Murfreesboro. After that we served in L. E. Polk's Brigade, Cleburne's Division, until the end, and the Second Tennessee was with us all the time.

Another writer says that thirty-three thousand Confederates defeated twenty-eight thousand Federals at Manassas on July 21, 1861. I am not prepared to dispute this statement, not knowing the numbers actually engaged on either side; but I should like to know where the other forty-seven thousand of McDowell's army were while that engagement was going on. The Confederates probably had thirty-three thousand on the field, and the combined forces of Beauregard and Johnston were between thirty-five and forty thousand; but the entire forces of an army are hardly ever engaged. But it is improbable that but little more than one-third of McDowell's "Army of the Potomac" were engaged in that battle.

Another writer speaks of Liddell's Division at Chickamauga. Cleburne's Division was composed of four brigades, Polk's, Granbury's, Liddell's, and Lowry's. Gen. Cleburne was in command of his division there. I personally saw him when we formed for the night battle Saturday about sunset and twice on Sunday after the battle opened.

Please don't fail to send a list of such persons as you think would appreciate copies of the *VETERAN* and who might desire to subscribe for it. Send also addresses of *VETERANS* who can't pay for it.

SERVANTS IN PRISON.

Capt. A. O. P. Nicholson, Columbia, Tenn., writes of two:

"In the interesting article of De Gourney's Battalion of Artillery in the January *VETERAN* the writer speaks of Capt. Hewett's servant as 'Bill.' His name was Dick, and he was faithful and loyal to his master to the end. The Federal officers at Johnson's Island offered all kinds of inducements to get Dick to leave Capt. Hewett and take service with them, but he stoutly declined, preferring to remain in prison and share the hardships with his master. They refused to issue him any rations, but each of us divided our own meager supply, which gave him a portion equal to ours. Dick was exchanged with his master only a short time before the surrender, and Capt. Hewett died soon after reaching Dixie.

"There was another faithful slave in Johnson's Island named John, who belonged to Capt. J. R. Wilson, now living in Florence, Ala. He also went through the hardships of prison with his master rather than accept his freedom and remunerative service from the Federals. John went out on exchange with his master, and lived for some years after the war, until his death, on the plantation of Capt. Wilson, in Mississippi. It is needless to say that John never wanted for anything his master could supply.

"HOW MEN WERE CROWDED IN PRISON.

"In my room, a space 10x12 in Block 2, room No. 10, were Lieut. Col. J. O. Nixon, New Orleans, La., and Capt. J. P. Mumford, Bayou Sara, La., of the First Louisiana Cavalry; Lieut. Col. C. S. Robertson, Bolivar, Tenn., and Maj. H. C. Bate, Gallatin, Tenn., of the First Confederate Cavalry; Capt. R. M. Hewett and his servant Dick, of Mile's Legion, New Orleans; Lieut. Harry Grimshaw, Seventh Louisiana Infantry; Lieut. William Minor, of Houma, La.; Lieut. F. B. Connor, of Natchez, Miss., aid-de-camp to Gen. W. T. Martin; and Capt. George Ralston, Withers's Artillery, Natchez, Miss.

"Of all these noble fellows, with whom I spent about two years, I don't know of any living, save Maj. Bate, of Nashville, Tenn., and myself. If there are any others, I should be glad to hear from them."

HOW SOME HISTORY IS WRITTEN.

BY J. W. MINNICH.

The old saying is true that "no matter how many may witness an event," no two will see it exactly alike. In the December, 1903, number of the *VETERAN* "J. D. J." describes the perilous ride of Lieut. Joe Davis near Knoxville. It was certainly a nery thing to do "within thirty yards of their guns" (?), or even a hundred, which was more probable; but it is inconceivable how any one could ride along a whole or even a half brigade front and have them all turn loose at him at thirty yards and yet not bring down either man or horse. I don't intend to dispute either J. D. J.'s assertion or his figures; it is on another point. He says that Lieut. Davis's escort was "the only cavalry with Longstreet." Now he is clearly in error there. My brigade, the First Brigade of Georgia Cavalry, crossed the pontoon below Loudon, directly behind Longstreet's advance guard, and took the lead, pushing back the Federals on the Knoxville and Kingston road, until they made a stand at the junction of this road with the road to Loudon, along which Burnside was retiring and fully an hour in advance of him. There was only a small body of troops opposed to us, but we did not know how many of Burnside's infantry were supporting them. In

fact, we did not know that we were an hour or more ahead of his main body and not more than five hundred yards from the Loudon road.

Our battery was planted to the left of the Kingston road. Burnside was in a hurry to reach his fortifications around Knoxville, but he was not running by any means. His main body passed within five hundred yards of us, but ignored us entirely. On their appearance on our right in the open fields, we backed down the road about a quarter of a mile and let them pass. But that and the artillery duel which followed is another story. Next day we followed on Burnside's heels (being careful, however, not to blister them by our kicks), and conducted him safely into his works. I don't know where J. D. J. was that he did not see or hear of us, as at what, I believe, is now called "Campbell's Station" (though we called it "Concord Station") we made noise enough the first day to be heard at either Loudon or Knoxville.

J. D. J. has forgotten some things, as we all forget more or less, a fact we should bear well in mind when writing for posterity. Now I have not quite forgotten that I saw a few horsemen, not of our brigade, off to our right toward the river. We supposed they belonged to some other cavalry corps. Perhaps they were part of the squad J. D. J. mentions. I have a very vivid remembrance of our arrival within sight of the town, about a mile or more distant.

Longstreet's main body of infantry and artillery had moved up the direct road to the town, while we had moved on the left flank by the road which led past the town to Blain's Cross Roads on up the valley and branched off to the left around the base of Clinch Mountain to Cumberland Gap. The Federals had not yet retired within the works. A considerable body occupied a piece of woods to the right of the road at the foot of the rising ground to the town, and as soon as we came within range their skirmishers opened on us. To our right was a plowed field; beyond it a point of woods, in which part of Longstreet's infantry were in line. I was sent over there with a dispatch, and as soon as I started across the field the whole shooting match in the edge of the woods turned loose at me, and kept it up until I reached the shelter of the brush. I pride myself on having accomplished the feat and my mission heroically (?). The risks I was subject to were great (?), the ground was soft from recent plowing and rains, and my nag's best efforts could not equal Dan Patch's. And the distance too was just about as far as a Springfield could throw a bullet, say nine hundred yards. 'Twas awful (?). And that is true history.

IKE DAVENPORT DID NOT CAPTURE THE HORSE.—Rev I. S. Davenport, of Rockwall, Tex., says: "I wish to correct a statement made by my good friend and fellow-soldier, E. P. Anderson, in the January *VETERAN* concerning my capture of a Federal officer's horse. (See page 35.) From Comrade Anderson's understanding his statement is true, as I told him when a somewhat reckless and unreliable boy soldier. The truth is that after an absence from the command with leave I returned with the horse he mentioned, and when asked how I came by it, with a boy's love to be admired told the story as Capt. Anderson wrote it to the *VETERAN*. It is humiliating to make this statement, but I do not wish to go on record for a deed I never performed. For nearly thirty years I've been preaching truth and righteousness, and try to practice what I preach. I hope I made a good soldier, and I also hope your readers will be charitable and not judge the man of to-day by the reckless and unreliable boy of the days of the great war."

AUGUSTA'S CONFEDERATE BENEFIT FUND.

BY N. K. BUTLER, SECRETARY AND TREASURER, AUGUSTA, GA.

At the twenty-sixth annual meeting of the Confederate Survivors' Association Camp, No. 435, U. C. V., of Augusta, Ga., held January 9, 1905, the attention of the Camp was called to an article that was in the December (1904) *VETERAN*, page 581, stating that the W. L. I. Charleston Association was the only association that had a permanent Confederate beneficial fund in the South. In accordance with a resolution offered and adopted by the Camp, I was requested to correct the mistake.

The C. S. A. Camp, No. 435, U. C. V., of Augusta, Ga., have a Confederate beneficial fund which is in charge of three trustees, who are elected to serve three years, one of the terms expiring each year. These trustees serve without pay. On May 19, 1897, the Camp turned over to the trustees \$2,900; since then there has been added two donations, amounting to \$815.55. They distributed to needy members as follows: In 1898, \$231; 1899, \$240.25; 1900, \$229; 1901, \$502.50; 1902, \$384.50; 1903, \$326.75; 1904, \$291—a total of \$2,205, an average annually of \$315—leaving in the hands of the trustees December 31, 1904, \$1,510.80.

The Confederate benefit fund is separate from the Camp fund. We have also a Ways and Means Committee that provides transportation, etc., for about forty comrades to attend the reunion. Our association claims to be the oldest in the South. Our first meeting to organize was held March 21, 1875, and was called Cavalry Survivors' Association, and only cavalymen were eligible. On May 3, 1878, it was changed to Confederate Survivors' Association, and embraced all Confederate soldiers and sailors. Our first officers of the Cavalry Survivors' Association were: W. B. Young, President; F. Edward Eve and George W. Conway, Vice Presidents; James F. Thompson, Secretary; N. K. Butler, Treasurer; Henry Kennedy, Sentinel. Maj. Gen. Clement A. Evans was the first President after consolidation, and he served until April 26, 1879. The second President, Col. Charles Colcock Jones, served up to his death, July 19, 1893. The third President, Capt. F. Edgeworth Eve, was elected April 26, 1894, and served until May, 1897.

On August 7, 1893, the association made an application to join the U. C. V., and received a charter January 16, 1894. We then changed the officers to correspond to the U. C. V. constitution. The first Commander, F. E. Eve, served until April 26, 1897; the second, Salem Dutcher, elected May 10, 1897, served to January 10, 1899; the third, B. H. Smith, Jr., elected January 10, 1899, served to January 8, 1900; the fourth, G. W. McLaughlin, elected January 8, 1900, served to January 14, 1901; the fifth, Joseph B. Cumming, elected January 14, 1901, served to January 13, 1902; the sixth, John W. Clark, elected January 13, 1902, is still Commander, having been reelected January 9, 1905.

The following officers were elected at our meeting January 9, 1905: John W. Clark, Commander; George F. Lamback, A. J. Twiggs, B. S. Pelot, Kent Bisell, Lieutenant Commanders; John M. Weigle, Adjutant; N. K. Butler, Secretary and Treasurer. The following resolution, offered by Salem Dutcher, was unanimously adopted: "Resolved by the Confederate Survivors' Association of Augusta (Ga.) Camp, No. 435, U. C. V., that the thanks of this Camp be, and they are hereby, extended to Comrade B. H. Smith, Jr., A. B. Saxon, and C. G. Goodrich for their most faithful and efficient management of the beneficiary fund of this Camp."

NORTH CAROLINA MONUMENT AT APPOMATTOX.

Maj. George A. Armes, a retired United States Army officer, who purchased the land where our troops surrendered under Gen. Lee, including the McLean house and several adjoining farms, has kindly deeded to the North Carolina Commission a site for the monument they propose to erect on that historic ground to the North Carolina troops. The commission is composed of Hon. H. A. London, Col. F. J. Holt, Capt. W. T. Jenkins, Hon. C. B. Watson, and Hon. A. D. McGill. They have accepted the design for the monument, the work is progressing favorably, and it is their intention to have it ready to unveil on the 9th of April, 1905, the fortieth anniversary of Gen. Lee's surrender.

It is the intention of the commission to secure reduced rates on all railroads, especially from all points in North Carolina and Virginia, and all veterans who surrendered at Appomattox will be guests of honor on that occasion.

The Appomattox Confederate Cemetery is on the brow of the hill west of where the old McLean house stood, overlooking the little village. The grounds are inclosed by a handsome iron fence, the graves nicely sodded, trees and flowers planted, and marble headstones mark each grave—all of which is the work of the Appomattox Chapter of the U. D. C., which was organized by Mrs. C. W. Hunter in 1895. There are nineteen soldiers buried in this cemetery, eighteen Confederates and one Federal. All are unknown except eight; but all receive the same care, and on Decoration Day the same floral tributes. Following are the names of those known: Sergeant O. F. DeMesmer, Donaldsonville Artillery, Louisiana; J. H. Hutchins, Company A, Fifth Alabama Battalion; J. W. Ashby, Second Virginia Cavalry; J. A. Hogan, Company E, Twenty-Sixth Georgia Infantry; P. F. Winn, Battery E, Ninth Georgia Regiment; J. W. Douglas (command not known); A. B. Hicks, Company D, Twenty-Sixth Virginia; Capt. Miles C. Macon, Fayette Artillery, Virginia.

THE COFFIN OF GEN. LEE.

There is a singular incident connected with the burial of Gen. R. E. Lee. He died October 12, 1870. A few days before his death the great flood of that year in the upper waters of the James River had been disastrous, Lexington was cut off from communication with the outside world, and there was not a coffin in the town suitable for Gen. Lee. In this dilemma a box was found that had floated down the swollen river and was stranded. On opening it a beautiful casket was procured, and in this casket the body of the South's beloved chieftain was placed in the chapel of the university.

Under the above head the following lines are sent the *VETERAN* by Miss Nellie T. Simpson, of Gallatin, Tenn.:

"E'en Nature assumed the emblems of woe,
And drenched was her bosom with tears that did flow;
On the James' swollen tide a coffin she rolled,
A coffin the form of the hero to hold.
But selfish we are in our love and our grief
When we claim as *ours* only this Heaven-sent chief.
Shall Syria claim as her special dower
All the fragrance distilled from the stately queen flower?
Can Bethlehem claim as her right by birth
The Prince sent to teach good will to earth?
To all who love goodness, who greatness admire;
To all who to goodness or greatness aspire;
To peasant and crown-head, to convict or priest,
His life is a light like the star in the east."

THE CONFEDERATE SOLDIER.

ADDRESS AT NASHVILLE REUNION, BY R. H. M'KIM, D.D., LL.D.

It is with deep emotion that I rise to address you to-day. When I look over this vast concourse of the brave men and the noble women of the South—representing every one of the eleven sovereign States once associated in the Southern Confederacy—and when I look into the faces of the veteran survivors of that incomparable army that fought with such magnificent valor and constancy for four long years under those tattered battle flags, now furled forever, I am overwhelmed at once by the dignity and the difficulty of the task assigned me. There is such a vast disproportion between the powers which the occasion demands and those which I possess that I should not dare to essay the task but for my confidence in your generosity and forbearance to a speaker who at least can say: "I too loved the Confederacy and marched and fought under the banner of the Southern Cross."

A stranger coming into our midst and observing our proceedings might suppose that we were met here to celebrate the foundation of a State, or to acclaim the triumph of armies, or to exult in the victory of a great cause. But no! Nine and thirty years ago our new republic sank to rise no more; our armies were defeated; our banner went down in blood! What then? Are we here to indulge in vain regrets, to lament over our defeat, or to conspire for the reestablishment of our fallen cause? No! The love and loyalty which we give to that cause and to the defeated banner is a demonstration of the deep hold that cause had upon the hearts of the Southern people, and of the absolute sincerity and the complete devotion with which they supported it; but it is no evidence of unmanly and fruitless repining over defeat, nor of any lurking disloyalty to the Union, in which now, thank God! the Southern States have equal rights and privileges with all the other States of our broad land. We saw our banner go down with breaking hearts. When our idolized leader sheathed his sword at Appomattox the world grew dark to us. We felt as if the sun had set in blood, to rise



REV. RANDOLPH H. M'KIM.

no more. It was as if the foundations of the earth were sinking beneath our feet. But that same stainless hero, whom we had followed with unquestioning devotion, taught us not to despair. He told us it was the part of brave men to accept defeat without repining. "Human virtue," he said, "should be equal to human calamity." He pointed upward to the star of duty, and bade us follow it as bravely in peace as we had followed it in war. Henceforth it should be our consecrated task, by the help of God, to rebuild the fallen walls of our prosperity.

And so we accepted the result of the war in good faith. We abide the arbitrament of the sword. We subscribe as sincerely as the men who fought against us to the sentiment: "One flag, one country, one constitution, one destiny." This is now for us an indissoluble Union of indestructible States. We are loyal to the starry banner. We remember that it was baptized with Southern blood when our forefathers first unfurled it to the breeze. We remember that it was a Southern poet, Francis Key, who immortalized it in the "Star-Spangled Banner." We remember that it was the genius of a Southern soldier and statesman, George Washington, that finally established it in triumph. Southern blood has again flowed in its defense in the Spanish war; and, should occasion require, we pledge our lives and our sacred honor to defend it against foreign aggression as bravely as will the descendants of the Puritans. And yet to-day, while that banner of the Union floats over us, we bring the offering of our love and loyalty to the memory of the flag of the Southern Confederacy! Strange as it may seem to one who does not understand our people, inconsistent and incomprehensible as it may appear, we salute yonder flag—the banner of the stars and stripes—as the symbol of our reunited country at the same moment that we come together to do homage to the memory of the stars and bars. There is in our hearts a double loyalty to-day—a loyalty to the present, and a loyalty to the dear, dead past. We still love our old battle flag with the Southern Cross upon its fiery folds! We have wrapped it round our hearts! We have enshrined it in the sacred ark of our love; and we will honor it and cherish it evermore, not now as a political symbol, but as the consecrated emblem of a heroic epoch, as the sacred memento of a day that is dead, as the embodiment of memories that will be tender and holy as long as life shall last.

Let not our fellow-countrymen of the North mistake the spirit of this great occasion. If Daniel Webster could say that the Bunker Hill Monument was not erected "to perpetuate hostility to Great Britain," much more can we say that the monuments we have erected, and will yet erect, in our Southland to the memory of our dead heroes are not intended to perpetuate the angry passions of the Civil War or to foster or keep alive any feeling of hostility to our brethren of other parts of the Union. No; but these monuments are erected, and these great assemblages of our surviving veterans are held, in simple loyalty to the best and purest dictates of the human heart. The people that forget its heroic dead are already dying at the heart; and we believe it will make for the strength and the glory of the United States if the sentiments that animate us to-day shall be perpetuated, generation after generation. Yes, we honor, and we bid our children honor, the loyalty to duty, to conscience, to fatherland that inspired the men of 1861; and it is our prayer and our hope that as the years and the generations pass, the rising and the setting sun, the moon and the stars, winter and summer, spring and autumn will see the people

of the South loyal to the memories of those four terrible but glorious years of strife, loyally worshipping at the shrine of the splendid manhood of our heroic citizen-soldiers, and the even more splendid womanhood, whose fortitude and whose endurance have challenged the admiration of the world. Then, when the united republic, in years to come, shall call "To arms!" our children and our children's children will rally to the call, and, emulating the fidelity and the supreme devotion of the soldiers of the Confederacy, will gird the stars and stripes with an impenetrable rampart of steel.

But it is not the dead alone whom we honor here to-day. We hail the presence of the survivors of that tremendous conflict. Veterans of more than forty years! you have come from all over the South—from the Patapsco and the Potomac, the James and the Rappahannock, the Cumberland and the Tennessee, the Mississippi and the Rio Grande—from the seashore, from the Gulf, from the Blue Ridge and the Alleghanies, and some of you even from the shores of the Pacific Ocean—to pay your tribute to the defeated cause and the dead heroes who laid down their lives for it. May I, on behalf of this great assembly—on behalf of the whole South—offer *you* a tribute of respect and veneration to-day? We hail you as the honored survivors of a great epoch and a glorious struggle. We welcome you as the men whom, above all others, the South delights to honor.

It is indeed a matter of course that we, your comrades and your fellow-Southerners, should honor you. But we are not alone. Your brave antagonists of the Northern armies begin at last to recognize the purity of your motives, as they have always recognized the splendor of your valor. The dispassionate historian, even though his sympathy is given to the North, no longer denies the sincerity of your belief in the sacredness of your cause. The world confesses the honesty of your purpose and the glory of your gallant struggle against superior numbers and resources. Most of you that survive have no insignia of rank, no title of distinction. You were private soldiers, but I see round your brows the aureole of a soldier's glory. You are transfigured by the battles you fought, Nashville, Franklin, Perryville, Murfreesboro, Shiloh, Chickamauga, in the West; and Manassas, Seven Pines, Mechanicsville, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, the Wilderness, and Cold Harbor, in the East.

But you have done more than bare your breast to the foe-man's steel. You have shown the world how the defeats of war may be turned to the victories of peace. You have taught mankind how a proud race may sustain disaster and yet survive and win the applause of the world. In those terrible years of Reconstruction—how much more bitter than the four years of war!—you splendidly exemplified the sentiment,

"*Merges profundo, pulchrior exilit!*"

Out of the depths of the bitter flood of reconstruction the South emerged, through your fortitude, through your patience, through your courage, more beautiful than ever.

For all this your people honor you in your old age. They cherish the memory of your deeds, and will hand it down, a priceless heirloom, to their children's children. You are not pensioners on the bounty of the Union, thank God! Your manhood is not sapped by eating the bread of dependence. You have faced poverty as bravely as you faced the cannon's mouth, and so I salute you as the aristocracy of the South. Your deeds have carved for you a place in the temple of her fame. They will not be forgotten—the world will not forget them. Your campaigns are studied to-day in the military schools of Europe; yes, and at West Point itself.

[The speaker here paid tribute to our valiant dead and quoted tributes from Northern sources already published in the VETERAN.—ED.]

Comrades, standing here at the foot of that unseen column, reared by the valor and the virtue of the citizen-soldiers of the armies of the South, I feel that a duty is laid upon me which I may not refuse to perform. From the hills and valleys of more than a thousand battlefields, where sleep the silent battalions in gray, there rises to my ear a solemn voice of command which I dare not disobey. It bids me vindicate to the men of this generation the course which the men of the South followed in the crisis of 1861. It is not enough that their valor is recognized. It is not enough that their honesty is confessed. We ask of our Northern brethren—we ask of the world—a recognition of their patriotism and their love of liberty. We cannot be silent as long as any aspersion is cast by the pen of the historian or by the tongue of the orator upon their patriotic motives or upon the loftiness of the object they had in view through all that tremendous conflict. We make no half-hearted apology for their act. It is justice for which we plead, not charity.

The view of the origin and character of the course of action followed by the Southern States in 1861, which has so widely impressed itself upon the popular mind, may be summed up in four propositions. First, that the secession of the Cotton States was the result of a conspiracy on the part of a few of their leaders, and that it was not the genuine expression of the mind of the people. Secondly, that the act whereby the Southern States withdrew from the Union was an act of disloyalty to the Constitution and of treason to the United States government. Thirdly, that the people of the South were not attached to the Union, and were eager to seize upon an excuse for its dissolution. Fourthly, that the South plunged into a desperate war for the purpose of perpetuating slavery, and made that institution the corner stone of the new Confederacy which it sought to establish.

I propose briefly to show that every one of these propositions, when scrutinized under the impartial light of history, must be pronounced essentially erroneous. . . .

1. I need not spend much time upon the first of these propositions. The evidence at the disposal of the historian is conclusive that the action taken by the Cotton States in withdrawing from the Union had the support of an overwhelming majority of the people of those States. There was no conspiracy. The people were in advance of their leaders. The most recent, and perhaps the ablest, of the Northern historians acknowledges this, and says that had not Davis, Toombs, and Benjamin led in secession the people would have chosen other leaders. The number of unconditional Union men in the seven States that first seceded, he declares, was insignificant; and he makes the remarkable admission that "had the North thoroughly understood the problem, had it known that the people of the Cotton States were practically unanimous and that the action of Virginia, North Carolina, and Tennessee was backed by a large and genuine majority, it might have refused to undertake the seemingly unachievable task." [Rhodes's History of the United States, Vol. III., p. 404.] There can be no question, then, that the impartial historian of the future will recognize that, whether right or wrong, the establishment of the Southern Confederacy was the result of a popular movement—was the act not of a band of conspirators, but of the whole people, with a unanimity never surpassed in the history of revolutions.

2. I come now to the question whether the act of the South-

ern States in withdrawing from the Union was an act of disloyalty to the Constitution and of treason to the government of the United States. This once burning question may now be discussed without heat. It is no longer a practical, but a thoroughly academic, question. The right of secession, if it ever existed, exists no longer. The Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution has changed the character of our political fabric. When we surrendered at Appomattox the right of secession was surrendered forever.

But when we say that right does not exist to-day we do not acknowledge that it did not exist in 1861. On the contrary, we maintain that it did exist, and that those who maintained its existence had upon their side, logically and historically, the overwhelming weight of evidence. Our late antagonists, who are now our brethren and our fellow-citizens, cannot be expected to agree with us in this proposition; but we put it to their candor and their sense of justice to say whether the South had not as good a right to her opinion of the meaning of the Constitution as the North had to hers. There were in 1860 two interpretations of that instrument; there were two views of the nature of the government which was established. On what principle and by what authority can it be claimed that the view taken by the South was certainly wrong and that the view taken by the North was certainly right? Or, waiving the question which view was really right, we ask our Northern friends to tell us why the South was not justified in following that interpretation which she believed to be the true one. She had helped to build—nay, she was the chief builder of—the fabric of the Constitution. A Massachusetts historian [Mr. John Fiske] has said that of the five great men who molded the nation four were men of the South—Washington, Jefferson, Madison, and Marshall—and, though these great men differed in political opinion, yet three at least, Washington, Jefferson, and Madison, are on record as declaring that the Constitution was a compact between the States, and that those thirteen States were thirteen independent sovereignties.

Let the young men of the *New South* remember the part the *Old South* took in the planting and training of Anglo-Saxon civilization on these Western shores.

Our New England brethren have been so diligent in exploiting the voyage of the *Mayflower* and the landing of the pilgrims and their services to morality and civilization and liberty in the new world that they seem to have persuaded themselves, and would fain persuade the world, that American liberty is a plant chiefly of New England growth, and that America owes its ideas of political independence and representative government and its reverence for conscience to the sturdy settlers of our Northeastern coasts. Her orators and her poets year after year on Forefathers' Day not only glorify, as is meet, the deeds of their ancestors, but seem to put forward the claim, in amazing forgetfulness of history, that it is to New England that the great republic of the West owes the genesis of its free institutions, the inspiration of its love of civil and religious liberty, and its high ideals of character. Rev. Dr. Coyle, in a recent sermon before the Presbyterian General Assembly, refers to "the Puritan Conscience which put rock foundations under this republic."

It is then not amiss to remind the Southern men of this generation that fourteen years before the *Mayflower* landed her pilgrims at Plymouth Rock three English ships—the *Susan Constant*, the *Godspeed*, and the *Discovery*—came to anchor in the James River, Virginia, and that the vine of English

civilization and English liberty was first planted, not on Plymouth Rock, in 1620, but at Jamestown Island, Va., on the 13th of May, 1607. What Webster so nobly said of the *Mayflower* may be as truly said of these three ships that bore the first Virginia colony. "The stars that guided them were the unobscured constellations of civil and religious liberty. Their decks were the altars of the living God." Let me also recall the fact that on July 30, 1619, eighteen months before the pilgrims set foot on American soil, the vine of liberty had so deeply taken root in the colony of Virginia that there was assembled in the church at Jamestown a free representative body (the first on American soil)—the House of Burgesses—to deliberate for the welfare of the people. There also, more than a century before the Revolution, when Oliver Cromwell's fleet appeared to whip the rebellious Old Dominion into obedience, Virginia demanded and obtained recognition of the principle, "No taxation without representation;" and there, in 1676, just one hundred years before the revolt of the colonies, that remarkable man, Nathaniel Bacon, "soldier, orator, leader," raised the standard of revolt against the oppressions of the British crown.

But this is not all. That spot on Jamestown Island, marked to-day by a ruined, ivy-clad church tower and a group of moss-covered tombstones, is the sacred ground whence sprang that stream of genius and power which contributed most to the achievement of American independence and to the organization of American liberty. That first colony, planted in Tidewater, Va., was, in the revolutionary period, prolific in men of genius and force and intense devotion to liberty never perhaps equaled in modern times in any region of equal size and of so small a population. This is acknowledged by careful and candid historians to-day, among whom I may mention Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts. It was a Southern orator, Patrick Henry, who gave to the colonists in his matchless eloquence the slogan, "Give me liberty or give me death!" It was a Southerner, Richard Henry Lee, who brought forward in the first Congress the motion that these colonies by right ought to be free and independent! It was a Southerner, Thomas Jefferson, who drafted the immortal Declaration of Independence! It was a Southerner, George Mason, who had earlier drawn the Virginia Bill of Rights, a document of even profounder political statesmanship, and which was taken by Massachusetts as the model of her own Bill of Rights! It was a Southerner, George Washington, who made good the Declaration of Independence by his sword after seven years of war! It was a Southerner, James Madison, who earned the title "Father of the Constitution!" It was a Southerner, John Marshall, who became its most illustrious interpreter!

I ask, then, in view of all this, whether the South was not justified in believing that the views of constitutional interpretation which she had inherited from such a political ancestry were not the true views? Let our Northern friends answer, in all candor, whether the South, with such a heredity as this, with such glorious memories of achievement, with such splendid traditions of the part her philosophers and statesmen and soldiers had taken, both in the winning of independence and in the building of the temple of the Constitution, had not good reason for saying: "We will follow that interpretation of the Constitution which we received from our fathers—from Jefferson, Madison, and Washington—rather than that which can claim no older or greater names than those of Story and Webster." For be it remembered that for forty years after the adoption of the Constitution there was approximate unanimity in its interpretation upon the great

issue on which the South took her stand in 1861. In truth Webster and Story apostatized from the New England interpretation of the Constitution. It is a historical fact that the Constitution was regarded as a compact between the States for a long period (not less than forty years after its adoption) by the leaders of opinion in the New England States. Moreover, in the same quarter, the sovereignty of the States was broadly affirmed; and also the right of the States to resume, if need be, the powers granted under the Constitution. Samuel Adams objected to the preamble to the Constitution. "I stumble at the threshold," he said; "I meet a national government instead of a federal union of sovereign States." To overcome this, Gov. Hancock brought in the tenth amendment as to the reservation to the States of all powers not expressly delegated to the general government. The Websterian dogmas had then no advocates in New England. Hancock, Adams, Parsons, Bowdoin, and Ames were all for State sovereignty.

These statements will no doubt be received by many with surprise, possibly with incredulity. Permit me, then, briefly to justify them by the unquestionable facts of history. The impartial historian of the future will recall the fact that the first threat of secession did not come from the men of the South, but from the men of New England. Four times before the secession of South Carolina the threat of secession was heard in the North—in 1802-03, in 1811-12, in 1814, and in 1844-45. The first time it came from Col. Timothy Pickering, of Massachusetts, a friend of Washington and a member of his Cabinet; the second time, from Josiah Quincy, another distinguished citizen of Massachusetts; the third time, from the Hartford Convention, in which five States were represented; the fourth time, from the Legislature of Massachusetts. On January 14, 1811, Josiah Quincy, of Massachusetts, in the debate on the admission of Louisiana, declared his "deliberate opinion that if the bill passes the bonds of this Union are virtually dissolved; . . . that as it will be the right of all [the States] so it will be the duty of some to prepare definitely for a separation—amicably if they can, violently if they must." In 1812 "pulpit, press, and rostrum" of New England advocated secession. In 1839 ex-President John Quincy Adams urged publicly that it would be better for the States to "part in friendship from each other than to be held together by constraint," and declared that "the people of each State have the right to secede from the confederated Union." In 1842 Mr. Adams presented a petition to Congress from a town in Massachusetts, praying that it would "immediately adopt measures peaceably to dissolve the union of these States." In 1844, and again in 1845, the Legislature of Massachusetts avowed the right of secession, and threatened to secede if Texas was admitted to the Union. Alexander Hamilton threatened Jefferson with the secession of New England "unless the debts of the States were assumed by the general government." February 1, 1850, Mr. Hale offered in the Senate a petition and resolutions, asking that body to devise, "without delay, some plan for the immediate peaceful dissolution of the American Union." Chase and Seward voted for its reception.

The occasions calling forth these declarations of the purpose of dissolving the Union were the acquisition of Louisiana, the proposed admission of Louisiana as a State into the Union, the dissatisfaction occasioned by the war with Great Britain, and then the proposed annexation of Texas. These measures were all believed by the New England States to be adverse to their interests. The addition of the new States

would, it was thought, destroy the equilibrium of power and give the South a preponderance; and therefore these stalwart voices were raised, declaring that there was in the last resort a remedy, and that was the dissolution of the Union. This was the language used by the Legislature of Massachusetts: "The commonwealth of Massachusetts, faithful to the compact between the people of the United States, according to the plain meaning and intent in which it was understood by them, is sincerely anxious for its preservation; but it is determined, as it doubts not the other States are, to submit to undelegated powers in no body of men on earth."

This stalwart utterance of Massachusetts expresses exactly the attitude of the seceding States in 1861. They believed that "the compact between the people of the United States" had been violated, that they could no longer enjoy equal rights within the Union, and therefore they refused to submit to the exercise of "undelegated powers" on the part of the national government. Thus the North and the South, at these different epochs, held the same view of the right of withdrawal from the Union.

The South held with great unanimity to the doctrine of State sovereignty, and that that sovereignty was inviolable by the general government. She had good reason to believe it, for it had been the faith of her greatest statesmen from the very foundation of the republic. Mr. Madison, the father of the Constitution, held to that faith; and when Patrick Henry opposed the adoption of the Constitution upon the ground that the words "we, the people," seemed to imply a "consolidated government" and not "a compact between States," he replied that it was not "we, the people," as composing one great body, but the people of thirteen sovereignties.

Daniel Webster, in his great speech in reply to Mr. Hayne in 1830, and again in 1833 in his reply to Calhoun, argued that the Constitution was not a "compact," not a "confederacy," and that the acts of ratification were not "acts of accession." These terms, he said, *would imply the right of secession*, but they were terms unknown to the fathers; they formed a "new vocabulary," invented to uphold the theory of State sovereignty.

Alexander Hamilton spoke of the new government as "a Confederate republic," a "Confederacy," and called the Constitution a "compact." Gen. Washington wrote of the Constitution as a compact, and repeatedly uses the terms "accede" and "accession," and once the term "secession." Massachusetts and New Hampshire, when ratifying the Constitution, referred to that instrument as "an explicit and solemn compact."

Mr. Webster, in the very last year of his illustrious life, distinctly recognized the right of secession, for in his speech at Capon Springs, Va., in 1851, he said: "If the South were to violate any part of the Constitution intentionally and systematically, and persist in so doing, year after year, and no remedy could be had, would the North be any longer bound by the rest of it? And if the North were deliberately, habitually, and of fixed purpose to disregard one part of it, would the South be bound any longer to observe its other obligations? . . . I have not hesitated to say, and I repeat, that if the Northern States refuse, willfully and deliberately, to carry into effect that part of the Constitution which respects the restoration of fugitive slaves, and Congress provide no remedy, the South would no longer be bound to observe the compact. A bargain cannot be broken on one side and still bind the other side."

Looking back then to-day, my comrades, over the four and

forty years which separate us from the acts of secession passed by the Southern States, we say to the men of this generation and to those who will come after us that the opprobrium heaped upon those who then asserted the right of secession is undeserved. That right had not then been authoritatively denied. On the contrary, it had been again and again asserted, North and South, by eminent statesmen for nearly sixty years after the formation of the Union. Those who held it had as good right to their opinion as those who denied it. The weight of argument was overwhelmingly in their favor. So clear was this that the United States government wisely decided after the fall of the Confederacy that it was not prudent to put Jefferson Davis upon his trial for treason. Let it be remembered that the formation of the United States, in 1788, was accomplished by nine of the States seceding from the Confederacy which had existed for eleven years, and which had bound the States entering into it to "a perpetual Union." *Thus the Union itself was the child of secession!*

There was a time during those dark years of reconstruction when public opinion in the North demanded that we who had fought under the Southern flag should prove the sincerity of our acceptance of the results of the war by acknowledging the unrighteousness of our cause and by confessing contrition for our deeds.

But could we acknowledge our cause to be unrighteous when we still believed it just? Could we repent of an act done in obedience to the dictates of conscience? The men of the North may claim that our judgment was at fault; that our action was not justified by reason; that the fears that goaded us to withdraw from the Union were not well grounded; but so long as it is admitted that we followed duty as we understood it they cannot ask us to repent. A man can repent, I repeat, only of what he is ashamed, and it will not be claimed that we should be ashamed of obeying the dictates of conscience in the face of hardship and danger and death.

Capt. Oliver Wendell Holmes, of Massachusetts, who now occupies a seat upon the Supreme Bench of the United States, uttered these generous words nearly a quarter of a century ago: "We believed that it was most desirable that the North should win; we believed in the principle that the Union is indissoluble; but we equally believed that those who stood against us held just as sacred convictions that were the opposite of ours, and we respected them as every man with a heart must respect those who give all for their belief."

All honor to the valiant soldier and accomplished scholar who uttered those words! All honor, too, to another noble son of New England, Charles Francis Adams, who has more recently declared, recognizing the same principle, that both the North and the South were right in the great struggle of the War between the States, because each believed itself right. When Jefferson Davis and Robert E. Lee were cadets at West Point, the text-books in use on political science were by St. George Tucker, a Southern writer, and William Rawle, a Northern writer, and both taught the right of a State to secede. Can these illustrious men be attainted as traitors because they put in practice the principles taught them by the authority of the government of the United States?

I come now to the third proposition—viz., that "the people of the South were not attached to the Union, and were eager to seize upon an excuse for its dissolution."

In considering this assertion it will be necessary to distinguish in our reply between the States that first seceded and

the border States of Virginia, Tennessee, North Carolina, and Arkansas, which later gave in their adhesion to the Southern Confederacy. As to the former—the Cotton States—if it be true, as candid historians acknowledged, that their people "*all*" held that the North was unconstitutional and unjustly attempting to coerce the sovereign States;" if it be true, as we have seen is now conceded, that the people of those States solemnly believed that their liberties were assailed, and that the war waged against them was a war of subjugation—then I submit that they were constrained to choose between their love of the Union and their love of liberty; and I do not believe that any brave and candid patriot of any Northern State will condemn them because, holding that belief, they made the choice they did. The judgment of the South may be impeached, but not her patriotism, not her love for the Union, if, shut up to such an alternative, she preferred liberty without union to union without liberty. Yet her judgment was sustained by some of the most illustrious men of the North. Millard Fillmore had said, in 1856, in referring to the possible election of Fremont as a sectional President: "Can they have the madness or folly to believe that our Southern brethren would submit to be governed by such a chief magistrate?" And Rufus Choate the same year wrote that if the Republican party "accomplishes its objects and gives the government to the North I turn my eyes from the consequences."

The case of the border States is somewhat different. Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, Kentucky, Missouri, Tennessee were all opposed to secession. They refused to follow the lead of South Carolina. For example, as late as April 4 Virginia voted by eighty-nine to forty-five against the ordinance of secession. They believed the Southern States had just grievances against the North, and that there was much to justify the fears which they entertained, but they were not prepared to dissolve the Union. They still hoped for redress within the Union by constitutional means. Moreover, the men who became our greatest generals and our most illustrious and determined leaders in the Southern Confederacy were, a majority of them, earnest Union men. I think it may be said, too, that the States which furnished most of the munitions of war and most of the fighting men were opposed to secession. The Union, which their forefathers had done so much to create, first by the sword and then by the pen and the tongue, was dear to their hearts. When, after the Revolution, it became apparent that jealousy of the preponderance of Virginia, resulting from the vastness of her domain, would prevent the formation of the Union, that State, with truly queenly generosity, gave to the Union her Northwestern Territory, out of which the States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, and part of Minnesota were afterwards carved. This was in 1787. Has any other State, or group of States, done as much in proof of attachment to the Union? Moreover, she dedicated this vast territory as free soil by the ordinance of 1787.

But there came a cruel issue. On the 15th of April, 1861, President Lincoln issued a proclamation calling for seventy-five thousand men to coerce the seceded States back into the Union. The border States were called upon to furnish their quota of armed men to march against their Southern brethren. Thus an issue was forced upon them which the future historian, however antagonistic to the South, must ponder with sympathy and emotion. The men of these border States were compelled to decide either to send soldiers to fight against their brethren or to say: "We will throw in our lot

with them and resist military coercion." Now, whatever division of sentiment existed in regard to the policy, or even the right, of secession, there was almost complete unanimity in these States in repudiating the right of coercion. That right had been vehemently repudiated in the discussions in the Constitutional Convention by James Madison, Alexander Hamilton, and Edmund Randolph. The South remained true to the doctrine of the fathers on this point. Mr. Madison opposed the motion to incorporate in the Constitution the power of coercing a State to its duty, and by unanimous consent the project was abandoned. Alexander Hamilton denounced the proposal to coerce a State as "one of the maddest projects ever devised." Edmund Randolph said it meant "civil war."

But, waiving all this, I come back to the question, Can any blame attach to the people of the border States for choosing as they chose in the face of the cruel alternative, which was forced upon them by Mr. Lincoln's proclamation, to abandon the Union or to draw their swords against their Southern brethren?

It has been well and wisely said by a recent historian (Mr. Rhodes) that "the political reason of Virginia, Maryland, and Kentucky inclined them to the North; their heartstrings drew them to the South." I put it to any man with a heart to say whether, when the bayonet is directed against the bosom of a member of one's own household, he is to blame for throwing himself in the breach in defense, even though the bayonet be in the hand of the officer of the law. I affirm that the ties of blood and kindred are more sacred even than those which bind a man to the government of his country. Could the men of Virginia and North Carolina and Tennessee be expected to raise their hands against their family altars and firesides, whatever view they might have taken of the constitutional questions at issue? But the men of those States believed with great unanimity that the sovereignty of a State was inviolable by the general government. That was the faith they had received from their fathers, from a long line of illustrious statesmen and political philosophers. Of this let one decisive example suffice. Though Robert E. Lee abhorred the idea of secession and loved the Union with a passionate devotion, yet when he was asked by a member of a committee of Congress whether he did not consider that he was guilty of treason in drawing his sword in behalf of the South he answered: "No, I believed my allegiance was due to the State of Virginia."

The people of the South believed, as we have said, that government derives its just powers from the consent of the governed. They believed the general government had no rightful power of coercion. Their New England brethren had for many years confirmed them in that belief. . . .

I come now to consider the opinion, so widely held, that the South plunged into a desperate war for the purpose of perpetuating slavery, and made that institution the corner stone of the new Confederacy which it sought to establish. Before dealing directly with this, however, a little history upon the subject of the relation of the South to slavery will be salutary.

Certainly we have no tears to shed over its abolition. There is not a man in the South who would wish to see it re-established. But there are several facts, unknown to some and ignored by other historians, which are essential to a right understanding of this question. I shall hold them up to the light to-day because I would not have the attitude of that dear, noble Old South misrepresented or misunderstood by our descendants

In the first place, let it never be forgotten that it was the government of England, and not the people of the South, which was originally responsible for the introduction of slavery. In 1760 South Carolina passed an act to prohibit further importation of slaves, but England rejected it with indignation.

The colony of Virginia again and again protested to the British king against sending slaves to her shores, but in vain—they were forced upon her. One hundred petitions against the introduction of slaves were sent by the colonists of Virginia to the British government. Then, too, Virginia was the first of all the States, North or South, to prohibit the slave trade, and Georgia was the first to incorporate such a prohibition in her organic constitution. In fact, Virginia was in advance of the whole world on this subject; she abolished the slave trade in 1778, nearly thirty years before England did, and the same period before New England was willing to consent to its abolition. Again, at the formation of the Constitution, Virginia raised her protest against the continuance of that traffic; but New England raised a voice of objection, and, uniting her influence with that of South Carolina and Georgia, secured the continuance of the slave trade for twenty years more by constitutional provision. On the other hand, the first statute establishing slavery in America was passed by Massachusetts in December, 1641, in her code entitled *Body of Liberties*. The first fugitive slave law was enacted by the same State, while every Southern State legislated against the slave trade. Thus slavery was an inheritance which the people of the South received from the fathers; and if the States of the North, very soon after the Revolution, abolished the institution, it cannot be claimed that the abolition was dictated by moral considerations, but by differences of climate, soil, and industrial interests. The Supreme Court in 1857 used the following language: "This change had not been produced by any change of opinion in relation to this race, but because it was discovered by experience that slave labor was unsuited to the climate and productions of these States, for some of them . . . were actively engaged in the slave trade."

Goodell's "Slavery and Antislavery"—an authority not friendly to the South—says (pp. 10, 11) that the merchants of New England seaports "almost monopolized the immense profits of that lucrative, but detestable, trade."

"The principal operation of abolition in the North," says an English authority, "was to transfer Northern slaves to Southern markets." (Ingram's "History of Slavery," London, 1895, p. 184.)

On March 26, 1788, the Legislature of Massachusetts passed a law ordering all free negroes out of the State. If they would not go voluntarily, they were to be whipped out.

It existed in several of the Northern States more than fifty years after the adoption of the Constitution, while the importation of slaves into the South continued to be carried on by Northern merchants and Northern ships, without interference in the traffic from any quarter, until it was prohibited by the spontaneous action of the Southern States themselves.

Note this also: The contest between the North and the South over the extension of slavery to the territories was a contest on the part of the South for equal rights under the Constitution, and it ought to be clearly understood that it did not involve the increase of slavery. Had that right been conceded, not one additional slave would have been added to the number existing in the country. "It was a question of the dis-

tribution or dispersion of the slaves rather than of the extension of slavery. Removal is not extension. Indeed, if emancipation was the end to be desired, the dispersion of the negroes over a wider area, among additional territories eventually to become States, and in climates unfavorable to slave labor, instead of hindering, would have promoted this object by diminishing the difficulties in the way of ultimate emancipation." This is the language of Jefferson Davis, but the argument is Henry Clay's. In 1820 he argued that the extension of slavery was farseeing humanity, and Mr. Jefferson agreed with him, saying that spreading the slaves over a larger surface "will dilute the evil everywhere and facilitate the means of getting finally rid of it." Mr. Madison took the same view, and these three statesmen were all earnest emancipationists.

"In 1822 there were five or six abolition societies in Kentucky. In 1819 the first distinctively emancipation paper in the United States was published in Jonesboro, Eastern Tennessee." There were eighteen emancipation societies in that region organized by the Covenanters, Methodists, and the Quakers.

A Massachusetts writer, George Lunt, says: "The States of Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee were engaged in practical movements for the gradual emancipation of their slaves. This movement continued until it was arrested by the aggressions of the abolitionists."

The people of the South believed they were, at heart, more friendly to the negro race than their Northern brethren, and such facts as the following appeared to justify their belief. In 1830 Senator Benton called attention to the "actual expulsion of a great body of free colored people from the State of Ohio, and not one word of objection, not one note of grief." The whole number expatriated was estimated at ten thousand. He added: "This is a remarkable event, paralleled only by the expulsion of the Moors from Spain and the Huguenots from France." In 1846 the liberated slaves of John Randolph were driven by a mob away from the lands which had been purchased for them in Ohio. In 1855 the Topeka (Kan.) *Constitution*, adopted by the Freesoilers, contained an article, ratified by a vote of almost three to one, forbidding any free negro to reside in the State, and this was accepted by the Republican House of Representatives. In 1860 the Constitutions of thirty out of thirty-four States of the Union excluded negroes from exercising the suffrage. Facts like these did not tend to confirm the confidence of the people of the South in the sincerity of the agitation on behalf of the negro.

And now I call your attention to a fact of capital importance in this discussion—viz., that the sentiment in favor of emancipation was rapidly spreading in the South in the first quarter of the nineteenth century. It is stated on high authority that in the year 1826 there were one hundred and forty-three emancipation societies in the whole country, and of this number one hundred and three were established in the South. It is well known that one branch of the Legislature of Virginia came within one vote of passing a law of emancipation in the year 1832, and I was assured in 1860 by Col. Thomas Jefferson Randolph, of Virginia, the grandson of Mr. Jefferson—himself an influential member of the Legislature in 1832—that emancipation would certainly have been carried the ensuing year but for the revulsion of feeling which followed the fanatical agitation of the subject by the abolitionists of the period. The Legislature of 1832 defeated the emancipation bill by only one vote.

It is our belief that, but for passions naturally roused by the violent attacks made upon the moral character of the Southern slaveholder, slavery would have been peaceably abolished in the border States before the middle of the nineteenth century.

Fanatics and abolitionists demanded immediate emancipation without compensation or consideration of any kind. England in 1833 abolished slavery in the West Indies, but she compensated the slave owners, devoting \$100,000,000 to that purpose. But never in all the long abolition agitation of thirty years, from 1831 to 1861, was there any proposition to remunerate the South for the loss of her slaves. Her people were expected to make a sacrifice for emancipation never demanded before of any people on earth. I do not forget that in March, 1862, Mr. Lincoln proposed remuneration to the border States which had not seceded; but it came too late, when flagrant war had embittered the hostility between the sections.

Mr. Gladstone admitted that the extinction of slavery was "a consummation devoutly to be desired and in good earnest to be forwarded," yet held that "immediate and unconditional emancipation without a previous advance in character must place the negro in a state where he would be his own worst enemy." The people of the South, too, realized the difficulty and the danger of emancipation. She was, as Jefferson said, in the position of the man who held the wolf by the ears—she didn't want to hold on, but she was afraid to let go.

If it is charged that slavery was the corner stone of the Southern Confederacy, what are we to say of the Constitution of the United States? That instrument as originally adopted by the thirteen colonies contained three sections which recognized slavery.

But after all that may be said we are told that slavery was the cause of the war and that the citizen-soldiers of the South sprang to arms in defense of slavery.

Yes, my comrades, calumny, masquerading as history, has told the world that that battle flag of yours was the emblem of slave power, and that you fought not for liberty but for the right to hold your fellow-men in bondage.

Think of it, soldiers of Lee! Think of it, followers of Jackson and Stuart and Albert Sidney Johnston! You were fighting, they say, for the privilege of holding your fellow-men in bondage! Will you for one moment acknowledge the truth of that indictment? Ah, no! that banner of the Southern Cross was studded with the stars of God's heaven. You could not have followed a banner that was not the banner of liberty! You sprang from the loins of freemen! You drank in freedom with your mothers' milk! Your revolutionary sires were not inspired by a more intense devotion to liberty than you were!

Tell me, were you thinking of your slaves when you cast all in the balance, your lives, your fortunes, your sacred honor, in order to endure the hardships of the march and the camp and the peril and suffering of the battlefield? Why, it was but a small minority of the men who fought in the Southern armies—hardly one in ten—that were financially interested in the institution of slavery.

There is, however, a court to which this contention may be referred for settlement—one whose decision all men ought to accept. It is composed of the three men who may be supposed to have known, if any man knew, the object for which the war was waged—Abraham Lincoln, Jefferson Davis, and Robert E. Lee. And their decision is unanimous. Mr. Lincoln always declared that the object of the war was the restoration of the Union, and not the emancipation of the slaves. Mr. Davis as

positively declared that the South was not fighting for slavery, but for independence. And Robert E. Lee expressed his opinion by setting all his slaves free January 8, 1863, and then going on with the war for more than two years longer. . . .

The generation which participated in that great struggle is rapidly passing away, and we believe that no fitting occasion should be neglected by those who yet survive to vindicate the motives and to explain the principles of the actors in that great drama. Only by iteration and reiteration by the writers and speakers of the South will the real facts be rescued from oblivion, and the conduct and characters of our leaders, and the heroic men who followed them, be understood and honored as they ought to be. And, my friends, the fulfillment of this duty will make for unity and fraternity among Americans, not for sectionalism. It will strengthen, not weaken, the bonds of the Union in the years to come if the generations yet unborn are taught to recognize that the principles and the aims of the men of the South were as high and as pure as those which animated their foemen of the North. Let the Union of the future be founded on mutual respect, and to this end let the truth concerning the principles and acts of the old South be told—the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

Comrades and fellow-citizens, we thank God that to-day the sun shines upon a truly reunited country. In the providence of God the Spanish war has drawn North and South together in bonds of genuine brotherhood. Their blood has watered the same soil; the common patriotism has glorified again the land of Washington. . . . There was no North or South on those fields of battle, or in Santiago Harbor, or in front of Manila. Yes, and as was well said by our own Hilary Herbert at the Peace Jubilee, "Out of the grave of sectionalism arose the triumphant spirit of Americanism." . . .

For one moment let us turn from the sacred past—from the memories of this day and hour—and look into the future. Surely a Pisgah prospect of beauty and hope! A great destiny opens before America. Great are her privileges, her opportunities, her responsibilities. . . .

But this occasion belongs not to the future but to the past. Let our closing thoughts then be dedicated to the memory of our dead—that mighty host of brave soldiers and sailors who fell under the banner of the lost Confederacy forty years ago, of those now silent battalions of Southern soldiers that sleep on so many hard-fought fields. . . .

I will not attempt then to pronounce a fitting panegyric upon those brave men nor upon their splendid leaders: captains whose valor, whose prowess, whose skill, whose heroic constancy were never outshone on any field; in any age, by any leaders of men; not by Agamemnon, "king of men;" not by Achilles, the "swift-footed," "the invincible;" not by Ulysses, "the wise;" nor by Ajax, "the mighty;" not by Miltiades at Marathon; nor by Leonidas himself at Thermopylæ; nor by any of the long line of illustrious heroes and patriots who, in ancient and in modern times, have shed luster on manhood by their valor or by their constancy. Comrades, it is my conviction that the Muse of History will write the names of some of our Southern heroes as high on her great roll of honor as those of any leaders of men in any era. Fame herself will rise from her throne to place the laurel with her own hands upon the immortal brows of Robert E. Lee, Albert Sidney Johnston, and Stonewall Jackson. I grant, indeed, that it is not for us who were their companions and fellow-soldiers to ask the world to accept our estimate of their rightful place in history. We are partial, we are biased in our judgments, men will say. Be it so. We are content to await the calm verdict

of the future historian, when with philosophic impartiality the characters and achievements and motives of our illustrious leaders shall have been weighed in the balances of truth. What that verdict will be is foreshadowed, we believe, by the judgment expressed by Gen. Lord Wolseley, who said: "I believe Gen. Lee will be regarded not only as the most prominent figure of the Confederacy but as the great American of the nineteenth century, whose statue is well worthy to stand on an equal pedestal with that of Washington, and whose memory is equally worthy to be enshrined in the hearts of all his countrymen." . . .

What you ask of me, however, comrades, in these closing moments is quite apart from the task of the historian or the orator. It is simply to give honest utterance to the love and admiration that glow in the breast of every one of us for those, our companions in arms, who fell on the almost countless bloody fields of that Titanic struggle in repelling the invaders from our soil. All honor to their memory! We cannot call their names. They are too numerous to be told over, even if we had here the muster rolls of all the Confederate armies. But if their names could be called, we could answer: "Dead on the field of honor!" . . . Yes, for these men to whom we pay the tribute of our homage were heroes, if ever heroes were. What hardships did they not uncomplainingly endure on the march, in the bivouac, in the trenches! What sacrifices did they not cheerfully make for a cause dearer than life itself! What dangers did they not face with unquailing front! Who that ever saw them can forget those hardy battalions? Rusty and ragged were their uniforms, but bright were their muskets and their bayonets, and they moved like the very whirlwind of war!

They fill, most of them, nameless graves. They were private soldiers. Fame will not herald their names and deeds to posterity. They fought without reward and they died without distinction. It was enough for them to hear the voice of duty and to follow it, though it led them by a rugged path to a bloody grave. "Tell my father or my mother I tried to do my duty," was the last message of many a dying soldier boy to his comrades on the field of battle. O, it is for this we honor and revere their nameless memories to-day. They were not soldiers of fortune, but soldiers of duty, who dared all that men can dare and endured all that men can endure in obedience to what they believed the sacred call of country. . . . They loved their State; they loved their homes and their firesides. They knew little of the warring theories of constitutional interpretation. But one thing they knew: armed legions were marching upon their homes, and it was their duty to hurl them back at any cost. For this, not we only who shared their perils and hardships do them honor—not the Southern people only—but all brave men everywhere. Nameless they may be, but the name of "Confederate soldier" will echo around the world through the coming years, and will be accepted as the synonym of valor, of constancy, and of loyalty to the sternest call of duty.

My comrades, I have been in the Eternal City, surrounded by the deathless relics and monuments which commemorate the glorious achievements of the citizens and soldiers of ancient Rome. I have paced the aisles of that stately church in which Venice has piled up the splendid memorials in brass and in marble of the men who made her name great in Europe—who made her to sit as a queen upon her watery throne among the nations. I have stood under a dome in Paris, on the spot upon which France has lavished with unstinted hand her wealth and her art to shed glory upon the name of her greatest soldier—

his sarcophagus reposes upon a pavement of costly marbles gathered from all quarters of the globe, and so arranged as to represent a Sun of Glory irradiating the name of the hero of Merango and of the Pyramids, of Jena and of Austerlitz. And I have meditated in awe-struck silence beneath the fretted roof of Westminster Abbey, surrounded by the almost countless memorial marbles which twenty generations of Englishmen have erected to celebrate the fame of their most illustrious kings and nobles, soldiers and patriots, jurists and statesmen, poets and historians, musicians and dramatists.

But on none of these occasions have I been so impressed with the patriotic and unselfish devotion that human nature is capable of as when I have contemplated the character and the career of the private soldiers of the Confederacy. Not for fame or for reward, not for place or rank, not lured by ambition or goaded by necessity, but in simple obedience to duty, as they understood it, these men suffered all, sacrificed all, dared all—and died! No stately abbey will ever cover their remains. Their dust will never repose beneath fretted or frescoed roof. No costly bronze will ever blazon their names for posterity to honor; but the Potomac and the Rappahannock, the James and the Chickahominy, the Cumberland and the Tennessee, the Mississippi and the Rio Grande, as they run their long race from the mountains to the sea, will sing of their prowess for evermore! The mountains of Virginia and Tennessee and Georgia will stand eternal witnesses of their valor. . . .

As I recall the magnificent valor of those half-fed, half-clad legions of the Confederacy the thought comes: "But after all they failed. The Confederacy fell. The banner of the Southern cross sank to earth to rise no more." . . .

But *was* it in vain? I do not believe it. It is true that their flashing bayonets did not establish the new Confederacy. It is true that those proud armies of Lee and Johnston were slowly worn away by attrition until, reduced to gaunt skeletons of what they had been, they surrendered to the vast hosts of the Union armies. But it is *not* true that those gallant Southrons suffered and died in vain. No brave battle fought for truth and right was ever in vain! The truth survives, though the soldier of the truth perishes. His death, his defeat, becomes the seed of future success. . . . "Being dead they yet speak." They tell us and our children and children's children that courage, self-sacrifice, loyalty to conviction is sublime; it is better than mere success; it carries with it its own reward. Death was not too high a price to pay for the exhibition to the world of such heroism as theirs. *That* cannot die. It shines as the stars with a deathless light above the sordid and selfish aims of men. It will inspire generations to come with noble ideals of unselfish living. It is a new example of the profound words of Jesus: "He that loseth his life shall find it." . . .

Let us note, then, wherein they failed and wherein they did not fail. They failed to establish the Southern Confederacy. Why? For no other reason but this—God decreed otherwise. Yes, my comrades, the military genius of our commanders was not at fault, the valor of the Confederate armies was not at fault. . . . It was the cause of liberty that fired their souls to do, to dare, and to die. They conceived that the Federal government was trampling on the liberties of the States, and they rose in their defense. It was the sacred heritage of Anglo-Saxon freedom, of local self-government won by Runnymede, that they believed in peril when they flew to arms as one man from the Potomac to the Rio Grande. They may have been right or they may have been wrong, but that was the issue they

made. On that they stood. They died for *the preservation of the supreme and sacred right of self-government.* . . .

It is my belief that the close and candid student of public opinion in our country these forty years past will conclude that this protest of theirs has not been in vain. In spite of the historians who have misread the causes and the objects of the war on the part of the South, the fact that the Confederate soldiers and the people of the South made their superb struggle and their marvelous sacrifices for the right of local self-government has silently impressed the minds of the American people, with the result that that right has been steadily gaining in the strength of its hold upon the people of many of the States of the Union. Members of Congress from the South observe a great change in this respect in the sentiments of their fellow-members from the North and the West. Moreover, the limitation of the authority of the general government to those powers distinctly delegated and the reservation to the States of the powers not delegated has been affirmed again and again by the Supreme Court since the war.

So convinced am I of this that I make bold to predict that the future historian will say that while the armies of the North saved the Union from dissolution the armies of the South saved the rights of the States within the Union. Thus victor and vanquished will both be adjudged victorious; for if it is due to the Federal soldier that the Union is henceforth indissoluble, it is equally due to the Confederate soldier that this indissoluble Union is composed, and shall forever be composed, of indestructible States. . . .

Yes, ye gallant defenders of our stainless Confederate banner, ye did not die in vain! Your deeds have cast a halo of glory over our Southern land which will only grow brighter as time advances. Your memory will be a priceless heritage which we will transmit to our children's children untarnished. None shall ever write "Traitor" over your graves unbeked by us while God gives us the power of speech! Farewell, brave comrades, farewell till the tryst of God beyond the river. The bugle has sounded "taps" over your graves. After all these years its pathetic notes still vibrate in our ears, reminding us that we shall see your faces no more on earth. But we clasp your dear memory to our hearts to-day once more. Ye are "our dead;" ours ye were in those stern years from 1861 to 1865, when we marched and camped and battled side by side; "ours" by the sacred bond of a common consecration to a cause which was holy to us. . . .

THE NORTHWESTERN DIVISION, U. D. C.—The third annual reunion of this Division of Confederate Veterans was held at Helena, Mont., on October 5. Owing to the active interest taken by the local organizations, the N. B. Forrest Camp, U. C. V., assisted by the Winnie Davis Chapter of the U. D. C., the meeting was the largest and most successful in every way that has yet been held in the Northwest. Pressing invitations were sent to all Camps in the Northwest and to veterans living where there were no organizations. The railroads gave reduced rates, and a large crowd took advantage of them to attend the reunion. The business meeting was presided over by C. P. Blakeley, of Bozeman. Paul A. Fusz, of Philipsburg, was elected Major General commanding the Division, U. C. V., and George F. Ingram Commander of the Montana Brigade. At night the visiting Veterans and Daughters were given an elegant reception by the local organization. Commander Fusz has appointed his staff, and will endeavor to have all veterans in the Northwest in organizations before the next reunion.

THE FIGHT AT CLINTON, LA.

BY A. CURL, FIRST LIEUT. CO. C, ELEVENTH ARKANSAS INFANTRY.

During the last days of April, 1863, Col. Grierson, commander of the Sixth Illinois Cavalry, made a memorable raid from Memphis, Tenn., south through the State of Mississippi, to Baton Rouge, La.

The Eleventh and Seventeenth Arkansas Infantry were part of the garrison at Port Hudson. There was a small cavalry force doing outpost duty in East Louisiana and South Mississippi, ranging from twenty to fifty miles out from Port Hudson. This little detachment was commanded by Col. George Gantt, of Tennessee. It was composed of Tennessee, Mississippi, and Louisiana troops, and with it was also a small field battery, commanded by Capt. Roberts. When the news of Grierson's raid reached Port Hudson, Gen. Gardner, in command at that place, sent some troops out to different points, with a view to cutting off Grierson's advance. Col. Miles, of Louisiana, was sent with what was known as Miles's Legion to the Amite River bridge. The Eleventh and Seventeenth Arkansas Regiments were sent to Clinton, a small town about twenty miles from Port Hudson. Col. John Logan, of Arkansas, was the senior colonel, and commanded the detachment. Grierson did not touch Clinton, but went by way of the Amite bridge, reaching that place and effecting a crossing before Miles got there, and Col. Gantt failed to catch up with Grierson during his passage through the country.

Miles, with his legion, returned to Port Hudson; but the two Arkansas regiments left in the country were consolidated with the cavalry of Col. Gantt and Roberts's Battery, and Col. Logan was placed in command of the entire force. The Eleventh and Seventeenth Arkansas Regiments were consolidated and commanded by Col. Griffith; while Col. Powers, of Arkansas, had command of the cavalry and Capt. Roberts the battery.

On the 3d of June Logan's force was encamped about a mile north of Clinton, off the road that leads to Port Hudson. About three o'clock in the afternoon "Boots and saddles" was sounded. Grierson had come out from Banks's army, and was approaching Clinton. A run was made for

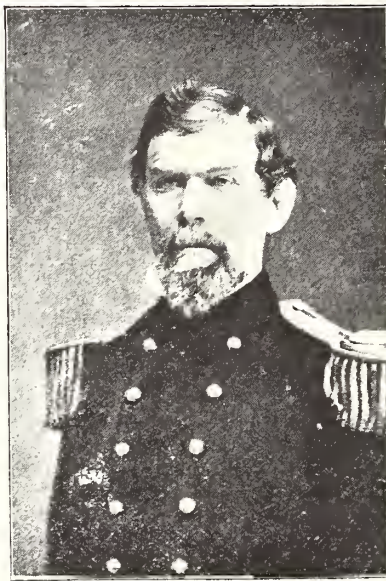
Clinton, and, passing through the town, we met the Federals on the opposite side, sheltered behind the banks of a creek. We went in under fire, and an engagement ensued which lasted for perhaps an hour and a half. Col. Powers, with the mounted men, eventually turned the enemy's left, and they retreated southward, followed by our forces. About a mile from where the retreat and pursuit began there was a creek, across which the Port Hudson road passed over a bridge.

In making their way through the underbrush, our front line became scattered, some wading the creek, others crossing on the bridge. Company C, of which the writer was first lieutenant, was in the wagon road just behind Capt. Green's company, of the same regiment. Just beyond the bridge the Federals had unlimbered a piece of artillery, with which and some small arms they were sweeping the bridge. Company C came up, and Capt. Burke, of our company, ordered us to cross, which we did in double-quick. Sergeant William Curl was the first to cross, and Capt. Burke the next. An effort was made to capture the enemy's gun, but they succeeded in getting it away before we reached it. Half a mile farther on the Federals halted again in an open field, with a lane running through it, and formed a line of battle. We were ordered to form on the right and left of the lane and advance. Acting on this order, I jumped over the rail fence on the left side of the lane and started up through the field just as the Federals opened fire on us with small arms and artillery, to which we replied promptly.

At the time I crossed the fence and started forward through the field Sergeants Curl and Mason Speer started up the lane. After going about eighty yards, I looked around to see the condition of things, and discovered that I was alone. The line of battle had been formed at the fence, and all the fighting from the Confederate side was being done from there. When the writer found himself alone, between two fires, he went back to that fence, and it is useless to say that he went in a hurry. Curl and Speer found themselves in the same predicament, having gone even farther toward the enemy before discovering their mistake. The fight continued sharp and hot for perhaps twenty or thirty minutes, when the



GEN. JOS. E. JOHNSTON.



GEN. W. J. HARDEE.



GEN. ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON.

From photographs made before the Confederate War.

Federals again retreated, and were pursued by the mounted portion of the Confederates some distance toward Port Hudson. Our regiment lost some good men, killed and wounded. It was one of those small, red-hot engagements, something more than a skirmish, but not of sufficient importance to be called a battle, of which there were thousands during the war.

THAT FIGHT AT FORT GILMER.

BY W. A. FLANIGAN, COMPANY G, FIFTEENTH GEORGIA INFANTRY.

In the June VETERAN George Reese, of Pensacola, Fla., gives an account of some desperate fighting done by five Confederate soldiers in a fort near Petersburg that he thinks was called Fort Gilmer. In the December VETERAN Dr. May, of Texas, in reply to this article, says he was one of the five men referred to by Gen. Reese.

I do not contradict either of these gentlemen, for there may have been more than one Fort Gilmer; but the time, place, and circumstances they mention so nearly accord with incidents participated in by the regiment to which I belonged that I make a statement.

I was a member of the Fifteenth Georgia Infantry, Benning's Brigade. When we were occupying the first line that Comrade May speaks of, the Texas Brigade was on our left. After we abandoned this position to re-form on the inner line and occupy the forts I do not know where it was, neither do I know where the rest of our brigade (Benning's) was except the Second Georgia. When we fell back to the inner line, half of my regiment, about thirty-five or forty of us, occupied Fort Gilmer and the other half went into a little fort, a hundred and fifty or two hundred yards to our left, called Fort Fields. On our right, three or four hundred yards distant, was another little fort (I do not remember the name) occupied by some sixty men of the Second Georgia of our brigade. I do not know the location of the rest of our brigade, but I do know that the Fifteenth Georgia occupied Fort Gilmer and Fort Fields and the Second Georgia occupied the other little fort on the right of Fort Gilmer, as already stated. After we repulsed the attack on Fort Gilmer ten or twelve of us ran across to Fort Fields and helped the boys drive the enemy back from that point. About that time they made a rush at the little fort on our right, occupied by the Second Georgia, and some of our regiment started to help the Second; but before they reached the fort the fight was over, and the prisoners were coming in. Now there may have been but five men in the fort (Gilmer), as Gen. Reese and Comrade May state; but there were between thirty-five and forty men, with hot, smoking guns, in the Fort Gilmer that I was in.

There were only sixty-odd men in the Second Georgia, but they whipped a brigade of the enemy that day, capturing many prisoners, amongst them a major who, after seeing the small force opposed to him, asked Col. Shepherd if they were all the men he had; and when informed that they were he said if the Colonel would put him on the outside and give him only the men captured he would have the fort in a few moments.

We were sent from the Crater just the night before the blow up (a close miss) over to Richmond for local defense and to recruit the brigade, which did not have as many men in it then as some of the regiments formerly had; for instance, the Fifteenth Georgia carried into the fight at Gettysburg nine hundred muskets, and we came out with four hundred and fifty.

There are quite a number of these old fellows yet living who will verify my statement as to the fight at Fort Gilmer. True history is what we want: no more, no less.

MONUMENT TO FAITHFUL SLAVES.

At a recent meeting of the J. Harvey Mathews Chapter, U. D. C., of Memphis, Tenn., Miss Mary M. Solari read a strong and pathetic paper, advocating the erection of a monument to the faithful old slaves who remained loyal and true to their owners in the dark days of the sixties and on through the infamous reconstruction period. After referring to an article that appeared in the November VETERAN from a correspondent averse to building such a monument, she says in part:

"In the hearts of the mighty fallen is deep rooted the feeling of inextinguishable gratitude to the loyal slaves to whose care the women and children were intrusted during the entire period of the War between the States. It is a sentiment that still remains smoldering in the souls of those who owned them. To those slaves who watched the fireside, tilled the soil, helped spin, weave, and make raiment for the master and sons on the battlefield—to those slaves who protected and provided for the families at home is due a monument that will tell the story to coming generations that cannot be taught the lesson of self-sacrifice and devotion of the slave in any other way. If a time is ever ripe for a noble deed, now is that time, for the grand, courteous Southern slave owner is fast passing away; and to erect the monument would be to hand down to posterity an open book, in which our Southern children can learn that every negro is no 'black fiend.' The North would not understand the sentiment. Of course not.

"Erecting this monument would influence for good the present and coming generations, and prove that the people of the South who owned slaves valued and respected their good qualities as no one else ever did or will do. It would bespeak the real conception of the affection of the owner toward the slave and refute the slanders and falsehoods published in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'

"There did exist in the days of trial and hardship not only a perfect understanding but the kindest sympathy, and in thousands of plantations and homes where every white male on the place able to bear arms would go to the battlefield the helpless families of women and children were left entirely to the care and protection of the trusted slaves.

"This monument would have great effect as a proof of the feeling of gratitude that centers the hearts of Southern people from the sixties to the present day, and would link ages of the past to the coming years, when our grandchildren and theirs in turn would stop to inquire the meaning of it and the motive that prompted its erection, learning therefrom truths in the history of the Southern States and from a truthful source.

"The 'Monument to the Blacks' would not only tell the traditions, romance, poetry, and picturesqueness of the South, but would speak the pathetic scenes enacted in many grand old Southern homesteads. No one who was rocked to sleep by the sweet lullaby of the faithful black 'mammy,' listened to her weird ghost stories, nursed at her breast, or played about her cabin door would ever be willing to have these tender memories die out. There is the side of sentiment, the side of gratitude, that those who have felt the touch can never give up, nor can they forget the debt due the faithful 'ten per cent of slaves that remained with their masters after freedom.'

"If 'this is not the time for erecting monuments to the old slaves,' one will never be erected, for the men and women who hold them in tender remembrance will ere long be called to a greater reward, and they alone can fully understand the

motive of such a work and the necessity to leave a mark by which their children's children may perpetuate the heroic deeds of the slaves who were devoted and true to their ancestors in times of deadliest peril. Erect the monument; it will result in much good, as it will tell future generations that the white men of the South were the negro's best friends then and that the men of the South are the negro's best friends to-day.

"Instances portraying the fidelity of the slaves might be told to fill endless volumes, and would recite the sweetest stories of heartfelt devotion, the most unselfish acts, prompted by pure love; self-forgetting, they would sacrifice comfort—yea, even go hungry—and with a smile serve those to whom they felt an undying fealty. They could not express all they felt, but for mammy's 'girl' or 'boy' they could work and suffer and teach a blessed lesson of endurance and glorified fortitude; for, as Miss Dromgoole so sweetly expresses it:

Her face is as black as ebon
Wrinkled and seamed and old;
But her heart, I know, is as white as snow,
And true as the rarest gold.

Her brown hands, old and feeble
With touch of the passing years,
Would banish each trace of care from my face
And brush from my heart the tears.

Mammy and friend, I loved her,
Humble and all unfamed;
But I love to trace in her love the face
That robber years have claimed.

Her face is as black as ebon,
Her soul as fair as the day;
And her prayers, I know, wherever I go,
Will follow me all the way."

THE "COON" WAS EXCHANGED.

BY G. B. GARWOOD, BELLEFONTAINE, OHIO.

About September 10, 1862, a number of us were sent from Camp Douglas on exchange over the Illinois Central railroad to Cairo. From there we were to go by boat to a point near Vicksburg. Shortly after we were placed on board the boat some of my comrades said they had captured a pet coon, and invited me to go and take a look at him. I did so, and found it was a two-legged "coon" and as black a one as I ever saw. The boys had found him hid in a coal bin, and, upon investigation, learned that he had early in the war run away from his master, made his way North, and after "enjoying" his freedom for some months was tired of the luxury, and penniless and friendless was trying to beat his way back home to "old marster and mistis." We divided our rations of raw bacon and hard-tack with him, and advised him to stick close to the coal bin, for, as he was about the same color, he was less likely to be discovered there.

An hour or two before reaching our destination I overheard a heated controversy between the officer in command of the prisoners and the captain of the boat about a barrel of whisky concealed in the barroom. From the conversation I learned the location of the barrel. I didn't wait to hear the conclusion of the controversy, but reported what I had heard to one or two of my friends. One of them secured a brace and bit from the old carpenter of the boat, who was so kindly disposed toward us as not to ask any questions, and on the

second attempt, after boring through the thin partition, we struck the barrel and—well, it is only necessary to say that in a short time we had it drained as far down as it would leak out. The boat was soon after tied up at the point we were to be exchanged. We had arranged to pass our coon out on the name of a Confederate who died in line, and, notwithstanding we had braced him up with a drink or two out of the leaky barrel, his heart failed him at the last moment, and he refused to answer when the dead man's name was called. As it happened, my name came next to our dead comrade's, and the darky and I were standing side by side. When this name was called the second time I answered, and gave the "coon" a push that sent him between the crossed muskets of the guards standing at the edge of the stage plank. The officer looked surprised, and asked if that was his name. "Of course it is," I answered; "but he is as deaf as a post." I don't think the negro made a halt after I pushed him, for when he struck the bank he made straight for the woods, and the last we saw of him he was going at top speed. If any of my old comrades are living who were on that exchange with me, I should be glad to hear from them.

THIRTY-SEVENTH VIRGINIA INFANTRY AGAIN.

BY C. B. PRICE, HANSONVILLE, VA.

Please correct a statement made in the January *VETERAN* by Comrade W. C. Tyler, of Kansas City, in a sketch of the Thirty-Seventh Virginia Infantry. He says: "The regiment was made up largely from the counties of Washington, Scott, and Tazewell, Southwestern Va."

I was a member of this regiment. It was composed of five companies from Washington County, commanded by Capt. John Terry, William White, James White, George Graham, and — Grant; three companies from Russell County, commanded by Capt. J. F. McElhaney, Samuel Hurst, and John Kendrick; one company from Lee County, Capt. Gibson; and one from Scott County, Capt. Wood. These are the original company commanders as I remember them. I simply write to claim recognition for our Russell and Lee County boys, who Comrade Tyler omitted to mention as members of Stonewall Jackson's foot cavalry, who followed their immortal commander from Kernstown to the night of his death, at Chancellorsville, then under Jeb Stewart, next "Old Jubal" Early, and at Appomattox under our beloved Gen. John B. Gordon.

Comrade Tyler gives a correct account of the services of the regiment as near as I can remember it after a lapse of forty years.

I hope all of our old comrades who are able will comply with his request to subscribe for the *VETERAN*, and get others to do likewise. We did our duty well when, as soldiers, we helped to make the glorious history of the Confederacy, and it is none the less our duty now to encourage and sustain its publication. The future historian will look to the cold facts and figures of the statistician for his information as to the disadvantages we were under and the great odds we had to fight; but to feel the warm heart beats of the Confederacy and understand the feelings that prompted the suffering, endurance, devotion, and heroism of the sons and daughters of the South from 1861 to 1865 he must turn to the pages of the *CONFEDERATE VETERAN*. It is a duty we owe, not only to ourselves and our dead comrades but to our posterity, to sustain this publication "while it is yet light," for the shadows are fast gathering around us.

A "YANK" VISITS THE SOUTH.

BY E. EBERHARD, AKRON, OHIO.

My trip of several weeks through the South proved one of the most interesting and pleasant episodes of my life. Knowing the proverbial geniality of Southern people, I had anticipated a fairly good time among them while looking over my old campaign and battlefields, unless perchance some one in certain localities should find out my former regimental relations and confront me with some musty old bills for chickens and other sundries that had been overlooked by us in our hurry to keep ahead of Gen. Forrest's cavalry. I was well pleased, however, that the old bills were forgotten and old scores buried. I met with most cordial greetings everywhere, and was the recipient of many courtesies at the hands of your people, especially the old Confederate veterans. I am free to admit that I am very much in love with the South.

It gave me no less pleasure to see general prosperity, good cheer, and progress in every direction. I observed with real satisfaction how your people have under way the solution of the serious and perplexing problems confronting them with so much level-headed practical wisdom and energy. No fair-minded observer who has the least idea of the magnitude of the difficulties in the reconstruction and rehabilitation of your social fabric upon a new basis can fail to rejoice in the progress already made—your public schools open to all children, the ballot box open to all alike under similar conditions, and the rights of property and person guaranteed to all alike by the laws of your States.

I am profoundly convinced that the genuine efforts of the South to bring order out of the chaotic condition into which the vicissitudes of a disastrous war and the more disastrous blundering of politicians had plunged their States merits the best wishes and coöperation of every good and patriotic citizen of our beloved America. It would be a blessed event in our country's history if those of the North and the South who faced each other upon the field of battle would, with others of like mind, come closer together and learn each other's conditions, difficulties, and needs. This could not fail to promote the good will necessary to a rational solution of questions that seem to threaten interminable controversy.

In this connection it is well for us Yankees, when we become excited and raise our hands in holy horror at what we think is quite terrible in some of the social and economic institutions of the North, that we have a few bosses that are not angels and a few regrettable events taking place right here on our own enlightened Western reserve, notwithstanding we have no social conditions to contend with.

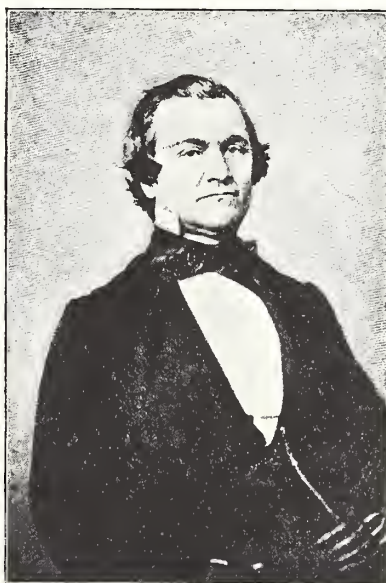
The War between the States, its long duration and the intense struggle, instead of fostering malice, has created the liveliest interest in me for the South and its people. My growing conviction of late years that the Southern people were willing and most able, because best informed, to handle all questions of especial interest to them and their section was fully vindicated by what I saw on my recent visit among them.

WANTS TO LOCATE HIS "JOHNNIE."

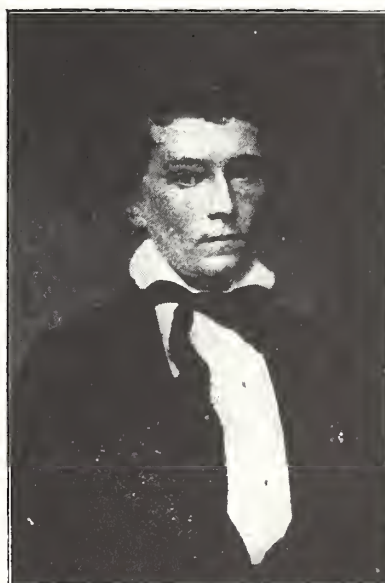
Mr. James W. Dotson, of the Federal National Soldiers' Home at Johnson City, Tenn., writes: "I read the CONFEDERATE VETERAN with much interest, for we old fellows on opposite sides during the war whose business it was to give and take hard knocks learned to have a wholesome respect and admiration for each other before we settled our 'family fuss.' It was my good fortune to render a little assistance to a wounded 'Johnnie,' a mere lad, at the battle of Nashville. The nerve of the game little rascal so impressed me at the time that I've often wondered if he is living; if so, I should be glad to hear from him. It was the evening of December 16. Hood's army had given away. I was with Gen. A. J. Smith's Corps on our right (your left), and I think Gen. Cheatham's troops were in the immediate front of the command I belonged to. We had followed the retreating Confederates out to the foothills. The day was dreary, which with the smoke of battle made the night come on quickly. Our front line had been relieved by fresh troops, and I was going to the rear, over the ground we had fought, with my command when my attention was attracted to a wounded Confederate unable to stand up. Examination showed he had been shot through the foot, the bullet crushing the bones and making a most painful wound. By having him swing on to my shoulder and use my gun for a crutch I succeeded



ADMIRAL FRANKLIN BUCHANAN,
Confederate States Navy.



HON. WILLIAM L. YANCY,
Statesman.



HON. ALEX. H. STEPHENS,
Vice President.

at length in getting him over the hill, where our regimental surgeon was attending to some of our boys the Johnnie's had 'tagged' that evening. I soon had him engaged in picking the shattered bone out of my young prisoner's foot, and saw that he was made as comfortable as practicable for the night before leaving him. I think he was taken to Nashville next day, but I've never seen or heard of him since. While this was nothing more than an act of humanity that any man should have done, yet it afforded me special satisfaction, as it enabled me to get even with the 'Johnnies,' for I had, a short time before, been captured by some of Gen. Forrest's men and treated with the greatest kindness."

WHO CAPTURED THE NEGRO FLAG?

BY G. T. CULLINS, CALEDONIA, ARK.

Just after the Nashville reunion I wrote an article on our second campaign to Nashville, in which I gave an account of the battle there as I saw it. I stated that my regiment (Eighteenth Alabama Infantry) captured the Thirteenth United States Colored Infantry flag with this inscription: "Presented by the Colored Ladies of Murfreesboro."

Comrade Carpenter, of Eutaw, Ala., states in the January *VETERAN* that I confused an incident. He says that he was in command of the Thirty-Sixth Alabama Regiment, and that Capt. Knox, of Company B, was on his extreme right; that after the firing had somewhat ceased and the negroes began to retreat, Knox, seeing the color bearer still standing at his post, jumped over the breastworks, caught up one of the enemy's guns, shot the color bearer, and captured the flag, designating it as the same by the inscription. There were very few negroes who retreated in our front, and none were at their post when the firing ceased; for we fired as long as there was anything standing to shoot at. When the firing ceased, Lieut. Page, who was adjutant of our regiment at the time, leaped over the stone fence and picked up the flag, which was lying a few feet in our front. The bearer was then dead, as were nearly all of his comrades. Lieut. Page was shot down by a cross fire from the left a few moments after he crossed back over the stone fence. I was in a few feet of this flag when it was picked up, and had my hands on it just after it was brought in. Now it has been forty years, and I have talked with many old comrades who were witnesses, but I never heard the matter questioned before.

Comrade Huffman, of Bessemer, Ala., who was a member of Company G, Eighteenth Alabama Regiment, was present at the stone fence engagement, and corroborates my statement in the September *VETERAN*, relating that he mentioned the incident to Gen. S. D. Lee at the Nashville reunion, and that he said he remembered it distinctly. Comrade L. B. Thweatt, of Sulphur Springs, Tex., a messmate of mine, was with me at the Nashville reunion, and we visited this historic spot together and talked the matter over concerning the captured flag and corroborated each other's memory. Comrade Carpenter also states that while camped at Columbia Gen. Clayton sent for this flag. Now my recollection is that our brigade did not go back by Columbia, but turned aside below Franklin and moved out by Pulaski.

I should like for Comrades Thweatt, Huffman, and all others who remember the facts to speak out and verify or contradict my statement.

GEN. FORREST SAID: "GO IT, LITTLE ONE!"—Capt. C. F. Jarrett, of Hopkinsville, Ky., who was a member of Gen. Buford's staff, writes: "I have read with much interest Henry Ewell Hord's articles in the *VETERAN* about Gen. Forrest's

fight at Brice's Cross Roads, and corroborate all he says about Lyon's Brigade, for Gen. Buford had loaned me to Gen. Lyon that day to serve as his aid-de-camp. But Hord fails to mention an incident, either from modesty of his courage or vanity of his appearance, that I heard and witnessed during the fight. The Third Kentucky, as he states, had been drilled and served as infantry until they were assigned to Forrest, and evidently thought they could do no good fighting on horseback. It was after Morton's Battery had joined us at Brice's Cross Roads, and we had just started the Yankees on the go, that Gen. Forrest rode up to Hord's regiment (the Third Kentucky) and was cursing them into shape to charge on horseback in order to overtake and capture as many prisoners as possible, when Hord, mounted on a little dun-colored mustang, rode around in front of the line near Forrest. His hat was gone, and his white head glittered in the sunshine like a ball of silver; his face, as smooth as a girl's and as red as a beet, was streaked with sweat and dirt; a liberal part of his gray shirt (he had no jacket) had worked out over the waistband of his pants and fluttered over the cantle of his saddle. He looked to be about fifteen or sixteen years old, just the right age not to be afraid of anything on earth. I was sitting on my horse near Gen. Forrest when Hord and his mustang came around to the front. He was pegging away at the Yankees as fast as he could shoot, oblivious of the fact that old Bedford was near or that he had attracted his attention, until the General shouted, 'Go it, little one!' and the 'little one' went. I've seen him but once in nearly forty years, but will carry in my mind as long as I live the ludicrous but game picture of the white-headed, dirty-faced boy at Brice's Cross Roads."

"CAPTURED" CAPT. M. S. COCKRILL.

BY E. M'IVER, NASHVILLE, TENN.

The autumn of 1862 was ideal and especially acceptable to the foot-sore soldiers of Gen. Bragg's army, as they had left Chattanooga to march across the States of Tennessee and Kentucky to meet Gen. Buell and Gen. Thomas at a point out of Louisville.

While on this campaign into Kentucky we were in camp at Bryantsville, a few miles from Perryville, and a short time before that great battle known as the "Battle of Perryville." A Mr. Robinson, claiming to be a Southern sympathizer, a farmer living only a few miles away, visited our camp quite frequently, and we became well acquainted. He invited Capt. M. S. Cockrill and myself to spend a night with him. As that section of Kentucky was very much mixed in sentiment, and as it was infested with roving bands of independent thieves and cutthroats who claimed to be soldiers, though then in hiding, we hesitated about accepting.

However, we concluded to accept Mr. Robinson's invitation to spend a night with him. He had a brother, a man of high rank (Dick Robinson) in the Federal army; but we satisfied ourselves of the sincerity of our new friend, and felt we would meet a welcome and protection, so far as he was concerned. We scrubbed and brushed up ourselves as best we could, mounted our freshly groomed horses, and, just before the sun went down, we started out across the country to find Mr. Robinson's home. It was off the public road. The country was hilly and the route quite bewildering. We could not but think of bushwhackers and what an advantage such a section of country gave them. The moon came out bright, the air was fresh, and, after some confusion, we struck the road to the home of our host. We were welcomed with "old Kentucky hospitality." Mr. Robinson lived in a large

two-story house, which was lighted, and very soon we were presented to his family, receiving a welcome on all sides that put us at ease.

I will not attempt to describe the bountiful repast that awaited us in the supper room and how we enjoyed it. Later, we were sitting upon the piazza, with his family around. We were listening to the many incidents of horror that had happened through that section and the mountainous district, a day's journey away, before Gen. Bragg's army had made its appearance. We had left our arms in camp, and it was straggling parties like ours that these fellows looked for.

Suddenly Mr. Robinson sprang to his feet, listened, and then walked out in the yard in front of his house to investigate further. Coming back quickly, he said: "Gentlemen, I hear horses. Some one is coming this way. There are several, and they are riding rapidly, too."

A thousand thoughts crowded across my mind, it seemed, all at once. Were we trapped, betrayed, given, or sold to the enemy? Our horses were stabled, and to reach them we would have to go in the direction of the approaching party. Then, if we were not betrayed and our host were true to us, it was our duty to stand by him in case of an invasion; but what good could we do? We had left our arms in camp out of respect to Mr. Robinson. There was nothing to do but face the enemy or take to the woods afout.

Mr. Robinson and his family were all alert and uneasily walking and watching down the lane that led up to the house, the very picture of concern. Capt. Cockrill and I put on a bold front, stood in their midst, and talked as coolly as our voices would allow. I could not resist the temptation to look over the back way out of the house into the woods near by, but took care to let no one suspect what I was up to. Never before did I so long for my side arms and censure myself for allowing even respect to my host to induce me to leave them behind. I never before felt so helpless. The horses didn't come in sight until they were almost at the front gate, and they came in a run. 'Twas then my heart beat so hard that I was afraid Mr. Robinson's daughter or wife, standing close by, would hear it. The dust cleared away, when all at once two girls drew up, and, throwing their reins to a young boy they had with them as an escort, jumped off their horses, and, holding up their long riding skirts, came running in, laughing, talking, and crying all at once from the excitement of their venture.

I could have fallen down and worshiped them. I never wanted to embrace strangers as badly before. We were all greatly at ease quite soon, and, after refreshing themselves, the girls were quickly in the parlor, and we exchanged adventures. They told us how they got away from their homes in Lancaster, about ten miles distant, to make this visit and be near the Southern army, and we told them how they scared us. One, the leader, was a Miss Letcher, a near relative of Gov. Letcher, of Kentucky, and, as might have been expected, a dashing, tall, graceful young woman full of patriotism and fire. The other—a cousin, if memory serves me right, and not quite so handsome—I have forgotten her name. The two made a team to attract in any crowd. They had captured their young kinsman, a mere boy, and, well mounted, they led the way to Mr. Robinson's (a friend of their family) by moonlight, riding rapidly for ten miles.

We all collected around a table, with a bright light hanging from the ceiling overhead. It was our opportunity to scan the features of the new arrivals. It's enough to say Kentucky never fails in producing thoroughbreds, and this attempt was not an exception. Miss Letcher was the star, if either. She

led in intelligent dash, looks, and repartee; and from the way Capt. Cockrill turned red in the face and then white I knew every minute that his props were giving way, and that he had not only been surprised but captured, heart and body. It was a feast for us seldom encountered; as Capt. Cockrill said: "It was intoxicating."

It was late when we said good night. It was an evening long to be remembered, and I knew from the way Capt. Cockrill kept squeezing my hand all night that he was still frightened—or something else. We left next morning early, after making many promises to return and enroll both of the young ladies in the Southern army, each preferring the artillery service with us.

Alas! Alas! Unfortunately, orders came to advance; and then the memorable battle of Perryville is history, history, with its many casualties and much suffering. Three more days and a retreat was sounded, which meant back across the State by way of Crab Orchard, Lancaster, Rock Castle Gap, and into Tennessee again via Cumberland Gap. This route took us through Lancaster, and as the sun rose and fell upon everything that sad but beautiful day, with heads bowed in humiliation, we cast our eyes about, and who should we see, with hands waving and calling as we passed along the streets of Lancaster—many, but none so beautiful as our newly made young lady friends. Lancaster was their home, and as Capt. Cockrill held long and firmly the hand of one the tears fell fast and furiously down his cheeks. Another capture had been made, and Miss Letcher was a prisoner. The meeting was brief, hardly time for pledges, as the enemy was pressing us; but looks spoke volumes. The order to forward had to be obeyed. I looked and Capt. Cockrill caught my eye, turned red behind the ears, and waved a last, long farewell. Such was the fate of war. They never met again.

SAVED BY HIS BIBLE.

Comrade Edwin C. Rice, of Henderson, Tex., sends to the VETERAN another incident where a Bible saved the life of its owner in battle. W. G. Norwood was a member of Company D, Fifth Texas Infantry, Hood's Brigade. At the battle of Malvern Hill a large rifle ball struck him in the breast over the heart, went through his clothing, struck the little leather-covered Bible he had in his pocket, penetrated through the book to the fifth Psalm, and lodged immediately over the eleventh and twelfth verses, which read: "But let all those that put their trust in thee rejoice: let them ever shout for joy, because thou defendest them: let them also that love thy name be joyful in thee. For thou, Lord, wilt bless the righteous; with favor wilt thou compass him as with a shield."

The ball did not tear or even scratch the leaf on which the verses were printed and over which it lodged. Mr. Norwood, who is still living, has never allowed the ball to be removed from his little Bible except to let friends read the verses it almost entirely covers.

HANDSOME MONUMENT AT SUFFOLK, VA.

BY J. RANDOLPH SMITH, HENDERSON, N. C.

At Suffolk, Va., the handsomest monument in the Cedar Hill Cemetery is dedicated to all Confederate soldiers, and was unveiled the 14th of November, 1889. It was erected by one man, and is therefore of the greater interest to "the men who wore the gray" and all who stand for them.

Cedar Hill Cemetery is beautiful. It is terraced, and the grass is kept smooth, the trees are trimmed, and it is kept in

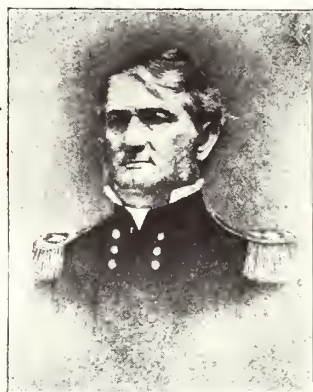
perfect order. In May, when the writer saw it, the ground was yellow with buttercups, covering the sleepers with a blanket of gold.

One of the favorite sayings of the man who erected this monument is: "When I hear a man being praised and honors given him, I always want to know his wife, for no man ever accomplishes any great thing without the aid of some great woman—his wife or his mother." He says to-day that but for his dear little wife that monument would not be standing now. When he first thought of the monument he told her that he was going to leave money in his will to erect a handsome memorial to his comrades, and it was she who said: "Why not give the monument now, while you can supervise the work and have it done exactly as you would have it?" So with her help he did erect the monument, and it is a credit to him, to her, to the men in whose honor it is given, and to the town and State.

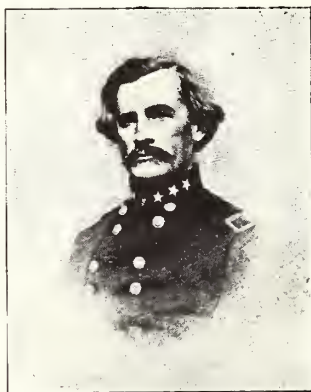
Generally men give large sums when it can do them no more good; but this man, who is not rich as wealth is counted now, gave of what he had. All who know him delight in showing him honor. The Confederate Camp at Suffolk is the Tom Smith Camp, and he has been Grand Commander of the Grand Camp of Virginia.

Many towns and cities have asked him to deliver addresses on Memorial Days. It was in his speech at Portsmouth, Va., that the memorable words were spoken: "I am one of the men whose proudest boast is: 'I followed Lee.'"

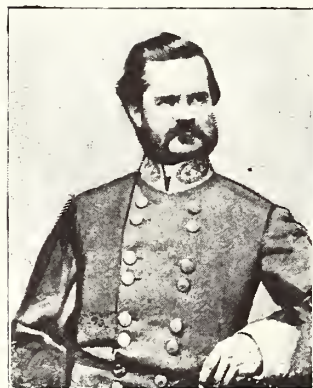
From Photographs Secured During the Sixties by Daughters of Mrs. Felicia Grundy Porter.



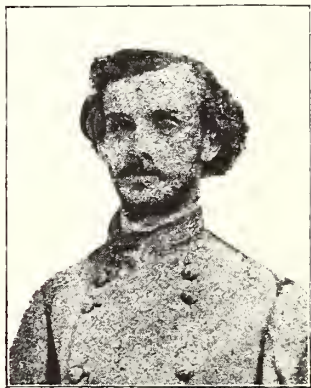
LIEUT. GEN. LEONIDAS POLK.



MAJ. GEN. B. F. CHEATHAM.



BRIG. GEN. W. R. N. BEALL.



BRIG. GEN. G. W. GORDON.

His own private lot is just across the path from the Confederate monument, and here his dear little wife is sleeping, and he hopes to rest by her side eventually until he is called with others "who have fought a good fight" to the "roll call up yonder."

The inscriptions on the monument were written by Dr. Beverly Tucker, of Norfolk, Va.

On the south side:

"This shaft on which we carve no name
Shall guide Virginia's youth,
A signpost on the road to fame,
To honor, and to truth.
A silent sentry, let it stand
To guard through coming time
Their graves who died for native land
And duty most sublime."

On the north side:

"With shouts above the battle's roar
They joined the legions gone before.
They bravely fought, they bravely fell;
They wore the gray, and wore it well."

On the west side:

"Erected by Thomas W. Smith in memory of his comrades,
The Confederate dead."

DIXIE.

THE SONG, THE SENTIMENT, THE COUNTRY.

Created by a nation's glee,
With jests and songs and revelry
We sang it in our early pride
Throughout our Southern borders wide,
While from ten thousand throats rang out
A promise in one glorious shout:
"To live or die for Dixie!"

How well that promise was redeemed
Is witnessed by each field where gleamed
Victorious, like the crest of Mars,
The banner of the stars and bars.
The cannons lay our warriors low;
We fill the ranks and onward go,
"To live or die for Dixie!"

To die for Dixie? O how blest
Are those who early went to rest,
Nor knew the future's awful store,
But deemed the cause they fought for sure
As heaven itself, and so laid down
The cross of earth for glory's crown,
And nobly died for Dixie!

To live for Dixie? harder part;
To stay the hand, to still the heart,
To stay the lips, enshroud the past,
To have no future all o'ercast,
To knit life's broken thread again
And keep her memory free from stain—
This is to live for Dixie.

Beloved land, beloved song,
Thy thrilling power shall last as long,
Enshrined within each Southern soul,
As Time's eternal ages roll!
Made holier by the test of years,
Baptized with our country's tears—
God and the right for Dixie.

CAREER OF LIEUT. COL. D. B. LANG.

Dr. David Berkley Lang was born January 31, 1831, near Bridgeport, Harrison County, Va. He spent his youth on his father's farm and attended the country schools.

He was married August 24, 1851, to Elizabeth Powell, of Taylor County, to whom eight children were born—six sons and two daughters. Two of the sons died in infancy, and the other children all lived to rear families of their own. Dr. Lang settled at Fairview, Taylor County, Va., where he engaged in the mercantile business for a few years; but subsequently built a flouring mill near by, which he operated until the spring of 1859, when he exchanged his mill property for a farm in Barbour County, three miles from Belington.

In 1861 he was living upon his farm and enjoying a lucrative practice of medicine. In May he voted against the ordinance of secession; and, while opposed to slavery as an institution, he was a warm Southern sympathizer, and when Virginia seceded he cast his fortune with the South, believing in allegiance to his State.

Gen. R. S. Garnett had, early in the summer of 1861, fortified a position one mile and a half east of Belington, on the road that leads from Philippi to Beverly, with a force of forty-five hundred men. Dr. Lang often visited this camp, and became acquainted with Gen. Garnett and his officers. On Sunday morning, July 8, he had gone to the camp, and Gen. McClellan had ordered Gen. Thomas A. Morris to move from Philippi with his forces to attack Gen. Garnett at his position at the foot of Laurel Hill; but the object of this move was to hold Garnett in check until McClellan could surround and capture the Confederate forces on Rich Mountain. As there was considerable skirmishing between the forces, Dr. Lang took his first lessons in real war. He secured a gun and exchanged several shots with the enemy. A sugar tree on the farm of P. C. Booth that shielded him contained marks of the enemy's balls that could be seen for years. He concealed in a hollow chestnut stump an officer's saddle, some blankets, and other trinkets, that remained until some months after, when he came home and brought them in. After returning home, he soon mounted his horse and, taking his double-barreled shotgun, followed the retreating Confederate forces, which he overtook in the vicinity of Corrick's Ford, in Tucker County, near where Gen. Garnett was killed. The Confederate army first retreated toward Beverly, but, finding their retreat cut off, went up Leading Creek and down Pleasant Run to Cheat River, making their way South by the "Red House," in Maryland, and through Hardy County, Va.

Gen. Wm. L. Jackson engaged Dr. Lang as a scout after he went South, and while in this service he was in many close places with the enemy. While making some observations of the Federal fortifications on Cheat Mountain (1862), where they had felled trees down the hill and sharpened the tops, forming an abatis around the breastworks, he had passed beyond the picket line, where three men were stationed some distance apart, and had been discovered by the one in the center, who called, "What are you doing there?" and he replied, "O, just looking at *our* fortifications." The Yankee, taking in the situation, ordered him to come forward and surrender. As he approached, with the breech of the gun forward, when within a few feet of him he bounded forward, striking the soldier squarely in the stomach with the butt of his gun, which sent him sprawling down the hill, and in a few moments he (the Doctor) was in the underbrush, out of reach of the shots of the other two.

In November, 1861, while returning from a scouting expedition through the mountains, he became lost in the dense laurel and hemlock thickets between the forks of the Greenbrier River. He left his saddle at first so that he could the better get through the brush, and, after cutting his way some distance, had finally to abandon his horse. He would have perished in the snow had not some Confederates found him. They believed him to be a Yankee spy, and took him to camp, where he was identified by Maj. A. G. Reger.

Mr. Jacob Barner, of Pocahontas County, who knew of the incident, found the saddle three years after the war closed, while hunting. In a letter of December 4, 1862, from Camp Washington, Augusta County, Va., he said: "We are with Gen. J. D. Imboden, and on the 9th of last month captured at St. George, Tucker County, a company with all their stores." He spoke also of the hardships that he had endured in the past eighteen months as a scout. In that letter he stated that he had been urged by friends to accept a better position in a regiment. Shortly after this he received the appointment from the War Department as major of the Sixty-Second Virginia Regiment, Gen. Imboden's Command. He was with Gen. Imboden April 29, 1863, when he made his raid through West Virginia. At that time Beverly was held by nearly nine hundred men, commanded by Col. George R. Latham, a personal friend of Maj. Lang's, who, after some fighting, retreated toward Philippi.

Gen. Imboden, in giving his report of the expedition, says: "On the morning of the 25th my cavalry reported the road toward Philippi impracticable for artillery or wagons on account of the depth of the mud, in places coming up to the saddle skirts of the horses. I also ascertained that Gen. Roberts, with a considerable force, was at Buchanan, and I doubted the prudence of going directly to Philippi until this force was dislodged from my flank. I sent off two companies of cavalry under Maj. D. B. Lang to open communication with Gen. Jones, who was then moving through Preston, Monongalia, and Marion Counties."

Maj. Lang followed the retreating Federal forces with a part of the companies under Capts. Taylor and Smoot, and camped where Garnett's men were stationed in 1861. He spent the night at home with his wife and little children, a mile and a half away. It was the last time he was there. In his diary he states: "We made a dash on Philippi, causing the enemy considerable fright." Col. Mulligan and some of his officers were on the road east of town, and they came upon them so suddenly that the Colonel, while galloping toward town, lost his hat and hallooed, "Fire that cannon! fire that cannon!" while he was still directly between the Confederates and his guns. The Confederates fell back and camped on the bank of the river, below Belington. The second day they fell in with Imboden near Buchanan, and moved on to Westen, and from there south through Greenbrier County.

On the night of September 25, 1863, with a company of several men Maj. Lang surprised and captured thirty Federals at the "Burnet House," the crossing of Cheat River on the Seneca Trail. The night before he went into their camp, under disguise while they were asleep, and ascertained their number and position. Lieut. H. H. Stalnaker, who was with his command, says: "After he returned to his company on the mountain, he at first decided not to take them, as their horses were jaded, although the object of the expedition was to get horses to supply his command. After waiting all day on the mountain side, they went down the next night and captured all except one man, who made his escape."

Maj. Lang helped to defend Lynchburg when Hunter made his raid into Virginia. He was with Imboden at New Creek, whose forces destroyed several miles of the B. and O. Railroad. He was with Lee's army in the battle of Gettysburg. His forces guarded Lee's wagon trains from Gettysburg to Williamsport, and engaged in that battle. He participated in nearly all of the engagements that were fought in the Valley of Virginia that season. In the fight with Gen. Seigle at New Market he lost nearly half of his regiment. He was promoted to lieutenant colonel in the latter part of 1863. His regiment was part of the time with Gen. Breckinridge's command. In a letter written to his wife July 13, 1864, from Blair's house, near Washington, he stated that he had been under the enemy's fire every day since May 7, had marched over six hundred miles, and had escaped with nothing more than a few holes through his clothing until the day before. He had been given the post of honor by being put in front, and drove the enemy five miles to their fort. In the fight his spur was struck by a ball, which slightly disabled him. The spur saved his foot, however.

It was his delight to command the skirmish line. On September 5, 1864, while in command of his line near Bunker Hill, eight or nine miles below Winchester, he fell mortally wounded. Lieut. H. H. Stalnaker says: "The balls were flying fast, and one of his comrades said, 'Colonel, you had better shelter behind that stone fence, or you might get hit;' but he replied, 'It is me they are shooting at.' In a moment or so I saw him place his hand to his side and fall, and as some of his men went to carry him from the field he said 'You had better leave me and take care of yourselves.' He was carried to a house near by, and afterwards to Winchester, where he died the next day. He left this message for his men: 'Tell the boys that, if possible, I would like to see them, but for them to do their duty on all occasions.' He then expressed a desire to see his wife and little children, and the sentiment that if the Confederacy succeeded he would ask no greater compensation from the Confederate government for his services than the education of his children."

Col. Lang is buried in the "Stonewall" Cemetery at Winchester. Upon entering from the south gate, his grave is the second on the right of the sleeping Virginians, marked by a plain marble slab like that on all the Virginians' graves:

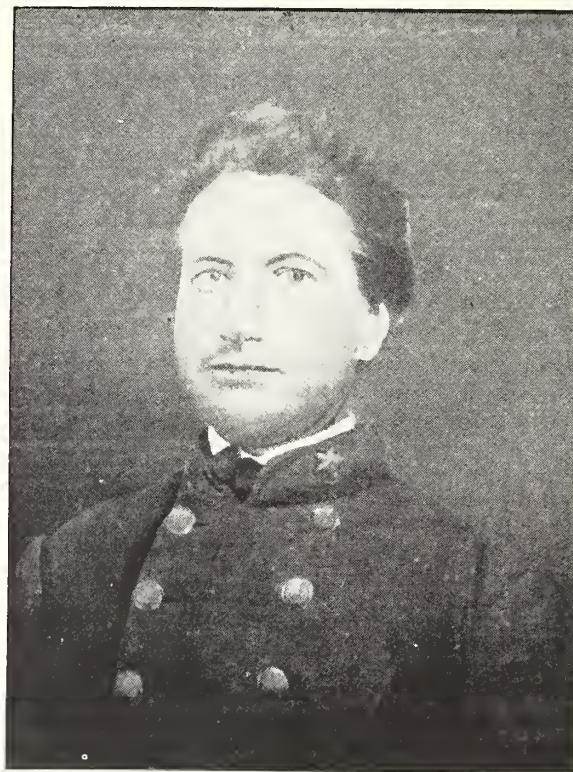
"Lieut. Col. David B. Lang, died September 6, 1864."

He believed in the virtue and triumph of the Confederate cause, and said in one of his letters to his wife: "If this unholy war should last until my youngest son is eighteen years old, I wish you would inspire such patriotism in each of them that they would shoulder their muskets in defense of their country." In another he said: "I shall see Virginia free or be buried beneath her sod."

Col. Lang was sued on a security debt a year or so before the war, and, having some creditors of his own who desired to be secured, he gave a deed of trust on his property, and his wife signed her interest in it. It was not sold until after the close of the war, when it took everything to pay off his debts and left his wife and children without anything but courage; yet there never was a murmur or regret by herself or her children that she had secured his creditors. His widow died near Kerns, Randolph County, W. Va., at the home of her son, David B., November 19, 1898, aged seventy years.

Sometime before Col. Lang's death, Col. Rankins, of Martinsburg, W. Va., made a portrait of him on a pine board 13x16 inches. It was left with his cousin, Mrs. Martha P. (Lang) McClung, near Bath Alum, Va., and after the close

of the war Miss Melvina Corley (now Mrs. Judson C. Goddin, of near Elkins, W. Va.) carried it through the Alleghany and Cheat Mountains, fastened to the horn of her sidesaddle,



COL. LANG.

to her home, near Belington, Barbour County, W. Va., nearly one hundred miles. The accompanying engraving was made from a photograph of that board.

The foregoing sketch comes from Winfield S. Lang, eldest son of Col. D. B. Lang. His home is at Meadowville, W. Va.

INQUIRY FOR PRISON COMRADES AT KNOXVILLE.—R. F. Sims, of Gorman, Tex., writes: "I should like to hear from any comrades who were prisoners at Knoxville, Tenn., during the months of August and September, 1864. During that time a tunnel was dug there which was a great mystery to the Yankees. It was over twenty-five feet long, and had been dug with case knives. Very few of the prisoners knew anything about it; and if the Yankees had discovered the diggers, some one would have worn a ball and chain. I should also like to hear from Capt. Hughall, of Hughall's Battery, who lived in Knoxville. He was captured inside the Yankee lines, and held as a spy for a long while. After I left there I heard that he was started off to regular prison, but made his escape. After Gen. Morgan's death, at Greeneville, those of his men who were captured were brought to prison at Knoxville. I shall never forget how we gathered upstairs at the north window and sang our Southern songs. We always knew when Southern ladies were passing, for they gave us some sign. About the 1st of October an exchange was made, and some of the prisoners were sent to Atlanta. Among others, I was sent to Camp Douglas, and exchanged at Richmond about the 21st of March. I thought I was having a hard time, but it did not compare with prison life. When captured I belonged to the Twenty-Seventh Virginia Battalion, afterwards reorganized as the Twenty-Fifth Regiment."

THE FALL OF FORT FISHER.

BY MRS. T. C. DAVIS, MOREHEAD CITY, N. C.

This is the 15th of January and the fortieth anniversary of the fall of Fort Fisher. Every year since then this day has brought back vividly to my mind that heroic struggle. It was the last fort in the Confederacy through which we could communicate, even by blockade runners, with the outside world; and, although then in her death throes, the Confederate government made a desperate effort to hold it. It was a useless sacrifice of life, but what loyal man or woman counted the cost of life in those days, so long as the flag of the Confederacy was unfurled?

I lived directly on the coast, and could see the powerful North Atlantic squadron, under Admiral Porter, assembling for the attack. The bombardment by the fleet began Friday morning, the 13th, and continued day and night until Sunday evening, the 15th. In his official report, Admiral Porter says he threw fifty thousand shells in and around the fort within that time. It is estimated that for several hours Sunday, preceding the attack by the army under Gen. Terry, three hundred shells per minute were thrown into the fort. It was the most powerful armament of war vessels ever assembled up to that time, and perhaps the most dreadful bombardment.

I, with several other ladies, went out to a point on the west side of Cape Fear River, where we could see the entire field of action. My husband was a member of the garrison in the fort, and none but a wife could experience the awful agony of my suspense as I stood that Sunday evening and watched the fearful shower of shell fall upon the doomed but devoted little garrison. At times my imagination would tell me that my anxious eyes were resting upon him in the little group of heroic defenders that we could see distinctly; the next instant a monster shell would explode in their midst, enveloping everything in smoke and dust. At such moments I would feel as if my heart would burst; but when the wind would lift the shroud of battle and I could see our flag still there, and the thin, gray line still in action, I would feel that exultant joy that I imagine the old veterans felt when they rushed forward with the Rebel yell.

About three o'clock the bombardment suddenly ceased, but it was only a lull in the storm. The ships had dismounted or rendered useless by their terrific fire all of our guns on the sides of the fort most exposed to them; and now the land forces, under Gen. Terry, assisted by the marines from the fleet, making a total force of nearly fifteen thousand, were preparing to assault the fort, and we could see our men—O how few they looked compared to the vast army of Federals!—within the fortification awaiting the attack.

We could count our heart beats as, with silent prayers and eyes too dry for tears, we watched the storm gather in great masses of dark columns of men moving on the helpless, but still defiant, Confederates. Praying that my husband was yet alive, seeing the overwhelming odds against him, and realizing that victory was utterly hopeless, can I be blamed that courage failed me and that a white flag over the wrecked fort would have been grateful to my sight? But before I could give expression to the feeling a red sheet of fire streamed along the front lines of the advancing hosts, and the death struggle had begun.

I could not, if I would, describe the fearful scenes that followed, for even at this late day it makes my heart sick to think of it; of how foot by foot our men were forced back

from one traverse to another, often fighting with clubbed muskets, and marking every foot of the way with the dead bodies of their foes. When the smoke would lift, we could see distinctly the lines engaged often in hand-to-hand fighting; but O! we could see so distinctly that the thin, gray line was growing thinner and the dark, heavy masses were growing heavier. The gallant Gen. Whiting had fallen, desperately wounded, in the midst of his men; but the battle continued to rage until night shut out the dreadful sight. Even then as we left our place of observation we could hear the roar and see the flash of guns.

The fighting continued until about ten o'clock that night, when the fort surrendered. I could learn nothing of the fate of my husband, whether living or dead, and it was a month afterwards that I received a letter from him, saying he was a prisoner at Elmira, N. Y. He was released after the close of the war, and returned home on the 1st of June, 1865; but the 15th of January always brings back to me a remembrance of that, to me, awful Sunday evening forty years ago.

THE OLD JOHNNY'S LETTER.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

'Tis creased and 'tis faded, the old Johnny's letter;

He battled four years 'neath the banners of Lee,
And here is the one little postscript he added:

"O Mary, my darling, kiss Jimmie for me."

He penned it one night in the heart of the wildwood

When over him glittered the watch-keeping stars,

And close to the fires where his comrades lay sleeping

Half furled on its staff was the banner of bars.

He thought of his home and the loved ones so precious,

He dreamed of his wife and the boy far away;

Their smiles and their faces, their kisses, embraces

Came often, I know, to the soldier in gray.

And, thinking of them in the camp in the cedars

So close to the river that flowed to the sea,

He penned the sweet postscript that showed his affection:

"O Mary, my darling, kiss Jimmie for me."

To-morrow the battle, to-morrow the carnage,

To-morrow the charge and the roar of the guns,

The stand on the hill and the fight in the valley,

The fall of the Southland's magnificent sons;

Yet there in the bivouac, where thousands are dreaming

Who'll fall at the dawn by the shot-riven tree,

He adds last a fond line to perhaps his last letter:

"O Mary, my darling, kiss Jimmie for me."

The battle is over, and roses are blooming

Where growled the mad guns on the thrice-taken hill,

And deep in the valley the robin is singing,

And fishes leap up in the once crimsoned rill.

He sleeps where the stars their sweet vigils are keeping,

And the river sings low to the ultimate sea;

But his love lingers still in the postscript he added:

"O Mary, my darling, kiss Jimmie for me."

There hangs on a wall now a half-faded picture,

And 'neath it an old, tattered jacket of gray,

And near them a canteen, a belt, and a musket

That silently tell of the terrible fray;

And pressed in a book is the old Johnny's letter,

Too precious almost for a stranger to see,

And there is the one little postscript he added:

"O Mary, my darling, kiss Jimmie for me."

RECORD OF NORTH CAROLINA TROOPS, 1861-65.

The committee appointed by the Literary and Historical Society of North Carolina to investigate and report upon the accuracy as to the number of troops furnished by that State to the Confederacy and upon the merits of their claims as being "first at Bethel, farthest to the front at Gettysburg and Chickamauga, last at Appomattox" have made their report, and it has been published by the Historical Society, making an interesting pamphlet of some eighty pages.

Maps of all the battlefields in question are shown in the report, and the positions occupied by the North Carolina troops at the high tide of battle on the different fields are marked by participants and eyewitnesses, to whom was assigned the duty of compiling the facts and writing the reports on the battles mentioned.

"First at Bethel" was assigned to Maj. E. J. Hale, who was a member of Company H, Fayetteville Light Infantry, of the First North Carolina Volunteers, afterwards known as the Bethel Regiment.

"Farthest to the front at Gettysburg" is maintained by Judge W. A. Montgomery and Capt. W. R. Bond, both veterans of that field.

"Farthest to the front at Chickamauga" is reported by Judge A. C. Avery, after going over the field carefully and, with the assistance of the Park Commissioners, marking the places of the various positions occupied by the North Carolina troops, which confirms his own personal recollections of the battle.

"Last at Appomattox" is presented by Senator Henry A. London, in which he claims that the hungry, ragged, mud-stained, but loyal old "Tar Heels" fired the last volley at Appomattox.

The number of troops furnished by the State, and of killed, wounded, and died from disease, is carefully compiled by Capt. S. A. Ashe.

In submitting the reports of these gentlemen to the society, the committee says:

"Maj. Hale, who was at Bethel and, indeed, served continually throughout the war and saw its close at Appomattox, tells the story of this first battle of the war. North Carolina can well claim to have been 'first at Bethel,' for this first victory for our arms was won by her sons. More than two-thirds of the soldiers present, or over eight hundred of the twelve hundred, were North Carolinians; without them the battle would not have been fought, and without them it could not have been won. North Carolina can justly claim credit for her promptness and for having her troops placed nearest to the enemy on Virginia's soil, so as to receive the first blow aimed at her sister State and return it with such telling force as to repulse the first advance of her enemy. The first soldier killed in battle was Henry L. Wyatt, of Company A, First North Carolina Volunteers, at Bethel, June 10, 1861.

'FARTHEST TO THE FRONT AT GETTYSBURG.'

"That the soldiers of this State went somewhat farther at Gettysburg than any others in the third day's battle is so clearly shown by Judge Montgomery and Capt. W. R. Bond, in the articles submitted by them, that it is not necessary to recapitulate. The controverted point is only as to the charge on the third day, else we could have referred to the undisputed fact that on the evening of the second day Hoke's Brigade, commanded by Col. Isaac E. Avery (who lost his life in the assault), together with Louisianians from Hays's Brigade, climbed Cemetery Heights, being farther than any other troops penetrated during the three days. The following inscriptions placed by the Federal Park Commissioners

upon tablets state that the services of Hoke's Brigade on the second day and Pettigrew's on the third amply vindicate the justice of our claim.

Hoke's Brigade.

"July 2. Skirmished all day, and at 8 P.M., with Hays's Brigade, charged East Cemetery Hill. Severely enfiladed on the left by artillery and musketry, it pushed over the infantry line in their front, scaled the hill, planted its colors on the lunettes, and captured several guns. But assailed by fresh forces, and having no supports, it was soon compelled to relinquish what it had gained and withdraw. Its commander, Col. Isaac E. Avery, was mortally wounded leading the charge."

Pettigrew's Brigade.

"In Longstreet's assault this brigade occupied, on July 3, the right center of the division, and the course of the charge brought it in front of the high stone wall north of the angle and eighty yards farther east. It advanced very nearly to that wall. A few reached it, but were captured. The skeleton regiments retired, led by lieutenants, and the brigade by a major, the only field officer left."

"Judge Montgomery and Capt. W. R. Bond were both present at Gettysburg, and the former has recently revisited the battlefield. Their array of proof as to the North Carolina troops is further sustained by the map of the battlefield, made by the Federal Commissioners after years of study of the ground and hearing the evidence of participants from both armies and all parts of the country. A copy of that map is published with their articles. Two other maps herein throw further light upon that historic field.

"Without trenching on the ground covered by Judge Montgomery and Capt. Bond, and merely as testimony of what troops went where the red rain of battle fell heaviest, it may be well to recall the following facts from the official reports: At Gettysburg 2,592 Confederates were killed and 12,707 wounded. Of the killed, 770 were from North Carolina, 435 were Georgians, 399 Virginians, 258 Mississippians, 217 South Carolinians, and 204 Alabamians. The three brigades that lost most men were Pettigrew's North Carolina (190 killed); Davis's Mississippi (180 killed), which had in it one North Carolina regiment; and Daniel's North Carolina (165 killed). Pickett's entire division had 214 killed. No brigade in Pickett's Division lost as many killed and wounded as the Twenty-Sixth North Carolina Regiment, whose loss was 86 killed and 502 wounded, the heaviest loss of any regiment, on either side, in any battle during the war. In the first day's fight there were 16 Confederate brigades, of which 7 were from North Carolina. In Longstreet's assault, which has been misnamed by some 'Pickett's charge,' there were 19 Virginia and 15 North Carolina regiments, besides troops from other States.

'FARTHEST TO THE FRONT AT CHICKAMAUGA.'

"Judge A. C. Avery, who was a participant in the battle of Chickamauga, has lately revisited that battlefield with a view of writing his graphic article, which will have a peculiar interest because the deeds of North Carolina soldiers in the Army of the West are less widely known than the dauntless courage of the North Carolina veterans in the Army of Northern Virginia, in which the greater part of these troops served. Judge Avery clearly shows that the Thirty-Ninth, Fifty-Eighth, and Sixtieth North Carolina on the first day and the others on the second day achieved the farthest advance attained by our forces. This evidence is also sustained by the locations marked on the map by the Federal Park Commissioners as having been attained by the different com-

mands. Judge Avery states that, while these locations are marked by tablets not only by the Northern States, but by South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Tennessee, Missouri, and other Southern States, the advanced point reached by the North Carolinians is marked only by a wooden board nailed to a telegraph pole."

Moved by this pathetic statement, a committee was appointed to present the matter to the General Assembly of North Carolina, asking that an appropriation be made sufficient to place durable tablets on the battlefields of Gettysburg, Sharpsburg, and Chickamauga, under the direction of the Federal Park Commissioners, to preserve the location of the North Carolina troops at the critical moments on those historic battlefields; also to mark the spot where Wyatt fell on the first battlefield in Virginia and where the last volley was fired at Appomattox.

"The last at Appomattox" is presented and maintained by State Senator Henry A. London, who carried the last order at Appomattox and tells tersely and clearly what he saw and heard, which is fully sustained by the statements which he quotes of Maj. Gen. Bryan Grimes and Brig. Gen. Cox, who were in command of the troops who fired the last volley. Two other members of the committee, Maj. Hale and Judge Montgomery, also were at Appomattox. The positions held by the troops under Gen. Grimes, who were in the front of the army, and by whom, necessarily, the last volley was fired (the other part of the army, under Longstreet, which faced Grant in our rear, were not engaged), are shown on the map accompanying Senator London's article on Appomattox. The ground was visited October 1, 1904, by a special committee, consisting of Senator London, Judge Montgomery, Capt. Jenkins, and Mayor Powell, veterans of that field. The localities were identified and measurements taken, from which the excellent map of Appomattox, accompanying the committee's report, is made.

NUMBER OF TROOPS AND LOSSES.

"Capt. S. A. Ashe sustains, from a careful examination and collection of the records, that North Carolina furnished by much the largest number of troops of any State to the Confederacy. Lieut. Gen. Stephen D. Lee (Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veterans), in a very recent address at Asheville, stated that 'North Carolina furnished 22,942 more troops than any other State.' If this were not so, it redounds even more to the fame of the State; for North Carolina lost, according to the official returns (as compiled in Col. Fox's 'Regimental Losses'), over 41,000 killed and wounded and died of disease, according to 'U. S. Official Records,' while the 'Confederate Handbook' gives: Virginia, 5,328 killed, 2,519 died of wounds, 6,947 died of disease; total, 14,794. North Carolina, 14,452 killed, 5,151 died of wounds, 20,602 died of disease; total, 40,305, a number considerably in excess of that sustained by any other Southern State.

"Owing to her innate modesty, North Carolina, notwithstanding she furnished nearly one-fifth of the troops of the Confederacy, fell far short of one-fifth of the 608 generals appointed during those four memorable years. Instead of 120, our proportion, according to troops furnished, we had 2 lieutenant generals, 7 major generals, and 26 brigadiers, a total of 35 generals, of whom nine were killed in battle and several others were invalided by reason of wounds. Yet we were not lacking in material. Upon the death of Maj. Gen. Pender, a superb soldier, Gen. Lee publicly deplored that 'Gen. Pender had never received his proper rank,' and in the opinion of the whole army the hero of Plymouth, that splendid

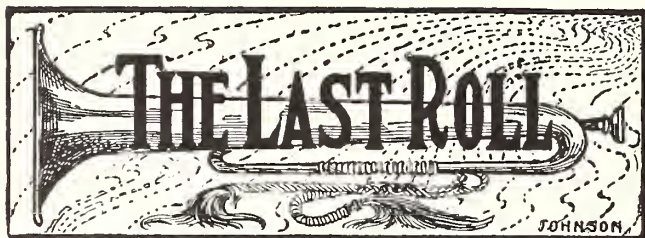
soldier, Robert F. Hoke, who was a major general at twenty-six, merited the command of an army corps; and there were many others who deserved the rank of major general and brigadier general, which was given to men, certainly not their superiors, from States with a smaller proportion of troops to general officers.

"But it is not to her generals and lesser officers, capable and faithful as they were, that North Carolina should turn with her greatest pride. With tacit recognition of this truth, the State has appropriately crowned the monument raised to her gallant dead with the statue of a private soldier, with belted cartridge box and his faithful musket in hand, on guard, scanning the horizon, as in life, with ceaseless watching for the foe. Gen. A. P. Hill, of Virginia, when asked what troops he preferred to command, replied: 'Unquestionably North Carolinians—not that they are braver where all are brave, but, brave as the bravest, they are the most obedient to command.' It was this marked trait which gave the troops from this State their preëminence. It was the same quality which gave to the Roman soldier his fame and made Rome the empire city of the world. History shows no soldier since who more nearly resembles the legionaries of Cæsar than the North Carolina Confederate private. He displayed, together with the same intrepidity, the same uncomplaining endurance of hardship and hunger, the same unquestioning obedience to orders; and wherever the bravest officer dared to lead, there the private soldier from the plains, the valleys, and the mountains of North Carolina swept on in his long, unbroken lines. They but did as they were told to do, and blushed to find it fame. Thus it was that at Gettysburg and at Chickamauga, on the utmost verge of the storm-swept sea of battle, the bodies of North Carolina's slain marked where highest up the bloody wave had reached and grappled with the hostile shore. Thus it was that, at Bethel, Wyatt fell in the moment of our first victory in advance of our line, and thus it was at Appomattox the North Carolina line, sullenly retiring, fired the last volley over the grave of the Confederacy.

"We believe our statement supported by indubitable evidence, chiefest the testimony of the faithful who traversed these bloody fields and marked with their corpses the sad story of the death and sacrifice of our hopes. We did not make these claims boastfully. The subject is far too near our hearts for vainglory, and we disdain to extol our soldiers as excelling in valor the soldiers of Virginia or surpassing them in the grandeur of their sacrifice. But upon these fields where we have staked out our claims in the 'death gulch' the lottery of battle favored our soldiers, and they writ the story God has in his keeping.

"As above stated, we assert no supremacy in valor for North Carolina troops. It was their fortune to be to the front at the first victory and at the closing scene, and to ride on the crest at the critical moment of the two great critical battles East and West. On these occasions, as on all others, they knew how to do their duty. With them, as with the sons of this State in every great struggle, the motive has been duty, not display, or as this characteristic of our people has been tersely summed up in the motto of our State, '*Esse quam videri*' (to be rather than to seem)."

W. H. H. Taylor, of Stillwater, Minn., formerly captain of the Eighteenth United States Infantry, writes: "There died at Keokuk, Iowa, on the 6th of January an honored soldier of the Confederate army, Dr. R. Kidder Taylor, who was medical purveyor in the Army of Northern Virginia—a gentleman of the old Southern school."



C. B. Florence, Adjutant of Camp Evans, Booneville, Ark., reports the death of the following members within the year:

Steve Bangs, born March 6, 1832; served through the war in Company I, Second Arkansas; died August 26, 1904.

J. W. Godfrey, born in 1828; served in Company G, Thirty-Fourth Alabama; died November 27, 1904.

Rev. F. M. Moore, a member of Company I, Twenty-Second Arkansas Cavalry, died December 22, 1904. He was a pioneer Methodist.

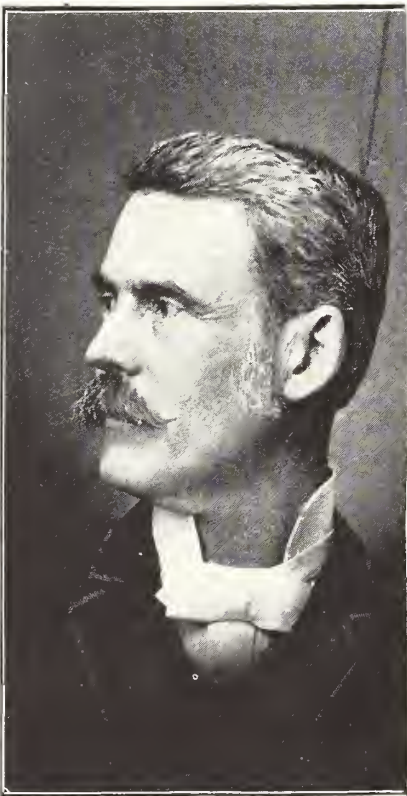
CHARLES HENRY BAILEY.

Rev. James H. McNeilly, the chaplain, writes of him:

"Among the great host of Confederate veterans who have answered the 'Last Roll Call,' there was no braver soldier, no more genial comrade, no more knightly spirit, no truer man than Charles Bailey.

"When the war began he was a boy attending Stewart College, in Clarksville, his native town. With a boy's enthusiasm he was eager to join the army. Being but sixteen years—born June 11, 1845—he was too young for a soldier. After the fall of Fort Donelson, however, although within the Federal lines, he made his way South in August, 1862, and joined the Forty-Ninth Tennessee Regiment of Infantry, just exchanged. The regiment was commanded by his uncle, Col. James E. Bailey. He joined Company A, made up of Clarksville boys, and was afterwards made sergeant of the company.

"He was with the command in all of its engagements, and never shirked a duty. He was noted for his unfailing good humor and for his bright, cheerful disposition. I was with him through it all, on the march, in the camp, on the battlefield. He was always ready to respond to the call for service. If it was to fight, he was in his place; if it was to march, he was in line. He was ready to help



CHARLES H. BAILEY.

others. Sometimes it was to carry the musket of a fellow-soldier who was 'most played out;' sometimes it was to share his rations with a hungry comrade; sometimes it was by joke or merry quip to cheer some desponding companion.

"Comrade Bailey served to the end, and never thought of giving up until the terrible drama closed. Then he came home to be as good a citizen as he had been a soldier. After the war he was in business in Clarksville, sometimes with partners, then on his own account; always honorable and upright in his dealings.

"Comrade Bailey was honored by his fellow-citizens with offices of trust. He was deputy circuit court clerk, and afterwards held the same position for the county court. In 1894 he served a term in the Legislature of Tennessee, representing Montgomery County. He was elected recorder of Clarksville in 1884, and filled the office for nearly twenty years, until his death, December 3, 1903. Mr. Bailey was twice married. His first wife, Miss McKorn, lived less than a year. He was married again, in 1880, to Miss Virginia S. MacRae, who survives him with her three sons and one daughter, as does also his aged mother. He was for many years a member of the Presbyterian Church, in which communion his ancestors had lived for generations.

"Every comrade of his regretted his death, and will cherish his memory."

BRADLEY TYLER STOKES.

Camp James McIntosh, of Lonoke, Ark., reports the death of a beloved comrade, Bradley T. Stokes, on January 8. He was born in Frederick County, Md., in February, 1843, and at the outbreak of the war was studying surveying. In his eighteenth year he enlisted as a private in Company G, of Ashby's Virginia Cavalry. After the death of this gallant commander he was first lieutenant and aid-de-camp on the staff of Gen. Bradley T. Johnson, where he served till the close of the war. He served from the beginning in the Army of Northern Virginia, went through the Valley Campaign, battles around Richmond, invasion into Maryland, and many other engagements. In December of 1864 he went with Gen. Johnson, who was placed in charge at Salisbury, N. C., and it was after the surrender at Appomattox that he was in the engagement where Johnson's men repulsed Stoneman's troops. He received his parole at Salisbury on the 5th of May.

After the war Comrade Stokes resumed his profession of civil engineering, surveying several railroads as well as much other work. In 1869-70 he was chosen as one of the chief engineers in survey of the Darien Ship Canal across the Isthmus of Panama, which was ordered by the United States government. He was married in 1872 to Miss Grace Robertson, of Frederick, Md.; in 1875 he removed to St. Louis, Mo., and later to Lonoke, Ark. In 1878 he was elected surveyor of Lonoke County, which office he held continuously till his death. Two children survive him. He had diligently served his Camp as adjutant since 1897, and his memory will be fondly cherished among his comrades so long associated with him.

THOMAS H. WILSON.

Thomas H. Wilson died at his home, in Vernon, Tex., on August 18, 1904, after a severe illness. He formerly lived in Water Valley, Miss., having been reared there. Comrade Wilson served the Confederacy as a member of Company G, Eleventh Mississippi Regiment, and was left on the battlefield of Gettysburg wounded.

CAPT. JOSEPH EDWIN LOVE.

In recording the death of Capt. J. E. Love, which occurred at Osborn, Miss., on January 2, 1904, it is difficult to justly describe his noble character. His bravery and daring, purity of life, and other good qualities distinguished him in war and peace, and he leaves behind him the impress of duty well done. Born in Chester, S. C., in 1834, he went with his father's family to Mississippi in 1842, and until his death proudly claimed that State as his home. He was among the first to answer the call for volunteers to defend a righteous cause, enlisting in May of 1861 in Company I, Fifteenth Mississippi Infantry, as a private. His arm was shattered by a Minie ball at Fishing Creek, and he was discharged as disabled; but after remaining at home eight months he enlisted in Ford's company, Perrin's Regiment, Ferguson's Brigade. He was elected lieutenant soon after the company entered service and promoted to captain, commanding the company till the close of the war. He was in the engagements from Dalton to Atlanta, and when Gen. Sherman started on his march to the sea, his brigade was thrown against Sherman's rear, and there was sharp fighting at close quarters. He was in the Savannah engagements also, and was paroled at Washington, Ga.

Returning home, Capt. Love took up the duties of life in the same faithful spirit, winning the esteem and confidence of his fellow-citizens and meriting the regret that was recorded in the loss of such a good man. He was married, in 1865, to Miss Martha Robinson, who survives him.

In the resolutions adopted by Camp No. 1311, U. C. V., at Oktibbeha, Miss., after suitable preamble, the committee, Dr. J. G. Carroll and John B. Hudson, say: "Capt. Love was tried in the fiery furnace of the great war and came forth as pure gold. Since that time in the various walks of life his record has been that of a faithful and diligent official, a kind and indulgent husband and father, and in this hour of their bereavement we tender to his family our sincere condolence."

NICHOLAS M. MARKS.

Nicholas M. Marks died at St. Joseph's Hospital, in Lexington, Ky., November 20, 1904. He was taken ill while attending the Confederate reunion at Pewee Valley ten days before, and never rallied after his removal to the hospital. For several years he had been commander of the Fourth Brigade of the Kentucky Division, U. C. V., but declined reelection at that reunion.

Comrade Marks was born in Montgomery, Ala., October, 1844, the eldest son of Samuel B. and Louisa (Crain) Marks. Both he and his father were soldiers of the Confederate army, he serving under Gen. J. E. Johnston. He was a student at the University of Alabama when the war broke out and went into the army with the University cadets, but afterwards became first lieutenant of Company A, Seventh Alabama Cavalry, under Gen. Forrest. He was severely wounded by a sharpshooter at the opening of the battle of Franklin, and was a prisoner at Fort Delaware when Gen. Lee surrendered.

He went from Alabama to Woodford County, Ky., in 1877, and engaged in farming near Pisgah.

This brave soldier and Christian gentleman will be held in tender and loving memory by his companions and friends. A wife and seven children survive him. He had been a Mason for many years, and was Past Eminent Commander of Versailles Commandery, No. 3, of Knights Templar; was also a member of the Lexington Lodge of Elks and of Abe Buford Camp, No. 97, U. C. V., at Versailles, Ky.

JOSHUA NEWTON STAFFORD.

J. N. Stafford was a member of Company B, Twenty-First Regiment of Georgia Volunteers, Dole's, Trimble's, Cook's Brigade, Ewell's Division, under Stonewall Jackson, and for the cause of the South shed his blood on different battlefields, having been wounded four times. His service was as a sharpshooter, and he was thus extraordinarily exposed in his duties. His army life was noted for his attention to religious duties, as he kept up a prayer meeting all the time, and his only absence from roll call was once when attending divine services. His death occurred at Chattanooga, Okla., January 3, 1905, in his seventy-fifth year.

W. C. WILKERSON.

Young County Camp of Graham, Tex., lost a valued member in the death of W. C. Wilkerson, who passed away at Mineral Wells on July 2, 1904. He was born in Neshoba County, Miss., in 1843. His parents moved to Pope County, Ark., in 1860, and he enlisted in the State troops of Arkansas in 1861. Discharged after six months' service, he at once volunteered in Company H, First Arkansas Mounted Rifles, which did service in the armies of Mississippi and Tennessee. He never missed a battle in which his company was engaged. At the battle of Chickamauga on Saturday he was shot through the arm, sent to the hospital, had the wound dressed, returned to his command early on Sunday morning, and was through the battle all that day. At this time he was in McNair's Brigade, afterwards commanded by D. H. Reynolds, Walthall's Division. His faithfulness to duty showed his strong convictions and love for our cause, and this same faithfulness characterized his life in time of peace.

JOHN H. HOOPER.

John H. Hooper was born in Switzerland in 1843; and died at Marshall, Tex., in June, 1904, aged sixty-one years. Of this period, four years were spent as a private in Hood's Brigade, battling for the cause he had espoused, for a country which was his by adoption, and a people among whom he had cast his lot and with whom he deemed it a privilege to live and die. He was married in 1874, and, although no children blessed this union, six adopted orphans of Confederate soldiers might have called him "father." With them and his faithful wife he lived in unbroken sympathy and love until separated by the hand of death.

For twenty-two years comrade Hooper was car inspector for the Texas and Pacific Railway at Marshall. In all his duties and relations of life no trust was ever violated and no deviation was made from the line of duty and integrity, and in his death that community lost a citizen of worth and his family a loving and devoted husband and friend.

GEORGE H. BAILEY.

Comrade George H. Bailey passed away peacefully at his home, in Parkersburg, W. Va., on the morning of February 1, 1905, in the sixty-ninth year of his age. Comrade Bailey volunteered in the beginning of the war in the Thirty-Sixth Virginia Regiment, which was organized by Gen. Albert G. Jenkins, and largely made up from men in the Ohio Valley. At the battle of Searcy Mr. Bailey lost a leg. After the war he returned to his home, near Parkersburg, and engaged in mercantile pursuits. He lived the life of an upright Christian gentleman, and was loved and honored by all his neighbors. He was buried by Camp Jenkins, of which he had been a faithful member.

J. B. SIMPSON.

James Bates Simpson died at his home, in Dallas, Tex., on January 27 from injuries received by being thrown from a buggy. Comrade Simpson was born at Fort Smith, Ark., in 1845. His parents removed to Texas while he was an infant. He was educated at Nashville, Tenn. The outbreak of the war found him at his mother's home, in Union County, Ark., where he enlisted as a Confederate soldier. He served through the war, being twice wounded in battle, and was paroled at Marshall, Tex., in May, 1865. At the close of the war he resided in Texas, settling first at Houston, where he studied law and was licensed to practice. He lived for a time at Galveston, and then settled at Liberty, where he was district attorney for two years, and was then a member of the State Senate for a term. He removed to Dallas in 1874, where he became prominent as a lawyer and a journalist.

At the time of his death he was assistant adjutant general on the staff of Gen. Van Zandt, commanding the Texas Division, U. C. V.

W. G. W. KINCAID.

William George Washington Kincaid died at his home, near Buffalo Gap, Tex., in August of 1904. He was a native of Alabama, but his parents moved to Arkansas when he was three years old; and at his majority, in 1860, he went to Texas. From this State he enlisted in the Confederate army as a member of Company K, Tenth Texas Infantry, Granbury's Brigade, Cleburne's Division, Army of Tennessee. Later on he was elected first lieutenant of the company. He went through the war without receiving a wound, though at Chickamauga he was knocked down by the explosion of a shell, which injured his hearing permanently. He was married in 1867 to Miss Annie E. Clark, who survives him with their ten children.

A loyal son of the South, with the traits of character which would endear him to all, Comrade Kincaid's passing left a void in the hearts of many friends.

GEN. J. S. GRIFFITH.

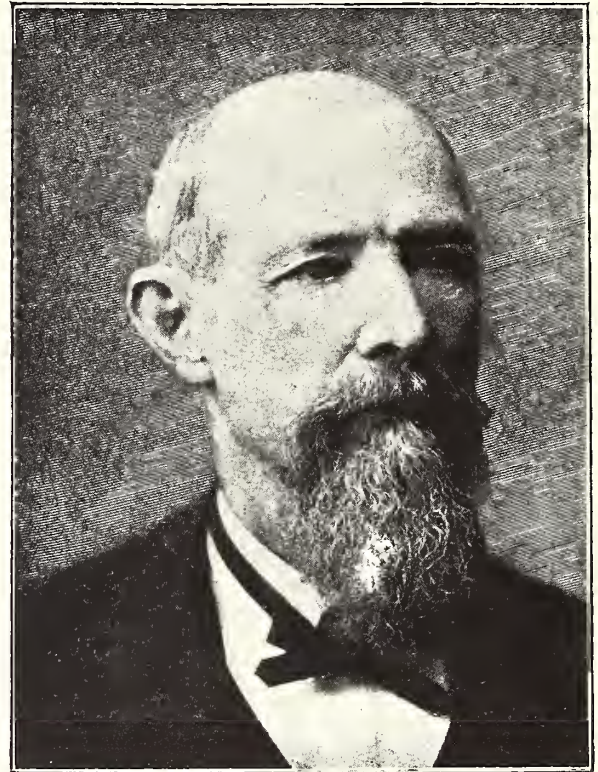
Gen. John Summerfield Griffith was born on the 17th of June, 1829, in Montgomery County, Md. His father, Michael Berry Griffith, was the son of Capt. Henry Griffith, who served in the revolutionary army and a lineal descendant of the historical Lewellen A. Griffith, of Wales.

Owing to a series of business reverses, Mr. Griffith moved from Maryland to Missouri, and later to San Augustine, Tex. Those were the young days of Texas history, and the hardships and privations of pioneer life were endured to the full. Gen. Griffith's education was necessarily received chiefly at home under the tutorship of his mother. He was endowed with a brilliant and comprehensive intellect, and was noted for his qualities of mind and heart.

He was married at Nacogdoches, in December, 1851, to Sarah Emily Simpson, daughter of John J. and Jane Simpson, and in 1859 moved to Kaufman County, Tex.

In 1861, when the War between the States was upon us, he was among the first to answer the call of his country, and organized a company of cavalry at Rockville, Tex., joined Col. Warren B. Stone's Regiment, Sixth Texas Cavalry, and was elected lieutenant colonel, which position he held with honor and distinction. In paying tribute to him, a comrade says: "Gen. Griffith was more than a dashing cavalryman; his analytical mind penetrated beyond the immediate shock

of battle and took in the salient features of the campaign as a whole. It was he who conceived that master stroke of policy, and was the most efficient agent of its execution, the Holly Springs raid. He saved the army of Pemberton indubitably by the movement and delayed the fall of Vicksburg many months. On the field of Oakland he performed for the same army duties of scarcely less vital moment."



GEN. J. S. GRIFFITH.

Owing to failing health, Gen. Griffith tendered his resignation and returned to Texas in June, 1863. Shortly afterwards he was elected a member of the tenth Legislature, and served as chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs. He was appointed brigadier general of State troops on March 1, 1864.

After the war, though broken in health, with indomitable will, energy, and pluck he entered the race of life again, and by energy and ability recuperated his lost fortune.

In 1876 he was elected a member of the Fifteenth Legislature, and aided in placing the new State Constitution in operation. In 1874 Gen. Griffith removed with his family to Terrell, Tex.

He died at his home, in Terrell, August 6, 1901, surrounded by his family and friends. He died as he had lived, a brave and a great man, with a courage and trust unexcelled.

S. C. DRAKE.

S. C. Drake died in Comanche County, Tex., November 24, 1903. He enlisted in the Confederate service at Cartersville, Ga., in Company B, Phillips's Legion of Cavalry, commanded by Capt. W. W. Rich, who was afterwards colonel. He was in Drayton's Brigade, and later with Gen. Wade Hampton. He participated in all the main battles of the Virginia Army, did considerable scouting, and was in the famous cavalry fight at Brandy Station.

CATARRH CAN BE CURED.

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In sending renewal for three years in advance, a subscriber in New Jersey writes: "I hope to be able to take the VETERAN as long as I live, but feel that, with failing health and increasing years, I may have to give up active work; and, as very few in my profession are able to lay up for old age, now, while I have the means, I will pay for several years in advance. If I live till my subscription expires, I hope to be able to renew it. If, however, I should answer the 'Last Roll' before it does, those I leave behind can enjoy it. After more than forty years, I feel as fully satisfied of the righteousness and justice of our cause as I did in April, 1861, when, a boy of eighteen, I buckled on my arms in defense of my beloved Southland."

David E. Johnston, who was sergeant major of the Seventh Virginia Regiment, writes from Bluefield, W. Va.: "In the December VETERAN an Alabama comrade, writing about the battle of Drewry's Bluff, on May 16, 1864, says he does not know who captured Gen. Heckman or to whom he surrendered his sword. Please tell him that Sergt. Blakey, Company F, Seventh Virginia Regiment of Infantry, captured Gen. Heckman, and the General surrendered his sword and pistols to Col. C. C. Flowerree, of the Seventh Virginia, who now resides at Vicksburg, Miss."

J. M. Spencer, of Berkeley, Cal., would like to hear from his old bunk mate at Fort Warren at the close of the war—Comrade Schooling, of Morgan's Command, with whom, when nearly starved, he shared the last biscuit that a kind sentinel had slipped in at night; also from Comrade Tillinghurst, if alive, or any of his family in Arkansas. He gave up his place to Comrade Spencer when too ill to go on special exchange of five hundred convalescent men in December, 1863, at Point Lookout, by which Spencer made his escape from that death trap. Tillinghurst served in the Arkansas cavalry, and was captured at Champion Hill, Miss., in May, 1862.

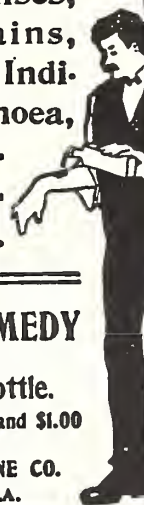
J. B. Steen, an inmate of the Confederate Home at Sweet Home, Ark., desires to hear from some of his old comrades. He writes that he was born in Marlborough County, S. C., and was mustered into the Confederate service July 20, 1861, with Capt. Fairlee's Company, of Col. J. L. Orr's Regiment, known as the First South Carolina Rifles. They were sent to Sullivan's Island and afterwards to Virginia, and assigned to Gregg's Brigade, Wilcox's Division. After serving through the seven days' fight around Richmond, he was wounded and captured on the 12th of May at Spottsylvania, sent to Fort Delaware, and confined there until June 10, 1865. He removed to Texas after the war, and thence to Arkansas.

James M. Fry, of Will's Point, Tex.: "Who can tell me what Confederate scout was in the advance of Gen. John H. Morgan when he arrived at Greeneville, Tenn., September 3, 1864, the day before his death? This scout (possibly Binnion's) arrived in Greeneville at noon, and stayed there till the arrival of Vaughan's Brigade, when it moved west on the Bull's Gap road with this command under Bradford. The brigade went into camp at Park's Gap, while the scout advanced about a mile and stopped for dinner. It is very important that I

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hear from some member of that company who was present and remembers their march after arrival at Greeneville."

Replying to the inquiry from "Mary Trip" in the VETERAN for January, G. B. Garwood, of Bellefontaine, Ohio, says that he stopped with one Charles Dear, or Dearing, keeping the Washington Hotel at Little Washington, Va., on the eve of June 5 and 6, 1880. Dear said he was one of Mosby's scouts.

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Mr. A. H. Thompson, Box 86, Deming, N. Mex., writes of a poor Confederate comrade who is a public charge in that town, and he asks that any who can testify as to his service in the Confederate army will please write to him as above. The name of this comrade is Bronco Mitchell, and he served in Capt. Finley's company, Steven Rice first lieutenant, Sixth Texas Infantry.

J. T. Herring, of Hendersonville, Tenn. (R. R. No. 1): "In looking over some old papers I find the name of Samuel Clark, killed at Tyree Springs in September, 1862. He belonged to the Texas Rangers, and was with Gen. Forrest. He said he had one daughter living in Texas. I should like to locate some of his comrades or friends."

M. A. Goldston, of Lebanon, Tenn., wishes the first four volumes of the **VETERAN**, 1893-96. Write him in advance, stating condition of copies and price asked.

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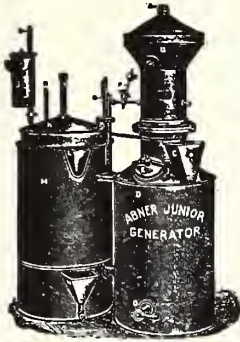
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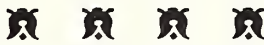
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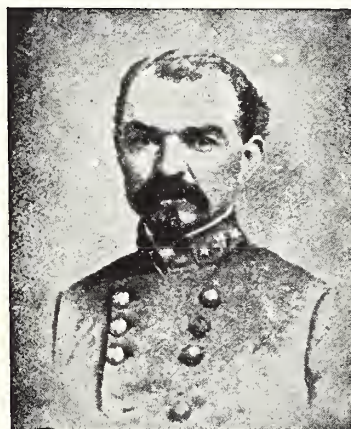
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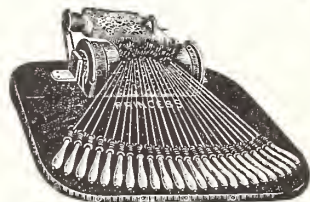
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You Cannot Sweep Back



the tide with a broom, try you ever so hard. It is not natural, it cannot be done by artificial means. Nature can cause it to flow back, can put dry land where before was water, and does it every time it rolls forward, but in her own way and her own time. It is the same with your disease, the disorder which is consuming you, eating your vitals. You cannot sweep it back, cannot cause it to recede and fade away by the use of artificial rugs, never intended by nature to go into the stomachs or to enter the veins of man, drugs which are like straws in a heavy wind, and have no more force or power to check the onward march of the disorder than has the eager, anxious sufferer to sweep back the waves of the ocean.

Nature can cause every sickness to roll back into the depths from which it came, can put solid, substantial, hearty health into a body which before was flooded with disease, saturated with decay, racked with pain, but she does it in her own way, uses her own remedies, follows her own means, and it is foolhardy and dangerous to attempt to change her.

It is wasting time, precious time, to seek to sweep back the rushing tide with a broom made of sweet-tasting, sweet-smelling pills, lotions, tablets, and compounds made to sell, and to sell only. It is combating nature, not helping her, and nature is too strong to be combated successfully. In Vitæ-Ore

NATURE HAS PROVIDED A CURE

A cure as sure, as certain, as regular in its action as the tides of the ocean, and she guides its course, directs its work in the human system, by the same immutable, unchangeable laws as she guides the waters of the mighty deep. She has in Vitæ-Ore the most wonderful creation of which man to-day has knowledge, combined the subtle elements of iron, sulphur, and magnesium, elements which hold the same unexplainable attraction for disease as the moon holds for the tides, and combined them in a manner of her own which man's inventive and creative genius has been unable to duplicate or counterfeit. She placed it in the ground ready for his hand, for what purpose if not to relieve and cure the ills of mankind? You can test it, can judge for yourself, and it will not cost you a cent to do it. It is different from all others and can be

offered in a different way, a way that "sellers of medicines" dare not duplicate. If you are sick and tired of quacks, sick of dosing yourself day after day with each sunrise finding no change in your condition, if you are sick of being imposed upon, try this natural curing ore. IT WILL NOT FAIL YOU.

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can truthfully say that its use has done him just more good than all the drugs and doses of quacks or good doctors or patent medicines he or she has ever used. Read this over again carefully, and understand that we ask our pay only when it has done you good, and not before. If not, no money is wanted. We take all the risk; you have nothing to lose! If it does not benefit you, you pay us nothing. We give you thirty days' time to try the medicine, thirty days to see results before you pay us one cent, and you do not pay the one cent unless you do see the results. You are to be the judge! We know Vitæ-Ore and are willing to take the risk. We have cured thousands upon thousands of cases, and are not sorry.

Vitæ-Ore is a natural, hard, adamant, rocklike substance—mineral ore gained from the ground like gold and silver, in the neighborhood of a once powerful but inactive mineral spring. It requires twenty years for oxidation by exposure to the air, when it becomes like lime and is then of medicinal value. It contains free iron, free sulphur, and free magnesium, three properties which are most essential for the retention of health in the human system, and one package—one ounce of the Ore—when mixed with a quart of water, will equal in medicinal strength and curative value 200 gallons of the most powerful mineral water found on the globe, drunk fresh at the springs. It is a geological discovery, to which nothing is added and from which nothing is taken. It is the marvel of the century for curing such diseases as Rheumatism, Bright's Disease, Blood Poisoning, Heart Trouble, Dropsy, Catarrh and Throat Affections, Liver, Kidney, and Bladder Ailments, Stomach and Female Disorders, La Grippe, Malarial Fever, Nervous Prostration, and General Debility, as thousands testify, and as no one, answering this, writing for a package, will deny after using. Vitæ-Ore has cured more chronic, obstinate, pronounced incurable cases than any other known medicine, and will reach such cases with a more rapid and powerful curative action than any medicine, combination of medicines, or doctor's prescriptions which it is possible to procure. If yours is such a case, do not doubt, do not fear, do not hesitate, but send for it.

Vitæ-Ore will do the same for you as it has done for hundreds of readers of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, if you will give it a trial. Send for a \$1 package at our risk. You have nothing to lose but the stamp to answer this announcement. We want no one's money whom Vitæ-Ore cannot benefit. You are to be the judge! Can anything be more fair? What sensible person, no matter how prejudiced he or she may be, who desires a cure, and is willing to pay for it, would hesitate to try Vitæ-Ore on this liberal offer? One package is usually sufficient to cure ordinary cases; two or three for chronic, obstinate cases. We mean just what we say in this announcement, and will do just what we agree. Write to-day for a package at our risk and expense, giving your age and ailments, and mention the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, so we may know that you are entitled to this liberal offer.

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The deciding power is left entirely with you. You say yes or no, right or wrong. If it does not help you, you do not pay—not a cent! We know it, know it will help, know it will cure, know we will be paid, or we could not, dare not offer it on trial in this way. Send for a package to-day. If you need it, how can you refuse?

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This offer will challenge the attention and consideration, and afterwards the gratitude, of every living person who desires better health, or who suffers pains, ills, and diseases which have defied the medical world and grown worse with age. We care not for your skepticism, but ask only your investigation, and at our expense, regardless of what ills you have, by writing to us for a package. Address

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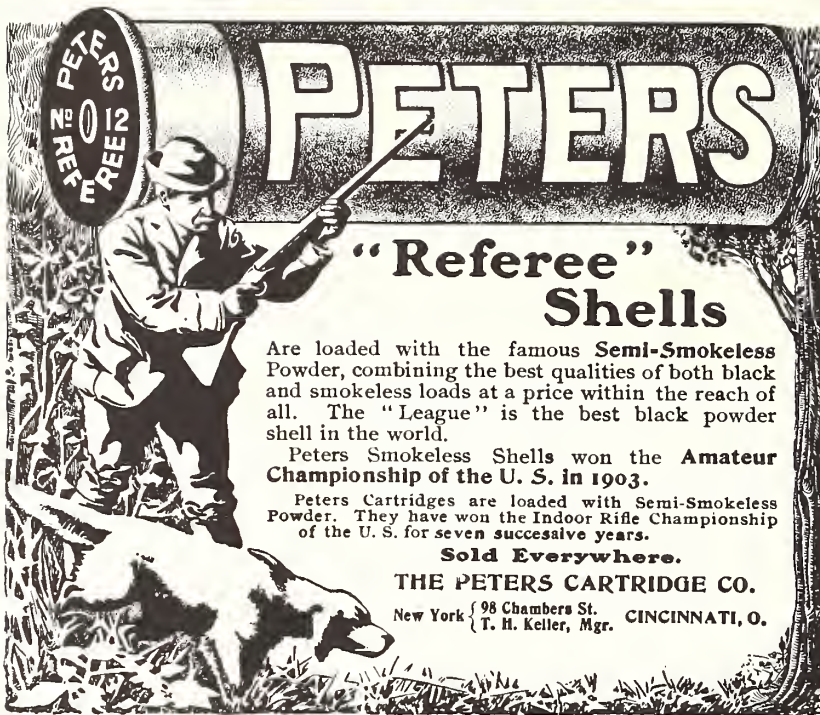
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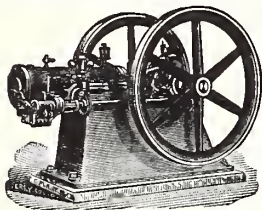
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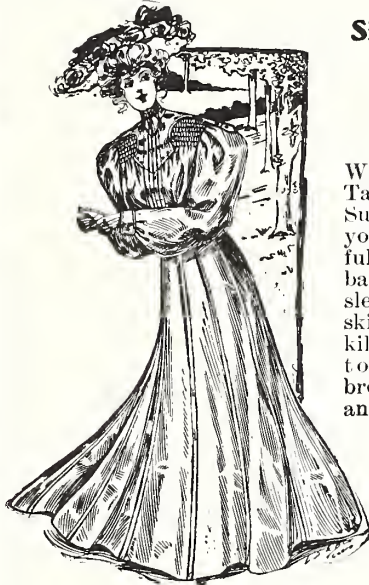
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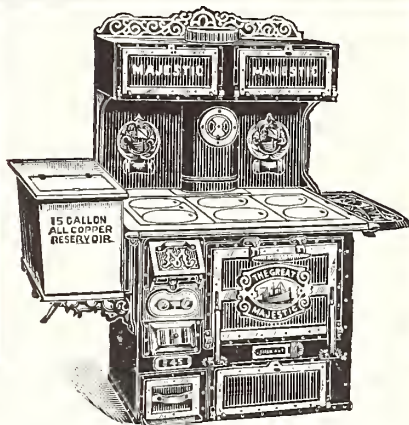
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PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter. Contributors are requested to use only one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable. These suggestions are important.

Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them. Advertising rates furnished on application.

The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The *civil* war was too long ago to be called the *late* war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.

The terms "new South" and "lost Cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

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NASHVILLE, TENN., APRIL, 1905.

No. 4. } S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
PROPRIETOR.

LOUISVILLE REUNION ARRANGEMENTS.

That which is designated as the *reunion* issue of the VETERAN for 1905 will be the May number. The Louisville Committee will occupy large extra space.

Splendid as were the successful steps taken by the city of Louisville and State of Kentucky in arranging the royal reception given to the Southern soldier at the United Confederate Veterans' reunion in 1900, the preparations for their meeting here June 14-16, 1905, will surpass all previous records. Nearly all the members of the 1900 Reunion Committee are on duty for 1905, and the committee has been enlarged, the full committee being: John H. Leathers, President; Bennett H. Young, First Vice President; John B. Castleman, Second Vice President; Gen. B. W. Duke, Third Vice President; Capt. Sam H. Buchanan, Fourth Vice President; Thomas D. Osborne, Secretary; J. W. Green, Treasurer; William B. Haldeman, Capt. John H. Weller, D. Thornton, Andrew M. Sea, J. A. Shuttleworth, A. E. Richards, W. M. Marriner, E. Basye, George C. Norton, Thomas W. Bullitt, Maj. D. W. Sanders, Capt. John B. Pirtle.

President John H. Leathers is a magazine of matchless methods, has had a leading part in providing for all great gatherings in this city, and can get more work out of men and more worth out of a dollar than any other man. He is cashier and manager of the Louisville National Banking Co., and for years has led in fraternal and charitable work.

Vice President Bennett H. Young is the prince among men, who manfully managed the previous reunion. His large legal business led him to get excused from being at the head this time. Probably no man in the South is so widely known and loved by the wearers of the gray.

Gen. John B. Castleman, the hero of two wars, the father of the horse show, and founder of Louisville's peerless park system, has charge of the invitations.

Gen. Basil W. Duke, the idol of Morgan's men and many others, will manage the transportation affairs. Messrs. Sam H. Buchanan, Elijah Basye, John W. Green, James A. Shuttleworth, George C. Norton, and John B. Pirtle are among the financial pillars of the city. Four—Buchanan, Basye, Green, and Pirtle—belong to the renowned Orphan Brigade. George C. Norton was the loved captain in the fighting Eighth Georgia Infantry, and John B. Pirtle was the favorite aid on the staff of the late Maj. Gen. William B. Bate.

City Attorney A. E. Richards, Thomas W. Bullitt, and D. W. Sanders stand highest at the Louisville bar. Judge Richards was "Major Dolly" Richards in Mosby's Cavalry, Judge

Bullitt was a lieutenant under Morgan, and Judge Sanders was major on the staff of Maj. Gen. French.

Prof. W. M. Marriner, who served so successfully as secretary last reunion, was excused, and is chairman of printing this year. He is, and has been for thirty years, Principal of the Second Ward City School.

D. Thornton is a prominent lumber man, but has almost given up business for reunion matters. He is chairman of headquarters for States, and has aroused the greatest interest, not to say enthusiasm, and every State will have the best headquarters, equipped with bands of music, information bureau, refreshments, buffet, etc. Gen. Thornton is the estimable Commander of the Third Kentucky Brigade.

Capt. Andrew M. Sea is the faithful and efficient Secretary and Trustee of the Confederate Home, and will see that it is visited by all who come to Louisville. He also serves as chairman of the Auditing Committee.

Messrs. W. B. Haldeman, John H. Weller, and Thomas D. Osborne are three more of the Orphan Brigade. Col. Haldeman, eldest son of the honored W. N. Haldeman, is the best-equipped newspaper man in public life. He has been given a delicate and difficult duty—chairman of sponsors.

Capt. John H. Weller, Chairman of the Board of Public Works and right-hand man in Church and charity work, is chairman on decoration and illumination of public buildings.

Thomas D. Osborne, whose fad is fraternity, is Secretary of the Executive Committee and Chairman of the Press Committee, and has been complimented on his work.

Among the many features of the reunion, prominent will be: Steamboat excursions; barbecue at Shawnee Park; concert in all the parks; reception at the Galt House; garden party at Shawnee Park; all the theatrical attractions; sponsors' ball in the horse show building; latest, largest, and most novel decorations; short parade, with countermarch on Broadway, the most beautiful boulevard in America.

Everything will be absolutely free to all Veterans wearing badges, nothing else required; but great care will be exercised in issuing badges. These will bear the portrait of John C. Breckinridge, who left the vice presidency and the United States Senate to fight for the South. He was the first commander of the Orphan Brigade.

The VETERAN announces that arrangements have been made by the Reunion Committee for the most liberal showing yet made by any city entertaining. It will be a "reunion issue." All notices to appear in it should be sent as quickly as practicable.

EXTRACTS FROM RECENT GENERAL ORDERS.

[Gen. Stephen D. Lee, Commander in Chief United Confederate Veterans, has issued recently many general orders through his Adjutant General, W. E. Mickle.]

ONE BREVET COMMANDER IN CHIEF.

In conformity with the Constitution (Art. XI.), the General Commanding gives notice to the Camps of the Federation of the following change in the Constitution, notice of which has been filed with these headquarters—to wit:

"Art. VI., Sec. 1. After the words 'one General, Commander in Chief, its executive head,' add 'one Brevet Commander in Chief, with the rank of Lieutenant General, who, in the event of a vacancy in the office of General Commander in Chief, shall assume and discharge the duties of Commander in Chief until a Commander in Chief can be elected at the ensuing Annual Convention.'"

The reason assigned for offering this amendment is stated as follows: "This amendment is proposed so that, in the event the General shall be ill or unable for any reason to discharge the duties of his office, or if he shall have died during his incumbency, the Brevet Commander can assume command, and thus avoid confusion and all possible discussion as to the right of succession."

Gen. Lee announces Miss Carrie Peyton Wheeler, daughter of Maj. Gen. Joseph Wheeler, as sponsor for the South at the Louisville reunion. Her maids of honor are: Miss Clara Haldeman, daughter of Col. W. B. Haldeman, Louisville, Ky.; Miss Lena Swift, of Atlanta, Ga. Mrs. Henry Heuser, of Louisville, Ky., is designated as matron.

NEW U. C. V. CAMPS.

The General Commanding announces the fellowship of the following Camps in the organization of the United Confederate Veterans, all registered in conformity with the dates in their respective charters, also their numbers and headquarters, as follows:

Mike Powell Camp, No. 1564, Montgomery, Tex.
J. B. Biffle Camp, No. 1565, Waynesboro, Tenn.
Pap Price Camp, No. 1566, Morrisville, Mo.
Everett Camp, No. 1567, Holder, Ind. T.
J. A. Early Camp, No. 1568, Rocky Mount, Va.
Hugh McGuire Camp, No. 1569, Lebanon Church, Va.
Fagan Camp, No. 1570, Redwater, Tex.
Basset Camp, No. 1571, Noma, Fla.
Confederate Cross Camp, No. 1572, Helena, Ga.
John B. Gordon Camp, No. 1573, Lawton, Okla.
Confederate Veteran Camp, No. 1574, Scotland Neck, N. C.
E. T. Stackhouse Camp, No. 1575, Latta, S. C.

HEADQUARTERS' TRIBUTE TO KENTUCKY.

In officially announcing the Louisville reunion for 1905 Gen. Stephen D. Lee, by Adj. Gen. Mickle, states: "The Commanding General cannot attempt to enumerate the many attractions the glorious commonwealth of Kentucky has to offer the United Confederate Veterans, but he may say that no State in the Union can point to a grander array of noble Confederate sons than Albert Sidney Johnston, Dick Taylor, John H. Morgan, John B. Hood, John C. Breckinridge, Simon B. Buckner, Humphrey Marshall, George B. Crittenden, and scores of others that could be named; and he mentions with peculiar pride that to her belongs the honor of giving to the human race that great patriot, chivalrous leader, and unstained Southern gentleman, Jefferson Davis, our first and only President."

THE GORDON MEMORIAL FLAG.

As a personal tribute to the memory of his predecessor, the General Commanding has appointed as aid on his staff, with the rank of colonel, Comrade Abner T. Holt, of Macon, Ga., and accordingly details him as permanent color bearer for the "J. B. Gordon Memorial Flag." In order that every respect shall be given the memory of our beloved dead Commander in Chief, Col. Holt will at all reunions, in whatever city held, report to the chief marshal for assignment to a position in the parade.

CONFEDERATE DEAD ON JOHNSON'S ISLAND.

The ladies of the Robert Patton Chapter, of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, of Cincinnati, Ohio, headed by Mrs. Mary Patton Hudson, properly care for the Confederate dead on Johnson's Island. Two hundred and six of our dead comrades occupy this "God's Acre," far removed from their dear Southland; and this little band of noble and patriotic women, located in a Northern State, has done much already to beautify these graves, and is now putting forth extra exertions to buy the cemetery, improve it, and then build a monument over the dead.

The General Commanding wishes to direct particular attention to this most laudable effort, and to urge Camps and private individuals to make such substantial contributions to these beloved "daughters" as will enable them to complete in the near future the work they have so much at heart.

APPROVES LEGISLATION CONCERNING CONFEDERATE FLAGS.

The General Commanding gives expression to the feeling of satisfaction in the heartiness and unanimity with which the national Legislature passed the bill restoring the Confederate battle flags to the several States and the readiness with which the measure was approved by the President. This action is but a fresh evidence that there are now in our grand country no sectional lines, no South, no North, East, or West, but that we are all Americans, devoted to one common country.

In view of the good feeling shown by the Congress of the United States and the President, he urges all parties who have colors in their possession to return them at once to the proper State capitols, where these highly prized relics can be the better properly cared for, and this should be done at the earliest moment. He indulges the hope that this wish may be complied with, and that private parties may manifest as much brotherly feeling as the national authorities.

The General Commanding is satisfied that the display in the various State capitols of these precious heirlooms, which represent the highest devotion, the greatest self-sacrifice, the most persistent courage witnessed in modern warfare, will do a great deal to stimulate the patriotism of the rising generation. These evidences of bravery on the part of their fathers cannot but add to the pride that our children feel in the heroic and daring exploits of their ancestry, and is the surest way to encourage and magnify that feeling of love of country.

The Commanding General desires that some official acknowledgment should be made to Hon. John Lamb, a Confederate veteran, who introduced the measure in Congress, to the Senate and House of Representatives, who passed it without a dissenting voice, and to the President, who immediately approved it; and he urges Camps everywhere to formulate resolutions expressive of their indorsement.

DEATH OF POSTMASTER-GENERAL REAGAN.

Judge John H. Reagan, the last survivor of the Confederate Cabinet, passed into rest on Monday, March 6, at his home, in Palestine, Tex., full of years and of honors.

He was born in Sevier County, Tenn., October 8, 1818, and was, therefore, at the time of his death in his eighty-sixth year. He began life under very adverse circumstances, but this fact served only to call forth that indomitable pluck and determination that were ever marked features of his whole career. Whether engaged in the daily labor of the farm, or fighting Indians on the border, or discharging the duties of an attorney-at-law, or administering justice from the bench, or serving his country in the State or national Legislature, he was ever the same thorough, painstaking patriot. By close application to all that he undertook, he made a complete success of every detail, and won plaudits from all with whom he was associated, whether of his own or the opposing party.

His never-failing ability was best shown in the management of the postal affairs of the Confederate government when he was Postmaster-General. With all the disadvantages with which he had to contend, by his determination and unceasing labors he gave the South faithful postal service, and adopted a system that those qualified to judge say was almost perfect, and one that the government to-day could wisely and advantageously follow.

DEMISE OF UNITED STATES SENATOR BATE.

The ink is scarcely dry on the order announcing the death of the last member of President Davis's Cabinet when the General Commanding is called on to chronicle the demise of another distinguished Confederate, Brig. Gen. William B. Bate, Judge Advocate General on the staff of the Commander in Chief, who passed quietly and peacefully away on Thursday morning, March 9, in Washington, D. C.

He was born near Castalian Springs, in the State of Tennessee, on October 7, 1826. His early employment as clerk on a river steamer brought him into association with the leading men of the day, and he formed friendships that lasted him through life. On leaving this occupation he began the study of law, and was at no distant date elected district attorney, which position he filled to the satisfaction of all parties till the breaking out of the war, when he joined a Tennessee regiment as a private. By sheer force of merit he rose rapidly by promotion to the rank of major general in the Confederate army, and held that rank when he surrendered with the Army of Tennessee, in 1865. He was three times wounded, once seriously.

Gen. Bate resumed the practice of law after the close of the war, and acquired a wide reputation as an able and successful lawyer. He was made Governor of the State, which office he held for two terms, when he was elected United States Senator, where he represented his people in the most creditable way, dying at his post of duty at the beginning of a fourth term.

COL. C. S. ARNALL.

The General Commanding announces the death of another of his military household—Col. Charles S. Arnall, an Aid on his Staff—under most painful circumstances on the morning of Thursday, February 23, at his home, in Atlanta, Ga. Col. Arnall was a native of Virginia, born in Augusta County in June, 1839. At the breaking out of the war he was a clerk in a banking house in Staunton. He at once resigned his position and became a part of the famous "Stonewall Bri-

gade." He was at one time adjutant to Gen. Baylor. He fought throughout the war without a furlough, and surrendered at Appomattox.

Col. Arnall moved to Atlanta not long after the cessation of hostilities, and resided there till his death. His high character in all of his transactions endeared him to those with whom he came in contact. His devotion to the U. C. V. cause and his unwearying efforts to assist his comrades in distress made him a universal favorite, and his quiet, simple life set him apart as an example to follow.

OVERFLOW OF "LAST ROLL" TRIBUTES.

After putting to press the sketch on page 174 a letter received from Judge Wyndham Kemp, of El Paso, states:

"Maj. Perrin was the eldest son of William K. and Sarah Tayloe Perrin, and was born in the old home where he closed his useful life. Early in the war he assisted in organizing the Twenty-Sixth Virginia Regiment, and remained with it until Gen. Lee's surrender. He was successively captain, major, and lieutenant colonel; but, as was his father, an officer in the War of 1812, he was known and greeted as 'Maj. Perrin.'

"Few men saw more active and arduous service than he during the four years of strife in which he was engaged, and, though in many battles with many narrow escapes, he was spared any serious hurt. At the 'crater,' in front of Petersburg, a bullet passed through his hat, and at Appomattox he was grazed by a fragment of shell. At the surrender he was the ranking officer and in command of his brigade.

"After the war he devoted his energies to the pursuits of peace. In the army no officer was more sincerely loved by his men. In the 'paths of peace' no one enjoyed a higher meed of respect. Called to various offices in civil life, he filled them with marked ability, and as soldier or citizen he was true to every trust.

"He left to mourn their loss a devoted wife, two daughters, three sons, and friends whose 'name is legion.' His last illness was of short duration, but when the summons came it found him ready to 'cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees.' Faithful in every relation, as son, parent or husband, soldier or civilian, neighbor or friend, he wore 'the white flower of a blameless life,' and by his splendid example has bequeathed to those who survive him the lesson in the beautiful language of the 'Rubáiyát:' So live that

'When that angel of the darker Drink
At last shall find you by the river brink,
And, offering his cup, invite your soul
Forth to your lips to quaff, you shall not shrink.'"

COL. DUKE GOODMAN.

Col. Duke Goodman was born in Mobile, Ala., December 29, 1842; and died at his home, in Fort Worth, Tex., January 25, 1905. In April, 1861, he joined Company B, Louisiana Guards, and was mustered into the Confederate service with the Second Louisiana Volunteer Infantry. Shortly after, by special order, his company was converted into artillery, and attached to Gen. Dick Taylor's Brigade, Early's Division, Stonewall Jackson's Corps. He participated in all the important battles fought in Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania by the Army of Northern Virginia. He was never absent from roll call, never missed a battle in which his company participated during the four years of his service, and of his party of thirteen who first answered roll call in April, 1861, he was the only one left to answer it at Appomattox.

He went from his home, in New Orleans, to Texas directly after the war, first to Sherman, but later to Fort Worth. He was most popular, and was a successful business man. Col. Goodman was inspector general on the staff of Gen. K. M. Van Zandt, Commander of the Texas Division, U. C. V., at the time of his death.

The foregoing was in type for the March issue, but was withheld through the desire to give his portrait and other data. In disappointment through the effort to procure a worthy likeness, the VETERAN reprints part of Col. Goodman's action before the last convention of Texas Veterans at Temple, July 21, 1904, in which he said:

"Comrades: The hour has now arrived for the election of officers. I desire before you proceed with the election of Major General, which is the highest office in this Division, to prelude this action with a fitting expression of appreciation and love. We have with us a distinguished comrade from another State, a veteran who has done more to perpetuate the truths of your history and memories of your dead than any other one man in the South or out of it. I know of nothing we can do that would be more expressive than to bestow upon this comrade a distinctive honor, an honor that no other comrade in our Southland enjoys at your hands. I now move that Comrade S. A. Cunningham, of Nashville, Tenn., editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, be elected an honorary member of the Texas Division, U. C. V."

The motion carried unanimously and with a rising vote.

The following sketch of Col. Duke Goodman's army life is presented as he wrote it, June 12, 1904:

"Forty-one years ago the Louisiana Guard, Company B, was mustered into the Confederate service, April 26, 1861, and became Company B, of the Second Louisiana Volunteer Infantry, under Capt. C. E. Girardy. By special order No. 272, dated July 25, 1861, the company was transferred to field artillery and attached to Dick Taylor's (afterwards Harry T. Hayes's) Louisiana Brigade, Dick Emil's (afterwards Early's) Division, Stonewall Jackson's Corps, army No. 7. The engagements participated in are as follows: Lynnhaven Bay, Seven Pines, Frazer's Farm, Malvern Hill, Welford's Ford, Cedar Mountain, Warrenton, Bristow Station, Manassas (three days), Harper's Ferry, Sharpsburg, Shepherdstown, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Wilderness, Winchester, Hagerstown, Hantertown, Fairfield (Penn.), Rappahannock Bridge, Kettle Run, Fort Gilmer, Shirley, Summerville Ford, Charles City Road, and Cold Harbor. Under fire around Pittsburg daily for several months, when "Marse" Robert E. Lee at Appomattox C. H. respectfully asked us to quit, the Louisiana Guard Artillery gracefully, with heads erect and proud of the record they had made, exchanged their four steel guns to U. S. Grant for a small piece of paper, the requirements in which paper each and every member of the 'old guard' has faithfully lived up to.

"The writer was but a humble private, never absent from roll call or when boots and saddle was called. I have only to say that Stonewall Jackson was my leader for the world to know the service I performed.

"I left my comfortable home in New Orleans when a mere boy, marching to the music of the fife and the kettledrum and to the tune of 'The Girl I Left Behind Me,' with a handsome new uniform, only to return four years later in tatters and rags, foot-sore and shoeless, chanting as best I could in my feeble and worn-out condition that dear old song, 'Home, Sweet Home,' and never again to gather three days' rations of

hard corn, parch some, and be ready to march by two o'clock in the morning (for that was Stonewall's way).

"In conclusion, I will say that of my party of thirteen who answered the first roll call, in April, 1861, only your humble servant remained to answer the call at Appomattox C. H., in April, 1865.

"Yours truly,

DUKE GOODMAN."

General Order No. 56 is as follows:

"FORT WORTH, January 25, 1905.

"With sincere grief the Major General commanding the Texas Division, of the United Confederate Veterans, announces the sudden death of Col. Duke Goodman, Inspector General of the Division, which occurred at his home, in this city, Wednesday, January 25, at 2:30 A.M.

"The history of Comrade Goodman is resplendent with noble impulses and good deeds for all men, but more especially for those who honorably wore the uniform of Confederate soldiers during the War between the States, from 1861 to 1865.

"Col. Goodman was born December 29, 1842, at Mobile, Ala. His record as a soldier is a most honorable one. He enlisted at New Orleans in October, 1861, in Company A, Louisiana Guards (artillery), H. T. Hay's Brigade, Early's Division, Stonewall Jackson's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia, and participated in all the important battles on the soil of Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania up to and including the surrender of Gen. R. E. Lee at Appomattox, April 9, 1865.

"In all the relations of life he recognized his duty to his family, his country, and his friends, and was faithful to the end. May he rest in peace!

K. M. VAN ZANDT, *Major General Commanding;*

GEORGE JACKSON, *Adjutant General, Chief of Staff.*"

SENATOR WILLIAM B. BATE.

Senator William B. Bate's death, at Washington, D. C., March 8, 1905, is known throughout the nation. His official position and his character induced the highest consideration in his honor. The large funeral in the national capitol, in which the President and other officials of the government, his fellow-Senators, members of Congress, and many friends paid fitting tribute; then the special train bringing the



SENATOR BATE'S CASKET IN CAPITOL OF TENNESSEE.

family, Senators, and other friends to Nashville with the remains, and the great gathering of people—the largest, unquestionably, ever seen at a funeral in the State—are evidences of respect and esteem which cannot but inspire young men to lives of ambitious integrity.

Senator Bate's unflinching advocacy of the cause of his people makes the honors paid to his memory tributes to the in-

tegrity of the cause he vindicated with every breath of his life. Another occasion may be used to pay tribute to his character in a sort of life sketch.

Gen. Bate was no less conspicuous for his gallantry in the war than for his integrity in civil life. A quoted remark by his devoted wife to a lady friend who was with her during the trying ordeal of seeing the hero fall on sleep and who

accompanied her from Washington to Nashville on the special train expressed that which would satisfy those who did not know him personally in this terse sentence: "This is his first free ride." The last message dictated by Gen. Bate was one of condolence to Mrs. John H. Reagan.

In a tribute to Gen. Bate Mrs. George E. Pickett says: "One by one the champions of the South in her days of grand endeavor answer to the last roll call, and our hearts go with them to the gate through which they pass to join the comrades whose warfare is over.

"When William Brimage Bate passed away with the heaped honors of a noble life upon his head, he left behind him, as a legacy to his country's history, a long record of good deeds, worthy effort, and grand achievement, which will remain while our nation stands—a lesson in patriotism, truth, and virtue to all coming after him who would follow in the footsteps that lead to the high goal of a lofty citizenship.

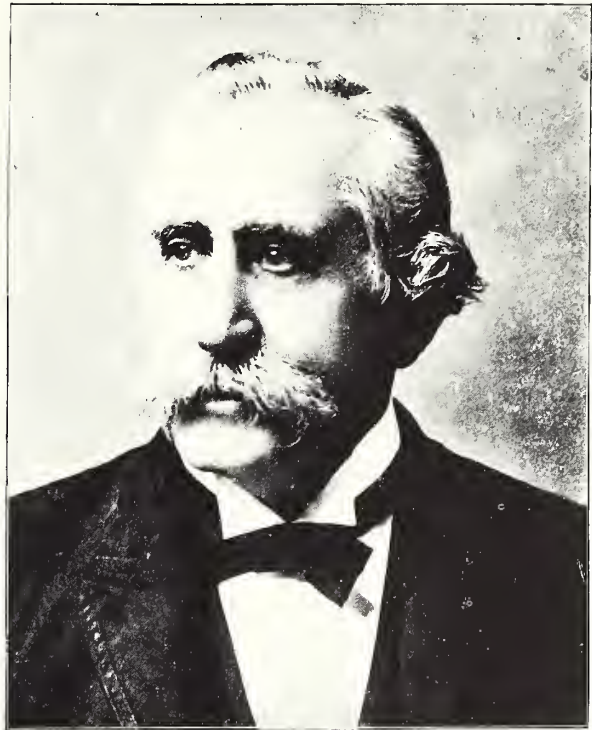
"Trained in the practical school of the Mexican War, he brought to the Southern cause a patriotism strengthened in the fires of battle and a gallantry in action that brought him speedy promotion until, as commander of a division in the Army of Tennessee, he surrendered at the close of the brave struggle.

"But it remains for civic life to test the enduring qualities of mind and heart whereby man makes his mark permanently on the character of his age and sets in motion the wave of his influence for the development of right principles in future ages. The mental and spiritual force developed by the good man of to-day will make brighter and stronger and deeper the intellectual and moral life of to-morrow.

"Tennessee mourns the son who has stood for the interests of his State and an unflinching champion for the highest rights of man. The nation mourns the wisdom which saw clearly



STATE CAPITOL AT TIME OF FUNERAL.



FROM RECENT PICTURE OF SENATOR BATE.



UNDER HIS OLD FLAG AT MOUNT OLIVET.

down the way, the strong hand to guide upon the right road, the courageous heart that never faltered in the path of duty.

"The history of Senator Bate is worthily completed. The fair record, free from blot or stain, is a treasured part of the story of our nation, an inspiration to future glory."

HON. JOHN H. REAGAN.

With pathetic deference the VETERAN pays tribute to the honored and thoroughly beloved John H. Reagan, who lived to advocate the principles of the South in the sixties long after all his associates of the Confederate Cabinet had gone to their reward. Years before the VETERAN was conceived its editor, while attending a Texas State Fair at Dallas, had the unexpected and delightful opportunity of seeing Mr. Reagan. He sat quietly on a projected floor, with a friendly word to those who called upon him. The Tennessean introduced himself, and he cherishes still the memory of the cordial manner of Senator Reagan. He recalls the penetrating, kindly eye, the gentle yet firm voice, and especially the cordial words, in parting, of hope that he be informed of the next visit to Texas. Every greeting in the succeeding years and his cordial words of encouragement are vividly remembered, and the desire to do the eminent Southerner honor exceeds the capacity. He was faithful to attend all the conventions of Veterans and Daughters of the Confederacy when practicable, and he will be sadly missed by them in future assemblies.

[In a tribute to Mr. Reagan as a notable character Bishop E. E. Hoss, of the M. E. Church, South, now a resident of Dallas, Tex., made the following statements.]

The death of Judge John Henninger Reagan removes one of the most notable of all the men that have figured in the history of this State. He was born in Sevier County, Tenn., in 1818. Three years ago I had the pleasure of a long conversation with him at Hot Springs, in Arkansas, and learned many facts about his career.

He came of good, sturdy Methodist stock. They are a dependable folk—plain, straightforward, and self-reliant. I have never known or heard of one of them that was not worthy of respect.

The early life of Judge Reagan was not easy. From his youth up he was compelled to labor for his own living with his own hands; and when he came to eminence he was not ashamed to acknowledge the fact, but rather gloried in it. Before he was eighteen he had made up his mind to seek a wider field than could be found in the mountain region of his birth, and so set his face toward Texas. His friend and employer, Dr. Brabson, lent him a horse to ride to the Tennessee River, on which he was to take a steamboat. A boy came to the river with him to take the horse back, and frankly said to him as they parted: "Well, John, I hate to part with you; but still I'm glad to see you going, for I think that I can now get Melissa."

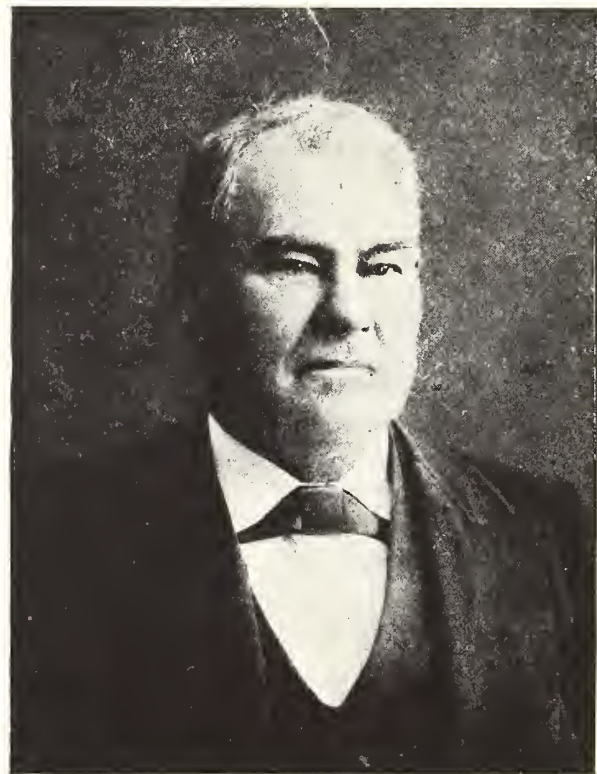
In the seventy years that have since intervened, Judge Reagan has had a hand in nearly everything of importance that has occurred in the commonwealth of his adoption. He possessed all the qualities necessary to enable him to play a prominent part in the life and growth of a pioneer community. Everybody recognized him as the possessor of a large stock of common sense and an absolutely inflexible integrity. Added to these qualities were an untiring energy and a fearlessness that quailed not in the presence of any

danger. He was ambitious for fame and fortune, but determined to pursue them by direct and open methods.

From the beginning his fellow-citizens trusted him. In some way or other he had picked up at least as much knowledge of surveying as George Washington had, and he soon found abundant use for it. Later he became an active officer in the militia of the republic. The conditions by which he was surrounded made it inevitable that he would study law. He had a capacity for thinking as well as a love for reading, and by the time he was thirty-five he had been elevated to the bench, and made a just and able judge, administering justice without fear or favor.

In 1857 he was elected to the Federal Congress, and held that post till the beginning of the War between the States, in 1861. On the organization of the Confederate Government, he became Postmaster-General in the Cabinet of President Davis, and so continued till the collapse came, in 1865. Every other man that belonged to either the Federal or the Confederate Cabinet during that stormy period has long since died. Along with Mr. Davis and other leaders, he was arrested and imprisoned on the charge of treason.

As soon as Judge Reagan's disabilities were removed, he was again sent to Congress, and after two or three terms was chosen to the Senate. In this latter body he added to his reputation with every passing year, and achieved leadership in many ways. Before the close of his second term, however, he resigned to accept a place on the Texas Railroad Commission. This was his last public service, and lasted for many years. He held, first and last, almost every office that Texas could give him except the Governorship of the State. He wanted that also, and could have had it; but when it was virtually tendered to him on a platform which his judgment did not approve, he declined to take it.



HON. J. H. REAGAN.

It is matter for congratulation that his whole record is free from stain of every sort. He never paltered with the truth; he never abjured his honest convictions to achieve success; he never used his opportunities as a public servant to heap up a personal fortune. It never entered his thought to barter away his principles for sordid gain. An old-fashioned State rights, strict-construction Democrat, he would have remained true to the teachings of Jefferson and Jackson if everybody else had deserted and left him entirely alone.

On all moral issues he was sure to take the right side. When the question of prohibiting the liquor traffic by constitutional amendment came up a few years ago, he at once and unequivocally gave his voice and influence in favor of the policy, though he must have known that it would set a great array of hostile influences to work against him; and he stoutly stood his ground even when Mr. Davis, to whom he was devotedly attached, suffered himself to be drawn into the discussion on the other side.

All his life long Judge Reagan was a strong and consistent Methodist. His baptismal name—John Henninger—was given him by his parents in honor of a famous Holston preacher. The memory of his early home, with its simple pieties, helped him, no doubt, in the hard struggles through which he often passed and kept him true and steady when all the cross currents of life were beating upon him.

Three or four years ago he concluded, after an absence of more than sixty years, to make a visit to Sevier County. A friend tried to persuade him, saying: "Everybody is dead that you knew and loved, and it will only make you sad to see the changes that have taken place. Besides, nearly every man in that section is a Republican, and will not be well inclined to the sole survivor of Jefferson Davis's Cabinet." But his mind was made up, and he took the trip. His eyes fairly sparkled as he told me about it. When he reached Knoxville, a committee was ready to receive him. For several days he was the guest of the city, receiving the most distinguished courtesies. On the road from there to Sevierville, twenty-five miles away, he was met, to his amazement, by a procession on horseback, and with a band of music escorted to the town and forced to make a public address. "What could I do?" said he to me. "I simply talked about old times." The whole county laid itself out to show hospitality to him as the most distinguished man ever born in its limits. It turned out that his friend who left him on the river bank had got Melissa, as he hoped; that they had reared a large and respectable family; and that the face of the earth was covered with their grandchildren and remoter descendants. There is a human touch about this trivial incident that may redeem its lightness.

JUDGE JOHN H. REAGAN, PATRIOT.

[Miss Katie Daffan, of Texas, who has done more to organize the U. D. C. in that State than any other, and recently President of the Texas Division, contributes the following sketch of Judge Reagan.]

It is with genuine sorrow and a sense of the deepest loss that the Daughters of the Confederacy in Texas learn of the death of Judge John H. Reagan. He was the advocate of the work of the United Daughters of the Confederacy in each line—charitable, memorial, historical, and social—and was honored and loved by every Daughter in the Southland.

It was a privilege to the Texas Division to make his birthday (October 8) a day of observance, or honor day, and it

is appropriately observed by every Chapter of the Texas Division, at which time the Southern cross of honor is bestowed upon Confederate soldiers. He many times gladdened the hearts of the Daughters of the Confederacy of Texas by attending their annual conventions, and the warmth of his presence and his wise counsel stimulated us to more earnest and efficient effort. The annual announcement of the Texas Division, lovingly called by the Daughters "The Annual," contains in its last issue a picture of Judge Reagan, which he sent at our request, with a letter full of loving good cheer to us in our efforts to immortalize the deeds of the Confederate soldiers.

He was ready with assistance, even in matters of smallest detail, unselfish, and giving the rich blessing of his well-stored mind to all who sought help. He was called the "Grand Old Man," the "Old Roman," the "Sage of Palestine." All of these apply; but he was the truest, most steadfast friend, and knew and lived all that the rare relation of friendship implies. He could suggest ways to cross over dark places, give wise counsel when it was needed, and could see, understand, and sympathize with a matter. He appreciated all good, being always more ready to recognize the good traits of bad men than the bad traits of good men.

It was my privilege to be entertained in the historic home, "Fort Houston," to spend hours in his library, and intently listen to the accounts of the early days in Tennessee, the imprisonment at Fort Warren, the Indian fight, and his long and interesting public career. This was a rare enjoyment. A few years ago Judge Reagan visited his native county in Tennessee, where he was received and entertained in a manner befitting his career, his dignity, and excellent service, and it was with great animation that he related the many pleasant events to a delighted listener. His library was a wealth of interesting documents, manuscripts, and valuable old books, and few days have been more pleasant than those spent in this bright, sunshiny room with this venerable sage, hearing again and again incidents in which he was such a part, and by virtue of which ours is a vast inheritance.

He was our Cincinnatus. After a career remarkable for strength and purpose, "he came again unto his farm," and delighted in driving over it, giving direction here and there, a kind word to each laborer and each child (Judge Reagan loved little children). Every tree, every house would suggest some reminiscence of his early citizenship in Texas and his pioneer life in beautiful East Texas, or of his neighbor, Gen. Sam Houston, and their many pleasant, neighborly exchanges. Then to sit on the porch in the midday and return at once to topics current, to literature, politics, or matters patriotic! Any subject met bright response from him, for his mind was ever young, ever vibrant with life and interest in what surrounded him. It has been my privilege from time to time to be present in cities in other States when orations and gala ceremonies would be tendered in honor of Judge Reagan. His appearance in a carriage or on the speaker's stand would bring forth enthusiastic welcome and applause. Regard and admiration for him were universal.

We in Texas are but a part of the great number who loved him. Once, in the city of Denver—surely a beautiful, interesting city, but not "of the South, Southern"—the reception accorded him was one of dignity and a keen knowledge of the "distinguished guest within the city's gates."

Judge Reagan possessed initiative in a rare sense—that is, formulative power, the ability and the character of the pioneer. To go before was his forte—to prepare the way for those

who might come after. It is to the pioneer, the formulator, that we owe so much. He has left to us his "Memoirs," a precious legacy. He is, therefore, a living presence among us. His life has been a benediction and a blessing to all whom it touched, his example an inspiration, his courage a strength, his fortitude and patient endurance a solace and help to all who find hard places in the way.

With his love for his State as a whole, which he proved in so many ways, all of his life he showed a preference for East Texas, for the picturesque city of his choice, which, seeing its splendid national environment in an early day, he selected for his home, and there remained. And the identity of this city bears largely upon the fact of its being his favored residing place, the one which he chose for his quieter hours, those moments of solitude so dear and so necessary to us all, and he loved as his own the people of Palestine. The appreciation which they have shown to him in his life as well as his death marks them genuine, loyal friends, and citizens of the purest, truest type. Sweet to remember is the picture of my dear old friend in his great chair on the lawn, surrounded by those who constantly lived in his heart—his wife, who was his constant companion and who knew his every expression, every wish, and was therefore a part of himself; his daughter, whose presence was ever a source of pleasure to him; and dear little Will Mobley, his grandson, the companion over field and forest, for long walks and drives, of his venerable grandfather.

A feeling of thankfulness comes over me in that I knew him and loved him; that he assisted me in my work for the Confederate soldiers; that his advice and counsel was fair and impartial, full of consideration for everybody—nothing small or narrow in his great soul.

Now, Daughters of the Confederacy, we believe in monuments. Let one tower to the sky to honor him who was of us and for us, whose soul was attuned to every measure of our patriotic work. We honored him while he was yet with us; let us honor ourselves since his great Commander has called him from us. Let us place monuments to his blessed memory as object lessons and history lessons to those who shall come after us. Let us not delay. Every act of his life showed appreciation and gratitude. Let us emulate him, let his name be engraven in our hearts, his example be our inspiration, his name be among the first that little children shall lips, and let us return thanks that he was ours, of us, for us—Patriot John H. Reagan.

LIEUT. COL. THOMAS P. ALSTON.

Lieut. Col. Thomas P. Alston was born in All Saints Parish, near Georgetown, S. C. His father was one of the largest and wealthiest rice planters in the State when the war began. Col. Alston promptly entered the Confederate service as a private, and assisted in bombarding Fort Sumter. After the surrender of the fort he organized Company F, in the First South Carolina Volunteers, Maxy Gregg's Regiment, which was sent to Virginia and assigned to A. P. Hill's Division of the Army of Northern Virginia. He was in fifty-two engagements, was wounded three times, and three times mentioned by his superior officers for gallantry. He was promoted to major and afterwards to lieutenant colonel. At Fredericksburg he was shot in the face, and at Spottsylvania he was painfully wounded in the side; but on both occasions refused to leave the field. At Jericho Ford his arm was shattered, and amputated in the field hospital tent, and he died from the effects three weeks later in the Jackson Hospital, in Richmond. He was buried in Hollywood Cemetery; but

after the war his remains were carried to South Carolina, and now rest in Magnolia Cemetery at Charleston.

DR. P. J. McCORMICK.

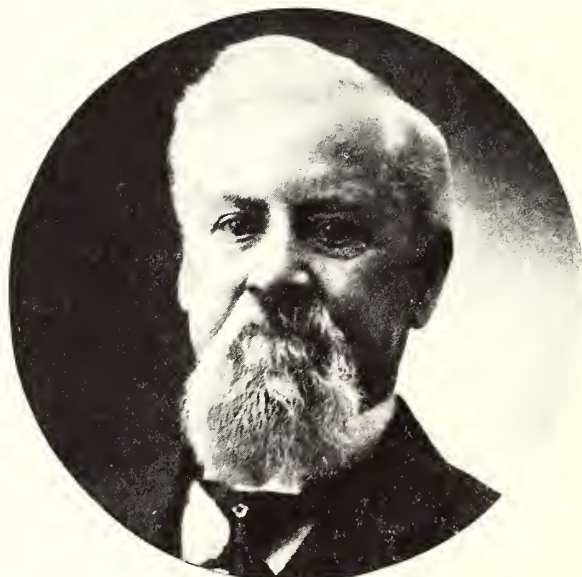
At a meeting of Yazoo Camp, U. C. V., held at Yazoo City, Miss., on the 4th of January, 1905, the death of Comrade P. J. McCormick was announced. He died at the residence of his son-in-law, Mr. S. S. Griffin, in Yazoo City, Miss., on the night of January 3, 1905.

A paper signed by a committee composed of Robert Bowman, G. P. Blundell, and A. F. Gerard states:

"Dr. McCormick was born in Roscommon County, Ireland, in the year 1830. When but a youth he emigrated with his parents to America, and received in the city of New York a classical education. He taught school for a time, and then studied and graduated in medicine. For a short time he lived in Savannah, Ga., and moved from there about 1857 to near Silver City, in Yazoo County. He enlisted in the Confederate army early in 1862, and served with ability and fidelity as a surgeon of the Forty-Sixth Mississippi Regiment. He was kind, attentive, and humane to the sick and wounded soldiers, and faithful in his duties as an officer.

"After the war closed he settled in Yazoo City. No one ever ranked higher in that community as a physician, or as a man and citizen commanded more respect and esteem. He built a name and reputation for honesty, enterprise, and fidelity more noble and enduring than sculptured marble. Nature endowed him with noble and heroic traits of character, and these he retained until the end.

"In the noted political struggle of 1875, which resulted in



DR. P. J. M'CORMICK.

the overthrow and extermination of radical misrule and negro domination in Yazoo, no one was more prominent and more to the forefront than Dr. McCormick. He was the chief leader in that celebrated contest.

"Sincerity of conviction and integrity of action marked his career in life. In all things he was upright and honest of purpose, and ever trod the path of duty with unfaltering step and undaunted courage. He was a true patriot, an enterprising and public-spirited citizen, and an upright man. He was a devoted husband, a kind, affectionate father, a faithful and sincere friend, and an earnest Christian."

UNDER SENTENCE OF DEATH.

[The following interesting sketch from the diary of the late Capt. M. A. Miller (see sketch in "Last Roll," page 175) of how he made his escape from "Irving Block" prison at Memphis is furnished by his daughter, Mrs. William R. Vawter, of Richmond, Va. "I have one man under sentence of death for smuggling arms across the lines, and I hope Mr. Lincoln will approve it." The above is a quotation from a letter of Gen. W. T. Sherman to his brother John after the capture of Memphis, Tenn. And herewith is a sketch of how that "one man," Capt. Matthew Amos Miller, made his escape from prison. Capt. Miller was assistant city engineer of Memphis at the commencement of the war.]

A number of the engineers and architects formed a company of sappers and miners, of which we were the officers and some of our best mechanics the privates. This company threw up the first works of fortifications on the Mississippi River, beginning four miles from Memphis, then at Fort Pillow, Island No. 10, New Madrid, and Columbus. At the latter place we had our first infantry fight. Memphis was captured by Gen. Sherman in June, 1862. At that time I was home on sick leave, having just passed through a serious spell of typhoid fever. It was true, as stated in Gen. Sherman's letter to his brother John, that the mercenary spirit of his people enabled us to 'buy anything we wanted for gold or cotton.

When Sherman first took possession of Memphis he issued an order declaring gold, medicine, and salt contraband, and as such prohibited their sale to our people. But his orders were practically reversed, and we got anything we wanted. So greedy were they for the money that they actually sold us arms. The people with whom we dealt were mostly camp followers and merchants. Finding that arms could be easily procured in this way, and knowing our people needed them badly, I determined to get a quantity of them. I represented no one but myself, and all that I purchased were paid for by me out of my own funds. I was the means of equipping the best part of two companies of cavalry before my operations were discovered by the enemy. It was rather difficult to get the arms to the Southern soldiers after I bought them, for, in addition to the gunboats, the river was closely patrolled by picket boats. My plan was to put my goods, mostly sabers and pistols, on board a skiff and carry them over to the Arkansas side, where the cavalry would get them.

For a month I was steadily supplying our soldiers with arms, and met with no serious difficulty. But one afternoon in the latter part of July my good luck deserted me. I was carrying over two boxes of officers' swords, and was in the middle of the river, when a picket boat, that I did not see when I started out, ran upon me. I at once knew that danger was ahead, and, jumping on the gunwales of my boat, I tried to sink it; but it was too heavy, and would not "dip." The officer in charge of the picket boat arrested me, and the skiffman also, and took us with the two boxes to a gunboat near by. Here the boxes were opened, and as soon as the nature of their contents was disclosed I was at once carried to the military prison in the "Irving Block," in the center of the city.

In two or three days there was a court-martial. The evidence was of course conclusive, and I could make no defense. What the verdict was I did not learn, as it was not pronounced; and it was not until some five weeks afterwards that I became aware of it. I was first made aware of the seriousness of my position in a sensational way. Late one afternoon in July, 1862, a friend, a Miss Gibson, who had

been calling on me, after glancing around, cautiously turned and whispered to me: "Captain, you are under sentence of death, and are to be shot at an early day. Take my advice get away from here before they put shackles on your ankles and wrists, for then you can do nothing."

My idea is that the officer in charge had no authority to carry such a verdict into execution without the approval of the President, pending which I was kept in ignorance.

Later the same day of which I was told I was to die (I think it must have been about August 13) Gen. Sherman came into my cell, accompanied by two members of his staff, whose names I did not know. I knew the General as soon as I saw him. He sat there some ten or fifteen minutes talking to me. He was very polite, but still his manner was positive. In the first part of his conversation he said that I was probably aware that the sentence of court-martial was death. I told him I had no way of knowing, as that was the first official notification of it that I had received. As we talked on, Gen. Sherman told me that in the discharge of his official duty it would be necessary for him to have the sentence of the court executed, which he proposed to do on the Friday following. This was Monday.

Although I knew the sentence had been passed, it did not impress itself on my mind as something that was actually going to happen. Looking Gen. Sherman straight in the face, I laughed, not boisterously, but in a manner that suggested incredulity. The General did not resent my behavior, remaining perfectly silent and courteous. One of his staff officers, a major, spoke up curtly, saying: "Sir, do you know whom you are addressing?" I replied in language quite forcible, with the inquiry as to what he had to do with it. Soon after the officers left I put my wits to work to arrange for an escape. I had any number of friends in the city who were trying to help me escape. Several plans were suggested: one was that I should get on the roof of the prison, then go down through an adjoining building. It was arranged that one night all the gas was to be cut off from that portion of the city, but that scheme failed. My wife brought me a strong rope with which to "scale" the walls, but I was too closely guarded to use it (several of the other "boys" did get away on it, and I still have the rope in my possession). Another night the guard on duty was drugged, but that plan failed too.

After considerable work, I finally succeeded in hitting on a successful scheme. In the prison there were, besides the regular guards, what were known as "supernumeraries," whose business it was to accompany prisoners to various places in the city. I had gotten on quite friendly terms with one of them, a Canadian named Redmond, who belonged to an Ohio regiment. He did not know of my sentence. I told him that my child was sick, and I wanted him to go to my house with me so I could see the little one, as it was not expected to live. This was true. The man replied that he too had a wife and children, and if they were sick he certainly would like to see them, so granted my request. I had sent word to my family that I would be home and they must make arrangements for me to get away. It was quite easy for me to get a message home. As the prison fare was unfit to eat, some of my friends always brought me my meals; so when I got my breakfast that morning I sent the message.

When I had been home a few minutes, Mrs. Miller asked me if I would not like to take a bath and change my linen. She had prepared a bath in the adjoining room. The guard took his position at the door. The room into which I went

after taking off my hat, coat, vest, and boots had a second door, which Redmond could not see from where he was standing. In the meantime the young lady who was nursing my child attracted the guard's attention, by showing him some handsome pictures in a book. I was not idle, and quickly stepped into a second suit of clothes which my wife had provided in the room in which I was bathing, or supposed to be bathing, for in reality my wife was splashing the water, while I was getting away. I left the house at once. To do this I had to jump out of a window, and to my great consternation landed right in the middle of a company of Federal cavalry that was camped in a lot near by my house. Luckily, they took no notice of me, and a vicious bulldog which came up about that time gave me a good excuse for breaking into a run. I crossed the street in a hurry, and at a bound cleared a six-foot fence, which effectually hid me from view. A carriage was in waiting for me in front of my house, but in such a position as to be in plain view of the guard. While I was crossing the street I signaled the driver, an intimate friend of mine who was acting in that capacity, and by the time I reached the alley on the other side of the high fence he was there waiting for me. I shall always think that jump over the fence saved my life.

Once in the carriage, I was rapidly driven a short distance outside of the city, where I stopped at the house of Judge Woodruff. I wanted to keep on that night. There were three lines of pickets to be passed, and the Judge advised me to wait until morning, which I did. The next morning my host put a pair of navy sixes in my hands, and with these I made my way safely South. It was a case of life and death, and I would have fought a regiment. I rejoined the Confederates under Gen. Holmes. Subsequently I was transferred to Gen. E. Kirby Smith's command, where I remained until the close of the war.

Mr. Redmond was still interested in the pictures, but finally said to Mrs. Butler, who had just returned to the room: "Mrs. Miller, you had better call your husband." She replied: "He is not there." Mr. Redmond said: "I did not think that of you." My wife said: "He is my husband." Mr. Redmond thought a moment, then, looking up, said: "I don't blame you. My wife would have done the same for me."

Redmond was suspected of having been instrumental in aiding me to escape; but it was never proved against him, for no one noticed when we went out or paid any attention to Redmond when he returned. The exact hour of my escape was not known, and the guards were changed so often that it could not be found out who was on duty at the time. When my escape was discovered, I had been gone several hours.

The strange part of the affair was that when Redmond was tried one of the witnesses swore that he saw him return with me. At the time of my escape the newspapers stated that, having had access to the city engineer's office which Gen. Sherman was using, I had carried off plans of all the works around the city. On the strength of this, a reward of two thousand dollars was offered for my capture. This statement was not, however, true; for, although I was at liberty to go in and out of the engineer's office at will, I did not carry off any plans with me. I was able, through memory, to give Gen. Forrest some information as to the location of the enemy's works, which proved of great service to him in making his raid into Memphis.

I learned after the war was over that, by the intercession of the Hon. Mr. McPherson (who had been a college mate of mine) and some of my relatives and prominent friends in

the North, President Lincoln was prevailed upon to pardon me. The papers, though, were not received until after the day upon which I was to have been executed, so it was lucky for me that I did not wait for them.

DICK HEWITT—A TRUE CONFEDERATE.

A lady in Louisiana writes of "Dick" Hewitt, to whom reference is had in the history of Degourney's Battalion, January VETERAN. She states that she can't recall the exact dates of the events mentioned, but she verifies them by "seigniors:"

"The latter part of the war our household in Richmond consisted, besides our family, of two gentlemen discharged from active field service for wounds and ill health and employed in the departments. One day they said to my mother that they had met a friend, a soldier of New Orleans just exchanged, who was a very ill man, and asked if they could bring him to our house and care for him. Of course he was welcomed to our little best. He was, it appears, a relative of Mrs. Grant's family. When about to be exchanged, he was sent for by Gen. Grant and offered passage abroad, and means to live there until he could provide for himself. With grief and indignation that he could be thought willing to desert, the poor fellow stalked out and stood half starved and shivering in a pouring rain for hours, waiting to cross into Dixie and again join the ranks. He already had fever, pneumonia developed, and he died at our house, far from his old mother and adored young sister.

"A childish reason for the fixedness of these events in my mind is that I saw for the first time the surprising spelling of 'pneumonia.' I carried a written message. The sight of the word brings back to me the scene and the very tones accompanying this incident."

TRIBUTES TO GEN. LEE IN SEATTLE, WASH.

John B. Gordon Camp, U. C. V., of Seattle, Wash, celebrated Lee's birthday by assembling at the Lincoln on the anniversary evening, where a most enjoyable time was spent. This was the first celebration of the natal day of our great chieftain. This Camp is the most remote of all Camps.

During the courses of an elegant dinner toasts were drunk to the memory of our great commander, Lee, to the memory of Albert Sidney Johnston, of Stonewall Jackson, Joseph E. Johnston, the women of the South, and to the health of Mr. S. A. Cunningham, editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. A committee was designated to enlist the interest of Southern women of the city to organize a Chapter of Daughters.

As a matter of interest in showing how Confederates have scattered, the names are given of those who were present: John Howard Allen, Company I, Second Texas Infantry, and adjutant general Prince de Polignac's Brigade, staff of Gen. Baylor, who was later colonel in Egyptian army under Gen. Loring; Phil R. Simmons, captain Forty-Third Georgia, commanding gunboat Magenta; David H. Chapman, Company B, First Louisiana Regiment; Aurelius K. Shay, Company B, First Louisiana, A. N. V.; James N. Gilmer, lieutenant Company F, Third Alabama, inspector general Gracie's Brigade; S. S. Carlisle, First Missouri, chief of ordnance Gen. Bowen's staff, Missouri; James Morgan, Savery's Cavalry, Gen. Price's bodyguard; Lindsey Oliver, Texas; John F. Wiclensham, Cockrell's Brigade, Missouri; Bushrod W. Bell, Fourth Alabama; Col. Bee, captain Company A, Twenty-Fifth Alabama.

SOUTHERN WOMEN DESERVE A MONUMENT.

The Mississippi Division, United Confederate Veterans, through their Commander, Gen. Robert Lowry, express themselves in regard to the women's monument:

"A resolution was offered by Comrade W. S. Coleman at the State reunion of the Mississippi Division, U. C. V., held in Aberdeen on August 5 and 6, 1904, which was unanimously adopted, to-wit:

"Whereas the general association of the U. C. V.'s, in convention assembled in Nashville, Tenn., confessed their failure to raise funds for the building of a monument to the memory of the "Women of the Confederacy" and transferred that sacred duty to the Sons of Veterans; therefore be it

"Resolved, That we, the veterans of Mississippi, feel humiliated at this signal failure, which we attribute to indifference and not unwillingness; that we reaffirm our love for and loyalty to the memory of our mothers, wives, and sisters, who were the "Women of the Confederacy," and pledge our help to our Sons in their laudable work, and pledge here that we will obligate each Camp in our State for not less than fifty dollars to be paid into the hands of a treasurer,' etc.

"The general commanding most heartily commends the raising of the above fund by the several Camps of the State. It should be a work of love to erect a monument to the noble and patriotic women who contributed their full share in the memorable struggle of the Southern States. The Camps in the State that comply with the resolution will notify the Adjutant General at Brandon, Miss."

The beloved and honored Commander of the Mississippi Division illustrates the true character of a Southerner and a Confederate by the official order quoted above. Many of our ardent comrades are doubtless humiliated and grieved at the apparent indifference to raise a large fund for the purpose of honoring our women. All men of the South who know the merit to highest honor and distinction of our women are of one mind on this subject. It is not indifference to the cause, but lack of information as to where and what to build in the honor of our women, that causes the inaction. The unhappy experiences of the Confederate Memorial Association is another reason for inaction. The fact that "the women don't want it" is still another reason why the monument is not built. Offer them something that will be productive of constantly recurring benefit to these principles, and it will be accomplished as by magic.

VETERANS SUGGEST FREE TRANSPORTATION FOR DELEGATES.—Elder T. C. Little, Chaplain of Camp No. 114, at Fayetteville, Tenn., suggests a matter of interest to the United Confederate Veterans. It contends the extraordinary liberality of giving free transportation to well-accredited delegates, making the argument that the large attendance of others than veterans would pay the railroads, and that such free travel would insure a much larger attendance of the members of the organization, whereby more wholesome legislation would be enacted. He makes the good point that many representative members who have no other motive than the good of the organization would look with greater diligence to measures intended solely for the good of the body. Subsequent to the writing of the foregoing, the Fayetteville Camp considered the subject, and recommend that request be made of railroads to furnish free transportation to the accredited delegates. This would insure wisely selected delegates, and might be productive of much good for the general organization.

COMMANDER MISSOURI DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. H. W. Salmon, U. C. V., issues General Order No. 1, announcing members of his staff and aids de camp:

"Having been elected to the command of the Missouri Division, United Confederate Veterans, at the annual reunion held at the Missouri Building, World's Fair Grounds, St. Louis, Mo., October 6, 1904, I hereby announce the following as constituting the Staff of the Division: Col. William F. Carter, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, Clinton; Lieut. Col. William H. Kennan, Inspector General, Mexico; Lieut. Col. George P. Gross, Chief Quartermaster, Kansas City; Lieut. Col. J. D. Ingram, Chief Commissary, Nevada; Lieut. Col. John W. Halliburton, Judge Advocate, Carthage; Lieut. Col. J. M. Allen, Chief Surgeon, Liberty; Lieut. Col. J. J. Fulkerson, Assistant Surgeon, Lexington; Lieut. Col. Thomas M. Cobb, Chaplain, Lexington.

"The following are members of the staff as Aids-de-Camp, with the rank of major: James C. Wallace, Keytesville; Robert H. Stockton, St. Louis; W. P. Gibson, Warrensburg; Charles H. Howard, Waynesville; Robert McCulloch, St. Louis; O. H. P. Catron, West Plains; Robert J. Tucker, Lamar; George M. Jones, Springfield; Frank M. Russell, Lebanon; P. E. Chestnut, St. Joseph; George W. Lankford, Marshal; E. McD. Coffey, Platte City; R. H. Keith, Kansas City; T. C. Holland, Sedalia; James F. Edwards, Foristel; A. L. Zollinger, Otterville; J. N. Bradley, Papinville; J. G. Simpson, Bolivar; J. E. Devinney, Ripley, Tenn.; Ed. P. Raynolds, San Marcos, Tex."

TEXAS HOME FOR INDIGENT CONFEDERATE WOMEN.—Through that indefatigable and enthusiastic worker, Mrs. W. P. Baugh, of San Antonio, Tex., the success of the Texas Home for Confederate Women in Need, a most worthy enterprise, is assured. A lot, four hundred by one hundred and sixty feet, has been purchased in Austin, and the building is in course of construction. The plan accepted by the committee calls for a structure of nineteen single bedrooms, a sitting room, a dining room, a hospital room, kitchen, linen and china closets, bath rooms with hot and cold water, and all other conveniences necessary to make it a comfortable "Home" in every sense. For the convenience of the inmates to be received, many of whom are old and feeble, the building will be only one story and will cost four thousand dollars. It is expected to be ready to receive occupants by the coming July. In a recent letter Mrs. Baugh asks: "Now don't you think this is pretty good work for fifteen months, considering we had the World's Fair to pull against last year?" It certainly is, and it is a worthy example for other Daughters in other States.

PRESIDENT DAVIS'S BIRTHDAY TEXAS HOLIDAY.—Mrs. D. A. Nunn, First Vice President Texas Division, U. D. C., writes the VETERAN from Crockett, Tex.: "The State of Texas, through its Legislature and with the approval of Governor Lanham, passed an act whereby the 3d of June is made a legal holiday, in memory of the Hon. Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States."

A Louisiana Veteran writing to a comrade in another State, in expressing the delight he had in learning of old messmates in the service, stated: "The VETERAN is a great medium through which our friends learn of each other. Cunningham is doing a noble work, and should have the cordial support of every living Veteran and of every friend of the dead."

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

WILL SOUTHERNERS EVER CO-OPERATE?

It may be assumed that there are at least ten thousand persons in the South who ardently espouse the cause of the millions who suffered during the tragic period of the sixties, a large percentage of whom accept the VETERAN as the best exponent of that sentiment that ever has existed or that ever will be of record. They not only appreciate what it is doing, but bear most cordial sentiment toward its management, earnestly desiring its prosperity. These worthy men and women are practical and very intelligent persons. If they were assembled in a great body and what is herein suggested were proposed, they would rise *en masse* to demonstrate their approval. Moreover, they would give of their substance, and gladly do it for the good they knew could be accomplished. These constitute half of our patrons.

But such a gathering cannot possibly occur wherein the particular thousands referred to could assemble at one place. These ten thousand persons will read this article, and they will approve it. They will agree that, inasmuch as the veteran soldiers of the Confederacy and the mothers who shared fully in the trials of that period are now dropping out to an alarming degree, they ought to be enlisted in making record for the young of to-day and for the future generations of their blood. They know full well that their offspring cannot possibly be assured of anything except what is prepared for them in this short period.

These ten thousand persons can each name a veteran or a loyal mother who would rejoice in the opportunity, who would cooperate in the opportunity, to supply this record for the great to-morrow, who do not even know there is such a publication as the CONFEDERATE VETERAN; yet there will not be one in every ten of them who will act upon this request. They should bestir themselves, as if the character for loyalty to country and integrity of the millions mentioned were being assailed, with utter hopelessness of any other means to counteract it. The fact that the VETERAN continues to appear each month and supply a creditable record seems to satisfy, and they glance on through the book, approving its very utterance, and then lay it aside, satisfied to "let well enough alone." Could the remarkable fact that periodicals not older than the VETERAN have a million subscribers be fully comprehended, and the great need for this to *grow now*, as soon it will have to be conducted by second hands, surely, surely such efforts would be made as never were made before in behalf of any periodical.

In this connection, it would seem a rebuke to remind these ten thousand persons of the proposition made by the VETERAN recently to send it through the year at *half price* for those who would *donate* it to old soldiers who are unable to pay for it, and that not exceeding one hundred veterans are so supplied. The management would conclude it to be disappointed if it had not long been supported better by subscribers than any Southern magazine has been in all time. Therefore he takes renewed courage, and determines to work on

and on, pleading that his comrades cooperate in these last days of their lives. Southerners should clannishly make herculean efforts to give the VETERAN a power greater than ever has been exerted to mold the minds of those who are to sit in judgment upon all of our deeds.

It is too bad to admit it in this connection; but it is a fact that many of the best friends, who would not fail of their patronage, will neglect renewing for two or three years, and when sending remittance will make apology gracious and sincere. "It was simply an oversight" is the excuse. By this oversight the proportionate cost of sending statements with letter, etc., is an extra expense of at least a thousand dollars a year. Why cripple and embarrass by neglecting the important duty of renewing promptly?

Now the way to accomplish results that are merited is, first, to see that your own subscription is properly renewed (don't write for a statement, but compute the amount from the date given on label) and then introduce the subject to others; examine carefully the advertisements, and when ordering anything found desirable write of having seen the notice in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN; send the names of one or many for sample copies, which will be sent free, and when the parties have read them it will be easy to secure subscribers. Suggest that several dollars may be sent at the same expense as one, and clubs can easily be raised.

But the appeal intended by this editorial is far beyond the matter of renewing subscriptions. Years ago, soon after the VETERAN was launched, men would leave their homes to solicit patronage for it. Farmers, when the land did not suit for the plow, would go from neighbor to neighbor with sample copies and make an earnest plea for patronage; not on a commission basis, but they would send every cent to the office, their compensation being the good they realized they were doing. Why can't such a rally now be made? It would be easy to run the subscriptions by such process to one hundred thousand. Think of its influence from this acceleration!

In concluding this candid discussion of the issue there is one consolation: When the editor has done his best, his very best, the hundreds of thousands who have gone to glory will excuse him from censure.

The foregoing was written for the March issue, but withheld. It seemed rather too serious a plea. Since then business has been better than in the history of the VETERAN. Indeed, the March receipts are most gratifying. That, however, strengthens the conviction of duty and the benefit of cooperation. The worst calamity observed recently is in the statement that persons who decline to pay on the receipt of statements say they never subscribed. Those who do this are an unjust tax to the business. The VETERAN is never sent knowingly to persons who have not subscribed and who do not appreciate it.

JEFFERSON DAVIS THOUGHTFUL STATESMAN.—A statement from Hillsboro, N. H., on March 15, 1905, is that a nephew of President Franklin Pierce had found an autograph letter from Jefferson Davis to Mr. Pierce (among documents inherited from his uncle), in which Mr. Davis wrote from the Senate chamber on January 30, 1860: "The prospect for our country is not less gloomy than when you left. I will stand by the flag and uphold the Constitution whilst there is possibility of effecting anything to preserve and perpetuate the government we inherited. Beyond that, duty and faith bind me to Mississippi and her fortunes as she may shape them."

BUFORD'S DIVISION IN HOOD'S REAR.

BY CAPT. F. G. TERRY, CADIZ, KY.

Gen. Buford's Division of Cavalry, including the Eighth Kentucky, to which I belonged, was camped on the Lebanon Pike near the Hermitage, twelve or fourteen miles from Nashville, when the Federal forces attacked Gen. Hood on December 15. The day passed slowly with us. The men were anxious and restive as they listened to the booming of guns in the direction of Nashville. No orders and no news came until near night, when our pickets captured a few stragglers, who reported various successes and reverses for our men. The 16th dawned dark and gloomy, accompanied by the same roaring of cannon as the day before. Our anxiety was so intense that toward noon Lieut. G. C. Duncan, our brigade inspector, obtained permission to go to Gen. Hood's headquarters and get accurate information concerning the situation. It was after midnight when he returned and reported that Hood was beaten, his wagons and artillery captured, and the army in full retreat toward Franklin.

A number of us were sleeping in a room with Col. Shacklett, the commander of the Kentucky Brigade at that time, and the agony of soul, the stupefying silence, that followed Duncan's announcement was something I can never forget. It was broken by Col. Shacklett's saying to me: "Terry, write and inform Gen. Buford of this. Then call the men to feed and prepare to march." A courier with the information was at once sent to Gen. Buford, and soon the division, composed of the Kentucky Brigade, commanded by Col. A. R. Shacklett, and the Tennessee Brigade, by Gen. T. H. Bell, the two making about fifteen hundred men, were soon on its cold, wet, and muddy night march toward the Franklin Pike to get between Hood's defeated army and his relentless pursuers. Shortly before day on the 17th we halted at Hollow Tree Gap, about six miles from Franklin, formed in line, and awaited daylight. Before dismounting I rode along the line of the Kentucky Brigade, and could see no other cavalry.

At daylight the enemy began to move, and Gen. Bell's Brigade was moved past Shacklett's farther along the road. We were informed that a body of infantry was occupying the gap, and during this movement of Bell's Brigade there was considerable firing at that point. Col. Shacklett sent me to report to the commanding officer of his readiness to assist him, if necessary. I did so, and was told to take care of his prisoners and he would do the rest, or words to that effect, and shortly after some two or three hundred prisoners passed us out of the gap. About this time the fighting became general, and all that day and far into the night Buford's Division was in the thick of it. Shortly after the attack was made at the gap several hundred Federals seized a hill in the rear of our division within easy rifle range of us, and did considerable damage until they were driven off by two companies of the Eighth Kentucky, detached for that purpose under Capt. Brown. It was Buford's Division, aided by Bledsoe's Battery, that rescued a detachment of infantry left in a little fort a half or three-quarters of a mile north of the pontoon bridge by which all of us crossed into Franklin.

From Hollow Tree Gap through Franklin to Spring Hill, to Columbia, to Pulaski, there was not a day that Buford's Division did not "lock horns" with Wilson's cavalry and not a night they did not stand between Hood's infantry and the enemy. Often, by the strength of numbers, they would get mixed in with our lines for a few moments, but they could never break or stampede us. At Seven Mile Gap, south of Columbia, at Richland Creek, where Gen. Buford was

wounded, above and below Lynnville the men of this division stood up to their work against overwhelming odds. At Richland Creek the Kentucky Brigade was held in line while Gen. Chalmers's Division crossed. The bridge was fired, and we were flanked right and left, when the order came to retire. Who that witnessed it can ever forget the order in which we moved away, fighting over every foot of the ground, solid and intact for more than half a mile? It was near this point that a Federal cavalryman was seen striking Gen. Chalmers over the head and shoulders with his saber.

I hope some one with a readier pen than mine will write a history of this Kentucky brigade that made such an enviable reputation for its loyalty, its fighting and staying qualities from the time it was assigned to Forrest's Corps until its surrender, at Columbus, Miss., May 15, 1865.

BIVOUAC AND CAMP NAMED JOHN L. McEWEN.

Col. John L. McEwen was born in Williamson County, Tenn., in January, 1822. He received his elementary education at the country schools taught by Messrs. Crocker and Walker, and read law with Messrs. Marshall and Foster, of Franklin. Though he graduated with high honors at the University of Nashville, his delicate health did not permit his doing a heavy law practice; but he was well-read and a brilliant lawyer. The hospitality dispensed by the McEwens



JOHN L. McEWEN.

was proverbial throughout the State. After the death of his mother and beautiful sister, Mrs. John Scott, of St. Louis, whose fame as a beauty extended far beyond local circles, he came back to the old home to solace his broken-hearted old father, who had experienced all the vicissitudes of life with a stout heart; but the loss of wife and daughter, whom he idolized, was more than he could endure alone. Only a call from his country induced him to leave his beloved father. He offered his services, and was appointed colonel of the Forty-Fourth Tennessee Regiment. In the spring of 1864 he was with his regiment in East Tennessee, and was ordered from there to Virginia. The enemy was met at Drewry's Bluff, and on the morning of the 16th of May he received a wound below the right knee. He was removed to Chimborazo Hospital, and died of gangrene on the 27th. His body was removed from the Richmond Cemetery two years later and brought home to mingle with the dust of his family.

The following tribute is a portion of what his officers published in the *Richmond Enquirer* and *Atlanta Register*.

"Resolved, That in the death of Col. John Lapsley McEwen we have lost a true friend, and one who had endeared himself to us by his tireless attention and zeal for our welfare; our cause, one of its best officers, ready to defend it both on the battlefield and morally as a champion of liberty; and in his death society has lost one of its most brilliant ornaments as a social gentleman known for his intelligence, strict integrity, a friend to all, and universally beloved.

W. N. JAMES, *Chairman*;

R. G. CROSS, *Secretary*.

"Near Bermuda Hundreds, Va., May 28, 1864."

COL. JOHN C. MARRAST.

The Marrast family in America is descended from a well-known French family. One member of it, Armand Marrast, won fame in the French Revolution, and was prominent in the establishment of the Republic of France.

The grandfather of Col. Marrast, a planter on the island of San Domingo, owned about six hundred slaves. Being warned of the contemplated insurrection, he escaped with his family and a faithful family servant, arriving safely at Norfolk, Va. He died in 1845 in France, where he had gone to receive an inheritance which fell to him on the death of his father. He left two sons in America (John and William), who had moved to Alabama.

John Marrast married Miss Fenner, a sister of Dr. Fenner, of New Orleans. She died in a short while. He then studied medicine in Baltimore. Afterwards he married a daughter of Dr. Samuel Kennedy Jennings, President of the Baltimore Medical College, and removed to Alabama, living in Greensboro and Tuscaloosa. He reared and educated three sons and five daughters. His second son, John Calhoun Marrast, born in Greensboro, Ala., January 24, 1825, attended Spring Hill College (near Mobile) and Georgetown University (near Washington City). John Marrast was under the guardianship of William R. King, of Augusta, Ga., who became Vice President of the United States. Many happy holidays were spent at the bachelor residence of Mr. King and James Buchanan, both of these eminent men being lifetime friends.

When the Mexican War broke out, in 1846, he left with two friends for Galveston to join Ben McCullough's Rangers, stopping at New Orleans to buy horses suitable for that service. As their funds had run low, they were compelled to take deck passage. They came near losing their horses in the Gulf. Encountering a severe storm, the captain of the ship ordered the horses thrown overboard; and, while a fight was imminent, the young soldiers' cause was espoused by a gentleman from the cabin, who succeeded in having the cargo lightened by throwing over ordinary freight instead of the horses. This gentleman proved to be Judge Jennings, of New Orleans, and a relative of Marrast's mother.

Capt. McCullough enlisted these three recruits from the States, and, after some time spent at Camp McCullough, near Gonzales, getting in shape, they started the march to Mexico on Saturday, January 9, 1847, passing through San Antonio and Laredo, where they arrived January 22; thence on to Saltillo, Mex., arriving February 3, 1847, where they joined Gen. Taylor's army.

An extract from his diary states:

"Friday, February 19.—Capt. McCullough left with six men, myself included, for Incarnacion, supposed to be the camp of Santa Anna. We traveled thirty miles, went within a quarter or half a mile of the camp, remaining long enough to satisfy ourselves that there were about twenty thousand Mexicans in the camp.

"Saturday, February 20.—Arrived in camp about one o'clock, reported the result of our reconnoiter. Gen. Taylor immediately moved back to the pass Buena Vista ('Good View').

"Monday, February 22.—About 8 A.M. the camp was alarmed by the supposed advance of an army. Preparations were made for an attack. About ten o'clock Santa Anna made his appearance. He sent in a message to Gen. Taylor, desiring him to surrender, as he was well aware that his (Gen. Taylor's) numbers were only six thousand, his (Santa Anna's) being twenty thousand. Gen. Taylor replied: 'Come

and take us.' Immediately skirmishing commenced on the side of the mountain. A smart cannonading was kept up during the evening.

"Wednesday, February 24.—Got up before day, all preparations having been made for a continuation of the fight, when it was discovered that Santa Anna and his army had disappeared.

"Thursday, February 25.—Capt. McCullough and his company left for Agua Nueva (the nine waters), where it was supposed that Santa Anna had halted. We went in about a mile of camp and, discovering the facts, returned to camp at Buena Vista."

For efficient service John C. Marrast was promoted, receiving his appointment as first lieutenant of the Thirteenth United States Infantry May 24, 1847. We were ordered to Vera Cruz to participate in the campaign under Gen. Scott, where we remained until the end of the war. Returning to Alabama, he engaged in the cotton factorage business (Marrast & Lee), continuing it until the War between the States. He was chosen first lieutenant of the Mobile Rifle Company, Third Alabama Regiment, later commissioned a captain at Norfolk, Va., and was detailed on recruiting service. Capt. Marrast assisted in the organization of the Twenty-Second Alabama Regiment, to which he was assigned, and became its lieutenant colonel. He served in the Army of Tennessee under Gen. Bragg, and was hard tried and conspicuous in the battle of Shiloh. The regiment was organized and drilled at Hall's Mill, near Mobile. They went to Corinth and on to Shiloh Church. Gladden's Brigade, which was composed of the Twenty-First, Twenty-Second, and other Alabama regiments, was advanced to the banks of the Tennessee River at Pittsburg's Landing, where, in a terrible sleet and snow



COL. J. C. MARRAST.

storm, they held their position for four days, when they fell back to the main army. In the great battle there the gallant South Carolinian and Mexican War veteran, Gen. Gladden, was instantly killed. There fell in that sanguinary struggle Maj. Armstead, Capt. Deas Nott, Lieut. Manasco, and many other brave men. Before two o'clock of the first day, Gen. Deas was painfully wounded, and compelled to retire from the field, leaving Col. Marrast in command of the brigade.

They pressed the enemy back toward the Tennessee River. The Twenty-Second Alabama was receiving such a hot fire that it was ordered to take shelter behind some fodder stacks. Here Col. Marrast wrote a letter to his wife, which was sent by the first courier who passed. This was the earliest news received in Mobile from the battlefield. Gen. Grant, in his report of the battle, spoke of the extraordinary bravery and courage of the troops that held those fodder stacks. The enemy were slowly driven back to their tents, where a terrific engagement ensued, the enemy finally retreating, leaving their tents and equipments in the hands of the Confederates. The Twenty-Second Alabama Regiment occupied the enemy's tents, ate their supper, and enjoyed comforts they had not seen for months. Col. Marrast was suffering with rheumatism, and could not sleep. The rain was pouring, and about midnight he heard a moaning sound as of some one in great pain. He got up, investigated, and found beneath a heap of dead men a Federal officer terribly wounded, who probably had fainted and was passed over by the ambulance corps as dead. "What can I do for you, my friend?" said Col. Marrast. "Water, water," came from the parched lips of the sufferer. This was given him, and Col. Marrast had him conveyed to the hospital tent, where he received proper medical attention and entirely recovered, as learned from a grateful message sent a few months after. He was an officer of some Ohio regiment, but his name is forgotten.

The next morning the Confederates pressed forward toward the Tennessee, when they found, to their dismay, that Grant had been reinforced by Buell. Retreat was the only thing to do, and that was done in good order, Gladden's Brigade bringing up the rear. Their loss was terrible, over sixty-three per cent. Col. Marrast had his horse killed under him. During their retreat they discovered two fine Parrot guns, which had been abandoned by all except Lieut. Bond and six artillerymen. In despair, they were about to abandon the guns, when Col. Marrast cooperated in their rescue. The Federals, seeing the maneuver and fearing an ambush, also halted, and so gave the Confederates ample time to save the guns.

The pursuit ceased, Gladden's Brigade slowly retired, and when Gladden's Brigade bivouacked for the night it was found that there were only two officers and about twenty-five men left. The next day Col. Marrast was ordered to the rear by the surgeon, where he obtained much-needed rest after his long tour of duty through the four days' sleet at Pittsburg Landing, through the battle of Shiloh, and the retreat to the main army. He was broken in health and ordered to Brooksville, where his health could be restored. Here he remained until the next movement of the army, which was to retreat from Corinth down the Mobile and Ohio railroad to a convenient place to reorganize the army for the raid into Kentucky. Col. Marrast's health was seriously impaired, but, with his usual determination to do his duty, he remained with the army, although his servant had to assist him to mount his horse every morning. He led his command in all the operations of the army until they reached Shelbyville on their retreat. Here he was taken violently ill, and was ordered home

for the fifth time, with an indefinite furlough from Gen. Bragg to remain until his health was restored. He gradually grew worse, and was never able to go back to the army. In December, 1863, he returned to Mobile, his old home, and died there on the fourteenth day of the same month.

Col. Marrast was married December 14, 1849, at the home of Col. John D. Waters, in Fort Bend County, Tex., to Miss Harriet E. Waters, daughter of Maj. Philemon Waters, of Mobile. Seven children were born to them, all of whom are dead except the youngest son, Capt. Edwin King Marrast, of Company K, First Volunteer of Immunes, in the late Spanish war, with whom his mother now lives in Galveston, Tex.

THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN—JACK MOORE.

BY CAPT. A. O. P. NICHOLSON, COLUMBIA, TENN.

In looking over back numbers of the *VETERAN* I find an excellent picture of my old friend, that chivalrous gentleman, Col. Jack Moore, formerly of Centerville, Tenn. It brings to memory trooping recollections of my soldier days, and especially of Jack's return home from Appomattox.

As a member of the gallant old Seventh Tennessee, Archer's Brigade, he had followed the banner of that incomparable leader, Gen. R. E. Lee, for four years, and when the surrender came he was confined in one of the many hospitals of Virginia. It was customary on entering the hospital to take the patient's clothes, and give him instead a long shirt and a pair of woolen socks, until he was convalescent. Shirts were scarce in those days, and the material out of which to make them was scarcer; but the noble women, God bless them! had given up their gowns and chemises to supply this deficiency, and one of the latter had fallen to Jack. When it was learned that Gen. Lee had surrendered, he decided he would make an effort to get home; but when he was ready to give up his hospital toggery, none of his old clothes could be found. Even his hat and shoes were missing, and his entire wardrobe consisted of this low-neck, sleeveless garment and a pair of woolen socks. It was rather an airy costume, even for one of Lee's veterans to start with on a four-hundred-mile march, so Jack appealed to one of the lady patrons of the hospital, and when did a Confederate soldier ever appeal to one in vain? She replied that she would go home and see what she could do. She returned with a pair of blue cottonade pants and a wide-brimmed straw hat. The pants belonged to her little fourteen-year-old brother, and the hat was her Sunday one. She had plaited the straw and made it herself. After a hard struggle Jack managed to get inside the pants. They struck him just a little below the knees, leaving exposed a liberal supply of bare legs and feet. They "fit like wall paper."

He landed some days later at the depot in Nashville; and, while he had added nothing to his traveling costume, he had managed to "kill" some "snakes" with the boys (as taking a drink in those days was termed) and was feeling "rich and reckless" as he walked up town. He walked in the middle of the street, partly from habit and partly because the soft, wet mud felt better to his bare feet than the pavement. Upon reaching the Zollicoffer Barracks (the Maxwell House), a crowd of newsboys and bootblacks were close on his trail and constantly calling to others to "come and see the wild man." Jack headed straight for Sandy Carter's, indifferent to the very marked attention being shown him. Sandy Carter's was a well-known resort before the war, where the old-time gentlemen met to discuss politics, etc., over mint juleps. The late Judge Joe Guild provided him with every need.

THE CAPTURE OF HECKMAN'S BRIGADE.

W. M. Seay, sergeant Company E, Eleventh Virginia Infantry, wrote to E. G. Williams, of Waynesville, Mo.:

"In the May (1904) number of the *VETERAN* there was an article on the fight at Drewry's Bluff, Va., written in reply to a comrade in another Virginia regiment, but with no idea of provoking a controversy with any one, and certainly not with one from another State. As to my knowledge no other troops had ever claimed the honor, nor had it ever been disputed that Gen. Heckman and his brigade were captured by Terry's Brigade of Virginians. No other troops crossed the breastworks in front of Heckman's Brigade or participated in any way in their capture, except, as mentioned in my May letter, that the Alabamians were in our front and opened the fight, but were repulsed before they reached the Yankee works, and no disgrace attached to them, as they were met by a galling fire from out of the fog, and many of their men fell under it. Had the Virginians been the first to make the attempt, they would probably have met the same fate; but the fact remains that the Alabamians did not cross or reach the fortifications that Terry's Brigade did, and Gen. Heckman and his brigade surrendered to the Virginians and were sent back to Richmond as prisoners. Heckman's Brigade have, since the war, prepared and published a history of their command. I have not read it, but am told by those who have that they give credit to the Virginians for their capture.

"W. B. Stansel, of Cardin, Ala., in the December *VETERAN* says that my May letter 'is incorrect as far as Gracie's Brigade is concerned,' that 'the Tenth Alabama was not in Gracie's Brigade,' and that 'the battle was not fought on the 17th, but on the 15th of May, 1864.' Now the date is not very important, except to show which is the more reliable, my memory, after forty years, or Comrade Stansel's 'diary,' to which he refers in the matter. Certainly a diary kept by a soldier in the field would not be infallible evidence as to dates, for a great part of the time they hardly knew 'when Sunday came,' to say nothing of the day of the month. It is probable that Comrade Stansel's diary may have 'slipped a cog.' I think my May letter said the 16th or 17th; but the official records of the Union and Confederate armies show that the principal engagement at Drewry's Bluff took place on May 16, 1864, and add: 'There was some fighting of a lesser magnitude in the same vicinity from May 12 to 15, inclusive.'

"Comrade Stansel says that the Tenth Alabama Regiment was not in Gracie's Brigade. Well, as *he* was in that brigade, he must know; but I thought then, and still think, that the Tenth Alabama was in our immediate front. As Gen. Gracie was on the field, and knowing that he commanded Alabamians, I supposed the Tenth belonged to his command; but if it was the Tenth, the Forty-First, or Forty-Ninth, not one of them crossed the breastworks in front of Heckman's Brigade, unless they followed either the First, Seventh, Eleventh, or Twenty-Fourth Virginia Regiment after they had captured the works. We found the Yankees in their trenches when we charged them, fighting until the last minute. Comrade Stansel says the Forty-Ninth was on his right, and failed to get to the works; but lay down about a hundred yards in front of the enemy, and kept up a heavy fire until the last Yank in the works was either killed or surrendered. Well, they must have been miles to the right of Terry's Brigade and on the left of Heckman's, for a regiment could not have lain down a hundred yards in front of Heck-

man's Brigade for ten minutes after the fight was on without all being wiped off the face of the earth. If what I thought was the Tenth Alabama was Comrade Stansel's Forty-Ninth Alabama, then he must remember the effort made by Gen. Gracie to rally them after they had been repulsed, and the language he used to them, which is not suitable for a Church tract or Sunday school paper.

"But, after all, is it not probable that Comrade Stansel and myself are writing of different battles, or at least of different parts of the field in the same battle? The man in the ranks sees only what he is engaged in, and I was only stating what I actually saw. Perhaps the Forty-First and Forty-Ninth Alabama Regiments were a long way to our right on that day (the 16th of May), and were probably engaged in just as hot a fight where they lay down within a hundred yards of the breastworks, as stated, until the Yankees who had not been killed or wounded surrendered.

"Perhaps Comrade Stansel has in mind some of the other days, from the 12th to 15th of May, where there was fighting of lesser magnitude. Be this as it may, I am not writing either a history of Gracie's Brigade or of the whole engagement at Drewry's Bluff, but am simply attempting to describe in a crude manner that which I actually saw as a part of that battle—the capture of Heckman's Brigade of Federals by Terry's Brigade of Virginians."

NOTED GEORGIANS IN THE CONFEDERACY.

BY JAMES R. ROGERS, CANE RIDGE, KY.

Fate seldom allots to a quiet citizen of a peaceful and independent occupation the rare opportunity of being an eyewitness of two of the most momentous events occurring in the history of the American republic since the date of the recognition of the independence of the colonies by his Majesty, George III.

In 1860 I was a spectator in the Congressional gallery at Washington City, and saw the election of William Pennington, of New Jersey, to the Speakership, the first Congressional victory of the Republican party. Less than one year thereafter, February 4, 1861, I witnessed the first day's assemblage of the Provisional Congress of the Confederate States at Montgomery, Ala. Some months in excess of four years following I was marching in a division column under orders to report at Lynchburg, Gen. Lee's objective point when his lines were broken around Petersburg. Alas! Appomattox intervened, and at Christiansburg, Va., that fatal date of April 9, 1865, was confirmed, and thus I barely escaped possibly being present at the death.

My purpose is to give the readers of the *VETERAN* what I saw and heard on that eventful day, premising that not one note was made; and forty-four years have stormed and beleaguered the citadel of thought, but the memory of that historic scene is vivid still.

I was most fortunate in securing a seat in the gallery immediately over the central aisle of the hall, directly leading to the Speaker's chair, overlooking the assembled wisdom, character, and intellect of the representatives from the seven Gulf States by the side of Judge A. B. Meeks, of handsome, distinguished mien, yet affable, and to whose marked courtesy and acquaintance with the distinguished men seated below I am indebted for the most interesting and eventful day of my life. The legislative day was confined to organization. There were no speeches. The opening prayer was not prolonged. The first motion was that the Hon. Robert Barnwell, of South Carolina, be made temporary chairman, and

his speech was simply a few words of thanks. The appearance of the chairman, his manner, and voice thoroughly antagonized all my preconceptions, for I lived near the border of Mason and Dixon's line with Whig antecedents, to which party all my family recognized allegiance. This man's few utterances were deliberate and conversational, and his mode of putting questions to the parliamentary body over which he presided was so unique I have never heard it repeated: "Those of you who favor the question, say aye; contrariwise, no," each syllable softly accentuated. The first motion after organization was perfected came from a delegate far back in the hall, beneath the gallery where we were seated, a voice the most marvelously modulated, penetrating, and incisive that I ever heard, permeating the entire hall as clear-cut as the crack of a three-inch rifle: "I move you, Mr. Chairman, that the roll of States, alphabetically arranged, be called, and that each delegation appear at the Speaker's stand and be sworn in."

The galleries were electrified. I turned to Judge Meeks with quickening pulse, and asked: "Who is that?" "Little Alec Stephens, of Georgia." In the execution of this motion Alabama was called. After an interval of time there appeared in the main aisle a delegate, then another, until it was complete. Solemnity was deeply impressed upon the faces and movements of all present. The delegation finally assembled in front of the chairman, when the oath was administered. There were distinguished men in all the delegations who were named and designated. That historic organization composed of representative men, many of them having national reputations, blended in a harmonious body. The delegation from the Empire State of the South was comprised of a trio of national renown, Toombs, Cobb, and Stephens. Then there was also a trio of younger Georgians who were the equals in ability, character, and genius of any men of the continent. I refer to Ben. Hill, Thomas R. R. Cobb, and Bartow. When Georgia was called by the secretary, there arose a massive form, leonine head, with every lineament of face indicating power, thought, will, whom I recognized as Robert Toombs, having heard him on the floor of the United States Senate rise to a personal explanation and close with emphasis: "What is said is said." Next to join his ex-colleague of the Senate was Howell Cobb, the accomplished Secretary of the Treasury under Buchanan. He was followed by Alexander H. Stephens ("Little Alec"), whose weight never exceeded ninety pounds, but who in debate in the old Congress was more feared than any man in it.

Then came rare Ben Hill, the greatest lawyer of his State and the ablest defender of President Davis in the Confederate States Senate, the glorious eulogist of the finest, purest character of the nineteenth century, Robert E. Lee, and the greatest political speaker I ever heard. He was commissioned by President Davis to arouse his people of Georgia from their lethargy after the vandal hordes of Sherman had desecrated it from Atlanta to the sea, and with patriotic spirit was seeking to accomplish the Herculean task when Appomattox absolved him from his duty. In a conversation with a friend who had been on the floor of the Lower House of Congress for years I asked, "What member achieved the greatest distinction in any prolonged debate witnessed in your career?" and his ready response was, "Ben Hill in his debate with Blaine on reconstruction." Who of the South fails to recall that magnificent speech in which the sentiment occurs: "This is our fathers' house, and we have come back to stay."

Then Thomas R. R. Cobb was an accomplished and most successful lawyer and a friend of the great common people, popular with all classes; a man whose ambition was to accomplish whatever he undertook. He dominated with his mighty powers the sovereign State Convention, and became the first delegate named by it for a seat in this Provisional Congress. He early recognized that the post of honor and duty was on the Virginia frontiers, and in August following he reported to President Davis, at the head of a legion, for duty. He died gloriously in the battle of Fredericksburg, in sight of his mother's ancestral home. I had not known of him before, but his personality is indelibly impressed on my memory.

Thomas S. Bartow, a lawyer of the first rank and a soldier by nature, had for years been captain of one of the crack companies of the South. He became Chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs, and on May 21, 1861, this company, the Oglethorpe Light Infantry, of Savannah, Ga., with Bartow in command, tendered their services to President Davis for the war, and were accepted. It was the first organization of any arm of the service to enlist for the entire period of the war. By authority of a member of this company to further perpetuate history, Private Holmes, of that city, was the first man to sign articles of enlistment, and consequently was the first Confederate to enlist for the war. The guns in possession of Capt. Bartow were the property of the State, and his Excellency, Gov. Brown, forbade their transfer to Virginia, but the order was ignored. . . . He fell at the battle of Manassas in the moment of victory, and his last words were: "They have killed me, boys, but never give up the field."

I append the following tribute to departed worth from Private Avery, of the original company: "Bow the head, reader, for we approach sacred ground. Gen. Francis S. Bartow, the first great and distinguished martyr of the Southern cause, an acute, learned, and impassioned advocate, in the prime of his faculties, trusted and respected by the Confederate leaders as a brilliant statesman and honest counselor. Just in the prime of his faculties, rising at big bounds to distinction, ardent, chivalric, eloquent, he loomed out a strong and growing figure upon the public canvas. Bold in decision, ready in wit, magnanimous in character, generous almost to extravagance, he was a royal gentleman."

OLD WAY OF HAPPY DAYS NOW DEAD.

Last night I saw him in my changing dreams

The same strong face, the merry eyes of gray,
And we were roaming over fields where gleamed
The summer's glory over meadows gay.

Last night I saw him as he used to stand,

Well knit of frame, glad in his youthful might,
With kindly laughter, yet a matchless man,
Who with the foremost waged life's tensest fight.

And then the dreams passed, with their fruitless tears,

And morning lit the distant hills of gray;
I woke to walk throughout the coming years
Without him whom I'd loved and lost for aye.

And yet, though morn revealed the broken band,

'Twas sweet, though grief came when the dream had fled,
Once more with him in comradeship to stand,
In the old way of happy days now dead.

—O. G. C., in the *LaGrange* (Ga.) *Graphic*.

BENTONVILLE (ARK.) CHAPTER, U. D. C.

BY MRS. W. T. DE SPAIN.

In the early summer of 1904 we organized the James H. Berry Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, in Bentonville, Ark., named for our grand old Senator and hero, who has served us so well and whom we delight to honor. Our Chapter now numbers forty members, and is steadily growing. We are working hard that we may do some honor to the brave heroes who fought for the "sweet sunny South." Our ambition at present is to erect a monument to the soldiers of Benton County. There are many here whose hairs are silvering with the frost of time.

"To the past go more dead faces -
Every year,
As the loved leave vacant places
Every year,"

so we wish to have it finished ere life's sun has set.

One of Bentonville's citizens, a man devoted to the South, has offered us twelve hundred dollars if we will duplicate the amount, and to that end we are working.

Our President, Mrs. W. F. Patton, is a charming and enthusiastic woman deeply interested in our work, and she will ultimately lead us to success.

CROSSES OF HONOR TO TEXAS VETERANS.

At Meridian, Tex., on January 29 the U. D. C. Chapter of Bosque County, presented to the members of the Albert Sidney Johnston Camp, U. C. V., crosses of honor. An attractive programme was arranged for the occasion, which was very much enjoyed by those present. It was pathetic to see the look of patriotic pride and gratitude in the faces of the old veterans as these evidences of their honorable service in the Confederate army were pinned on their bosoms.

The ceremonies were presided over by Mrs. Ida Lumpkin, President of the Chapter, and delightful and patriotic music rendered by the Daughters. Mr. Cureton made the address of welcome, in which he referred eloquently to the life of Gen. Lee. Col. H. M. Dillard, of Bosque Valley, Tex., then spoke on behalf of the Veterans as follows:

"*Daughters of the Bosque County Chapter, U. D. C.:* Speaking for the Confederate Veterans of Albert Sidney Johnston Camp, No. 115, we thank you for this loving expression of your good will. Nothing so deeply touches the heart of the Confederate soldier as to be remembered with such manifestations of esteem. And what more beautiful and expressive symbol could you have adopted than the cross? It is the universal motto of endurance, virtue, and truth, and took the saddest tragedy of earth to turn it from a badge of *infamy* to a cross of *glory*. Wherever the tale of the manger has been told, there it forms the apex to spires that rise toward the heavens above us; it adorns palaces and hangs pendent from the breastplates of knights and the bosoms of heroes, and in all lands is a suggester of the immaculate One who bore the ignominy that we might wear the crown.

"The Victorian Cross has ever been a coveted prize with our brothers across the sea, but there it was the reward of success and never of defeat. The Daughters of the South, more gracious than the sceptered queen of the British Isles, have reversed the royal decree by glorifying a cause that furl'd its flags, stacked its arms, and put out the olive branch of peace.

"Daughters, we will wear these crosses of honor, not to perpetuate the memories of cruel wrongs, nor as tokens of

individual heroism upon the battlefields of the South, but as reminders that devotion to duty is the highest ideal of the Southern woman. None understood this principle better than your mothers—the Confederate women of Confederate times. What thrills of memory come back to us at the mention of their names! How hallowed the recollection of all the war deeds of her peerless life!

"And you are the lineal descendants of this noble line of women—the sharers of their honors and their glories—and nobly are you perpetuating the unselfishness of their beautiful lives. All honor to the Daughters of Texas! They are filling bright pages with deeds of charity; they are rescuing history from oblivion and creating a standard of Southern womanhood that will distinguish the southern half of this republic in all coming years.

"May the Father spare your lives until the full purposes of your organization have been accomplished! And when you have finished your work here and congregate at the pearly gates, may we, as old soldiers, so live that we can meet you with glad hearts and welcoming hands to help you into the Beautiful City!

"To you, my comrades in arms, I would say: Let us make the significance of this cross the motto of our lives. Let us show to the world that men who could pass unscathed through four years of carnage, with all its brutalizing influences, and then furl their flags unstained by treachery, can wear these crosses of honor and lay them down at the grave unsoiled and untarnished.

"Let us ever honor and most delicately respect Southern womanhood, remembering that she was the inspirer of our victories, the magnetic force that kept our faces stern to the front until Fate bade us halt."

Col. Dillard concluded his beautiful address by expressions of patriotism that should put to shame that bitter, awful period of reconstruction.

FIRST ARKANSAS BRIGADE AT CHICKAMAUGA.

BY JOHN T. RONE, SPRING CREEK, TENN.

To Capts. J. D. Smith, Twenty-Fourth Mississippi Regiment, and J. W. Minnich, of Louisiana.

Gentlemen and Comrades: In the main you are both nearly correct in your version in general detail of the First Arkansas Brigade and Walthall's at Chickamauga. On Saturday morning (September 19) we were informed that our First Arkansas Brigade was to be in reserve on the right of Gen. Bragg's army in connection with Gen. Walthall. As to whether Gen. Walthall requested to lead in a charge, I remember distinctly when the command was given to dress on the colors and load at will. Our skirmishers being now sharply engaged with the enemy, Col. Loo Featherstone, of the Fifth, held a short conversation with Gen. Walthall, his old friend. Col. Featherstone was a former Mississippian, but had located in Arkansas sometime before the war.

We had advanced but a short distance when we received the enemy's fire, which proved quite severe, in which we lost many men, including our brave Col. Loo Featherstone. At this instant, through the great opening made by the enemy's artillery through Featherstone's Fifth Arkansas Regiment, Govan's Brigade, the gallant Walthall led our regiment in the charge, at which time no general could have been more calm and determined than Gen. Walthall.

Col. Featherstone received his fatal wound while bearing the colors of his regiment (the color guards had all been

killed or wounded), and he died soon after. Our loss was quite heavy.

Yes, Comrade Minnich, the enemy's breastworks consisted, as you said, of black-jack. The second or third discharge of the enemy's artillery covered Gen. Walthall's horse with the top of a black-jack tree, hence we were able to pass the general while he was extricating himself from the brush. There were no braver men than Walthall's Brigade, and they were excellent troops.

Our First Arkansas Brigade was all through the war commanded by able generals. It was organized early in 1861 by that able general, W. J. Hardee. Its second commander was St. John R. Liddell, of Louisiana; its third, P. R. Cleburne; while its fourth and last commander was Gen. D. C. Govan, who is now the only survivor. We had no better or truer brigade commander than Gen. D. C. Govan. We were detached from P. R. Cleburne's Division only for this battle.

I write especially to confirm that Gen. Walthall *did lead* the Fifth Arkansas after our Col. Featherstone fell. I can only give information of what occurred in front of Govan's Brigade. My duty was first to my company, and then our regiment. I knew every man in my regiment by name. There are but few of the First Arkansas Brigade left, and so of Granbury's Texans.

We shall soon join our comrades on the other shore. That which we do must be done soon in the sight and fear of our Grand Commander above. Then let us so live that we may pass through that "beautiful gate" that ever stands ajar to those who have lived uprightly.

WITH GEN. R. E. LEE IN THE OLD ARMY.

Maj. George B. Cosby, Honorary Commander of Camp Pap Price, addressed a letter on January 15, 1905, from Oakland, Cal., to J. B. Moore, Active Commander of the Camp at Colusa, in regard to the anniversary memorial to Gen. R. E. Lee, in which he said:

"I especially regret that my physical condition bars me from attending on such an occasion, as I loved and esteemed R. E. Lee as the greatest soldier of modern times, and would like to contribute my mite in doing honor to his memory. Being unable to attend, I shall write of an incident relevant to the occasion, and which may interest my comrades of the Camp.

"I had the good fortune to belong to the Second Cavalry, of which R. E. Lee was the lieutenant colonel. This regiment became historic for furnishing during our sectional war the largest number of celebrated officers of any regiment in the service. When it was raised, the field officers were promoted from the regular army and half of each grade from civil life. Its field officers were Albert Sidney Johnston, Col. R. E. Lee, lieutenant colonels; George H. Thomas and Earl Van Dorn, majors; Palmer Richard Johnson, Kirby Smith, and George Stoneman were among the captains; Hood and Fitzhugh Lee, lieutenants. No officer promoted from the regular army in the regiment held, at the close of the war, a less rank than that of brigadier general; most of them higher rank in the Federal or Confederate army.

"For some months before the war commenced, Gen. Lee had command of Fort Mason, in Texas. I was stationed at the same post, temporarily, in command of Company A (Van Dorn's old company). Gen. Lee did not have his family with him. I was a young bachelor, and rarely a day passed that, when off duty, I did not visit him at his quarters. Our mail came twice a week. We met and discussed the

news, especially and with deep interest the war clouds that grew thicker and darker each day.

"I do not recall an officer that favored secession; all fervently hoped that some compromise would be agreed to, but were as helpless to stay the storm as we would be to stop the rush of Niagara's waters with our upturned hands. We were a band of brothers; our four years' stay at West Point, coming as we did from North, South, East, and West, had eliminated all sectional feeling, and each had learned that all men were essentially good or bad, coming from whence they might. At that school money was not a factor in a cadet's standing with his fellows. They all dressed alike, fed alike, and personal merit was the sole sesame to the esteem of his fellows.

"When he entered the army, his orders took him to all sections, and association therewith destroyed every trace of prejudice. When I went there, I thought the sole business of Yankees was to make wooden nutmegs and hams, and clocks that would not run except when you were looking at them; and yet, in a short time, I was rooming with a cadet from Massachusetts, one from Ohio, and two from North Carolina, and we all became lifelong friends. But to go on with my story:

"Gen. Lee sent me on some duty for a few days to San Antonio, Tex. On my way back I stopped, as was our custom, at noon by a clear spring that burst out near the road, surrounded by grand old oaks which sent their inviting shade to the ideal spot. A few moments after arriving there, an ambulance coming from the direction of the post stopped, and, to my surprise, Gen. Lee dismounted. He met me cordially, expressed in his usual dignified, yet pleasant, way his pleasure that we should lunch together and have a talk. When I expressed my surprise in seeing him, he told me that Gen. Scott had ordered him to Washington.

"Knowing that Gen. Scott had an exalted opinion of Gen. Lee's ability as a soldier, I at once surmised that he was wanted to consult on a campaign against the South, in case of a resort to arms, and told him so. He said he feared my surmise was true; and that if he found it so, he would decline and resign. He further said he had confidence that Virginia would not act on impulse, but would act as she had in the past, and would exhaust every means consistent with honor to avert civil war. That, if she failed and determined to secede, he would offer her his services. That he had ever been taught that his first allegiance was due his mother State; that he fervently hoped some agreement would be reached to avert such a terrible war; and there was no personal sacrifice he would not make to save his beloved country from such a dreadful calamity; but under no circumstance could he ever bare his sword against Virginia's sons. As he spoke his emotion brought tears to his eyes, and he turned away to avoid showing this emotion, which was greater than he afterwards showed when he had lost or won some great battle.

"He bade me good-by, and I next saw him when I reported to him in Richmond. He had resigned, and Virginia had placed him at the head of her troops. When I reported and afterwards saw him at his rooms, he told me that many in high places seemed to have no conception of the magnitude of the gigantic struggle before us. The South was totally unprepared for such a war; had no navy, no powder manufactories, or arms or other essentials. Everything had to be created. But he believed our cause was just, and that all were prepared to make any sacrifice, even to lose their lives for it.

"He said that the night before a large and splendid regi-

ment had reported from Georgia without any arms. They had been ordered to deposit their arms, such as they had, in Georgia's Statehouse. This was only a small example of what he had at that time to contend with, but said we must not be discouraged by anything.

"He ordered Hood and myself to report for duty to Gen. Magruder at Yorktown, and that was the last time I ever saw him. He further said on that occasion that, above all, we must not underrate the Northern people, their courage or ability. We were all Americans, but hoped they would not be as united as the South; for if united they would greatly outnumber us and have facilities to supply everything an army needed.

"I have written more than I anticipated, but the subject opens all the cells 'where memory sleeps.' The more I write, the more I recall.

"Another matter, among other unjust complaints made against Gen. Lee, was that he was an ingrate and a traitor, because he had been educated at West Point by the nation. In the amnesty measures graduates of that school were accepted. West Point is supported by the taxes raised in the several States. Each has a cadet there for each of its Congressmen; two at large there are given by the President, usually the sons of army officers, who are supposed to have no homes in their native States. Every cadet, as I remember, when he goes there takes an oath to serve the United States eight years, unless sooner released.

"Now it was a notorious fact that the officers who offered their resignations did so to take service with the Confederacy, and *all* were accepted, and by that act were placed upon the same footing as any other citizen. Had their resignations not been received, those who went South would have been deserters; but when their resignations were accepted, they were free to do as they pleased."

PERSONAL VISIT TO GEN. R. E. LEE.

BY DR. A. C. NORTH, NEWNAN, GA.

I have been much interested in reading "Recollections and Letters of Gen. R. E. Lee" by Capt. R. E. Lee. I suppose they are the more interesting to me because I had a slight personal acquaintance with that grand and noble character.

After the seven days' battle we went to reinforce Stonewall Jackson at the second battle of Manassas. Our brigade, Tige Anderson's (Longstreet's Corps), being in front, engaged the enemy at Thoroughfare Gap. As we entered the pass the First Georgia Regulars were in front. My regiment, the Seventh Georgia, was just in the rear of the Regulars. Very unexpectedly the enemy turned loose their batteries upon our two regiments while in marching order, killing and wounding fifty or sixty of our men.

I was left in charge of the wounded, and was ordered by Dr. Jackson, of Richmond, our brigade surgeon, to remove the wounded to Warrenton as soon as possible. In a short time our men passed through the gap and reinforced the army at Manassas, soon routing "Headquarters in the Saddle" and his entire army. After the battle all of the wounded from the battlefield were also taken to Warrenton.

I established my hospital in the First Baptist Church, and remained there until November 20, when Gen. McClellan's army captured the place, together with what wounded and convalescent sick were left in the town. We were all paroled and sent to Washington City, from thence to City Point, and, to use the Yankee slogan of war, then "on to Richmond." I remained in the city a few days and made my re-

port to Surgeon General Moore. He ordered me to report to Dr. Guild, Gen. Lee's medical director, at Fredericksburg, where the army was then in winter quarters. I did so, and through the kindly influence of Dr. Jackson in a note to Dr. Guild I was sent back to my old regiment, the Seventh Georgia.

As I was taking my leave of Dr. Guild he said: "You must go to see Gen. Lee before you go back to your command." I declined, as I had no business with him; but Dr. Guild urged me, saying that Gen. Lee would be glad to meet and talk with me, as I had just come from the enemy's lines. He pointed out Gen. Lee's tent, and as I approached it he was standing in its door with one hand grasping the tent pole. As I approached him I removed my hat and saluted him. He returned the salute, and said to me: "My man, what can I do for you?" I told him nothing, and explained that his medical director, Dr. Guild, suggested that I call, as I had been a prisoner five or six months, having been left with the wounded at Warrenton after the second battle of Manassas. He extended both hands, grasped mine, and said, "Doctor, come in," and I walked into his tent. He gave me a camp stool and sat upon another, and in two minutes I felt as much at ease as if I had been sitting by the side of my own honored father. His simplicity of manner, his modesty, his open countenance, and his grand, lofty bearing impressed me that he was the grandest man in the universe. He talked at some length of the wounded left at Warrenton, the rate of mortality, etc., and seemed deeply interested in the condition of his men left with the enemy. We conversed on various subjects relating to the war. As to the enemy's numbers, he asked me the question as to the strength of McClellan's army. As I saw the entire army pass my hospital, I told him I would in round numbers estimate it about one hundred thousand men. As I was taking my leave of him I was further impressed that a duplicate of that illustrious character would never seen.

SAM DAVIS AND OTHERS VISITED NASHVILLE.

BY DR. P. N. MATLOCK, KENTON, TENN.

On Thursday after the great battle of Chickamauga James Castleman and myself, being members of Carter's Scouts, were ordered to report to Gen. Bragg, and we received orders from him to go on scout service on the Louisville and Nashville railroad and ascertain the numbers of troops from Bowling Green, Ky., to Nashville.

Gen. Bragg was very explicit in his directions, saying that he did not send us within the enemy's lines to fight, but to find out about the troops of the enemy, their numbers, and all we could about their fortifications on the line of that railroad. When we returned to camp to prepare for our trip, Col. Carter sent Mose Clift, Tom Brown, Elihu Scott, and James Freeman with us to Wilson County, Tenn., for the purpose of recruiting. They stopped at Meredith Saunders's, near Sugg's Creek Camp Ground. We agreed with them that we would return that way, so that we could go out together.

Castleman and I, in making our trip, had many narrow escapes. When we got back to Saunders's, where we had left the boys, we found them well, and they had gathered about fifteen recruits. Capt. Bob Withers was with them, having gone there to recruit his company. Withers was afterwards made lieutenant colonel of Carter's Cavalry, with R. H. Dudley, of Nashville, major.

Capt. Withers and our boys decided not to leave for four or five days, as other recruits were expected. Castleman and

I decided to see our parents during this delay. Castleman's home was on the east side of Stone's River from mine. He lived about sixteen miles southeast from Nashville, and my home was nine miles from Nashville, on the Murfreesboro Pike. We visited the Castleman family, and then started to visit my home, leaving Mr. Castleman's about sundown. The distance was about seven miles to my father's. The moon was bright. When near the turnpike, we dismounted and hitched our horses and slipped to the pike, about a mile south of father's. When we struck the pike, we saw some one run across the pike about fifty yards from us, when we hailed him and found it to be Sam Davis, a member of Coleman's Scouts. His orders were to ascertain the number of troops from Nashville to Decatur, Ala. We were glad to meet Sam, for Castleman and I both knew him well.

We had a long talk, going over some of our narrow escapes. While we were together, Sam Davis suggested that we go to Nashville, which we agreed to after going to my father's and finding what he knew about the pickets on the different roads entering the city. We reached my father's about 9:30 o'clock, and found Dr. A. P. Grimstead, my uncle, there. He had been to Nashville that day. We were informed that any one could go to Nashville, but could not get out without a pass.

Father and uncle tried hard to persuade us not to go, explaining that, as we were all known there, some one would recognize us, and we should be treated as spies. In the meantime my mother had prepared a midnight supper, and we ate as Confederate soldiers and conversed with mother and sisters for an hour or so. We decided to go to a cedar thicket south of father's to sleep. My uncle (Dr. Grimstead) and father said they would meet us next morning with breakfast and citizens' coats for us. Father was to take care of our horses while we were gone.

In the early morning we put on our citizens' coats, buckling our six-shooters under them, and struck out for Nashville on foot, but had not gone far until overtaken by a negro driving a two-horse wagon. We got aboard and rode into the city. The pickets were on the hill north of Brown's Creek, but they did not pay any attention to us. When we reached Broad Street, we got off of the wagon and went to the St. Cloud Hotel, and paid fifteen dollars for a room for two days. When in our room, we agreed never to be out of reach of each other, and that if the worst should come to die rather than surrender, and we would have done so.

We had about three hundred and fifty dollars in greenbacks between us. After dinner we went out in town, and Castleman met a Mr. Watson, who recognized him; but Watson had brothers in the Confederate army, and he told us not to be afraid of him, that he would do anything he could for us. We asked him to get some six-shooters, furnishing the money, as he had told us that the Yankee soldiers would sell any they had. We requested him to buy all he could, put them in sacks, and place them in a small outhouse in his back yard in South Nashville.

The first night in the city we went to the public square, and found that some officers' quarters were in the courthouse. Every few minutes some officer or soldier would ride up to the courthouse, dismount, and go in. We soon decided that that was the place to get horses to ride out of the city. The second day we ate dinner at the same table with three Federal generals, two of whom had been wounded in the battle of Chickamauga. It was very amusing to us to hear them tell about the battle and how the d—n Rebels fought. We wanted

to talk back, but we bit our lips and refrained from any discussion of the subject.

We saw a good many people we knew, but avoided letting them know us. On the second day we decided to leave that night. We purchased hats, boots, and ten pairs of spurs (Texas style), and gave our old hats and boots to some negroes. After dark we strolled over to the square, hoping to secure horses to leave on. We did not have to wait long before several were hitched around the courthouse. Each one of us mounted a horse, and found on the saddle of each horse two six-shooters. We marched single-file down Market Street out to South Nashville to Mr. Watson's house. He had bought forty-seven six-shooters, and had them in two sacks. We strapped them to our saddles, and, thanking Mr. Watson for his services, bade him good-by.

We went through what was then called Slate Town, between the Lebanon and Murfreesboro Pikes, crossed Brown's Creek between those pikes, and came onto the Murfreesboro Pike near what was then known as the Trabue place. We arrived at father's about ten o'clock that night, and what a happy crowd that was ready to greet us back, and not one hurt! Mother prepared us another midnight supper, after which I kissed her good-by and we went to our cedar thicket where we left our horses, father being with us. After taking an invoice, we found that we had one more horse each, new hats, new boots, the new spurs, and fifty-three six-shooters, in addition to what we had when we started into the city.

Sam Davis took his horse, four pairs of spurs, and eight of the six-shooters, Castleman and I taking the rest. We then separated, Sam Davis going to the neighborhood of Triune to meet two of his company. I have an impression that they were Tom Joplin and D. Jobe, but am not certain of that. That was the last time I ever saw that gallant hero.

James Castleman and I went to Meredith Saunders's to see what had become of our boys. We found them all right, and all delighted to see each other. We armed the recruits with the pistols we got at Nashville, and next night we left for the front, made our report to Gen. Bragg, and he thanked us for what we had done.

I write this to add my testimony to two as gallant, fearless, and honorable soldiers as ever lived—Sam Davis, of Coleman's Scouts, and James Castleman, of Carter's Scouts.

All know the story of Sam Davis and his marvelous sacrifice. James Castleman lived through the war. I think his widow and children live near Laverne, Rutherford County.

CONFEDERATE SONS IN WASHINGTON.

The fourth annual dinner of Anselm J. McLaurin Camp, No. 305, United Sons of Confederate Veterans, in Washington, D. C., January 21, 1905, commemorated the birth of Stonewall Jackson. Loyal Southerners from many States gathered around the board, and every speech and song recalled loving memories of the days "away down South in Dixie."

A delightful menu was served. Heroes of the Confederacy—Lee, Stonewall Jackson, Jefferson Davis—were the inspiration.

The commandant of the Camp, Thomas Raleigh Raines, served as toastmaster. He was presented with a handsome gavel of oak, bound with silver and suitably inscribed. The gavel was made from a rail of the fence surrounding the Henry field on the battle of Bull Run. The presentation was by Wallace Streeter.

The room was handsomely decorated. The stars and bars fronted the stars and stripes, while on each side were tat-

tered battle flags that had waved on bloody fields and the flags of the several Confederate States.

The first speaker was John T. Callahan, Commander of Camp No. 171, U. C. V., who recalled a number of stirring incidents in the life of Stonewall Jackson, under whom he served.

The following toasts were responded to: Walter H. Atkins, "The Southern Girl;" Dr. Clark, "Mississippi;" Carl D. Shepard, "The Press;" Lieut. Commander E. W. Kerr, "The Tar Heel." W. E. Karn, of South Carolina, responded to the toast to his native State. Alexander N. Breckinridge, Inspector General of the Virginia Division, U. S. C. V., made a witty and eloquent address, and other speeches were made by other members and guests.

The officers of the Camp are: Thomas Raleigh Raines, Commandant; Samuel D. Barr and Edwin W. Kerr, Jr., Lieutenant Commanders; F. Russell Fravel, Adjutant; J. Gardner Greene, Quartermaster; Oscar Wilkinson, Surgeon; William B. Horne, Treasurer; Benjamin T. Raines, Historian; Gideon J. Pillow, Color Sergeant.

MONUMENT TO JOHN PELHAM.

A monument to the memory of "The Gallant Pelham" will be unveiled at Anniston, Ala., on June 3 by Camp John H. Caldwell, U. S. C. V. For the benefit of the fund for this monument the Camp has for sale gavels made from the wood of the room in which Pelham was born. The price is \$2.50, and a certificate is furnished guaranteeing that the gavel is made as claimed. Orders may be sent to W. H. McKleroy, President of the Anniston National Bank and Commander of the local Camp, or to C. J. Owens, President of Anniston College for Young Ladies and Commander of the Fifth Brigade, U. S. C. V.

It is planned to make unveiling day a great patriotic demonstration. Excursions will be run to the "model city," where a brigade reunion will be held and addresses be delivered by prominent Veterans and Sons.

Commander Owens is interested in procuring data on the life of Pelham, and will very much appreciate any assistance that can be rendered him in this work. It will deal first with his parentage, his boyhood, his West Point career, his war record, reports, orders, etc., written by him and in which he is mentioned, and poems, eulogies, etc. Doubtless many readers of the *VETERAN* can furnish something on one or more of these points.

Mr. Owens is one of the committee appointed to raise funds for the monument, is Adjutant of Camp Caldwell, Commander of the Fifth Alabama Brigade, U. S. C. V., and a member of the staff of Gen. C. A. Evans, Commander of Army of Tennessee Department, U. C. V.

OUR DEAD AT SHEPHERDSTOWN, W. VA.

The list of Confederate dead in Elmwood Cemetery, Shepherdstown, W. Va., buried by the Shepherdstown Southern Memorial Association. (The letter in list indicates the company.)

Col. William Monaghan, Sixth Louisiana Regiment.

Cpts. Redman Burke, scout to Gen. J. E. B. Stuart; K. Grigsby, A, 8th La.; R. E. Clayton, F, 2d Miss.; H. J. Smith, D, Hampton's Legion.

Lieuts. W. H. Harvey, H, 21st Va.; T. J. Witherspoon; H. W. Boyd, C, 5th Tex.; C. Wilson; C. F. Lyon, A, 48th Va.

Sergeant Major Anderson, Fifth Florida Regiment.

Andrew Leopold; William Parran, M.D.; William L. Overton; Sergt. Thompson; Corporal D. Wallack, A, 22d Ga.; A. Miller, B, 52d N. C.; J. Allen, K, 6th N. C.; Amarsa P. Wright, C, 21st Va.; — Patrick; B. Thompson, 2d N. C.; J. W. Taylor, Jenkins's Brig.; Sergt. J. Harlan; S. M. York, K, 8th Miss.; H. M. Clark, F, 5th Fla.; D. T. Hood, La. Art.; F. M. Thompson, 1st Ga.; L. N. Farnshaw, D, 5th Fla.; Andrew Kepley, I, 14th N. C.; William T. Smith, I, — Ga.; G. T. Warburton, Park's Art.; J. N. Johnson; P. Waters, A, 8th La.; Isaac F. Jones, 50th Ga.; G. W. Hoffer, 4th Tex.; M. G. Mabin, 15th Ga.; M. B. Slaughter, 11th La.; W. E. Standifer, Ga.; A. Roller; J. M. Elliott, Huntsville, Ala.; S. G. Thompson, K, 5th N. C.; W. H. McBride, C, 3d Ga.; E. P. Holliday, 5th N. C.; John Gay, 31st Ga.; R. P. Cornell, I, 50th Ga.; William Jebbo; C. Eason, E, 33d N. C.; J. A. Ogletree, I, 13th Ga.; S. Canty, D, 16th S. C.; Sergt. S. Jones; J. B. Stone; J. McOnion, 12th Ga.; John Reinhart, B, 57th N. C.; William B. Daniels, E, 55th N. C.; J. Tucker, 21st Ga.; M. Banks, C, Hampton's Legion; William J. Newall, K, 12th Ala.; D. S. Hood, Ga.; J. Riggs, F, 4th Tex.; J. Garden, F, 48th N. C.; William D. Patten, C, 1st N. C.; Addison Barnhart, B, 20th N. C.; J. Edwards, F, 2d N. C.; William Ireland, C, 60th Ga.; William A. Cook, G, 31st Ga.; William Eason, D, 2d N. C.; William Howell, K, 19th Miss.; W. H. Merron, La. Guard Art.; T. W. Hornbuckle, 13th N. C.; J. Deakins, Union Dist., N. C.; A. T. Wespot; O. Tew, C, 2d N. C.; S. Robinson, Brooke's Art., S. C.; J. W. Perry, Ga.; J. Bandy, 21st Miss.; William Vaughn; Edward Hoe, N. O., La.; S. K. Ferrell, Ga.; J. H. Pratt, 30th Ga.; J. N. Gageby, F, 1st Va. Cav.; John Williams, Rockbridge.

RECORDS OF WAR TIMES FOR THE FAMILY.

Dr. B. F. Brittain writes from Arlington, Tex., to Mrs. F. A. Fuller, of Jacksonville, Tex., an account of his arrest by the Federals in East Tennessee and how he escaped. The *VETERAN* urges the making of such records, as they will all add to the stories of our great war:

"Dear Daughter: In compliance with your request, I send you a brief account of my arrest by some soldiers and camp followers during the War between the States. On account of disability, I had resigned my captaincy in the Confederate army, and returned home on the Tennessee River, twenty-five miles above Chattanooga. I was arrested at the time of the battle of Chickamauga, and carried north of the river to Pearson's Mill. Your Uncle Tom Edmundson and his son, Euc, and a Mr. Dixon, who lived at Birchwood, two miles from the river, were arrested at the same time. Pearson's Mill was on Sale Creek, and some Pennsylvania Yankees were in charge of the mill, grinding for their army. They released Edmundson and his son, but retained me and Dixon, intending to send us to the Camp Chase (Ohio) prison. When they released the Edmundsons, the Chickamauga battle was raging. The Federals were beaten, and fell back to Chattanooga. There was uneasiness among the men who were guarding us, but they would give us no information concerning the battle, except that a Pennsylvania soldier told me the Federal army was defeated. I felt 'Hurrah for the Confederates!' but did not dare say it.

"Well, I abhorred the idea of Camp Chase, and made up my mind to escape from the Federal guard; but I feigned indifference about the matter. The September night was cool. We were in a room of Abel Pearson's house, 10x12 feet. The seven guards to two prisoners were clever enough

to let us occupy the only bed, while they lay on the floor. Before going to bed I told the guard if they were going to send me to Camp Chase I wished they would do so soon, for if I had to go I should like to go right away. When I retired for the night (?), I left my clothes scattered indiscriminately about the room. I went to bed at ten or eleven o'clock, but I lay awake until 3 A.M. watching an opportunity to escape. The guards all went to sleep except Jim Foster, who deserted from my company. It seemed an odd condition for this deserter to be my guard, but he treated me nicely, though he did not intend to let me escape. While I pretended to be asleep I kept one eye open, and snored on until about three o'clock, when the guard on watch ventured to lie down and soon began to snore.

"I awoke Dixon and told him I was going to leave there. He was alarmed at the idea. I gathered up my clothes, and put all on except my shoes, which I put in my overcoat pockets. Dixon had not budged. I stepped over a sleeping guard and got Dixon's clothes, and persuaded him to put them on. I raised the chairs, which had been set back against the door, and laid them on the bed. Just as I turned the door bolt the guard awoke, but I lit out. Dixon stayed till the guard got out in the yard to see after me, when he told them I was all right and would be back directly; but I was making tracks toward Chattanooga. Dixon then broke from the guard and ran. He waded Sale Creek while they were firing at him. When they began firing at Dixon, thinking they were aiming at me, I moved a little faster. I also waded Sale Creek, reached the Tennessee River just at sunrise, and found a canoe in which I crossed the river one mile below my house. Gazing up the river to a lane leading to the house, I discovered a man whom I took to be a Federal soldier on my track, but behold! it was Dixon. I peremptorily called out 'Halt!' Poor Dixon stopped and, standing on one foot, gazed at me. When he found who it was, he ran to me like a child, exclaiming: 'My God! I never expected to see you again.' He had found a canoe, crossed the river at another place, and had traveled about eighteen or twenty miles, while I had gone only about six. We got breakfast at my house and he went to his home at Birchwood. The Yankees went there to arrest him, arriving while he was at supper. He sprang from the table through the only door to the room and into the dark. They fired as he ran, but he was not hit.

"I never saw Dixon again, but heard that he moved to Calhoun, McMinn County, Tenn., after the war, and died there. Long afterwards I learned from Foster's mother, whom I met on a steamboat below Nashville, that her son thought a great deal of me. He told his fellow-guard the night I escaped that they could all go after me who wanted to, but if they did some of them would get killed, thus as a friend scaring them out of the notion of trying to re-arrest me."

THE SOUTHERN CROSS OF HONOR.

BY CAPT. JAMES M. M'CANN, BRIDGEPORT, W. VA.

The night is bitter cold upon the mountain top and the enemy is near. The winter wind roars through the tortured pines, and the frost in the heart of the maple tree rends it asunder with a report like a revolver shot; but the Southern picket, without overcoat or gloves, walks his beat while the army sleeps. Hungry, freezing, and clothed in rags, he hears

the slightest sound, and the noiseless flight of the great Virginia owl among the tree tops does not escape his notice. He owns neither land nor slaves; he is only a hunter of the Alleghanies, but his heart is with the Southland in her fight for freedom; and whether freezing in the snow on the mountains or charging the enemy's guns in battle, no man who ever wore the cross of the Legion of Honor was braver or truer than he.

Spring is here; the army has come down from its camp among the pines and the snow, and is moving down the valley, with Stonewall Jackson, on old Sorrel, at its head. Our picket is here too, hungry and ragged still, but enlivening the bivouac and march with jest and song. His shoes have disappeared, and in his footprints are seen the red stains of blood; but he sings the songs of Dixie Land, and on the battlefield laughs in the skeleton face of death.

The mocking bird is singing in the willows by the stream; Stonewall is praying under the trees to the God of battles for victory; the Federals are over the Rappahannock, three to one, and Lee is marching his thin, gray lines to meet them. "The sun is sinking into his couch of waters," when there is a roar of cannon far away, the crash of musketry, and the yell of Southern men. Stonewall is in their rear! A single brigade is pitted against an army corps, and is melting away in the flame of the Federal guns. A regiment comes rushing through the pines to its support. The colonel is a boy in years, but a veteran of many battles. "Give them the bayonet!" he shouts, and the whole line dashes forward. His horse goes down; on foot, his cap on the point of his lifted sword and the battle yell on his lips, he leads on his men. His right arm falls helpless to his side; blood is dripping from his finger tips, but he takes his sword in his other hand and goes right forward. The color bearer of the regiment falls, shot through the heart. A pale boy with a face like a girl's seizes the staff before the battle cross and stars have touched the earth, and, rushing on before his comrades, plants the staff right in the front of the Federal line and stands unharmed beside it in a storm of bullets with folded arms and a smile upon his beardless lips. [I witnessed this event.] The Southern yell drowns out the roar of the guns. Stonewall's whole corps is charging now through the gloom of the dark pine woods; the Union right, broken and beaten, is doubled back in utter rout upon their center, and the victory is won.

A gray-haired man is now professor of Modern Literature in a university of the South, and he wears on his breast the Southern cross of honor. He was the color bearer who waved his flag in the face of the foe on the battlefield of Chancellorsville, where Stonewall Jackson won his last great victory and then "crossed over the river to rest under the shade of the trees." His colonel who led that desperate charge is rich and crowned with honors now, but he is prouder of his cross of bronze than of all the civic glories he has won. Marching barefooted through the snow and sleet, bearing the Southern colors in the front of battle, leading forlorn hopes into the jaws of death, scouting within the enemy's lines and dipping bayonet point in the flames of Federal guns, bravest where all are brave, is the way the Confederate veteran won his cross of honor.

Wounded in the face at Chancellorsville, through the arm at Gettysburg, he lost a leg at Spottsylvania, and is now in a Confederate soldiers' home wearing with pride the Southern cross of honor that his valor won.

THE STORY OF A SONG.

BY FLORENCE GERALD, WACO, TEX.

It was during the last year of the great War between the States that I was detailed one night to watch a certain Southern plantation within our lines, where it was supposed a young officer on the Confederate side was in concealment.

It was the 24th of December; but in that mild climate of Southern Georgia many a Christmas tide sees the roses still blooming, and this was an unusually warm Southern winter.

My instructions were to watch the house closely and prevent the escape of the young officer, who was suspected of having valuable papers in his possession. The only road that it was possible for him to take without running straight into the Union forces was the one that led to Brunswick, and that it was my duty to guard.

It was a beautiful Southern night. The moon had gone down about nine o'clock; but the stars shone out with their million sparkling eyes, and from where I was stationed in the thick tangle of shrubbery I could see in the distance the quaint old house, a relic of colonial days, with its wide verandas on every side, embowered in an evergreen, clambering vine, that swayed to and fro in the breeze and etched fantastic shadows on the white walls beyond.

The curtains were drawn aside from the windows on the lower floor, and I could see several feminine figures, flitting back and forth; but there was no man among them, except when an old negro servant entered and brought some refreshments.

In spite of the nearness of the Union army these Confederate beauties seemed to be enjoying themselves immensely, for I could hear peals of girlish laughter and strains of music. It was Christmas Eve, and I felt blue and lonely. I was only four and twenty, and my thoughts flew back to a town far away in Western New York, where my sweetheart was thinking of me doubtless that very night. I traversed in memory the many happy hours we had spent together in the days before the war had broken out. I watched those young girls, laughing and talking, and wished that I was not an enemy, but a friend at liberty to join them and get a few pleasant hours out of life once more. For say what you will, war is a terribly heartbreaking game, and many a loyal soldier has felt on some lonely midnight watch just as I did then.

After a while the mirth of the party seemed to lag, when one of them went to the piano and, after striking a few chords, began playing "Kathleen Mavourneen;" the others joined in the song, and their voices rose full and clear:

"Kathleen Mavourneen, the gray dawn is breaking;

The horn of the hunter is heard o'er the hill;

The lark from her light wing the bright dew is shaking;

Kathleen Mavourneen, what? slumbering still?"

There is a heart-breaking undercurrent of woe in that song which has always touched me, but more especially on that night, for my thoughts had wandered already to the sweetheart with whom I had often sung those same words. Under my breath I joined in the chorus:

"Kathleen Mavourneen, this day we must part;

It may be for years and it may be forever;

Awake from thy slumbers, thou queen of my heart!"

My sweetheart had sung it to me the night we had parted; to save me, I couldn't help it, the tears welled into my eyes, and I wondered if Nellie, far away in that snow-bound New York village, was thinking of her soldier boy and perhaps singing "Kathleen Mavourneen," to an accompaniment of tears, just as I was doing.

So engrossed was I in my own thoughts that I had not noticed that two of the young girls had left the house and were coming down the old-fashioned, box-edged walk until they were quite near me. They were dressed in some white clinging stuff that made them look quite ghostlike in the starlight; over their heads and shoulders were draped, in graceful fashion, lace shawls that hid their faces from me. The taller of the two had her arm around the other in school-girl fashion.

They were still singing, and as they rambled past my hiding place to the white gate in the shadow of the catalpa trees beyond, the words of the song floated back to me:

"Kathleen Mavourneen, this day we must part!"

Well, I'm not ashamed to tell it, I lay there in the shadows and cried. Not just a tear or two dashed away, but a good, honest cry; I was homesick, love-sick, and lonely. The music which still floated out from the house up there and the words from those two sweet Southern voices quite upset me.

How long I sobbed there, I don't know; the two figures had disappeared at a bend in the walk; the song came fainter and fainter; then it seemed to swell again, and I knew they were returning. I crept a little closer to the hedge, in order to get a glimpse of their faces. Nearer they came, but only one was singing now, the soprano. I peered out from my hiding place. The smaller of the two girls was coming back alone; she was not more than sixteen, and as pretty a creature as I had ever seen. I held my breath, as she passed so near me that I could have touched her dress.

I hadn't quite recovered from my fit of homesickness and tears, and sat there watching her like one bewitched. She passed me and soon disappeared in the house, the doors were closed, and shortly every light went out.

That little sobbing spell had sent my wits woolgathering, and for a moment I did not quite understand. Then I sat up and realized the trick that had been played upon me. The tall, willowy "young lady" (?) with the contralto voice was the Confederate officer whom I had been sent to watch.

I felt decidedly cheap, I can tell you. So much for being romantic! I sneaked down to the gate, and, sure enough, there were the fresh prints of horse's hoofs going toward Brunswick. He was far away by this time.

I waited until morning, and reported at headquarters that I had not seen a man near the place, except the negro servant, which was the exact truth; but I felt very much chagrined at having been so easily outwitted. If my eyes had not been filled with tears over the memory of "Kathleen," I think I should have detected that young man.

Well, the winter passed, and with the spring came peace. I returned to my old home, feeling quite the hero. Alas! in my absence faithless Nellie had married a wealthy old chap, who had paid to send a substitute to fight in his place for his country's glory. Oddly enough, they had been married on the very Christmas Eve which I had spent on the Southern plantation, thinking of her and "Kathleen Mavourneen" and letting my man escape in consequence. My little romance had tumbled about my ears with a vengeance.

At first I was inclined to be very bitter over the faithlessness of woman, and earned quite a reputation as a cynic among my friends; but an opportunity to go to New York and enter upon my profession, civil engineering, soon offered, and I accepted, glad to leave the old home.

In the excitement of making new friends and the arousing of new ambitions the old ties grew weaker day by day, until they were almost forgotten.

In the winter of 1871 I was sent South by my firm, in connection with some important business interests of the railroad that was being projected through Central Georgia to Atlanta. As, upon my journey, I looked out on the mountains of Tennessee and then, as we rushed southward, on the yellow hills of Georgia, I thought of the soldiering days I had spent in this same country; then the long-forgotten incident of "Kathleen Mavourneen" and the Christmas Eve on the Southern plantation came back to me.

I was thirty-two years old now, and considered myself too heart-hardened to indulge in romance; but, in spite of myself, there was just a faint mist before my eyes as I remembered the scene, the soft Southern night, the music, the voices, and the words of "Kathleen."

As one will sometimes do when following a train of thought, my memory went on recalling all the incidents of that night. I saw before me as plainly as I had seen it then the face of the girl who had returned alone; she must have been then about sixteen, just budding into womanhood. "Eight years since then; why, she would be only twenty-four now," I said to myself, and then, laughing at my old love for romance cropping up again, I turned to the more practical thoughts of the work in front of me—that is, the new railroad to be built with Northern capital, which would open up the ore deposits of Georgia and create a Birmingham in the Southern country.

Arriving in Atlanta, I was soon plunged into a thousand details of business, that effectually banished all romantic ideas from my head. Atlanta, now one of the most prosperous cities in the South, had just begun to awaken from that lethargy into which it had been thrown by the disasters of the war.

There were men of daring, though, who were anxious to see the resources of their State developed, and I was soon on excellent terms with all the progressive spirits of the city, albeit I was a Northerner and had worn the blue.

I had been in Atlanta several months. It was nearly Christmas, and the city was unusually gay with balls and parties. I had resolutely kept from all social affairs, for my duties were onerous, and I knew that my people in New York looked to me to keep a strict eye on all the details of the scheme, and these jovial Southerners were inclined to be very extravagant, if allowed the opportunity.

But one day an invitation came which I decided to accept. I was tired of the everlasting grind of work, and felt that I deserved some recreation. So on Christmas Eve I was ushered into the drawing-room of Col. H——'s beautiful home. There were many of my business acquaintances present, and I had no cause to feel myself an outsider, for I was presented to a bevy of pretty women surrounding the wife of my host.

At the farther end of the drawing-room a lady was seated at the piano. A silence fell upon the room as she began to sing. The sad, sweet notes of "Kathleen Mavourneen" rang out and hushed the low murmur of conversation.

I made my way through the throng nearer to the singer and listened. The song had always been a favorite with me, and, in spite of the faithlessness of my childhood's sweetheart, I always remembered with pleasure the days we had sung it together. There was something in the voice of the singer, too, that stirred a familiar chord in my heart.

"Kathleen Mavourneen, the gray dawn is breaking." My memory is always playing me strange tricks; I was back again in the old Southern garden, hiding in the shrubbery. Suddenly I almost started to my feet. It was the same voice, of course, only rounder, fuller, more cultivated.

The song was finished. Several gentlemen crowded to the lady's side and begged for another; but no, she would not.

Some one sitting by my side confided to me that Miss Ellis was the belle of Atlanta. She turned her face just then, and I saw how beautiful she was. And the same—the girl of the Southern plantation. You can imagine my sensations. Then I caught a scrap of the conversation:

"I never sing that song that I do not think of a certain incident—dear me! It's just eight years ago to-night."

"Do tell us! Do tell us!" chorused the masculine voices. So, laughingly, she recounted the incident, which I had such good cause to remember.

Her brother had made his escape from the house in woman's dress; a faithful negro servant had been waiting at the gate with his horse. While she was standing there singing he had thrown off his disguise and ridden away.

"O, but that walk back to the house alone! I had to keep on singing to carry out the trick, but my heart was throbbing so violently that I could hardly articulate. I knew that the Yankee soldier was hidden somewhere near in the shadow of the trees, and that if I faltered or broke down, which once I was near doing, he would instantly suspect the deception. I had visions of being arrested and shot. When I reached the inside of the hall door I fainted in my mother's arms."

"It was certainly a clever trick," said some one, "and bravely carried out. I don't suppose that the soldier ever suspected you for one moment."

"I don't know. Old Pete reported that he remained watching the house until dawn, and then returned to camp. He must have wondered, though, where that other girl who had accompanied me from the house disappeared to so suddenly."

Col. H——, my host, was near me. I whispered my request to him and was presented to Miss Ellis.

"That was a very interesting story of yours, Miss Ellis. Would you like to hear the sequel?"

She looked at me rather puzzled.

"I was the Yankee soldier who watched you that night, and I knew perfectly well what had become of the tall young lady—that is, I knew when it was too late."

There were many "O's!" and "Dear me's!" of wonder at this odd termination. Miss Ellis at first laughed rather constrainedly, but when I held out my hand, saying, "We are no longer enemies, but friends, I hope," she gave me hers in return, with a warm clasp that sent a decided thrill through me.

Then I told her my side of the story: how homesick I was that night and how the song had touched my heart and left me crying like a child. A bond of good fellowship was established at once between us. She was just a bit imperious with her many admirers, but to me she was unusually gracious.

Before a week had passed I was heels over head in love. When people tell you that a man's first love is his strongest don't believe one word of it. It isn't! Why, I was simply crazy this time. That first milk-and-water affair with faithless Nellie seemed like the remembrance of a nursery rhyme.

I sang or hummed "Kathleen Mavourneen" until I nearly drove every one at the office to the brink of nervous prostration. If Kate Ellis had refused me, I think I should have left Atlanta at once and let the building of that railroad go to—well, hades. But she said "yes," bless her dear heart! And a sweeter, lovelier wife no man was ever blessed with. We've been married over twenty-five years now, but when she sings "Kathleen Mavourneen" I feel that same old mist steal over my eyes as in the days of sixty-three.—*Times-Democrat*.



DEATHS IN NASSAU CAMP, FERNANDINA.

"I have a painful duty to perform in sending you the names of the following deceased members of our little Camp, U. C. V. (No. 104), at Nassau, only thirty-four strong," writes Gen. W. D. Ballentine, of Fernandina, who is Commander of the Florida Division, U. C. V.

"John Hughes.—Born in Ireland; enlisted in the Twenty-Sixth Georgia Regiment in August, 1861; transferred to Mosby's Battalion in the fall of 1862; a gallant soldier and a good citizen; for many years a resident of Nassau County, Fla.; died in August, 1904.

"M. L. Mershon.—Born in Jefferson County, Fla.; enlisted in the Third Florida Regiment in August, 1861; served to the end of the war in that command as a private soldier. Returning home in 1865, he studied law, was admitted to the bar, and became a distinguished jurist, attaining a judgeship in the Southern circuit of Georgia. He practiced in Georgia and Florida, always with distinction. He died in Fernandina, Fla., November 4, 1904, aged sixty-three, regretted by Nassau Camp, No. 104, and many friends.

"J. H. Jones.—Born in Nassau County, Fla.; served through the war in the Second Florida Cavalry in his native State. He was for many years tax collector of his native county, and at his death held that office. He died October 29, 1904, aged sixty years, within a half mile of his birthplace, leaving behind him a large family.

"Capt. T. B. Livingston.—Born in Madison County, Fla.; removed with his parents to Fernandina, Fla., prior to the war; enlisted in 1861 (in what afterwards became Company H, of the Eighth Florida Infantry) at the age of nineteen; saw much hard service in the Florida Brigade in the Army of Northern Virginia. He became captain in his twenty-second year, promoted for distinguished service. He was very severely wounded at Gettysburg July 2, 1863. Being left at the Seminary Hospital, he was captured and, when able to be moved, sent to Johnson's Island, Lake Erie, and afterwards to Fort Delaware. He was released after the surrender. He left a wife and four grown children, three sons and one daughter. He was a Past Commander of Nassau Camp, No. 104, U. C. V., and always took an active part in the meetings of the Camp. He died at the age of sixty-three."

MAJ. W. K. PERRIN.

"A few days ago," writes J. N. Stubbs, of Wood's Cross Roads, Gloucester County, Va., "we followed to the silent tomb another old Confederate veteran, William K. Perrin, major of the Twenty-Sixth Regiment of Virginia Infantry, Wise's Brigade, Army of Northern Virginia. Maj. Perrin commanded his regiment for more than twelve months before the close of the war with conspicuous gallantry, and with the small remnant of his regiment received his diploma as one of Lee's graduates at Appomattox C. H.

"Maj. Perrin enlisted in April, 1861, as captain of a com-

pany from Gloucester County, and was promoted to major of the regiment. He was devoted to the Confederate cause. After he had performed his duty so gallantly and so well, he came back to his home to meet a devoted mother and friends, and spent much of his time and contributed from his small means to aid in building a monument to the Confederate dead on the square at Gloucester C. H., in organizing and supporting a Camp of Confederate veterans, and erecting a tablet on the walls of our court room to the memory of our county Confederate women (1861-65), which was erected in November, last, on which occasion he said: 'I am glad I have lived to see the tablet erected and unveiled.'

"His brilliant record as a Confederate was in keeping with his high character as a man, a Virginian, a citizen, and a friend, for

'None knew him but to love him;
None named him but to praise.'

His people honored him with county offices and the position of State Senator from this Senatorial district, and in every position he discharged the duties with ability and fidelity.

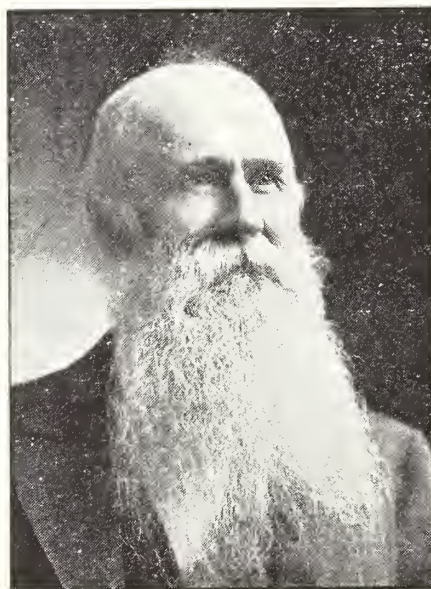
"After passing the mark of three score years and ten he was stricken down with paralysis, and lingered but a few days, and now the winter's snow bedecks the new-made grave where rests one of our best friends."

HARLOW WILLIAM PERROW.

Harlow William Perrow was born November 21, 1837, in Lovingson, Nelson County, Va.; and died April 7, 1904, at Noeton, Grainger County, Tenn., aged sixty-six years. He was educated in Baltimore, Md., intending to make law his

profession, but the tocsin of war sounded, when he joined the Nelson Rangers, Company B, Eighth Virginia Cavalry, Confederate army.

He served in Southwest Virginia and West Virginia under Gen. John B. Floyd, afterwards in Tennessee under Gen. William E. Jones ("Night Hawk"). He was again transferred to Virginia, and served under Gen. Bradley T. Johnson; was taken prisoner at Lynch-



HARLOW WILLIAM PERROW.

burg, Va., when Hunter made his raid, but soon made his escape and rejoined his command; had charge of a courier line, operating between Bull's Gap and Bristol, Tenn., during the campaign of the winter of 1863-64, also serving as first lieutenant of his company. He served the full four years of the great war.

Comrade Perrow was of revolutionary descent. On the maternal side the family date their ancestry back to the

Norman Conquest, 1066. On the paternal side they were Huguenots, who, with others, settled on the James River, near Richmond, Va., on a grant of land given by William, Prince of Orange. A great-grandfather belonged to the Dragoons, under Gen. William Washington, and was in the battles of Guilford C. H., Cowpens, Eutaw Springs, and others, a grandfather served in the war of 1812, and two brothers in the Confederate army.

In 1869 Comrade Perrow was married to Mrs. Willie A. Johnson (née Graham), of Lynchburg, Va. He removed to Tennessee twenty years ago, where he resided afterwards.

The remains were interred in New Gray Cemetery, Knoxville, Tenn., under the auspices of W. B. Tate Camp, U. C. V., of Morristown, of which he was a member. He left a wife and several children to mourn their loss.

CAPT. M. A. MILLER.

After a life full of years, usefulness, and honor Capt. M. A. Miller died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. W. R. Vawter, in Richmond, Va., on December 16, 1904, on his seventy-fourth birthday.

Capt. Miller was the son of Gen. Thomas Craig Miller, of the War of 1812, and was born near Gettysburg, Pa., on his father's farm (now the National Cemetery), December 16, 1830. After leaving college he settled in Virginia, following his profession of civil and mining engineer, being connected with the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and locating the Orange and Alexandria road.

At the outbreak of the war he was living in Memphis, Tenn., and was engaged as assistant city engineer. He went into the Confederate army promptly as orderly sergeant in a company of "sappers and miners," under Capt. Pickett, and

was engaged on the various fortifications on the Mississippi River as lieutenant of engineers.

In 1862 he was captured by the Federals in the city of Memphis, tried by court-martial under orders of Gen. W. T. Sherman, who visited him in person while confined in the military prison, and sentenced to be shot. He was confined in prison six weeks. Four days before the day fixed for his execution he made his escape from the prison and the city and rejoined the Confederates in Mississippi. He then went to Northwestern Arkansas, where he was engaged in making saltpeter from the nitrates in the limestone caves, to be used in the manufacture of gunpowder, and in mining lead for the Confederate government. When the Federal forces occupied this part of Arkansas, he went to Little Rock, where his family, having escaped from Memphis, joined him. He was here but a short time when the Confederates were forced to vacate the city. He then took his family to Shreveport, La., where he was engaged in the engineering department of the army, with the rank of captain.

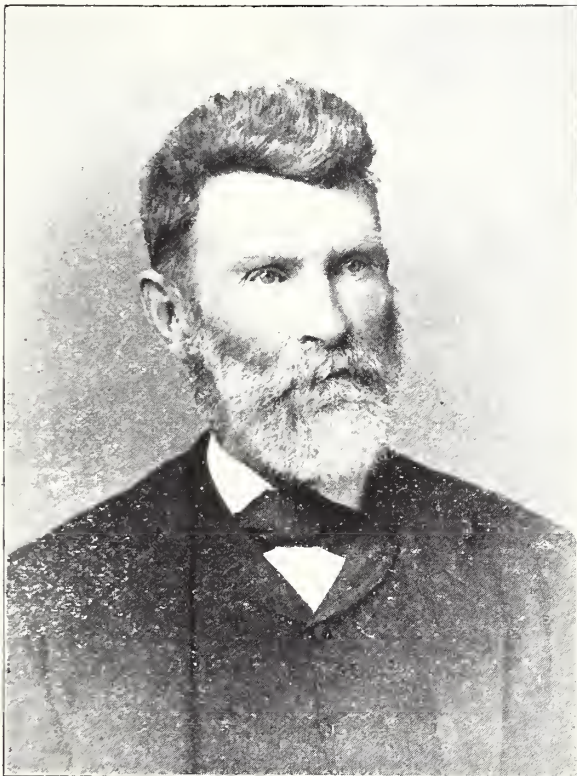
After the close of the war he returned to Virginia, where he resumed his profession. In February, 1870, he accepted a position in charge of the right of way of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad Company, which position he retained until April, 1884, resigning it to accept a position as chief engineer with the Trans-Flat Land Association of West Virginia. In the summer of 1891 he took the position of General Land Agent of the Flat-Top Coal Land Association, the Trans-Flat Top Land Association, and the North Flat-Top Land Association. This position he held until 1903, when he was retired from active duties of the association, though holding his position on a life salary until the time of his death, having been with the association over twenty years.

JACK O'DONNELL.

When Christmas bells were ringing throughout the world in 1904, the spirit of Comrade Jack O'Donnell passed from earth. In the memory of friends left behind will be his many acts of kindness, his unflinching good humor, no matter how unpleasant were his surroundings, and his willingness to volunteer on any dangerous mission during his service for the Confederacy.

Jack O'Donnell joined Capt. N. C. Gould's company, one of the first to leave Red River County, Tex., for the war, which went overland to Memphis and joined Col. N. B. Forrest, and was with him during his raid through Kentucky. O'Donnell was one of a detachment of picked men who made a descent on the Ohio River and captured a lot of supplies landed by a Yankee transport. He was with Forrest on a raid for thirteen days and nights without shelter of any kind, and dependent entirely upon citizens to feed his men. He was with his company at Fort Donelson, surrendering with a portion of it then under command of Lieut. M. L. Sims, and was sent with others to Camp Butler, kept a prisoner for seven months, and then exchanged at Vicksburg. When a new company was organized, Lieut. Sims was elected captain, and took with him the remnant of his old company, including O'Donnell, and served under Col. Gould, of the Twenty-Third Texas Cavalry.

After the war Comrade O'Donnell returned to Red River County, settling near Elbow Lake, on Sulphur River. In that wild, unsettled country he led a life which endeared him to all with whom he came in contact. He shared his hospitality with all without price, and in his dealings with others his word was his bond. To know him was to love him. He



CAPT. M. A. MILLER.

was ever a welcome guest in the homes of his old comrades, and the sons and daughters of the "Old Guard" knew and loved "Uncle Jack" for his gentle, kindly ways.

Jack O'Donnell was born in Ireland in July, 1825, and emigrated to America in 1851. Though he never forgot the land of his birth, he served faithfully and well the land of his adoption. He was a faithful member of Camp John C. Burks, at Clarksville, Tex.

CHARLES LOFLAND.

The recent death of Charles Lofland, of Paducah, Ky., takes from the ranks a faithful comrade and friend. He was a native of Tennessee, but for many years had been an employee of the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad at Paducah; and under his newspaper name of "Mileage" he was widely known as a writer of ability. He served the Confederacy in the Forty-Ninth Tennessee Infantry, and was crippled for life at Shiloh. Comrades will remember him at different Shiloh reunions, for which he composed some poems and addresses and which he attended with the greatest interest. His disposition was of the genial, social kind. In his younger days he was an actor, and was said to have played minor parts in Edwin Booth's company many years ago. His loyalty to the cause for which he fought never wavered. His death occurred suddenly on the 27th of August, 1904.

JAMES NEWTON DAUGHERTY.

James N. Daugherty was born in Mecklenburg County, N. C., January 26, 1838; and died at the Confederate Home in Austin, Tex., on October 11, 1904. He entered the Confederate army at Selma, Ala., as a member of Capt. Kent's company, whose members offered themselves to the service of their country on the day that Alabama seceded. They first went to Fort Morgan and then to Richmond, Va., where was organized the Eighth Alabama Infantry. Comrade Daugherty endured hard service; he was in many battles and skirmishes, and at Seven Pines was shot down and captured by the enemy. By this wound he lost a leg and was a prisoner for quite a while, but was exchanged and discharged from service. He was a member of Ben McCulloch Camp, of Mt. Vernon, Tex., and an honored citizen of that community.

W. A. WARNER.

Mr. W. A. Warner died at his home, in Meridian, Miss., December 29, 1904. He was a member of Company C, Fortieth Alabama Regiment, organized at Livingston, Ala., in March, 1862. This regiment was of Moore's Brigade, Forney's Division.

His captain, W. A. C. Jones, wrote to Comrade Warner in 1895, saying that he was a good and faithful soldier from the time of his enlistment, in 1862, until discharged as a prisoner of war at Point Lookout, Md., June 29, 1865. He was captured at Vicksburg and again at Bentonville, N. C. He was always loyal to the great cause, and no man was prouder of his service for the Southland. He was generous to a fault, and no comrade ever appealed to him in vain. He treasured the principles for which he had fought and suffered.

He was born at Canton, Miss., and was sixty years old. He left a wife and an accomplished daughter.

M. V. CALLAN.

M. V. Callan died at Mosheim, Tex., about December 1, 1904. He was from Cherokee, Ala., and enlisted in the Confederate army during May, 1861, in Capt. J. R. Hart's compa-

ny, which was made up along the line between Alabama and Georgia. The company was mustered into service at Lynchburg, Va., and was sent on to Richmond, where it became a part of the Twenty-First Georgia Infantry under Capt. John T. Murser. The company was not armed till after the battle of Manassas, when arms were gathered from that battlefield and used for the troops. Comrade Callan's first fight was at Perryville, Ky., which was followed by many others, the most notable of which was Chickamauga; was on the retreat to Jonesboro, with Hood also, and participated in the last fight in North Carolina. He returned to his home in Alabama after all was over, moving thence to Bosque County, Tex., in a few years, where he made for himself a reputation as an upright citizen and Christian gentleman. His wife and family mourn the loss of a loving husband and father.

RICHARD BURGER.

For twenty-five years Comrade Dick Burger has attended and enjoyed reunions of the Texas Rangers; but among them his face will be seen no more, and when the remnant of this



RICHARD BURGER.

gallant band shall again take each other by the hand they will speak softly and tenderly of the comrade who is gone. Death came to him on January 9, 1905, at Bastrop, Tex., in his sixty-second year. He was born in Dresden, Germany, and became a citizen of Bastrop, Tex., in 1855, enlisting in Company D, Eighth Texas Cavalry, Terry's Rangers, on August 31, 1861. By a singular coincidence he reached his home on exactly the same date four years later. He was twice wounded, at Eagleville and Mossy Creek, Tenn., in the year of 1863. All who knew this comrade were his friends. He was a true and brave soldier, exemplary citizen, and Christian gentleman.

WIFE OF COL. G. W. BAYLOR.

There are many readers of the VETERAN who will remember Col. George W. Baylor, commander of Company A, Texas Rangers. A recent letter from him to the VETERAN gives the sad intelligence of the loss of his wife and eldest daughter, leaving him with but one child, Miss Mary, as solace for his advancing years. His daughter, Mrs. H. M. Lee, died at Monterey, Mex., in May, 1903, and Mrs. Baylor in April of 1904. She was Miss Sallie Garland, daughter of Col. John Seabrook Sydnor, who was one of the founders of Galveston, Tex., its Mayor at one time, and always one of its most enterprising citizens, doing much to build up and improve the city.

Col. Baylor writes that his health is now better than for years past. He will be glad to hear from any comrades.

Jerry Keathley answered the last roll call on the 21st of December, 1904. He served in the Twelfth Tennessee Cavalry.

CAPT. FERGUS S. HARRIS.

Fergus S. Harris was born in Wilson County, Tenn., May 20, 1840; and died at St. Luke's Hospital, Jacksonville, Fla., January 24, 1905. His remains were brought back to Nashville, Tenn., his home, and interred in Mount Olivet Cemetery.

On the 20th of May, 1861, Comrade Harris enlisted as a private in Company H, Seventh Tennessee Infantry (Col. Hatton), and was sent to Virginia, where his regiment became a part of Archer's Brigade, A. P. Hill's Division, Stonewall Jackson's Corps. With this command he served until the surrender, leading with his battalion of sharpshooters one of the last desperate charges made by Lee's "incomparable infantry," in which he received his eighth and last wound. From a private he had won each grade up to captain by his conspicuous courage and soldierly qualities, and would have been promoted to major for his last gallant act had the surrender of Gen. Lee's army not followed so soon after. Capt. Harris was surrendered in the hospital at Appomattox. The severest battles in which he participated, and where he received his other wounds, were: Seven Pines, wounded in shoulder; Seven Days' Battle around Richmond, wounded in hip; Manassas, wounded twice in breast seriously; Fredericksburg, wounded in side and promoted to lieutenant; Chancellorsville; Gettysburg, wounded in foot and head in Pickett's charge and promoted to first lieutenant; Mine Run.

One of the most deserved and appreciated compliments paid him was by Maj. Gen. Harry Heth in a letter to him after the war, in which he wrote: "Your gallant and well-disciplined sharpshooters, plowing their way in advance of the grand old Tennessee Brigade during the long campaign from the Wilderness to Appomattox, was to me a familiar sight in every battle. I remember well the desperate charge made by McComb's brigade (Archer's old brigade) on that fatal Sunday morning, April 2, 1865, when you threw your little battalion of sharpshooters against a division of advancing Federals,

and nothing but the most desperate fighting saved you from annihilation. I also remember Gen. McComb's calling on me later in the day and telling me you were fatally wounded."

Returning home after the war, Capt. Harris engaged for a time in mercantile business. In 1868 he married Miss Fannie Davis, of Lebanon, who, with two children, survives him. He was a member of the Christian Church, a public-spirited, progressive citizen, deeply interested in the prosperity of his people and advancing the interests of his State. At one time he was a prominent State official, and under Mr. Cleveland's administration was land commissioner in Oklahoma from 1892 to 1895. He was one of the charter members of Frank Cheatham Bivouac and one of its Presidents, and a member of Baldwin Commandery, Knights Templar, of Lebanon, Tenn.

The following letter, written to a young friend in this city sometime back, shows the modesty of the man when referring to his own conduct on the battlefield; but it also shows where he was when the fate of the Confederacy was being decided on the heights of Gettysburg: "I have a rose plucked from 'high tide at Gettysburg,' which I inclose to you. Wish I could send it fresh. I cut it at the point (or near) which I reached in the charge on that memorable and fateful day. The battlefield commission were kind to me, and when we reached Cemetery Ridge pointed out where Archer's Tennesseans scaled the stone wall. When I found that that old brigade had at last received proper recognition, I had to shed a few tears. We visited 'Devil's Den' and Round Top, and, in fact, every point. I went to the point where I saw a member of Col. Shepard's old company (G), Seventh Tennessee, torn to pieces by a bursting shell. A man was plowing there at the moment we reached it. I pointed out the spot. The plowman plunged his long, pointed plow very deep, saying: 'I will get you a relic there.' When his plow passed the identical spot, he brought to the surface a piece of shell. I am satisfied, from the very nature of the circumstance, that this piece of shell killed this brave Tennessean."

Gallant old comrade, may the sod of your beloved Tennessee rest lightly over your fearless heart, and roses, fresh roses, ever shower their fragrance around the spot, for "a hero is resting there!"

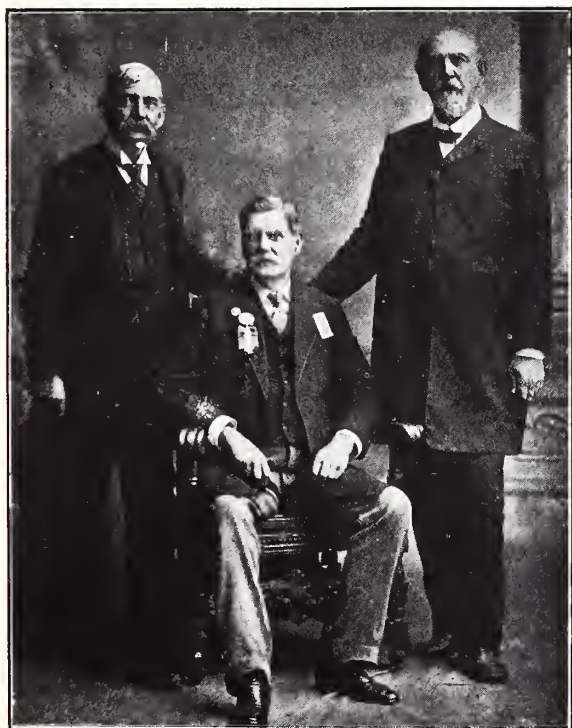
MRS. CAROLINE E. W. MCGAVOCK.

Died, at the home of her son-in-law, Mr. George L. Cowan, near Franklin, Tenn., on the 22d of February, 1905, Mrs. Caroline E. W. McGavock, in the seventy-sixth year of her age.

A brief sketch of her life comes from Rev. James H. McNeilly, of Nashville:

"Caroline Elizabeth Winder was born near Natchez, Miss., September 9, 1829; but in her infancy she was removed with her parents to their plantation in Louisiana, west of New Orleans, where she was brought up. Her mother was a daughter of the Hon. Felix Grundy, the great lawyer and Senator of Tennessee. She ever enjoyed the advantages of wealth and high social position, and she received the best intellectual and moral training according to the ideals and standards of the Presbyterian Church, of which the family were members.

"On December 6, 1846, she was united in marriage to Col. John McGavock, of Franklin, Tenn., and came to his home, Carnston, where she spent the remainder of her life, nearly sixty years. This fine old home, under her care, was for half a century the center of the most lavish and generous hospi-



(CAPT. JOHN ALLEN. GEN. M'COMB.) CAPT. F. S. HARRIS.

ality. She and her husband were true types of the old-time Southerners, warm in heart, genial in manner, refined in sentiment, abundant in kindness.

"It was around Carnston that the dreadful battle of Franklin was fought, November 30, 1864, and the grand old home was filled with the wounded, to whom Col. McGavock and his wife ministered with all their resources. On the morning after the battle five Confederate generals lay dead on the wide gallery of the house. For weeks these good Samaritans nursed the wounded, cared for the dying, and buried the dead.

"When the war was over, Col. McGavock gave the beautiful cemetery, in which are gathered the bodies of the heroic soldiers who fell on that fatal field. The care of this resting place for heroism was a sacred duty to Mrs. McGavock until the end of her life. The Confederate Veterans can never forget her.

"She was an active member of the Presbyterian Church at Franklin for fifty-nine years, and, like her divine Master, she went about doing good. Her charities were constant and unostentatious—to white and black. Her ear was ever open to the cry of need, and her hand ever ready to help. She brought up in her home thirteen orphan children, who became good and useful men and women. Her servants were devoted to her, and there were no more sincere mourners at her funeral. A great concourse of relatives and friends attended the funeral, which was held in the old homestead. The great rooms, broad halls, and wide porches were filled with a sorrowful multitude, many of them old soldiers. The service was very simple, according to her own direction, and was conducted by her pastor, Rev. W. J. McMillan, assisted by two Confederate Veterans, Rev. John W. Hanner, of the Methodist Church, and Rev. J. H. McNeilly, of the Presbyterian Church. She was laid to rest in the family burying ground with the generations of her people, and near the graves of the Confederate dead, whom she loved and honored."

As stated, the arrangements for her funeral had been designated by her, so there was no room for eulogy. The singing was congregational, and participated in by many present. The opening prayer, by Rev. John W. Hanner, of Franklin, was as follows:

"In the presence of death we look unto thee, O Lord of Life, for thy blessing. We thank thee it is written: 'Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.' We know, then, that his death was not a calamity; it was only a shadow, the shadow of the portal falling upon dear Mrs. McGavock as she passed through the gate into the city of God. O, we bless thee that the citizenship of thy people is in heaven; here they are pilgrims and strangers.

"We thank thee for the pilgrimage of thy handmaiden through this world—a pilgrimage guided by God, inspired by his Spirit, and blessed by his Son, a pilgrimage which perfected the pilgrim and blessed her fellows on the right hand and on the left. We thank thee that she was a stranger to all that was unchildlike toward God and to all that was unsisterly toward mankind, a stranger to unloveliness and unkindness; but we thank thee that she was not a stranger to faith and hope and love, not a stranger to friendship and benevolence and charity. We bless thee that through thy Spirit her heart was full of compassion, her hand ever open to the needy, and her feet ever ready to run on errands of love and mercy. We thank thee for the hands which hung down and the feeble knees that she lifted up, for the many hearts

she comforted, the needy ones she supplied, the sick she ministered unto, and the boys she found in abject want and mothered and reared into worthy manhood. In the last day they will rise up and 'call her blessed.' To-day she is not, because thou hast taken her; and we are left to sorrow for the 'Good Samaritan of Williamson County,' a name richly merited by her.

"God bless her son! As tears of broken-hearted bereavement course down his cheeks, may it please thee to wipe them all away and to bid him look up and see his sainted mother safe in the arms of Jesus, and may his heart become hungry for heaven! Bless the daughter of thy handmaiden, who in devoted service ministered so long and lovingly to her dear mother. Reward her richly for her filial fidelity and heal her broken heart. Comfort the brother on the distant Pacific Slope. May he see the light in thy light, and look forward with confidence to the future eternal reunion on the ever-shining shore! Draw near, loving Lord, and support by thy grace the sister sorrowing in the far Southland. Bless her, comfort her, and give her peace in the assurance of thy love; and let Heaven's benediction come upon the sister present here to-day, weeping and refusing comfort because her sister is not. As the tears flow down her cheeks, may the light which comes from him who is the Life of men, shining through those tears, span her soul with the rainbow of hope!

"Bless this concourse of sympathizing friends and relatives. Come, lay thy fatherly hands upon all our heads, call us thy children, and as children of God may we live, as children of God may we labor, as children of God may we die, then as children of God may we be called home. In Christ's name, amen."

An expression of gratitude that so many people attended the funeral was made to a venerable lady, who responded:



MRS. M'GAVOCK.

"Ah me! Everybody loved her." One of the sincerest of all the mourners present was an intelligent colored woman who was bought for Mrs. McGavock in her girlhood—in 1849—by her father. Through all the years this faithful woman had been present with the family in its every affliction.

MRS. SARAH BROWNRIGG HAUGHTON.

Mrs. Sarah Brownrigg Haughton was born in Wingfield, Chowan County, N. C., October 5, 1835; daughter of Richard Thomas Brownrigg and Mary Brownrigg; married January 8, 1857, to Lafayette Haughton; died February 12, 1905, at Aberdeen, Miss. Her father was of one of the leading families of North Carolina, and maintained the same standing in Mississippi after he moved to a plantation near Columbus, along in the forties. Her husband was chancellor of the first district of Mississippi at the time of his death, in 1883. He served during the war, partly in Mississippi, partly in



MRS. S. B. HAUGHTON.

Tennessee, and partly in Georgia. She had three brothers, all of whom served in the Confederate army until the end, except the second brother, who was killed near Napoleonville, La. All of her male relatives, even distant connections, who were old enough to bear arms were in the Confederate army. She was a member of the Memorial Association which was organized at Aberdeen immediately after the war, and was one of its most zealous and faithful leaders until the dedication of the monument at Aberdeen, when the Memorial Association was formally dissolved. She was a member of the U. D. C. from the time it was organized throughout Mississippi. She was mentioned in connection with the presidency of the general organization some two years ago, but promptly asserted that her health was not sufficient for the high responsibility. Her son, Richard Brownrigg Haughton, was elected Commander in Chief of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans at the Memphis reunion in 1901, and continues an active member of the organization.

R. H. McFADDEN.

Mr. Robert Haynes McFadden entered into heavenly rest from his home, in Pine Bluff, Ark., January 21, 1905, in the sixty-eighth year of his age. He was born in Chester, S. C., October 21, 1836, son of William and Elizabeth McFadden.

In 1857 he went to Arkansas, and lived in Bradley and Ashley Counties. When the war began, he enlisted in Company I, Second Arkansas Infantry, and served faithfully the four years under Bragg, Johnston, and Hood.

In December, 1868, he was married to Miss Arie E. Monk, of Upson County, Ga. Their marriage was a peculiarly happy one. His wife was a noble, Christian woman, and they were blessed with eight children, five of whom were daughters—Mrs. Frank Berry and Misses Arie, Thekla, Effie, and Elizabeth. Two older sons died in infancy, and one son (Wade Hampton) died at the age of ten.

Two years ago Mr. McFadden retired from active business—that of undertaker—after thirty-five years. He was a stanch Presbyterian, having been an elder in First Church there for many years. He was gentle, constant, and brave. We know he is at rest, and just waiting on the other shore. The Comforter will be with his devoted wife and loving children.

JESSE E. HACKNEY.

At his home, in Memphis, Tenn., June 29, Comrade Jesse Hackney answered the last roll call. At the age of eighteen, early in 1861, he enlisted in the Forty-Ninth North Carolina Infantry; afterwards he was transferred to the Fifteenth, Cook's Brigade, Heth's Division, A. P. Hill's Corps, and served to the surrender, at Appomattox. He was twice wounded, first at Malvern Hill and again at White's Cross Roads. Except when confined to the hospital from wounds, he participated in all the engagements that his command did.

After the war Comrade Hackney moved to Arkansas, where he married and resided until 1892, when he moved to Memphis, Tenn. He was an upright, Christian gentleman in its truest sense. He was a lovable companion, charitable, gentle. For thirteen years he had suffered—intensely at times—from rheumatism, which he bore with uncomplaining fortitude. His wife, a son, and a daughter survive him.

AUSTIN COX.

Comrade Austin Cox passed away December 21, 1904, at his home, near Crystal Springs, Miss., in his seventieth year. He was the last of six brothers who entered the Confederate army in 1861. Three of them gave up their lives on the battlefield. Austin Cox was a member of Company B, Thirty-Sixth Mississippi Regiment. It was in the siege and surrender of Vicksburg, and after the men were exchanged they were with Gen. Joseph E. Johnston from Dalton to Atlanta, and with Gen. Hood on his Tennessee campaign. The regiment was afterwards sent to Fort Blakely, near Mobile, Ala., and was there when the surrender came.

Comrade Cox was always at his post of duty, and was never sick or absent from his company. After the war he engaged successfully in planting, and was highly esteemed by all who knew him. But memory loves best to linger on the old scenes, around the camp fires, in the heat of battle, on the long, weary march, when he sees his old comrade, in his vigorous young manhood, giving all to the cause of his country. A braver or better soldier never shouldered a gun than Austin Cox. The above data is furnished by his comrade, E. W. Blanchard, of Greenwood, Miss.

COL. EDWARD LAFAYETTE RUSSELL.

James Kincannon has written an exquisite life sketch of Col. E. L. Russell, Vice President and Manager of the Mobile and Ohio Railroad Company, accounts of whose heroism in the battle of Franklin have been given in the *VETERAN*.

Edward Lafayette Russell is a native of Alabama and son of George D. and Emily (Stovall) Russell. The family resided in Franklin and Lawrence Counties until 1852, when this son was seven years old, and then located near the present site of Tupelo, Miss. His parents were of sturdy ancestry, with strong physical as well as mental characteristics, and were therefore well fitted to meet the exigencies of their surroundings. These forceful conditions were so met by his people that Russellville and Russell Valley were named for them. By the union of Russells and Stovalls there was valuable material for the Confederate army. Representatives are Col. C. C. Harris, lawyer and banker of Decatur, Ala., and Capt. A. J. Harris, wholesale merchant and one of the leading public-spirited men of Nashville. Col. Russell's father, Rev. George Russell, was a school-teacher, farmer, and minister of the Baptist Church; his mother was an eminently practical woman and a most efficient helpmate.

Edward Russell worked on a farm near Verona, Miss., when eight years old, and the same principles of application to his business were as conspicuous when he plied the hoe to the corn as have, in these later years, been shown in his control of thousands of men and millions of dollars' worth of property. In the boyhood of young Russell it became evident that he possessed fine oratorical talent, being an excellent debater, with the faculty of presenting his case so clearly as to carry conviction to his hearers. It was these qualities that won in later years his success at the bar, and afterwards the prominent and responsible position he now holds—Vice President and General Counsel of the Mobile and Ohio Railroad.

But the full measure of a man's success in life cannot be gauged by the prominent positions he holds. This is only testimony as to his mental ability; he must have high moral worth, be upright and just in all his dealings with his fellow-men, with honor as his guiding star, a generous, sympathetic nature that makes him a loyal friend or an honorable foe. Judged by this standard, in connection with the important position he has attained in the commercial world, Col. Russell fills to the brim the measure of a successful man.

In January, 1862, when sixteen years old, he joined Company E, of the Forty-First Mississippi Infantry, and on many occasions was conspicuous by his gallantry. Being color-sergeant of his regiment at the battle of Jonesboro, when it looked as if his command were about to be captured, he tore his flag from the staff, stuffed it in his bosom, and, amid a shower of shot and shell, carried it out. His most noted heroism, however, was in the battle of Franklin, pages 500-503, 10th volume, by George W. Leavell, of Oxford, Miss.

When the war closed, Col. Russell returned home penniless, as did nearly all Confederates. With no fixed occupation, and realizing that he would have to climb the ladder of life by his own individual exertions, he began on the bottom rung—working on a farm—but with his eyes steadily fixed on the top; and with the same unflinching courage that he waved his old battle flag in the face of death he began a new kind of warfare. How magnificent has been his success, his present position testifies; but in winning it he cannot claim all the credit, for there was one whose faith in him was as beautiful as it was strong, her courage as great as his, and

where the journey grew weary it was the loyal love of a woman's heart that lifted him up and encouraged him on.



COL. E. L. RUSSELL.

He had married a daughter of Mr. Marion J. Davis, a lovely and accomplished woman of Verona. The young wife was a woman of rare accomplishments, bright intuitions, and noble aspirations, and it was her loving hand that was always pointing to the topmost round of the ladder. [It was the original purpose of this sketch to pay special tribute to the character of this noble woman, but that feature is deferred. Her untimely death brought sorrow to many devoted friends.—Ed.]

It is an honor to a community to have such a man as Col. Russell for a citizen; it is a greater honor to the man who has lived such a life as to make it worthy of emulation for the young men of the country.

DON'T LIKE "DIXIE."

In a comment upon "Dixie" the *Independent* makes this ugly statement: "It is noticeable that on public occasions, on transatlantic steamers, and wherever Southern people are found it comes to be a fashion to give the same honor, by rising, to 'Dixie' that is given to the 'Star-Spangled Banner.' This is hardly to be encouraged or commended. One of these songs is national, and the other is sectional, and a sectional song has no right to the honor given to a national song. 'My Old Kentucky Home' is a favorite air, and properly loved in the section described, but it is not a song to take off one's hat to. Equally sectional is 'Dixie;' and, more than that, it is plain that the effort to give it special honor is not national in purpose, but is plainly meant to keep up the memory and glory of the lost Confederacy. It is on a par with the aim of the 'Daughters of the Confederacy,' who are engaged in the unhappy purpose of keeping up old memories and feuds."

This is the wickedest thing yet printed against the Daughters of the Confederacy. That editor seems to be both knave and fool, if so hard a term be admissible in these pages. There is not a more patriotic organization in existence,

REMARKABLE CAREER OF COL. J. H. ESTILL.

At the January meeting of the LaFayette McLaws Camp, No. 596, U. C. V., of Savannah, Ga., Col. J. H. Estill was elected Commander. He was the first Commander of the Camp; and now, after being out of office for a number of years, he is again, by the unanimous voice of his comrades, called to be its presiding officer. Col. Estill is a native of Charleston, S. C., born October 28, 1840. He was named for John Edwards Holbrook, the celebrated naturalist of South Carolina and a friend of Col. Estill's father.

Comrade Estill's career is of unusual interest. His success is due to his own unaided exertions. He began life at the bottom of the ladder. Indomitable perseverance, steady application, rare executive ability, and excellent judgment in business affairs are his characteristics. He is one of a family of eleven children. He has ever been, save when a soldier of the C. S. A., in one way or another connected with the printing business. His father was a publisher, and moved to Savannah in 1851. With eleven children, young J. H. had to work, and entered the *Journal* office at eleven years. Two years later he left the printing office to go to school, and between the school's sessions clerked in a store. In 1856 he returned to Charleston and served an apprenticeship in the printing house of Walker, Evans & Cogswell. In 1859 he returned to Savannah, and became one of the owners of the *Evening Express*.

Col. Estill's military career began in 1859 with the Oglethorpe Light Infantry. With it he entered the service in January, 1861, as part of the First Volunteer Regiment of Georgia. It was on duty at Fort Pulaski before entering the Confederate States service. He went to Virginia with the same company, which became a part of the Eighth Georgia Infantry. Having been severely wounded, he was honorably discharged from the service. He was again a volunteer in Screven's Battalion, opposing Sherman's march to the sea, and was taken prisoner at Savannah.

After the great war Col. Estill continued an active interest in military affairs, and served several years as captain of Company F, First Regiment Georgia Infantry. In 1895 he was placed on the retired list of the State Volunteers, with the rank of lieutenant colonel. He is now an honorary member of the Oglethorpe Light Infantry, and a life member of the Georgia Hussars, Savannah Cadets, and Savannah Volunteer Guards.

In the newspaper world, Col. Estill has been prominent since 1867, as editor and proprietor of the *Savannah Morning News*. In that year he purchased an interest in the paper, and the year following secured its entire control. It was not

an easy matter in those days to make a newspaper pay. There were two other morning papers in Savannah, but in a short while the *Morning News* absorbed its competitors and had the field to itself. In 1876 Col. Estill erected the first *Morning News* building on the site of the present six-story publishing house, itself a splendid monument to his successful newspaper career. As an evidence of the esteem in which he is held by the newspapers of the State, he was honored by his contemporaries with the office of President of the Georgia Press Association for twenty years.

Outside of his profession, Col. Estill has been active in many successful business enterprises. Few men are more prominently identified with the industries and progress of any city than is he. He built one of the street car lines in 1878, and was afterwards President of the City and Suburban Railway. He was President of the Savannah Investment Company, President of the Metropolitan Steam Fire Engine Company in the old volunteer fire service, and County Commissioner of Chatham County for twelve years. He helped to organize the first cotton mill in Savannah, and has been President of the Chatham Real Estate and Improvement Company since its organization, in 1885. He was one of the organizers of the company that built the De Soto Hotel; was a director of the Southbound Railroad and of the Savannah Construction Company, which built what is now the Seaboard Air Line between Savannah and Columbia; is President of the Bonaventure Cemetery Company and President of the Pilots' Navigation Company (one of the boats bears his name); was the first President of the Mutual Gas Light Company; is Vice President of the Georgia Telephone and Telegraph Company and the Interstate Rifle Association; is a director of the Citizens' Bank, the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad Company, and the Savannah Racing Association; is a member of the Cotton Exchange, Board of Trade, and a director of the Savannah Benevolent Association. He has been a member of the Chatham County Board of Education for nineteen years. He is also President of that ancient charity, the Bethesda Orphan House, founded by George Whitefield more than a century and a half ago, and of the Savannah Chamber of Commerce. He is a member of the Georgia Historical Society, the Savannah Yacht Club, and a number of social organizations. He is a prominent Mason (a Past Master of Solomon's Lodge No. 1; life member of Georgia Chapter No. 3, Royal Arch Masons; member of Palestine Commandery No. 7, Knights Templar; a Shriner; and Past Junior Grand Warden of the Grand Lodge of Georgia), a Past Grand of the Odd Fellows, and the oldest member of the Knights of Pythias in Georgia. He is a vestryman of St. John's Episcopal Church.

In public office, Col. Estill has been Chairman of the State Democratic Executive Committee, and in 1892 was the Georgia member of the Democratic National Committee. In 1902 he was a candidate for Governor of Georgia, and made a most remarkable race against the present executive, Gov. Joseph M. Terrell, and Hon. Dupont Guerry, the Prohibition candidate. In his canvass he visited nearly every section of the State, and met the people in their offices and homes, in the factories and on the farms. His personal contact with them and his candid and straightforward expressions upon public questions won him confidence and support, and, although defeated, "he made the most remarkable gubernatorial race in the history of Georgia."

Col. Estill is again mentioned for Governor of the Empire State of the South, and may be a candidate before the next primary. Confederate privates make good Governors.



COL. J. H. ESTILL.

COL. JERE BAXTER, OF NASHVILLE.

The full force of epoch-making events in history is seldom realized by the participants therein, and this is also true of the lives of history-making men. Not until they have passed onward and not until the judgment of future generations is brought to bear on their lives and on their work can the influence of either be fully measured.

Occasionally, however, we may watch the progress of some distinctive figure as it passes side by side with us along life's highway, and we may be wise enough to note the force which one man can generate.

Many persons who knew well the late Col. Jere Baxter, of Tennessee, realized what a deep impress was made on every event with which his strong personality came in contact. Tennessee has produced many men of marvelous power, but none, perhaps, whose life and work have been more potent in their influence than those of Jere Baxter, a fact which it did not require his early and lamented death to emphasize. He received some measure of appreciation and of praise even during his lifetime, while some degree of success and triumph was also his; but there is due his memory from the people of Tennessee, whom he loved and for whom he labored, a debt of gratitude that it will be difficult to ever adequately pay.

Untried fields were ever his chosen pathways, and even as a child his originality and foresight seemed to be evidenced

a happy childhood, and one which was particularly interesting. When the "Yankees came to Nashville," a detachment of soldiers rode out to the Baxter place. The mother of little Jere sat sewing on the trousers of a Confederate uniform. Seeing the approach of the soldiers, she feared for the safety of her work, as it was a much-needed garment designed for an elder son, and she was at a loss to know where to hide it. Jere, who was near, and who was at that time eight or nine years old, grasped the situation at once, and, springing up, turned over the heavy table, revealing that the base was hollow, and exclaimed: "Tuck 'em in here, mother; tuck 'em in here!" The childish advice was followed, the Federals never traced the garments, and they afterwards made a safe journey across the line to the soldier for whom they were made.

Truly the "child is father to the man," and problems which other men had failed to solve were the chosen ones of Jere Baxter's life. That his almost unaided efforts brought a period of development and of prosperity to his State and to his native city of Nashville is being more and more clearly demonstrated each day, for his greatest work—the building of the Tennessee Central Railroad—is an enduring monument to his nerve and his influence—a power which was almost as much psychical as physical, and which bore down before it men and things, until obstacles which would have daunted other great spirits gave him fresher energy and renewed strength.

The plan was an entirely original one with him; but it had the indorsement of some of the leading men in political and commercial circles, and its success seemed assured in advance.

Forceful leadership of a high order was his; perseverance, persistency, tact, and a broad and comprehensive knowledge of human nature were the tools with which he worked.

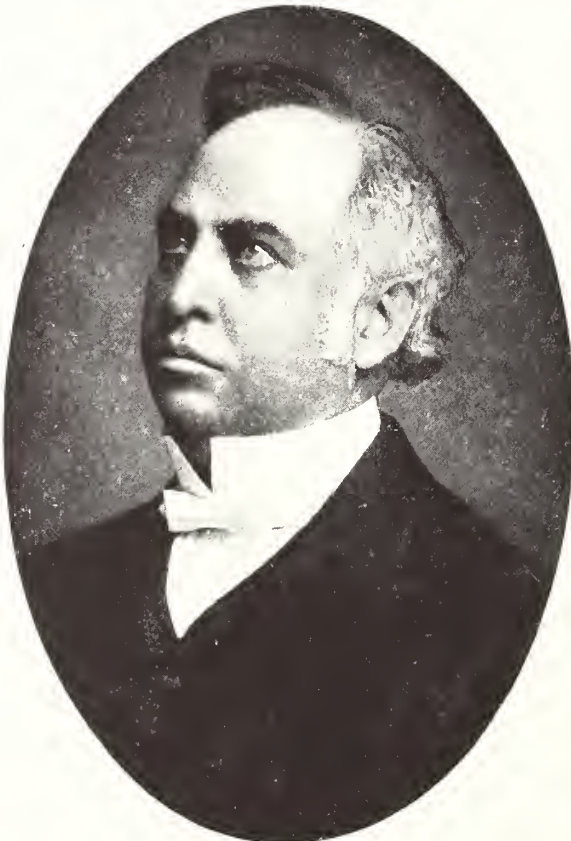
Comparatively young in years, being barely fifty when he died, a list of his various enterprises would tax the credulity of the reader. Lawyer, statesman, railroad builder and president, even farmer and explorer, and to each enterprise he brought new methods, undaunted courage, and an ability for work which is almost incredible.

Until the very last Col. Baxter was planning new work, and had completed all the details of a new business venture which it is believed would have brought him international renown.

His energy was almost superhuman. He said to the writer frequently: "I do not need more than four hours of sleep, it is waste of time, and I need all the time I have." Was it a premonition of an early end? After the death of his beloved wife (a woman of rare worth), a brief two years before his own, it seemed as though the world of the Unseen held the man with a close touch which he could not or would not loosen. His funeral, held in the Tabernacle at Nashville, was one of the most memorable occasions in the history of the State, many thousands being present.

To those who knew him best, it seemed as though he had lived many lives during the span of years allowed him, and had surely attained more than almost any man of any age.

The foregoing contribution comes from one who was much in his service, and it is not by any means extravagant. For years he was the cordially announced friend of the editor of the *VETERAN*, and selected him to write of matters deeply concerning his interests and the welfare of the public. These occasions illustrated the great regard for his wife, for it was the rule to refer to her for detail in matters in which he was concerned.



COL. JERE BAXTER.

This is well illustrated by an anecdote of his childhood which he himself told. In his handsome home on Belmont Avenue, Nashville, there stood a fine old mahogany table with an apparently solid base, ornately carved in the elaborate fashion of the sixties. Around this table clung many memories of

THE NASHVILLE ROUTE.

E. H. Hinton, the efficient Manager of the Tennessee Central Railroad, announces that the route name of the Tennessee Central Railroad, which has heretofore been designated "The Harriman Route," has been changed to

THE NASHVILLE ROUTE.

The management states in regard to "the Nashville route:"

"In reaching this conclusion we have not lost sight of the consideration due to Harriman, Lebanon, Clarksville, and Hopkinsville, thriving, progressive, and rapidly developing cities, which have been loyal and valued supporters of the road, but the circumstances at Nashville are unusual and impressive. It may not be out of place at this time to mention some of the conditions that have led us to make the change.

"The Tennessee Central Railroad forms with its connections the shortest possible line at present in operation between Nashville and Washington, between Nashville and New York, and between Nashville and all Eastern cities.

"The road likewise forms with its connections an effective and attractive short line between Nashville, St. Louis, Chicago, and all Western points.

"The construction of the line has added a most important factor in the development of business, via Nashville, between the grain fields of the West and the great consuming territory of the Southeast.

"As a great distributing point between these vast territories Nashville occupies an impregnable position, while its geographical location, its fine climate, its proximity to raw material and to fuel, and its location in the center of a marvelously fertile and extensive territory, which is tributary to it, must inevitably make it one of the most important manufacturing centers in the country. Its permanent ascendancy in this respect is still further assured by its rate adjustment, which has been approvingly reviewed by the highest courts in the land, and by the securing of continuous steamboat service from Nashville to the sea, which will result from the recent building of locks and dams in the Cumberland River west of Nashville.

"The Tennessee Central Railroad is closely identified with the interests of Nashville—in fact, it is preëminently a 'Nashville line.'

"It has constructed a system of terminals in the city of Nashville that opens up practically an unlimited field for the location of warehouses, factories, and other industrial plants, and it has thus contributed immensely to strengthening the city's commanding position as a manufacturing point.

"The road owes its existence largely to the suffrages of the citizens of Nashville, the completion of the line being the most important event for fifty years in the transportation history of the city. Each recurring incident in its construction, most of them more or less stirring, has helped to establish between the citizens and the road a cordiality of relations, an identity of interests, and an undercurrent of strong personal obligation that is unique.

"It is therefore with a sense of enjoying a special privilege that I have the honor to introduce the 'Nashville Route.'

THE "STANDING STONE" AT MONTEREY, TENN.—The town of Monterey was originally called Standing Stone, because at that point was found one of the large stones with which the Indians had marked one boundary of their lines to that disputed territory which had been so long contested by the Five Nations, and which was finally allowed as a hunting ground for all, but as the property of none. A truce to all hostilities was had as soon as the hunter crossed the paths



"STANDING STONE" MONUMENT, MONTEREY, TENN.

marked by the standing stone. This stone may be seen at the top of the monument in the above picture. It originally stood over six feet high, but because of the many pieces carried away by tourists the stone diminished in size so rapidly that the Independent Order of Red Men protected it, as shown in the picture. It now stands in the center of the town of Monterey, and around it is laid out an attractive park.

WHAT IS THOUGHT OF "THE OLD SOUTH."

Judge W. S. Bearden, Shelbyville, Tenn: "I read 'The Old South' with profound interest and pleasure. I found it an entertaining treat. It is a patriotic tribute and an accurate historical portrayal."

Said a well-informed Confederate: "Ah, it is a delightful book. It is the most tersely expressed story I have ever read. Thomas Nelson Page, in his description of Christmas in 'Meh Lady,' does not surpass it."

Phil B. Arnold, of Colusa, Cal., writes of "The Old South:" "I am delighted with it. Such books ought to be liberally circulated among young people of the South. I want to present the members of our local Camp of Confederate Veterans with copies. Inclosed please find money order for \$2.50. Please send as many as you can for that amount."

BEAUTIFULLY BOUND BOOK.—While the contents of "The Old South," with a number of fine engravings, will be a delight to purchasers, the cover is especially attractive in red and white. The body of the cover is red, with title in white lettering and ornamented with an open cotton boll with green stem. It is having the most successful sale of any book ever offered by the VETERAN, and never yet has any word but of praise been received in regard to it. Price, twenty-five cents, or free to any subscriber who sends a new one direct to the VETERAN.



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The Assistant Librarian of Congress makes inquiry of the VETERAN for the naval songs of the South written by Mr. E. King. Not being familiar with these, a request is made of any one who can furnish any information of them. If in any collection of songs, would like to know where it can be purchased.

A. J. Emerson, of LaVeta, Colo.: "Who of the readers of the VETERAN can give particulars of the meeting of the Tenth Kentucky Confederate Regiment and the Tenth Kentucky Federal Regiment on the field of battle near Jonesboro, Ga., just before the fall of Atlanta, September, 1864, and the sanguinary fight that followed between these two regiments?"

J. F. Royster, of Fulton, Ky., wishes to locate Capt. James Isbell, of Alabama, who was living somewhere near Little Rock, Ark., when last heard of. He commanded a company in Armistead's Regiment, part of Wheeler's Cavalry. He is sought for the benefit of an old servant, "Anthony," who followed Capt. Isbell through the war as his body servant, and now wishes to be reunited with young "Marster" and receive what assistance can be given him in his old age.

Thomas R. Gant, of Lawson, Mo., requests that some member of Ector's Brigade of Texas troops or of F. M. Cockrell's Missouri Brigade tell the story of the fight at Allatoona, Ga. Comrade Gant was of the Third Missouri Infantry, Company C, and considers that one of the hardest-fought battles of the war, considering the numbers engaged. Comrade Gant would find "Two Wars," by Gen. S. G. French, quite exhaustive on this subject, and it supersedes the necessity of any other general report.

W. A. Campbell, of Columbus, Miss., asks for information of a Mr. Elliston, who was a member of the Eighteenth Mississippi Regiment of Infantry, commanded, he thinks, by Col. Burt. Replies to this inquiry can be sent to Mrs. Sarah Sheffield, of Columbus, Miss.

Mrs. Robert N. Cook, of Lexington, Mo., makes inquiry concerning a society called "Knights of the Golden Circle," organized during the war for helping the Southern cause. She states that her grandfather, Rev. G. W. Robertson, was living in Louisville, Ky., in 1861, and was a member and may have been the president of the society in that city. Any of our readers who can give her information of the society will confer a favor.

Miss Nannie L. Greer, of Anna, Tex. (R. R. No. 4), wishes to procure a copy of "The War between the States," by Alexander H. Stephens, and will appreciate response to this by any one who has a copy for sale or who can tell her where it could be procured. The VETERAN also desires a copy.

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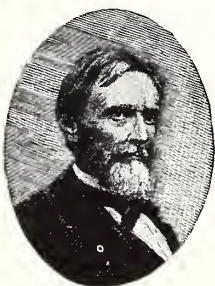
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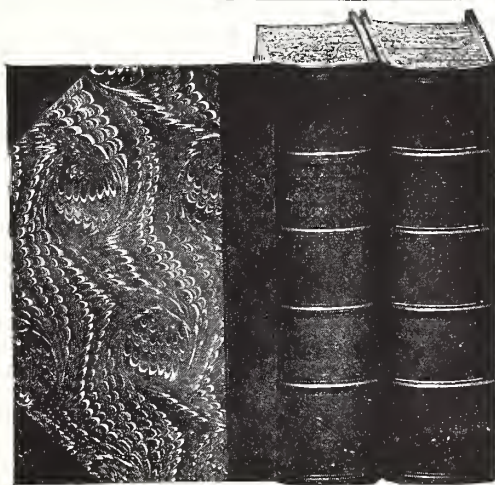
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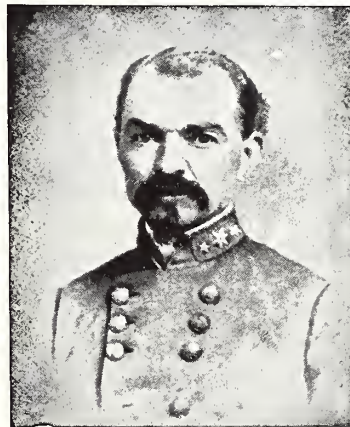
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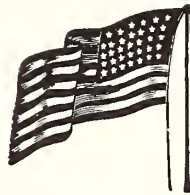
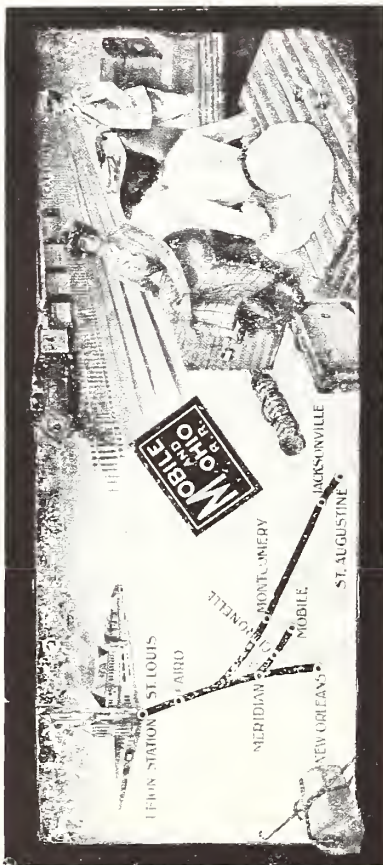
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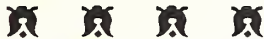
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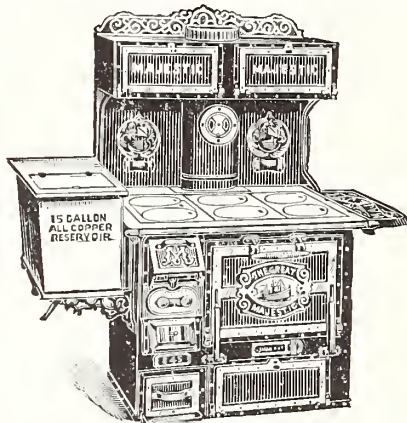
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The *civil* war was too long ago to be called the *late* war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.

The terms "new South" and "lost Cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

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NASHVILLE, TENN., MAY, 1905.

NO. 5. } S. A. CUNNINGHAM.
PROPRIETOR.

LOUISVILLE'S GREATEST REUNION.

BY THOMAS D. OSBORNE, SECRETARY OF THE COMMITTEE.

Louisville's citizens and the Confederates are in a contest, striving to surpass each other in arranging courtesies to be extended to the men who wore the gray when they meet in the lovely city on the falls of the Ohio June 14-16.

As a type of the gracious efforts, Dr. A. D. James, United States Marshal and one of the leading Republicans, gave a large room in the customhouse to be filled with cots for the Veterans, and added: "Send me eight old soldiers for me to entertain at my home." Hon. Charles F. Grainger,

MAYOR OF LOUISVILLE,

will have the city in its finest sanitary condition, and, in co-operation with Mr. John C. Lewis, the great dry goods merchant, Chairman of Illuminations and Decorations, will in due time have all the streets in the main section of the city bridged with banners, flags, and portraits. The business part

of the city will be lighted by arches, lit up by red and white electric lamps, and from each of which will be suspended in colors the name of some distinguished hero of our sacred cause.

AMPLE HEADQUARTERS

have been secured in close proximity to each other for every State. With twenty bands distributed in these headquarters, certainly there will be music enough and amusement enough for all who may come. Gen. Dozier Thornton, Chairman of States Headquarters, has subdivided his committee of two hundred into details who will provide for every possible convenience. The buffet lunch at each State headquarters will be a most attractive feature.

THE MAMMOTH HORSE SHOW BUILDING

erected by the Louisville Confederates for the 1900 reunion has been enlarged to double its former capacity, and is now the largest house in the State.

Surely when the survivors of the army of the Southern Confederacy gather in annual conclave next June in Louisville, they will find prepared for



Galt House, Headquarters.



Shawnee Park, where Barbecue and Garden Party will be given.



Union Depot, Central Information Bureau, Seventh Street, Near the River.



Louisville Trust Co. Building, Headquarters Music, Parade, and Review Committees, Fifth and Market Streets.

them a round of entertainment measured in extent only by the time limit of the reunion. Each day sees a marked advance in the arrangement of affairs for the reunion, the recording of the approximate numbers that will attend, the securing of adequate accommodations for all, and the mapping out of pleasures and pastimes for these men who followed the flag of the South.

Mr. Breckinridge Castleman, with his fine committee of one hundred on entertainment, has planned a

BARBECUE IN SHAWNEE PARK

for ten thousand Veterans, followed by the English novelty—a garden party for sponsors, maids of honor, and friends. Then will come the gorgeous sponsors' ball in the horse show building, where fifteen thousand spectators can witness the most brilliant spectacle.

There will be something doing every hour during the reunion in the way of entertainment for the Veterans, except while they are asleep. Of course there is no desire to have anything to distract attention from the regular proceedings of the association, but these pleasures and recreations will be provided and will be at the disposal of the visitors. It will be a season of the year when Louisville is at its best. The parks will be open with

MYRIAD FORMS OF ENTERTAINMENT,

and the theaters will be in full blast. In addition, excursions up and down the river will be arranged.

As is known to many, Louisville boasts of five beautiful parks, where nature has shown the handiwork of her happiest mood and man has added to increase the pleasures. These are Fountain Ferry, Shawnee, Cherokee, Jacobs, and Central Parks. They will be alive with the varied forms of entertainment found at such resorts.

The five theaters of the city will all have attractions during the reunion.

SEVERAL FOUR-DECK STEAMERS

from Cincinnati have been chartered for the reunion, and, in addition to the crafts here already, will be put into commission as pleasure boats, with frequent daily trips on the Ohio. Land excursions to various points of interest in and near Louisville will also be arranged, important among which will be trips to the Confederate Soldiers' Home in Pewee Valley.

And all of this will be free to the visiting Confederate Veterans. Just as the gray they wear is their patent of nobility, so will the official reunion badge be passport and open sesame to everything within the gates of Louisville.

EACH VETERAN WILL REGISTER

when he arrives at his State headquarters, and will then receive his badge. From then until the reunion ends his needs for money will be few and far between.

Louisville is going to show the Veterans just how they are valued in the eyes of Kentuckians and, in fact, the whole South.

The official button for the reunion has been adopted. It will show a background of the Confederate flags with a portrait of Gen. John Cabell Breckinridge.

The committees in charge of this mighty meeting are:

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

John H. Leathers, President.

Bennett H. Young, Vice President.

John B. Castleman, Second Vice President.

Basil W. Duke, Third Vice President.

Sam H. Buchanan, Fourth Vice President.

Thomas D. Osborne, Secretary.

John W. Green, Treasurer.

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STANDING COMMITTEES—CHAIRMEN.

Finance, Joshua D. Powers.

Transportation, Gen. B. W. Duke.

Hotels and Accommodations, Joseph Pettus.

Music, Parade, and Review, Bennett H. Young.

Reception, Charles B. Norton.

Invitation, John B. Castleman.

Badges, Henry Kaufman.

Printing, W. M. Marriner.

Ladies, Marion E. Taylor.

Headquarters for States, D. Thornton.

Public Comfort, Mayor Charles F. Grainger.

Press, Thomas D. Osborne.

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Information, Thomas J. Batman.

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GENERAL STATE HEADQUARTERS COMMITTEE.

Andrew M. Sea, R. A. Dawson, John H. Leathers,

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John H. Weller, R. C. Davis, Victor Englehard,

James G. Davis, Thos. D. Osborne, J. T. Gaines,

Joseph Pettus, William J. Baird,

Nearly two thousand of the best people of Louisville are serving on the reunion committees. Among them are these:

COMMITTEE FOR ENTERTAINMENT OF GENERAL OFFICERS.

Morris B. Belknap, John B. Castleman, Walker D. Hines,

Randolph H. Blain, B. W. Duke, Alfred Pirtle,

W. O. Bonnie, Walter Evans, Harry Weissinger,

Thos. W. Bullitt, Abner Harris, Americus Whedon.

Sam'l. Culbertson, John Helm,

Andrew Cowan, Chairman, 435 West Main Street, City.

COMMITTEE ON DECORATION OF PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

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Dr. S. H. Baker, John H. Page, D. F. Murphy,

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W. L. Weller, Jr., Henry A. Bell, Charles Neumeier,

Albert Scott, E. T. Schmitt, Robert A. Woods.

Jas. P. Gregory, Alfred Oldham, Benson O. Herr,

H. W. Reese, T. L. Jefferson, J. Moss Terry,

H. M. Brennan, J. T. Gaines, Paul C. Barth,

T. P. Satterwhite, Jr. C. C. Martin, Dr. Ben Buckle,

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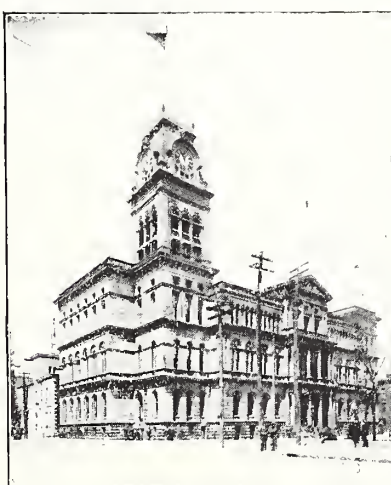
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Union Station, Information Bureau, Broadway and Tenth Streets.



City Hall, Texas Headquarters, Jefferson and Fifth Streets.



Customhouse, where United States Marshal A. D. James will entertain, Fourth Street.

The Missouri and Division Headquarters will be in City Hall as well as the Texas.

KENTUCKY'S GIFTS TO THE CONFEDERACY.

BY THOMAS D. OSBORNE, REUNION PRESS COMMITTEE.

That Kentucky, in the War between the States, furnished the two Presidents, Abraham Lincoln, Northern, and Jefferson Davis, Southern, both natives of the State, is generally known, as is also the fact that a Kentuckian, Gen. Robert Anderson, of Louisville, was the officer in charge of Fort Sumter when the first gun of the great war was fired. But it is not widely known that Kentucky played a star part in the mighty drama which drew the greatest stream of blood that ever crossed the track of time.

The occasion of the Fifteenth National Reunion of the United Confederate Veterans at Louisville, June 14-16, is a fitting opportunity to emphasize some points indicating the prominent part played by Kentucky. Of the eight full generals, one-fourth were by birth Kentuckians—Albert Sidney Johnston and John B. Hood. The only full general killed on the field of battle was a Kentuckian, Albert Sidney Johnston. The only Southern Governor killed in battle was a Kentuckian—Gov. George W. Johnson, shot dead in the fight at Shiloh while he marched in the ranks carrying a musket. Of the seventeen lieutenant generals in the Confederate army, two were from Kentucky—Simon Bolivar Buckner and Richard Taylor, the latter the only son of the President of the United States, Zachary Taylor. He was born January 27, 1826, near Louisville, and brought up and educated in this city. This Kentuckian commanded the Trans-Mississippi Department, the last to surrender. He won praise from every one; even Gen. Forrest said of him at Meridian: "He's the biggest one in the lot. If we'd had more like him, we would have licked the Yankees long ago." Gen. Taylor was brilliant in every way, and wrote the most thrilling book on the war, "Destruction and Reconstruction."

Of the eighty-one Confederate major generals, Kentucky furnished six: John C. Breckinridge, T. J. Churchill, George B. Crittenden, Charles W. Field, William Preston, and Gustavus W. Smith. One of these, Gen. Breckinridge, served the last part of the war as Secretary of War, and was the best-liked of all in the Cabinet of the Southern Confederacy. Gen. G. W. Smith, who preceded Gen. Breckinridge as Secretary of War, was also a Kentuckian.

The brigadier generals from Kentucky were: D. W. Adams, A. Buford, G. B. Cosby, B. W. Duke, R. M. Gano, Henry L. Giltner, J. B. Grayson, J. M. Hawes, N. W. Hanson, Ben Hardin Helm, George B. Hodge, Adam R. Johnson, Joseph H. Lewis, H. B. Lyon, H. Marshal, Sam B. Maxey, J. H. Morgan, Thomas H. Taylor, Lloyd Tilghman, J. S. Williams, and others.

As to the entire number of men enlisted in purely Kentucky commands it would be about 28,204. The regulations, which were not always complied with, required that a company should have seventy-eight men, including commissioned and noncommissioned officers. This would make the nine regiments and three battalions of infantry 7,692 men, the eighteen regiments and sixteen battalions of cavalry 17,200 men, and the four artillery companies 312 men. The bodyguards, escorts, scouts, signal corps, etc., were largely composed of men taken from the before-mentioned commands.

Owing to the loss of a large number of rolls, a positive statement cannot be given as to the number of troops of all arms contributed by Kentucky to the Confederacy. The number of Kentuckians who served in regiments from other States is known to be large, but there is no way of fixing

the number. It is to be deplored that complete records cannot be found. There went from Kentucky into the Confederate army nine full regiments and three battalions of infantry, as follows: 1st Kentucky Infantry, Col. Thomas H. Taylor; 2d Kentucky Infantry, Col. Roger W. Hanson; 3d Kentucky Infantry, Col. Lloyd Tilghman; 4th Kentucky Infantry, Col. Robert P. Trabue; 5th Kentucky Infantry, Col. John S. Williams; 6th Kentucky Infantry, Col. Joseph H. Lewis; 7th Kentucky Infantry, Col. Edward Crossland; 8th Kentucky Infantry, Col. Hylan B. Lyon; 9th Kentucky Infantry, Col. Thomas H. Hunt; 1st Kentucky Battalion, Lieut. Col. Blanton Duncan; 2d Kentucky Battalion, Lieut. Col. Martin H. Cofer; Desha's Battalion, Maj. Joseph Desha. These were merged into the other commands of infantry.

There went also eighteen regiments and fifteen other organ-



MISS CARRIE PEYTON WHEELER,
Daughter of Gen. Jos. Wheeler and Sponsor for the South, U. C. V.

izations of cavalry, as follows: 1st Kentucky, Col. Ben Hardin Helm; 2d Kentucky, Col. John Hunt Morgan; 2d Kentucky, Col. Thomas G. Woodward; 3d Kentucky, Col. J. Russell Butler; 4th Kentucky, Col. Henry L. Giltner; 5th Kentucky, Col. D. Howard Smith; 6th Kentucky, Col. J. Warren Grigsby; 7th Kentucky, Col. Richard M. Gano; 8th Kentucky, Col. Roy S. Cluke; 9th Kentucky, Col. W. C. P. Breckinridge; 10th Kentucky, Col. Andrew J. May; 10th Kentucky, Col. David W. Chenault; 11th Kentucky, Col. Adam R. Johnson; 12th Kentucky, Col. W. W. Faulkner; 13th Kentucky, Col. Ben E. Candill; 14th Kentucky, Col. Richard C. Morgan; 15th Kentucky, Col. J. Q. Chenoweth; 16th Kentucky, Col. L. A. Syper; 1st Kentucky Battalion,

Lieut. Col. William E. Simms; 1st Kentucky Battalion Rifles, Col. O. G. Camron; 1st Kentucky Special Battalion, Col. William W. Ward; 2d Kentucky Battalion, Maj. Clarence J. Prentice; 2d Kentucky Battalion Rifles, Maj. Thomas Johnson; 2d Kentucky Battalion Special, Col. R. O. Morgan; 3d Kentucky Battalion Rifles, Lieut. Col. E. F. Clay; 3d Kentucky Battalion Special, Col. Joseph T. Tucker; 4th Kentucky Battalion Special, Maj. W. R. Messick; 6th Kentucky Battalion, Maj. George M. Jesse; King's Kentucky Battalion,

Maj. H. Clay King; Huey's Kentucky Battalion, Lieut. Col. J. K. Huey; Jenkins's Kentucky Battalion, Maj. B. W. Jenkins. Nearly all of these latter were later merged into other cavalry regiments. Patton's Partisan Rangers, Lieut. Col. O. A. Patton; Morehead's Partisan Rangers, Col. J. C. Morehead. There were also a few companies of cavalry on special service, such as Buckner's Guards, Quirk's Scouts, Quantrill's Scouts, Breckinridge's Signal Corps, etc. There were also Kentuckians in the regiments from all the Southern States. Ex-Speaker W. M. Moore was colonel of the 10th Missouri, and many Kentuckians were in Missouri regiments. Gen. Jo O. Shelby, recently deceased, was a member of the Kentucky Veterans' Association of Kentucky. There were also four full artillery companies, as follows: Cobb's Battery, Capt. Edward P. Byrne; Graves's Battery, Capt. Rice E. Graves; Lyon's Battery, Capt. H. B. Lyon.

It may be noticed that several regiments have the same number. This confusion existed almost throughout the war. There were two 5th Kentucky Infantry Regiments for several years. Finally it was decided that "Cerro Gordo" Williams's Regiment was senior, and then Col. Thomas H. Hunt's 5th Kentucky became the 9th Kentucky Infantry. The cavalry regiments were never entirely corrected. Cols. Chenault and Gano each claimed to be the 7th Kentucky Cavalry; but this was awarded to Col. Gano, and Col. Chenault's became the 11th Kentucky Cavalry.

As it was difficult to recruit the Kentucky regiments, and as their ranks were thinned out at every fight, many companies and regiments were consolidated; and when the war ended, there were not more than two full regiments of infantry and six regiments of cavalry remaining.

Kentuckians' blood was shed on the soil of every State. The last man killed in the war was a Kentuckian, a member of the Orphan Brigade, which was fighting April 29, 1865, near Statesburg, S. C., when the news came that both Lee and Johnston had surrendered late that evening. George Doyle, of Logan County, Ky., a private in the 9th Kentucky Infantry, was killed. He was, as his commander, Col. John W. Caldwell, reported, the last man who fell under the Confederate flag.



MRS. HENRY HEUSER, LOUISVILLE,
Chaperon for the South.



Seelbach Hotel, Newest and Finest Near
Headquarters, Fourth Street.



Columbia Building, Headquarters Invitation
Committee, Main and Fourth Streets.



Boys' High School, State Headquarters,
638 First Street.

The Boys' High School will be the State Headquarters for Maryland and Virginia also.

The most notable command in the Army of Tennessee, the Orphan Brigade (1st Kentucky Brigade), has members buried near battlefields in thirteen States.

Although the members of the Orphan Brigade were very largely Kentuckians, there were some from other sections. Of the five thousand men and boys in the 2d, 4th, 5th, 6th, and 9th Regiments and Cobb's Battery, which organizations composed the brigade, sixty-seven were foreign-born: England, Greece, Prussia, and Scotland, one each; Canada, two; France, three; Germany, thirteen (including Capt. Chris Bouche); Ireland, forty-three (one of whom, Hugh McVey, had been a British soldier in India). There were also some Indians—Flying Cloud and a Mohawk Indian. All the others were native Kentuckians, except ninety-eight, who came from eighteen States: Arkansas, New Jersey, West Virginia, one each; Alabama and Pennsylvania, two each; District of Columbia, Illinois, Louisiana, New York, Ohio, and South Carolina, three each (among these was Lieut. Henry Buchanan, of New York, and "Devil Dick," of Ohio); South Carolina, three (who joined in March, 1865); Indiana, five; Maryland, six; Georgia, Virginia, Missouri, seven (of the Georgians was Emory Spear, now the famous United States Judge Spear; of the Missourians was John Nichols, who carried the colors off Stone's River battlefield after three color bearers had been shot dead within thirty feet); Texas, nineteen; Tennessee, twenty-five. All classes of society were represented. The sunburned farmer's boy stood shoulder to shoulder with the star-crowned soldier who had swept over the fields at Mexico, and stormed the heights of Chapultepec. There were men from the mansions in the blue grass, marching with the mountain boys from the Kentucky highlands; there were men from ninety-one counties in line.

Gen. William Preston, who had been Minister to Spain and had gone around the world, called them "the rose and expectancy of the State." President Jefferson Davis: "They are the seed corn of the Southern Confederacy." The officers were worthy of such men.

Buckner, who organized the brigade, was a wonderful West Pointer, and with a dozen other members had served in Mexico with credit. Breckinridge, their first commander, came almost from the White House. He had been Vice President of the United States and acting President. He turned his back on a six years' term in the United States Senate to head the Orphan Brigade. Then there were Gen. Hanson, the great orator and master of men;

Helm, brother-in-law of Abraham Lincoln, from whom he had refused a general's commission in the United States army; Maj. Rice Graves and several West Pointers; Capt. Joe

Desha, who later declined the brigadier generalcy to remain with the Orphan Brigade; Col. Moss and a score more who served in Mexico; Judge Burns, who left the bench of the



MISS FRANCES T. HERNDON,
Sponsor for Paducah (Ky.) Camp



GEN. S. B. BUCKNER.

circuit court; Gen. Joe Lewis, Capt. Phil Lee, Col. Cofer, favorites in their communities; Col. Clark, who had been captain of the National Blues; Maj. Hays, son-in-law of Gov. Helm; Capt. Monroe, who had been Mayor of Lexington, left the office of Secretary of State; the fighting Col. Robert D. Trabue (of thirty-five of his name, thirty-two came into the Southern army). Then there was Col. Hewett, son of the millionaire Hewett, whose firm, Hewitt, Norton & Co., had cotton warehouses in New Orleans, New York, and Liverpool. He resigned a captaincy in the 7th New York Regiment, the crack command of that city, to serve with the Orphans. Capt. Peter Daniels, honor graduate of Harvard University, came with him. Both were killed at Chickamauga. Col. Hewett was the finest dresser in the Southern Confederacy, and the most shocking sight I saw, Sunday morning at Chickamauga, was where he lay dead in the deep dust of the Chattanooga road, his rich red sash and splendid uniform smeared with blood and dust from the tramp of horses and men.

Last year I was down in Breckinridge County and visited the grave of Capt. Pete Daniels, and saw in his old home his sword hanging on the wall, and on the mantelpiece was his Harvard University society pin. A great historic figure in the brigade was Gov. George W. Johnson, who was sworn in as a private at the battle of Shiloh. It was a dramatic scene when the boy captain, Ben Monroe, with his naked sword in one hand and the other uplifted, swore the Governor in.

A little later both were shot down, and the Governor died. There were with the brigade in that great fight Gen. John H. Morgan, then a captain, and Gen. Basil Duke, at that time a first lieutenant. They went out from the brigade, and naturally became famous fighters.

After the battle of Shiloh, Judge Walker, of New Orleans, wrote a pamphlet history of the brigade; and Capt. Ed Porter Thompson, who afterwards became brigade historian and fixed the fame of the brigade forever in the temple of glory, said that, no matter how the war ended, any man who served in the Orphan Brigade had a title to nobility. When we went to dedicate his monument at Frankfort, I confessed that at Louisville the boys had bragged about their deeds until they were tired, and the other people were tired also; but when that Yankee professor of Harvard University wrote his article in the *Century*, in which he said, "I have searched in vain the annals of ancient and modern warfare to find a body of soldiers who surpassed this Orphan Brigade," then we met at the *Courier-Journal* and resolved that all the lies we had been telling were true. Professor Shaler, in the article referred to, went into details, telling how the brigade marched out from Dalton with eleven hundred and forty men, and after one hundred days of fighting had eighteen hundred and sixty dead and wounded. (All the wounds, of course, were not counted—only wounds which sent a man to the hospital.) This was the official record given by Dr. Walter Bryne from the hospital records to Gen. Fayette Hewett, who furnished it to Professor Shaler. They tell of the great seven days' fight in Virginia; but think of the one hundred days' fight in this body of men who covered the retreat of Johnston's army, much of the time digging rifle pits almost every night on skirmish line or line of battle every day. There was almost a spray of blood in the atmosphere from Dalton to Atlanta.

When I was shot down on May 28 at Dallas, Ga., and left on the battlefield, afterwards carried to the old church and laid in a pew on a platform of cotton, then recaptured and sent to Atlanta, later to Macon, I found near there four Orphan Brigade doctors. The Orphan Brigade had singularly successful surgeons. Dr. David W. Yandell was Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston's medical director; Dr. S. M. Bemis became assistant director of hospitals, Dr. Preston B. Scott medical director of the Alabama and Mississippi Department; then there was that array of splendid surgeons, Byrne, Bryson, Brunson, Brookin, Dodge, Dudley, W. Duke, Eckford, Foreman, Gore, Hester, Mann, Marshall, Mathews, Newberry, Pendleton, Rutherford, Sanders, John O. Scott, Alf

and Hugh Smith, Stevenson, Thomas, Thompson, Vertrees, Wible, and Yanaway.

Great as was the soldier service by Kentucky for the South, there was one Kentuckian whose work was such that President Davis said it was worth that of a general. This worker was Walter N. Haldeman, Esq., of the *Courier-Journal*, Louisville, who was offered a commission as an officer, but later was asked also to act as news purveyor; and accordingly he arranged a news route from Evansville, Ind., through the lines to himself, and he furnished President Davis all the news from Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky, Ohio, and other Western papers. These were declared by the President to be most valuable. Often news of contemplated movements in Vir-



W. N. HALDEMAN.

ginia came to Richmond by way of Kentucky.

A partial list of engagements between the Confederate and Federal forces in Kentucky, arranged chronologically, is as follows:

1861.—October 23, Hodgenville; November 9, Ivy Mountain; November 17, Rowlett's Station; December 5-8, Russellville.

1862.—January 7, Jennie's Creek; January 8, Fishing Creek; January 14, Columbus; January 19, 20, Mill Springs; January 24-30, Piketon; February 14, 15, Bowling Green; March 2, 3, Columbus; March 25, Paducah; May 11, Cave City; June 6, Tompkinsville; June 11, Monterey; July 12, Lebanon; July 17, Cynthiana; July 19, Paris; July 29, Mt. Sterling; July 19, Russellville; August 26, Danville; August 30, Richmond; September 12, Glasgow; September 14-21, Munfordsville; September 18, Florence; September 19, 20, Owensboro; September 27, Augusta; September 30, Russellville; September 30, Glasgow; October 4, Bardstown; October 6-8, Perryville; October 10, Harrodsburg; October 11, Danville; October 14, Lancaster; October 17, Lexington; October 28, Williamsburg; October 31, Morgantown; November 6, Hopkinsville; November 8, Burkesville; December 24, Glasgow; December 26, Nolin; December 27, Elizabethtown; December 28-31, Muldraugh's Hill; December 31, New Market.

1863.—January 3, Columbus; February 23, Athens; March 2, Mt. Sterling; March 11, Paris; March 22, Mt. Sterling; March 24-26, Danville; March 30, Somerset; April 15, Pike-



Courthouse, Headquarters for Florida and Pacific Division.



Kentucky Blind School, North Side Frankfort Avenue, East of State.



Girls' High School, Headquarters Ladies' Memorial Association, Hill and Fifth Streets.

In addition to the above the courthouse will be headquarters for Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, North and South Carolina,

ton; April 26-29, Celina; April 28, Howe's Ford; May 1, Monticello; May 13, Woodburn; May 24-26, Danville; June 8, Glasgow; June 8-10, Burkesville; June 9, Rocky Gap; June 9, Monticello; June 16, Triplett's Brigade; June 16, Maysville; June 28, Russellville, June 29, Columbia; July 1-26, Morgan's Ohio Raid; July 4, Green River Bridge; July 5, Bardstown; July 7, Shepherdsville; July 16-18, Paducah; July 28, Lexington; July 28, Richmond; July 29, Paris; July 31, Lancaster; August 1, Hickman; August 18, Crab Orchard; September 11, Greenville; September 28, Columbus; October 6, Glasgow; November 30, Salyersville; December 1-10, Mt. Sterling; December 5-10, Columbia.

1864.—January 4, Creelsboro; February 8, Barbourville; February 22, Mayfield; March 6, Columbus; March 30, Moscow; April 14, Paducah; April 19, Pound Gap; May 9, Pound Gap; May 20, Mayfield; June 8, 9, Mt. Sterling; June 10, Frankfort; June 10, Lexington; June 11, Cynthiana; July 5, Lebanon; July 13-15, Big Spring; August 1, Bardstown; August 14, 15, Mayfield; August 23, Canton; August 27, Owensboro; September 2, Union City; September 25, Henderson; October 15, Glasgow; October 17, Eddyville; October 21, Harrodsburg; November 5, 6, Big Pigeon River; December 6, Hopkinsville; December 24, Elizabethtown; December 31, 1865.—January 15, Mt. Sterling; January 19, Big Spring; January 29, Danville; March 25, Glasgow; April 13-16, Lexington; April 18, Taylorsville.

After it was all over, the government gathered its soldiers' bones into national cemeteries; and, as Col. Young in his Baltimore speech suggested, after searching the libraries of the centuries, selected for inscription the lines written by Capt. Theodore O'Hara, of the Orphan Brigade:

"On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead."

And so it will be seen that Louisville and Kentucky played "star parts" in the unsurpassed struggle of 1861-65.

RAILROAD RATES TO THE REUNION.

The Southeastern Passenger Association has authorized the sale of excursion tickets to Louisville, on account of the United Confederate Veterans' Reunion, at one cent per mile in each direction—short-line-distance tickets to be sold from June 10 to 13, inclusive; from points beyond a radius of five hundred miles from Louisville, from June 12 to 15, inclusive; also for trains scheduled to arrive in Louisville before noon of the 16th from points within a radius of five hundred miles of Louisville, final limit to leave Louisville returning, June 19, subject to extension of final limit to July 10 upon payment of fee of fifty cents to the joint agent at Louisville.

The Central Passenger Association, at a meeting held on the 12th inst., concurred in the recommendation of the Louisville Passenger Committee to sell tickets from Cincinnati at \$2.50, from Evansville at \$2.85, and from St. Louis at \$6.50, offering the rate from St. Louis to Missouri lines for basing purposes. Dates of sale, June 14 to 15; limit of tickets, June 17—except that limits of tickets from and through St. Louis will be extended to July 10 upon payment of fee of fifty cents to joint validating agent at Louisville.

Also tickets to be sold June 14 and 15, limited to June 17, at one fare for the round trip, from the following described territory:

Baltimore and Ohio Southwestern Railroad: Washington and Osgood, Ind., and intermediate points.

Chicago, Indianapolis, and Louisville Railway (Monon Route): Bedford, Ind., and intermediate points.

Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago, and St. Louis Railway (Big Four Route): Greensburg, Ind., and intermediate points.

Pennsylvania Co.: Columbus, Ind., and intermediate points.

Southern Railway: Princeton, Ind., and intermediate points.

IMPORTANT REUNION INFORMATION.

The Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, U. D. C., Louisville, Ky., will have a place for headquarters during the reunion (June 14-16) in Louisville. All visiting Daughters are requested to come to this headquarters (southwest corner Fourth and Chestnut Streets) and register names, Chapter names, and home and city addresses. This will enable the Louisville women to show the guests every possible courtesy. The Louisville papers will publish the list registered each day, and visitors from different States may meet each other.

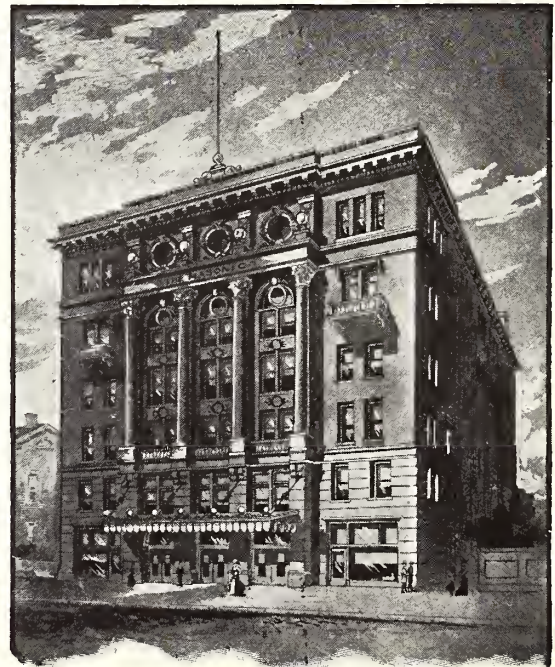
MRS. JOHN WOODBURY,

Recording Secretary A. S. Johnston Chapter, U. D. C.

TRIBUTE TO LOUISVILLE FROM MISSOURI.

Maj. Gen. H. W. Salmon, of Clinton, Mo., commanding the Missouri Division, U. C. V., pays this tribute to Louisville: "No city in all the Southland is better prepared to receive and care for our old veterans than is the beautiful, historic city of Louisville. Its citizens are progressive, warm-hearted, and hospitable; and your Commander not only requests the attendance of every Missouri Confederate soldier, but urges them to take this opportunity to meet and mingle with old comrades whom they may never again see this side of the Great River."

The post office address of W. R. Sims, who attended the Dallas reunion, is desired. Kindly inform the VETERAN.



THE MASONIC BUILDING,
Chestnut near Fourth Street, General Amusement Headquarters.

FORREST'S CAVALRY CORPS AT THE REUNION.

OFFICIAL NOTICE IN REGARD TO THE PARADE.

All veterans of Gen. N. B. Forrest's Cavalry Corps have been invited by Gen. S. D. Lee, commanding Confederate Veterans, to appear mounted in a body in parade at the approaching reunion. It is requested that all officers who purpose to attend will report in writing at the earliest practicable moment to Col. C. W. Anderson, Adjutant General, Murfreesboro, Tenn., and the number of men they will have in attendance, that arrangements may be made for mounting them. We learn that horses can be had in Louisville at four dollars each for the parade.

By order of Gen. D. C. Kelley, commanding Forrest's Veteran Cavalry Corps.

C. W. ANDERSON, *Adjutant General.*

REUNION PRESIDENT AND SECRETARY.

John Hess Leathers was born April 27, 1841, in Middleway, Jefferson County, Va., educated in the country school, and began clerking in a store; later he went to Louisville, Ky., and entered upon a business career, which was broken off by the war, at the beginning of which he went to Virginia and enlisted in Company D, 2d Virginia Infantry, Stonewall Jackson's Brigade. He served with great credit, was complimented by Gen. R. E. Lee, and promoted to sergeant major of the regiment. He was severely wounded at Gettysburg, was captured in the battle of the Wilderness May 12, 1864, and was kept a prisoner at Point Lookout, Md., almost till the war was over.

When peace came, Maj. Leathers accepted an invitation from his Louisville friends and returned to Kentucky, became a commercial traveler, and was soon promoted to a partnership in the firm. It became Tapp, Leathers & Co., clothing manufacturers. For a third of a century it has held the highest rank. Maj. Leathers, having a host of friends, was induced about ten years ago to become cashier of the Louisville National Banking Company, a leading financial institution.

For a quarter of a century Maj. Leathers has been a leader or an important factor in benevolent, charitable, fraternal, or religious movements. He was one of the founders of, and one of the largest subscribers to, the Louisville Charity Organization; also of the Humane Society. For twenty-five years he has been Treasurer of the Masonic Grand Lodge, and for many years has served with singular success as President of the Industrial School of Reform. More than once he has declined strong solicitations to make the race for Mayor of Louisville.

Having assisted in all the earlier Confederate organizations, when the Confederate Association of Kentucky was formed, in 1888, he was made Vice President, and served until the death of Judge George B. Eastin. In 1894 he became President, and, except for a rest of two years, has been President ever since. When the Association federated with the United Confederate Veterans, taking the name of George B. Eastin Camp, 803, he was made Brigadier General, commanding the 3d Kentucky Brigade. After a few years' service as such commander, he resumed the presidency of the Confederate Association of Kentucky.

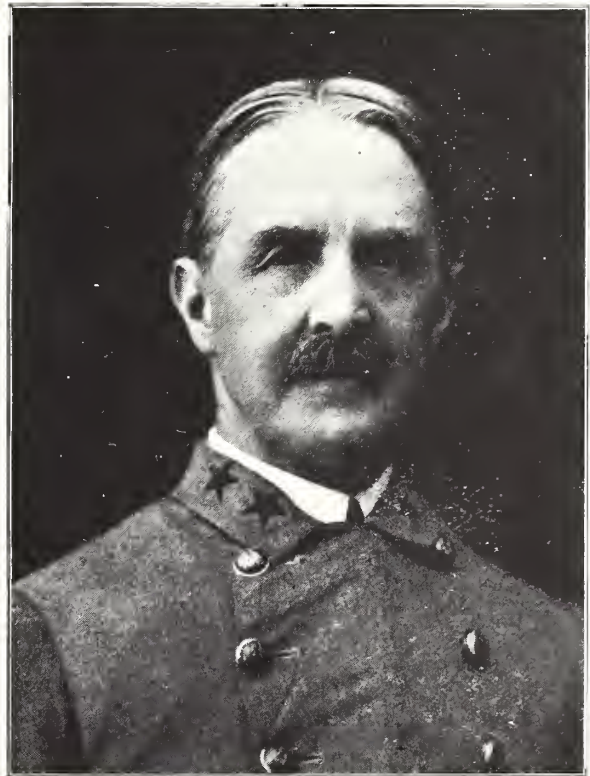
With much entreaty, he was prevailed upon to serve as President of the Reunion Executive Committee, in which position his efforts have contributed the most to make the important occasion a success.

Chairman Leathers has probably given more money to good causes and caused more people to join him in giving than any other man in Louisville, of which city he is probably the best-beloved man.

Not long after coming to Louisville Maj. Leathers was happily married to the accomplished Miss Kate Armstrong, and they reside with their interesting family at 415 W. Ormsby Avenue.

PRESS COMMITTEE'S CHAIRMAN, THOMAS D. OSBORNE.

Thomas DeCoursey Osborne, Chairman of Reunion Press Committee and Secretary of Executive Committee, also Orphan Brigade Association, was born near Owenton, Owen County, Ky., November 8, 1844, son of Lee Byrd Osborne and grandson of Lieut. Bennett Osborne, of the Revolutionary army. The family removed to Louisville when Thomas D. was three years old. He was educated in the city schools and



THOMAS D. OSBORNE.

Union University, Murfreesboro, Tenn., and was first lieutenant of the cadets at the opening of the war. He assisted his father in service for the Confederate government, and in February, 1863, enlisted in Company A, 6th Kentucky Infantry, Orphan Brigade, and was in every battle up to May 28, 1864, when he was shot down and left on the battlefield at Dallas, Ga. He was in the hospitals at Atlanta, Macon, and Augusta until he was honorably retired by the Army Board, in 1865 at Augusta, Ga.

Since 1868 he has been more or less engaged in newspaper work, as owner or writer. He has also been prominent in Church and fraternal affairs.

On September 1, 1870, he married Miss Christina C. Ray, daughter of Col. William R. Ray, and with his family lives in the Weissinger-Gaulbert, Louisville, Ky.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

RALLY FOR THE REUNION.

It will seem that a great deal has been said in this VETERAN about Kentucky and the Confederacy. The coming reunion at Louisville gives increased interest to this feature, while the history of itself deserves the most durable record.

The magnanimity of spirit in which the great public of Louisville is arranging to make this reunion a success is a matter of congratulation to all Confederates, whether or not they may be able to attend.

The editor of the VETERAN is enthusiastic over the assurance that this sentiment will give such success this year to the gathering that the result will be productive of lasting benefits. Some mistakes are apt to be made, as is always the case; some misfortunes in the management which might have been remedied if the committees had known better beforehand. For instance, there are quite certain to be extortions on the part of some who will take advantage of opportunities; but Louisville is a large city, and the sincere esteem of her people for the coming guests will prevent such to a greater degree than has occurred elsewhere. The feature of promise and happiness at Louisville is in the thorough great-heartedness of the leaders in their zeal to make this reunion a success without selfish aggrandizement. There will be no keys for guests, but the gates of the city will be open and there will be no latches to pull. So intent are the people in making the event in every way great that they anticipate ideal weather, and they believe the elements will give joy in June.

FORREST MONUMENT—COPY OF INVITATION.

The Forrest Monument Association request the honor of your presence at the unveiling and dedication of the statue and monument erected in memory of the great Southern chieftain, Lieut. Gen. Nathan Bedford Forrest, on Tuesday, the 16th of May, 1905, at Memphis, Tenn.

Committee of Invitation: H. M. Neely, Chairman; G. W. Macrae, Hunsdon Cary.

Board of Directors: Gen. S. T. Carnes, President; Gen. George W. Gordon, Vice President; James E. Beasley, Treasurer; Judge J. P. Young, Secretary; Hon. Thomas B. Turley, Capt. H. M. Neely, George W. Macrae, S. A. Pepper, I. F. Peters, J. W. Clapp, W. A. Collier, W. P. Eckles, J. M. Goodbar, Col. W. F. Taylor, Hunsdon Cary, Capt. W. B. Mallory, Gen. A. R. Taylor.

MORGAN'S CAVALRY WAS AT SHILOH.—Commenting upon a statement by some writer in the VETERAN that Morgan's Cavalry was not at Shiloh, Gen. Basil W. Duke said that the circumstances were such that he couldn't forget it. A detachment of Morgan's Cavalry was charging upon a solid line of infantry when the men next to him, on each side, were each shot through the heart, his horse was shot through the mouth, and he was shot through both shoulders. Another account of this extraordinary charge is anticipated, with sketches of the two gallant Kentuckians who were instantly killed, as mentioned.

THE RETURN OF OUR BATTLE FLAGS.

The graceful action of a Republican Congress in returning to the Southern States the Confederate flags is doing more to obliterate any lingering feeling of harshness that may have existed between the veterans of the contending armies than any measure of national character that has been passed since the surrender of the Confederate forces.

Of the one hundred and ninety-eight captured flags that have been identified, sixty-three belong to Virginia, thirty-one to North Carolina, twenty-four to Georgia, fourteen to Alabama, five to Arkansas, seven to Florida, one to Kentucky, eight to Louisiana, eighteen to Mississippi, two to Missouri, fourteen to South Carolina, seven to Tennessee, and four to Texas.

There are a number of other flags in the possession of the government that cannot be identified as belonging to any State. It has been suggested that these be turned over to the U. C. V. Association to be displayed at their annual reunions, when most of them, doubtless, would be identified by some of the attending Veterans.

The VETERAN for June will be illustrated beautifully. A large number of copies will be distributed at the Louisville reunion. It will be an exceptionally good issue for advertising, and of those who act upon this suggestion request is made for as early receipt of copy as practicable.

Sample copies of the VETERAN are being sent to ex-soldiers of the Union army in the hope that they may incline to subscribe. Some of this class have been patrons of the publication since its beginning, and assurance of their satisfaction and good will induces this venture.

The reunion headquarters for the VETERAN are to be in or near the Galt House. Specific note may be expected in the June issue, to appear very early in the month.

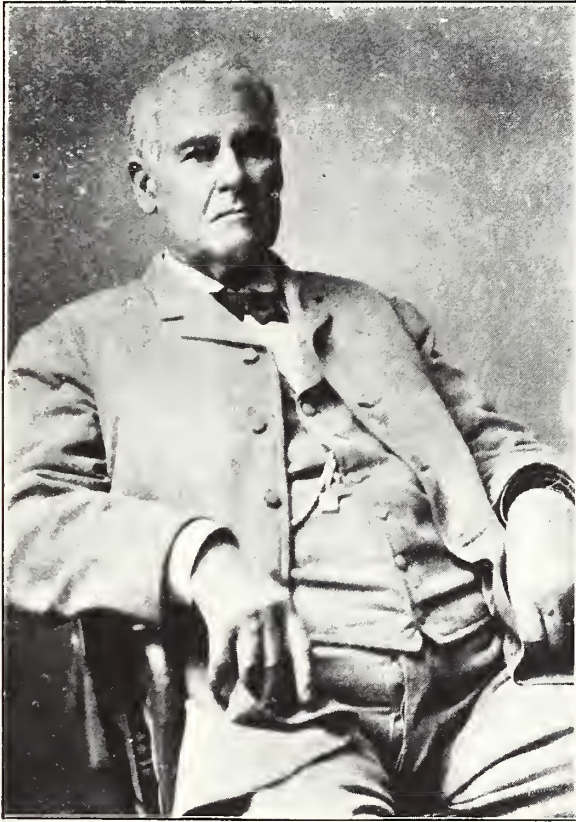
The diligence of friends in behalf of the VETERAN is occasion for sincerest gratitude. The cooperation of all who are friendly to the VETERAN would bring results beyond the conception of those who don't realize that it covers an area broader than the South.

GEN. BASIL W. DUKE AND THE PRESIDENT AT LOUISVILLE.—On the occasion of the President's recent reception in Louisville the Confederate escort was composed of ex-soldiers in service and U. C. V. of all ranks. This goodly company was commanded by a war captain; but his command had a "sprinklin'" of old-time officers, intermixed with the starred and "chicken fixings," uniformed men of newly acquired rank. Maj. L., acting orderly sergeant, in the spirit of fun, told Gen. Duke that if he talked or broke ranks he would promptly be sent to the guardhouse. The procession halted in front of a hotel, and the President recognized his old friend, Gen. Duke, and seemed to expect the General to greet him at the carriage, but the soldierly General made no move to so acknowledge the recognition. A little later in the hotel parlor the friends met, and Gen. Duke said: "Mr. President, I hope you will pardon my not saluting you out in the street, but our orderly threatened me with the guardhouse if I broke ranks or spoke." "That's right, sir; that's right," responded the President, following up the speech with the customary cordial smile.

A MONUMENT TO HON. JOHN H. REAGAN.

For nearly three years the John H. Reagan Chapter, U. D. C., of Palestine, Tex., has been engaged in raising funds for the erection of a monument to Judge Reagan. Mrs. D. J. Price, President of the Chapter, in a circular issued since the death of Judge Reagan, states: "The time is now ripe to complete this work." It was first the intention of Mrs. Price's Chapter of U. D. C. to build this monument themselves, and for this purpose had raised a fund of eight hundred dollars toward the amount desired; but now, since the death of Judge Reagan, they feel that an opportunity to contribute toward the monument to this honored and beloved Confederate should be offered to his friends and admirers throughout the South.

The monument will be erected in his home city, Palestine, on a plot of ground that has been donated by the city for the purpose. The figure will be life-size on a pedestal of Texas granite. All contributions should be sent to the Palestine National Bank, Palestine, Tex.



FROM LAST PICTURE OF JUDGE REAGAN.

The above is the last picture of the late Judge Reagan. It represents him in a suit of Confederate gray that he had made to wear to the reunion in New Orleans in 1903. It was a color dear to his heart, as were the memories that clustered around it. It was the last suit he ever wore; and when attacked with his fatal illness, the doctor who had been summoned helped his devoted wife to divest him of his Confederate gray forever.

The true greatness of a man can be measured only after death closes his record and life's battlefield is looked over. To the biographer of Judge Reagan his life will present a

continual series of brilliant triumphs, from youth to venerable age, in all that stamps a man with greatness. Armed with only his native ability, unswerving integrity, and a magnificent moral and physical courage that knew no defeat, he entered life's struggle and won many high honors.

GEN. WILLIAM BRIMAGE BATE.

Hon. W. P. Tolly, the first captain of the first company to serve the Confederacy from Tennessee, furnished, by resolution of Turney Bivouac, U. C. V., Winchester, a tribute to the late Gen. Bate, from which the following is taken:

"Resolved, That Turney Bivouac, No. 13, U. C. V., do hereby add their tribute of respect to the distinguished memory of the late Gen. William B. Bate as a part of the general expression of sorrow that went up from all parts of the State and from all loyal Tennesseans when the sad announcement came of his death, which took place in the city of Washington on the 9th of March, 1905.

"William Brimage Bate died as he had lived, at his post of duty. He had taken the oath of office and entered upon his fourth term as a Senator in the United States Congress from the State of Tennessee. His entire life, from his boyhood to a ripe age, was spent in the service of his country, with only brief intervals. He served his country as a private soldier in the war with Mexico while yet in his teens, and soon after attaining his majority he was elected from one of the leading counties of the State to the Legislature; then he was elected attorney for the State in one of the leading judicial circuits. He was a presidential elector for the Hermitage District in 1860.

"In 1861 he was among the first to enlist as a private in the ranks of Southern patriots who sprang to arms in defense of their homes, their families, and their all. He was at once made captain of his company, which became a part of the 2d Tennessee Infantry Regiment, and he was elected colonel of it. In the battle of Shiloh (April, 1862) he won his spurs as a brigadier general. He was equally conspicuous for determined courage on other sanguinary fields, and rose by dint of faithful and efficient service to the rank of major general in that great war. He was faithful to the last, and surrendered his high commission with the Army of Tennessee at Bentonville, N. C.

"As Governor of Tennessee, to which position he was elected in 1882 and reelected in 1884, as well as United States Senator, he displayed the same fidelity to duty he had exhibited as a soldier. He was exceptionally scrupulous, honest, and always clean-handed. He addressed himself directly to the people for his support in his laudable ambition to serve them. He was indeed a true and genuine commoner.

"No veteran of the great war in which he served so conspicuously was truer to his comrades. Their interest and their welfare were the objects of his closest attention. His championship, only a few years before the close of his splendid career, of the refunding to the soldiers of the Confederate armies of pay for their horses and their accouterments taken from them in violation of the terms of surrender was only one of many illustrations of his devotion to his comrades. Confederate veterans everywhere mourn their loss. He was the last of Tennessee's great leaders of the memorable struggle for Southern rights and Southern honor, excepting alone Gen. A. P. Stewart. We have but the gallant and gifted George W. Gordon, Major General Tennessee Division, U. C. V., left of those who bore the rank of general."

OTHER TRIBUTES TO THE LATE GEN. W. B. BATE.

Of the many beautiful and appropriate tributes that have been paid to the distinguished and venerable Senator Bate, none are more expressive of the man than the following from a friend in California: "Full of years, crowned with honors, his whole life a noble river bearing on its bosom argosies of good deeds, like the full ripe sheaf he was ready for the harvester. How beautiful and simple was his life, grand in its simplicity! How sweet and fragrant is his memory! His life and character were models of excellence that few will ever attain and none surpass."

Col. E. J. Harvie, of Washington, who was a gallant Confederate officer, holding many responsible positions (one of which was chief of staff to Gen. J. B. Hood while in command of the Army of Tennessee), and who knew much of Gen. Bate as United States Senator, wrote of him: "He was typical of the Old South, full of truth, zeal, and fidelity. I always went to him when I needed advice or wanted influence. I had no better friend in Washington. He was truly the representative of the section he hailed from—high-bred and chivalrous, an example of all manly virtues. . . . I liked him best as a Confederate officer. When bullets were flying and blood flowing, he was always on the firing line. I saw much of him in those days. Honored as he was as Governor and as Senator since the war, his star was brightest in his efforts to establish the Southern Confederacy."

It has been impracticable to print a title of the tributes to him and to the South's beloved John H. Reagan.

SHARPSHOOTERS REQUESTED TO ASSEMBLE.

Attention! Surviving members of Rodes-Ramseur-Grimes Division Line Sharpshooters, A. N. V.! Comrades: Your old commander on the battlefields of Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania, on which to a man you illustrated Southern chivalry, sends you greetings. He hopes that a gracious Providence will spare him for active participation in the reunion at Louisville, Ky., June 14-16, 1905, and he suggests a distinct assemblage of his old command at a specific hour at some point to be designated in the *VETERAN* for June. He desires that the survivors adopt such measures as may seem best for organization and for future meetings. Comrades, open correspondence at once with the undersigned, giving suggestions on the subject herein indicated.

P. H. LAREY, *Berry, Polk County, Ga.*

THE BELOVED JOSEPH JEFFERSON.

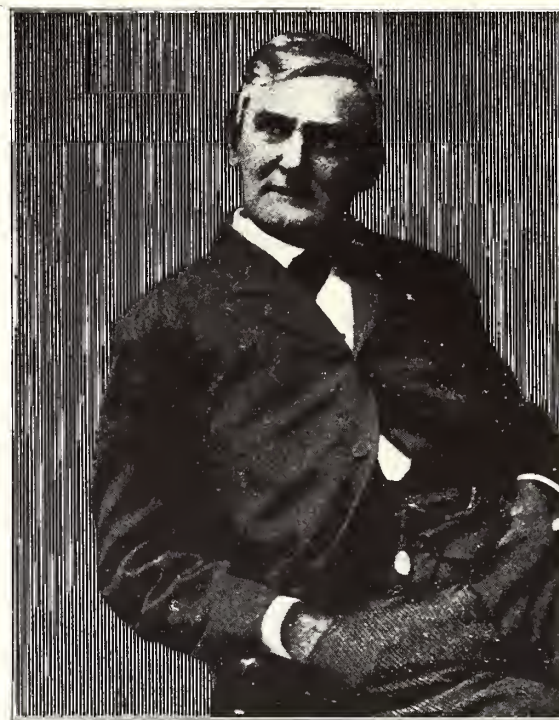
A more popular man of the stage never lived, perhaps, than Joseph Jefferson. Admiration was intermingled with genuine affection. Millions who never had the joy of his childlike sweetness of character by association truly loved him.

Mr. Grover Cleveland paid a tribute to him, saying:

"It is difficult for me to speak of Mr. Jefferson. He was closely my friend. His delightful traits were so manifest to me in confidential intimacy, and my love for him so great, that his death caused me to feel like a mourner whose sorrow should be silent.

"All knew my friend's professional supremacy. Many knew how zealously he defended dramatic art and how completely he illustrated the importance of its cleanliness; many knew how free he was from hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness; but fewer knew how harmoniously his qualities of heart and mind and conscience blended in the creation of an honest, upright, sincere, and God-fearing man.

"I believe that in death he has reached a world where the mercy of God abounds, and I know that in the world of men



JOSEPH JEFFERSON.

the sadness of his loss will be felt the most by those who knew him best."

This picture of Mr. Jefferson is copied from one that he liked very much, so expressing himself when presenting it to the editor of the *VETERAN* about two years ago.

STORY OF A KNIFE FOUND IN A TREE.—A remarkable story is revealed by the finding of a pocketknife in a large tree near Camden, Tenn. About a year after the beginning of our great war a Col. Lowe's regiment of Federals was stationed there, and his men arrested Courice Pavatt, aged twenty-five years, who lived there with his mother. Pavatt was charged with being one of a band of guerrillas. He had escaped, but was captured and had been tied to a tree in the woods, when one of the Federal soldiers, in sympathy, was in the act of liberating him with the knife in question. He artfully concealed the knife in the hollow snarl of a tree. Pavatt was shot dead. The *Nashville American* concludes a sketch of the event: "The knife which so nearly saved Pavatt was forgotten, and as the tree flourished and grew the metal was hidden from view. When the saw struck the hard substance, an examination led to its discovery, and it was hewed out and taken to Camden. The story became known, and to-day its true history is told by reliable old citizens. The Federal who attempted to save Pavatt's life remained in Camden many months, being left there sick. It was reported after he left there that he joined the Confederate army and was killed by a shell from a gunboat near Danville."

Mr. D. Eldredge, Historian of the Third New Hampshire, No. 36 Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass., wishes to correspond with some Confederate who has a view or plan, or both, of the Poplar Town Prison, Petersburg, Va.

A BAREFOOTED BOY DEAD AT GETTYSBURG.

BY CAPT. JOHN H. LEATHERS, LOUISVILLE.

The war between the North and South furnishes us, on both sides of that terrible conflict, thousands of examples of courage and bravery unexcelled in the history of the world. The heroes of that war were not confined to the men who held high positions. There were heroes whose names have never been mentioned, and who in thousands of instances fill unknown graves; but they were none the less heroes.

The incident I am about to relate is a true one, and furnishes an illustration of courage and daring unsurpassed in any war. During the fall and spring of 1861 and 1862, when Stonewall Jackson's army was in camp at Winchester, both armies had been busy after the battle of Bull Run in recruiting and preparing for the conflict which both sides knew would be a long and bloody one. The North was aghast and amazed at the defeat at the battle of Bull Run. Thus the men of the North and millions of money were brought into requisition to stamp out the rebellion. The South, on the other hand, rose to a man, and we might add to a woman, in defense of their homes and what they believed to be their rights. The flower of the youth of the Shenandoah Valley flocked to Stonewall Jackson. "The common people" also came with the same patriotic impulse to join his forces, and among these many sturdy sons of the mountains of Virginia.

Among them was a young mountaineer by the name of Jo Ersom. Jo was a boy about nineteen years of age, about "six foot" tall, as straight as an arrow, with big black eyes, dark complexion, and long, straight black hair, looking half Indian. He was dressed as a mountaineer and barefooted. He had never been to school a day in his life, and had never worn shoes except in the roughest winter weather. From his appearance, the boys, who were always ready to give every one a nickname that seemed to suit, dubbed him "Kil-loola," and he went by that name all through the war.

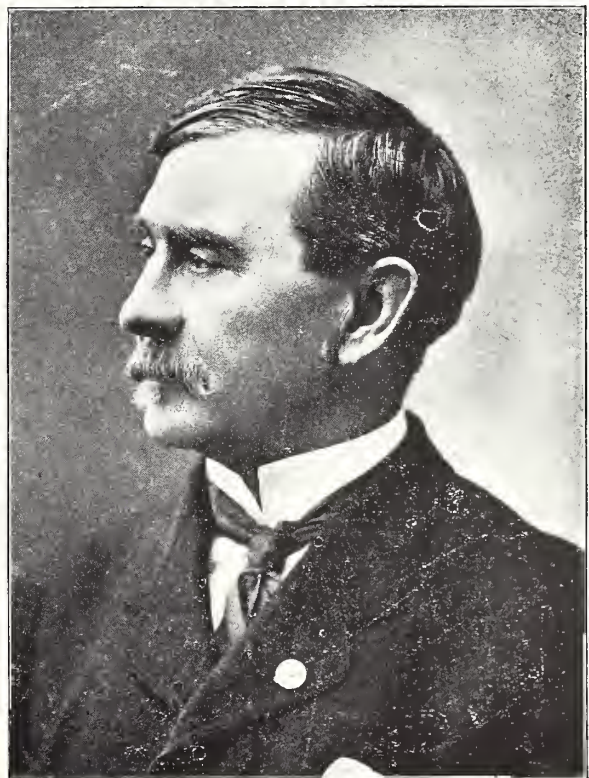
At first he was imposed upon by the other soldiers who had been in the war long enough to learn a thing or two, and he was made the "hewer of wood and drawer of water" for the entire company, which he bore without a murmur. He drilled along with the company, and soon filled his place as a member in the ranks. In the battle of Kernstown, four miles above Winchester, in a terrific little fight between Jackson and Shields, Jo received his first baptism of fire, and he behaved so splendidly that he at once earned the confidence and respect and affection of the entire command. From that day on he was known as a brave soldier.

It is known to those who are familiar with the history of the war that after the defeat of Hooker at Chancellorsville Lee immediately prepared for the invasion of Pennsylvania, and sixty days after the battle of Chancellorsville the great struggle at Gettysburg took place.

Before starting out on the campaign Gen. Lee endeavored to provide his army with the best arms and equipments he could obtain, and as far as possible with new clothing. Many of these new things he managed to get through the blockade from England, and among other things thus brought through was a splendid lot of English army shoes, which were distributed through the army to those who most needed them. Jo, who rarely ever wore shoes at all because his feet did not suit shoes, drew a pair of these English army shoes, of which he was very proud. He could wear them only a little while at a time, but he would not sell them for

love or money; and on the march from Virginia to Gettysburg he would wear them until his feet commenced to hurt, then he would take them off and go barefooted, carrying his shoes on his gun, and then put them on again, and so on until the army reached Gettysburg.

It is known to those who are familiar with the history of the war that both in the first and second day's fight at Gettysburg the Confederates drove everything before them. It was in the first day's fight that poor Jo lost his life. Jackson's corps, then commanded by Gen. Ewell, advanced upon the enemy, who had intrenched themselves on the crest of a long and rocky hill. Jo was in the ranks of his company, and started in this charge with his shoes on. After the line advanced through a wheat field some quarter of a mile or more, he began to lag behind, and, finding that, with the quickening pace of the men who were then about ready to charge, he could not keep pace with them, he stopped, took off his shoes, tied them together with the leather shoe strings and threw them across his left arm, and hurried forward over the rough and stony ground barefooted to regain his place in the ranks. As the enemy's skirmish line was broken, the order was given for the Confederates to charge the breastworks of the Federals on the crest of the hill some four hundred yards distant. The charge was made with the terrific yell of the Confederates and met by the galling fire of the Federals, who were waiting for the charge; and when the smoke of the battle cleared away, the Confederates occupied the position the Federals had been driven from. Among the dead lying on the very top of these earthworks was poor Jo Ersom, barefooted, and his shoes lying across his left arm. This poor, untutored mountain boy had given all he had to give to his country—his young life's blood.



CAPT. JOHN H. LEATHERS.
President Louisville Confederate Reunion Committee.

THIRD ARKANSAS AND RICHMOND HOWITZERS.

BY W. P. JOHNSON, MALVERN, ARK.

Comrade J. B. Minor, of New York, in reporting what he terms a "little incident" in the February issue of the *VERERAN*, which occurred during Grant's campaign from the Wilderness to Petersburg, and the novel method of our gallant Col. R. S. Taylor of rallying the men of the Third Arkansas Regiment with a frying pan, were read with great interest by me. He very graphically describes one of the fiercest conflicts in which we were engaged; but his imperfect memory, which I attribute to the long interval of time, causes him to confuse the location and date of this memorable event. The attack to which he alludes occurred on the left of our lines at Spottsylvania C. H. on May 10, 1864, instead of the 6th, and was made by Warren's Corps.

I was a member of Company A, Third Arkansas Regiment, and participated in repelling the attack he mentions. Col. Taylor was commanding the regiment at the time, and we supported the Richmond Howitzers, to which Comrade Minor belonged, and they never ceased firing until the enemy were hurled back, leaving the ground covered with their dead and wounded. We expected a renewal of the assault. Quite a number of our men went out in front of the breastworks and gathered up the spoils—such as muskets, cartridge boxes, etc.—and distributed them along the line.

James C. Rice and T. G. Stephenson, two Union generals, were killed in this day's fight. To give you an idea of what a desperate assault it was, nearly one hundred dead and wounded Federals lay at the muzzles of our guns, and seven were found dead inside of our works. Col. Taylor would not hesitate to take a meal under fire, nor would it prevent him from enjoying a good old-time smoke. Capt. John Cousins, of Gen. Law's staff, was another cool man. The fiercer the fire from the enemy, the more vigorously he smoked.

STRATEGY AT NEW CREEK STATION.

BY CAPT. W. E. GARRETT, LEESBURG, VA.

New Creek Station was a supply post for Gen. Sheridan's army in the Valley of Virginia, and was protected by a heavily manned fort of some nine hundred guards, with siege guns and batteries, and situated on a very high elevation, so that all approaches to it could be seen for a mile in any direction. It was also headquarters from which scouting parties were frequently sent to reconnoiter, and thus it was an object of special interest to Gen. Fitzhugh Lee's Division, then operating in that section of the State.

Gen. Rosser was in command, Gen. Lee being sick, and determined to capture these supplies with his brigade and that of Gen. W. H. Payne. When within about four miles of the fort, with Gen. Payne's command in front, orders were given to charge the pickets and rush them in, making no halt until the fort was captured. The sagacity and strategy of Gen. Payne just then prevented a "bloody carnage." Before getting close enough to be observed he halted his command, and detailed some fifty or sixty of his men who wore blue (captured) coats and sent them forward to capture the pickets, if possible, without any alarm. The picket guard, supposing them to be Federal, allowed them to approach near, and on being challenged they answered, "We are what's left of the scout sent out yesterday;" and before they were conscious of our identity each of the pickets had his gun taken from him almost simultaneously, and without any alarm being sounded. Thereupon we marched into the fort quietly, found the of-

ficers and reserves at dinner, took possession of the armaments of defense without firing a gun and with only one killed, that being a Federal officer, who was sabered for persisting in trying to fire.

Gen. Rosser detained his own brigade of hungry men until Gen. Payne's were fully supplied; but this seemed to be unnecessary, for there were tons and tons of stores of flour, meat, molasses, sugar, coffee, and liquors galore, and munitions of war said to be of more than a million dollars in value. After appropriating all that could possibly be taken away with the transportation, we fired the balance, and with about nine hundred prisoners we retired to camp.

WORTHY INSTITUTION FOR NEGROES.

There is an industrial college for negroes at Conroe, Tex., known as the Conroe-Porter Industrial College, which ought to become a great institution. The property consists of eight acres of land paid for, one four-story building with twenty-three rooms and two more buildings, and enough lumber on the ground to erect another commodious building. The college has about forty boarders and one hundred other students.

The object of the school is to teach young negroes these lessons: (1) The science and art of politeness; (2) how to obey law, and respect for public sentiment; (3) how to resist temptation and be virtuous; (4) that idleness is sin, all labor is honorable; (5) that a good character is the greatest wealth; (6) that the white people in the South are the negro's best friends; (7) that Christianity means love and service.

The *Houston Post* says:

"An institution like this deserves encouragement not only for the great good which will accrue to the negroes who learn these important truths, but for the welfare of the white people among whom the negroes have to live. A negro who is polite, law-abiding, virtuous, honest, and industrious will never lack for friends in the South; and if the Southern people could have their way, all the negroes would live up to the standard of this school at Conroe. There are many such negroes in the South, and negroes of character are respected and treated with cordial consideration by the white people.

"There is no negro problem in which the self-respecting, honest, and industrious negroes are concerned, and there will not be. The problem comes of the presence of a constantly growing number of idle, lawless, and vicious negroes, many of whom are continually clamoring for social equality and treatment that is not even extended to white people who are similarly idle and vicious.

"The *Post* hopes that the trustees of the Conroe School will meet with generous encouragement at the hands of the white people. The institution is under the control of an advisory board of white men, who are endeavoring to acquire more land and erect other needed buildings."

In commending this institution the integrity of the management is presumed through the indorsement of the *Houston Post*. The Southern people have been so tried on these "educational" lines that it is difficult to consider this subject without prejudice. If this industrial school, or "college," is conducted on the lines indicated, our white people should give it hearty encouragement. Let its maintenance be by our own people, entirely free from Northern missionaries. An institution properly conducted on these lines would rapidly prove a blessing to both races. It would be just such a monument to the South's regard for well-behaved negroes as would be universally satisfactory.

MOSBY'S MEN PLEASE ANSWER.

[Comrade J. C. Birdson, of Raleigh, N. C., who served in Company B, 12th Virginia Infantry, Mahone's (old) Brigade, Army of Northern Virginia, seeks information concerning some of Mosby's men.]

When Hooker crossed the Rappahannock in 1863, and the Chancellorsville fight occurred, it was my misfortune to be captured. We were carried to Falmouth, where we were sent by steamer to Washington City and placed in the "Old Capitol" Prison. We reached that city on the Sunday following our capture. From the boat we were marched to a police station, where our names, company, and regiment were enrolled. After entering my name on the register, and immediately behind me, came three other unfortunates, who registered as members of Company H, 13th Virginia Cavalry. Knowing nearly every member of that company, and a large per cent of them being kinspeople, I immediately faced about and took a good look at them, and that look convinced me that they were not members of that particular company; so I kept close to them, and on reaching the prison we were assigned to the same quarters. Soon after, I called one of them aside (one who had registered as Charles Fisher), made myself known to him, and interrogated him in reference to his company. Finding out that I knew Company H better than he did, he called his two friends, and they informed me that they were members of Mosby's command, and when captured always gave some other company than their own.

They proved to be from the neighborhood of Washington, and they soon opened correspondence with their "cousins" who lived in the Federal lines, and were supplied with everything needful for prison life, such as money and clothing, and

they shared their fortune with me. We remained there only two or three weeks, when we were sent to City Point by the steamer City of Maine. Arriving in Petersburg, Va., we reported to the provost marshal (a Mr. Pannill) and separated. They were whole-souled, jolly fellows. Instead of the



MISS KATE CHADWELL, MISS MARY LOUISE LOVE,
Sponsor for Tenn. Div., U. C. V. Maid of Honor to Miss Chadwell.

ragged Rebel when I entered the prison, I was, through their aid, sent back to Dixie with a good suit of clothes and a "biled" shirt. A Dr. Johnson was then in charge of the distribution of articles sent to the prisoners. I have often thought of these three fellow-prisoners, but have forgotten the names of all except the one most especially kind to me (Charles Fisher); and if any of them are living, it would give me much pleasure to hear from them.

Survivors of the immortal six hundred Confederate officers, prisoners of war who were confined on Morris Island under fire of our own guns, and subsequently starved on corn meal rations at Fort Pulaski and Hilton Head, S. C., are earnestly requested to meet at Louisville for the purpose of organizing a society to suit themselves. They shall seek to have announcement made by Gen. S. D. Lee before the convention of the place of meeting. Some of these survivors are: Brig. Gen. W. D. Ballantine, Florida; Brig. Gen. Leon Jastremski, Lieut. Col. LeBrotten, J. L. Hempstead, Louisiana; P. H. Benson, Texas; Capt. J. L. Cantwell, North Carolina; W. W. Hulbert, Georgia; A. M. Bedford, Missouri.

The P. F. Liddell Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy at Carrollton, Miss., has ordered a monument to be erected in the courthouse inclosure to the Confederate soldiers who were killed or died in the service of the country during the War between the States. This monument is to be twenty-eight feet, six inches high, and will be unveiled in October, 1905. Names of all those soldiers will be engraved on indestructible parchment and inclosed in a receptacle of copper and stone and placed in the corner stone of the monument. This Chapter bears the name of Col. Liddell, of the 21st Mississippi Regiment, who was killed at the battle of Sharpsburg, or rather after the battle, by a bursting shell. He was a brave and gallant soldier, who left Carroll County as captain of the Carroll Rifles on the first call for troops for the defense of his country.



MRS. JOHN P. HICKMAN, NASHVILLE,
Chaperon for Sponsor and Maid of Honor Tenn. Div., U. C. V.

CONCERNING THE WOMAN'S MEMORIAL.

The Committee of Coöperation of the United Confederate Veterans propose to issue ere long, in aid of the memorial to the women of the Confederacy, a supplement to one leading daily paper in many of the larger cities of the South.

These supplements will be devoted exclusively to historic incidents, showing what these noble women heroically did and how they suffered. These papers will portray principally the deeds of the women of the State in which they are published.

The pecuniary benefit to the memorial will be derived from the advertisements to be therein inserted and from the sales.

It is believed that the publication simultaneously by States all through the South of this edition, showing the heroism of these glorious women, will awaken such an enthusiasm as will induce liberal donations to the memorial.

It is further believed that, independent of pecuniary results, these supplemental sheets will do these women historic justice, and show to all the world the splendid character of the women of the South and their godlike heroism in this the most thrilling period of their country's life.

Thirty daily newspapers, among the foremost of the South, have already given their consent, embracing the States of Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, and Virginia. While no paper in Louisiana has gone into the plan, yet arrangements are in progress which it is hoped will place in effect, though by a different means, that State beside her sister States of the South. All efforts to elicit the support of any Texas daily paper in her larger cities have failed.

Literary contributions have been sought and many collected, showing the heroism of our women. If any having such valued information have not been called upon, they are asked by those in charge to waive the formality of a personal call and send such literary contributions to the editor for their State.

The editors for the various States so far designated are as follows:

Alabama: Hon. Thomas M. Owens, Montgomery, Ala.

Arkansas: Cols. S. H. Nowlin and J. Kellogg, Little Rock, Ark.

Florida: Gen. F. P. Fleming, Jacksonville, Fla.

Georgia: Col. James R. Randall, Augusta, Ga.

Kentucky: Not yet selected, but contributions may be sent to Gen. C. Irvine Walker, Charleston, S. C.

Mississippi: Col. R. H. Henry, Jackson, Miss.

North Carolina: Miss Mamie Bays, Charlotte, N. C.

South Carolina: James A. Hoyt, Columbia, S. C.

Tennessee: Capt. Alex Allison, Knoxville, Tenn.

Virginia: Col. James Mann, Norfolk, Va.

Contributions are asked, and especially asked for from those of the most brilliant literary attainments, from those of modest culture, from those who cannot even spell correctly, and from those who cannot write at all and must get some friend to write for them. We ask only a true history of what our women did, how they suffered, and all that they endured with such heroism, that justice may be done to those deserving of all honor, all praise, all glory.

The Veterans, Sons, and younger Daughters have earnestly supported the movement, and in all the cities of publication are hard at work to aid this high object—the securing of a memorial to our glorious women of the Confederacy.

The net revenue derived from these supplements will be

devoted to the memorial. The newspapers have all contributed their share of the work at actual cost, and the effort promises a handsome return.

The great bulk of those who are interested in this object are beyond the bounds of these cities of publication, and cannot make their contributions of money through that channel—*i. e.*, the supplements—but they can do so by remitting direct to Gen. C. Irvine Walker, Special Representative, U. S. C. V., and Chairman Committee, U. C. V., Charleston, S. C.

Those in the cities of publication can, besides embracing a good business proposition, show their appreciation of these women by liberally advertising in the supplement of their city paper. They cannot be too generous. If a billion dollars were given for this object, it would not enable the Sons and the Veterans to pay even a tithe of the tribute due the noble women of the Confederacy.

At the Nashville reunion the Veterans placed the sacred duty of raising this memorial on their heirs, the Sons solemnly pledging their coöperation. The Sons, through Mr. James Mann, Chairman Women's Memorial Committee, U. S. C. V., very wisely secured the active assistance of Lieut. Gen. C. Irvine Walker, one high in the confidence and esteem of the Veterans, who had been appointed by Gen. S. D. Lee as Chairman of the U. C. V. Committee on Coöperation. He has been able to bring to the work the influence of the Veterans and the greater activity of the Sons, and it really looks as if success were about to perch upon the joint work he is conducting. He has had the active and cordial backing of the Sons, without which nothing could have been done, and a large share of whatever credit success may give will be due to the valued work and aid of Mr. James Mann, Chairman. While thousands are helping, the particular praise will be due to these two gentlemen.

[The foregoing has been submitted by high Confederate authority, and the VETERAN prints it, as it is ardently in favor of as nearly a worthy testimonial as it is possible to make. However, the conviction is maintained by it that what to construct and where to locate it are of such paramount importance that no practical success may be expected. "Battle Abbey" experiences deter every patriot who has studied the question from the confidence of results which would otherwise exist.]

GOOD FEATURE OF ST. LOUIS CAMP, U. S. C. V.

A very interesting and profitable meeting of Camp Sterling Price, in St. Louis, was held on the night of February 23 at the Missouri Athletic Club. A large attendance was present in the beautiful quarters, and the meeting was prominent for its enthusiasm and interest throughout. About twenty-five new members were elected, the progress of the work was discussed, and many valuable suggestions were made and committees appointed to carry them out.

One hundred and thirty dollars was subscribed toward the Woman's Memorial Fund, which, together with what has been already subscribed and paid by this Camp, makes a total of three hundred and eighty dollars. One of the most promising projects which were put on foot was the agreement that at their meetings, at least once every month, there will be a smoker or light supper. Veterans are to be invited guests. It is intended that these meetings shall be decidedly social, bringing the members together more closely in that way. No business need be transacted at them, although it will not be prohibited.

NOT DEAD YET.

BY W. C. NIXON, HALL'S, TENN.

I write to correct an error I noticed in the *VETERAN* of February. In publishing the list of Confederate dead buried in Cave Hill Cemetery of Louisville, Ky., the name of W. C. Nixon appears. Thanks to a kind Providence, I am yet very much alive, and I will explain why I have a nicely kept grave in Cave Hill Cemetery.

I was wounded and captured in the second day's fight at Murfreesboro, and was sent to Camp Boyd Prison at Louisville, where I met a messmate, Jack Glimps, who had been wounded and captured at Perryville. Both of us belonged to Company G, 4th Tennessee, and it was on his account that I was supposed to be dead and buried. It happened this way: Our rations were issued to us in a narrow passageway. We would form in single file and march by a little window, where a negro would pass out to each of us a slice of bread and fat pork. Jack was weak from long suffering, had but little appetite, and asked the negro to give him a lean piece of the meat. With an oath the negro threw the meat in his face, saying it was good enough for a d— Rebel. Jack was still using one crutch, and he remarked, "I can't reach you now, but will see you later," which he did. A few days after he caught the negro unexpectedly and at a disadvantage in a secluded part of the prison. Steadying himself on his good leg, he dealt the negro a blow on the head with his heavy crutch, and the next morning the dead body of the negro was found in the ditch. Of course suspicion rested on Jack, from the remark others had heard him make about the meat. He was arrested and carried before the court-martial. I was satisfied they would shoot him, so I went before the officer in charge and told him I knew Jack did not kill the negro, but refused to say who did. They released Jack, but much to my surprise arrested me and ordered me to be tried in his place.

I was put in a cell to await trial next day. Time was short, and what there was of it looked powerful serious. Whatever I did had to be done that day and night. Examining my surroundings, I saw there was no possible chance of escape from the cell. I must be moved at once to other quarters, so in a few moments I was the sickest boy you ever saw to be alive. I was groaning and rolling all over the floor of the cell, screaming and begging for the doctor—must have been poisoned in some way. The doctor thought so too when he came; so he ordered me moved to the hospital, thinking the chances were against my living. I was given a cot near a poor fellow named Hawkins, from Georgia, who died soon after I was carried in. Two ladies—Misses Burns—who had been nursing Hawkins came in to look after him. I stated to them my peril, and they at once began thinking of some way for me to escape; and I don't think any one but a woman would have ever conceived the plan. There were no openings to the room except a door at each end, and both of these were guarded. There was a small hole in the floor, beneath which was a chute something like a grain chute, through which the slops were poured. So it was arranged that when everything got quiet they would change the slat that had my name on it to poor Hawkins's cot, and Hawkins's to mine; so that Hawkins would be buried as Nixon and I escape. Everything worked well, and about two o'clock I shot the chute, crawled from under the house, and made my way to the house of my lady friends, who kept me concealed a few days and gave me a new suit of clothes. I then boarded a train with a regiment of new recruits bound for Nashville, Tenn., to have a look at the Johnny Rebs. When I reached Nashville, I abandoned my new blue-coated friends, slipped through the lines, and joined my regiment at Shelbyville. I won't say how long my scare lasted, but it taught me a lesson never to take another man's place without first counting the cost.



MISS LOWE, OF GALVESTON,
Sponsor for Texas at Louisville Reunion.



MISS ADDIE F. WILSON, OF BELTON,
Sponsor for Texas at State Reunion.



MISS VIOLET HARRIS, OF OCALA,
Sponsor for Florida at Louisville Reunion.

UNITED SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

N. R. Tisdal, Commander in Chief of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans, sends out from Rusk, Tex., under date of March 25, 1905, General Order No. 5, in which he states officially through Adj. Gen. Stockett: "It is anticipated that much important business will come before the body for final action; and if your Camp would participate in the business and pleasure of the gathering, it is necessary that the *per capita* tax be paid (ten cents for each member) before the opening day of the reunion. The immediate payment of this *per capita* tax is urged."

He emphasizes the duty to the Veterans, living and dead, and to ourselves, to see that this organization is perpetuated. He says: "Do not let it be said that we are less patriotic than our sires." And he appeals for increased membership.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND BEAUVOIR.—J. D. McLane, of Patterson, Ill., writes in connection with the VETERAN'S tribute to President Roosevelt in the March issue: "I was at the World's Fair on the last day of November and visited the Mississippi Building, passing through all the rooms, and was shown the Davis relics by Mr. Henry, the Commissioner. I was there several days after Mr. Roosevelt was, and I made it a point to inquire whether or not the President was in the Mississippi Building, and was told by one of the persons in charge that he was *not*; that he merely looked out as he was driving past. I too have been encouraged by recent utterances of the President. But truth must prevail, and will do no one an injustice."

SOUTHERN WOMEN'S MONUMENT.

Comrade John W. Tench, of Gainesville, Fla., has written the *Atlanta Journal* about a monument to Southern women.

"Thinking over ways and means in the erection of a memorial to the 'Women of the Confederacy,' it occurs to me that if a circular letter setting forth clearly the objects and aims of the committee having this memorial scheme in charge be mailed to the Mayor of every city and village in Dixie, requesting him to lay the matter before the ball team of his city or village, and asking said team to play at least one game during the season, the proceeds, minus the actual expenses of the visiting team, to be given in aid of this glorious work, the problem would be solved.

"The boys composing these many teams are the grandsons of the women who prayed and wept and toiled and lost for Dixie, and I know that with a wild Rebel yell they will welcome the friendly struggle on the 'diamond,' feeling that every stroke of the bat, every fly caught, and every sprint to the base will help to send the memorial shaft to these noble grandmothers of theirs higher and yet higher toward the blue dome above us, even until the steadfast empyrean shall from its giddy height be almost accessible.

"If the days on which and the purpose for which these games were to be played are properly advertised, the people would by hundreds, by rail, by carriage, on horseback, on foot, from farm, from hamlet, from cypress swamp and riverside, come to aid the glorious work. The summer in the South would be enlivened as never before.

"In round numbers, there are fourteen hundred counties in the Southern States. Each county has a team, and many more than one; so that we may safely place the number of teams at fifteen hundred, and we can count on two hundred dollars per team; for while the smaller places would not yield more, perhaps, than one hundred dollars, such places

as Jacksonville, Tampa, Key West, Savannah, Atlanta, Macon, Augusta, Charleston, Columbia, Raleigh, Charlotte, Wilmington, Richmond, Norfolk, Lynchburg, Baltimore, Washington, D. C., Knoxville, Nashville, Memphis, Chattanooga, Louisville, St. Louis, Montgomery, Mobile, New Orleans, Galveston, and Houston would run into the thousands. I believe many friendly to the project in Delaware and the District of Columbia would help.

"The money raised in this way and by other means would in two or three years reach a million dollars, and this memorial should cost no less. Its foundation should rest on the solid rock, be built of Stone Mountain granite, and capped with a marble female statue, the head of which should be just one thousand feet from the surface of the earth. For the nearness of the material, and because it is the gateway through Dixie, the shaft should be erected in the city of Atlanta—but these are matters of detail.

"Go build their monument, and let it be
High as the firmament, deep as the sea."

REUNION MISSOURI DIVISION, U. C. V., 1904.

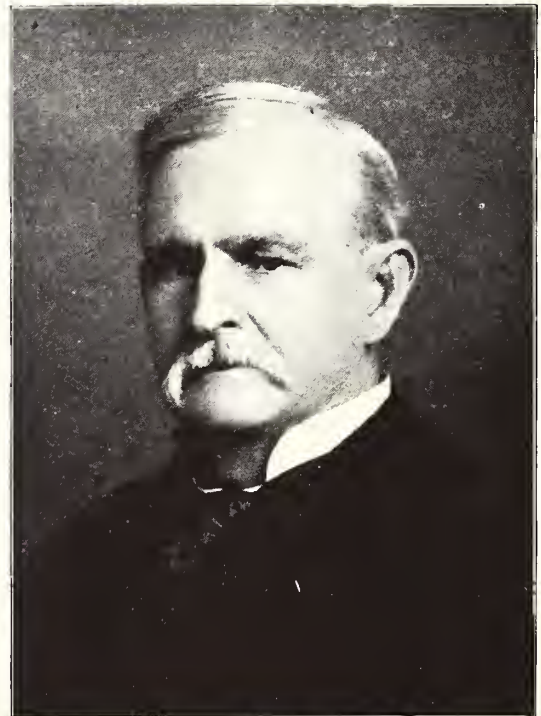
The annual reunion of the Missouri Division, United Confederate Veterans, was held at the Missouri State Building, World's Fair grounds, St. Louis, Mo., October 6, 1904.

The attendance was as large as could be expected with so many diversions, and much interest was manifested.

The national meeting of the Daughters of the Confederacy being in session in St. Louis at the time of the reunion, they paid the Missouri Confederates the honor of adjourning their meeting to meet with us, which was duly appreciated by the Veterans.

OFFICIALS OF MISSOURI DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. Harvey W. Salmon, commanding the Missouri



HARVEY W. SALMON,
Major General Missouri Division, U. C. V.

Division, United Confederate Veterans, announces the following as constituting his official staff:

Col. William F. Carter, Clinton, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.

Lieut. Col. William H. Kennan, Mexico, Inspector General.

Lieut. Col. George P. Gross, Kansas City, Chief Quartermaster.

Lieut. Col. J. D. Ingram, Nevada, Chief Commissary.

Lieut. Col. John W. Halliburton, Carthage, Judge Advocate.

Lieut. Col. J. M. Allen, Liberty, Chief Surgeon.

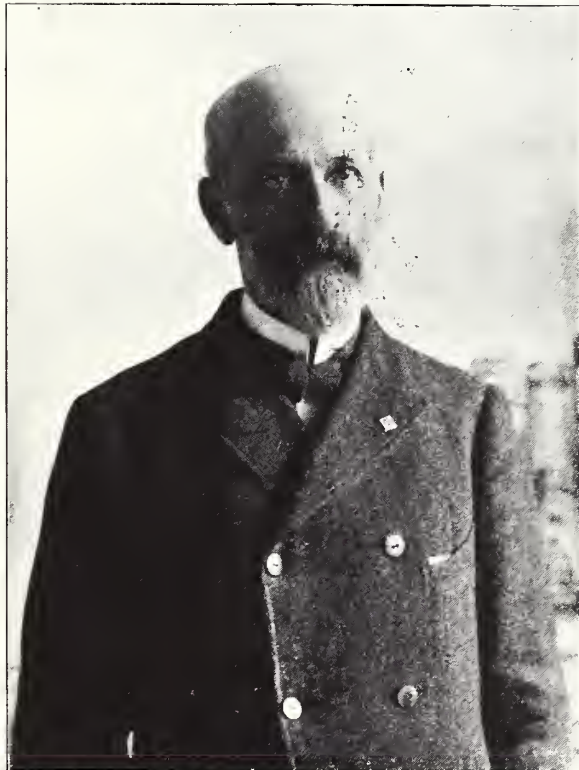
Lieut. Col. J. J. Fulkerson, Lexington, Assistant Surgeon.

Lieut. Col. Thomas M. Cobb, Lexington, Chaplain.

His aids-de-camp, with the rank of major, are: James C. Wallace, Keytesville; Robert H. Stockton, St. Louis; W. P. Gibson, Warrensburg; Charles H. Howard, Waynesville; Robert McCulloch, St. Louis; O. H. P. Catron, West Plains; Robert J. Tucker, Lamar; George M. Jones, Springfield; Frank M. Russell, Lebanon; P. E. Chestnut, St. Joseph; George W. Lankford, Marshal; E. McD. Coffey, Platte City; R. H. Keith, Kansas City; T. C. Holland, Sedalia; James F. Edwards, Foristell; A. L. Zollinger, Otterville; J. N. Bradley, Papinsville; J. G. Simpson, Bolivar; J. E. Devinney, Ripley, Tenn.; Ed P. Reynolds, San Marcos, Tex.

OFFICERS OF THE EASTERN BRIGADE.

Brig. Gen. Frank Gaiennie, St. Louis, commanding the Eastern Missouri Brigade, names as his official staff: Maj. R. Daugherty, Inspector General; J. B. Gantt, Judge Advocate; John M. McGhee, Quartermaster; A. J. Furr, Commissary; J. J. Miller, Surgeon; Capt. W. W. Trent, Sam I. Harrison, E. G. Williams, J. H. H. Maxwell, C. W. Digges, T. O. Towles, Aids-de-Camp.

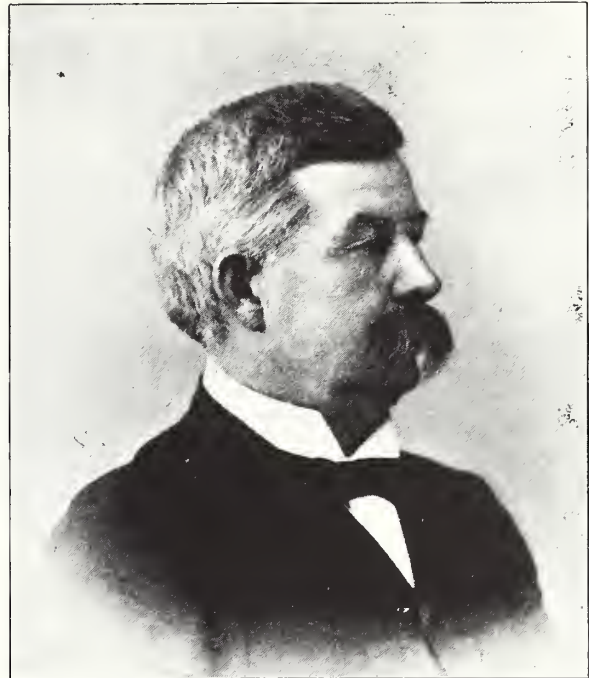


FRANK GAIENNIE,

Brigadier General Eastern Brigade, Missouri Division, U. C. V

OFFICERS OF THE WESTERN BRIGADE.

Brig. Gen. John B. Stone, Kansas City, commanding the Western Missouri Brigade, announces as his official staff:



JOHN B. STONE,

Brigadier General Western Brigade, Missouri Division, U. C. V.

Lieut. Col. Henry M. Withers, Kansas City, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff; Maj. J. Q. Plattenburg, Lexington, Inspector General; Maxwell M. Minter, Kansas City, Quartermaster General; N. B. Hogan, Springfield, Commissary General; James W. Boyd, St. Joseph, Judge Advocate General; D. K. Morton, Kansas City, Surgeon General; William F. Bahlmann, Warrensburg, Chaplain General.

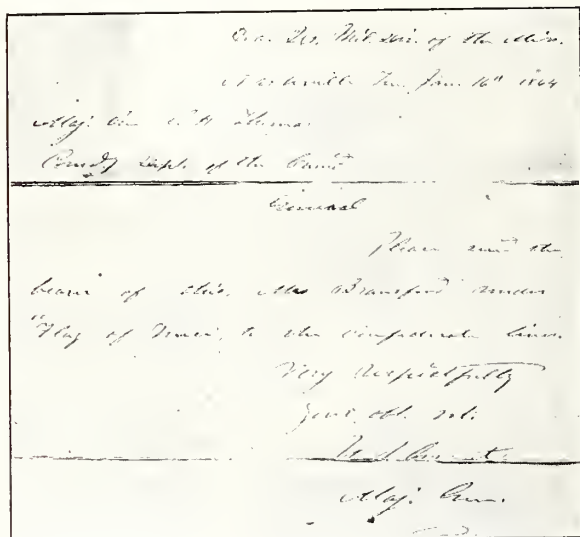
His aids-de-camp are: Capt. A. Atkinson, Kansas City; S. C. Ragan, Kansas City; James Kennedy, Kansas City; T. G. Crotty, Kansas City; Lewis Renfro, Greenfield; T. B. Dry, Eldorado Springs; John Waddell, Sedalia; Ed Barton, Linneus; P. W. Reddish, Liberty; Isaac C. Cruzen, Carrollton; L. H. Loudermilk, Joplin; C. C. Catron, Carthage; W. H. Quarles, Richmond; Ed W. Strode, Independence; Rich W. Nichols, Marshall; R. D. Berry, Selma, Ala.

STONEWALL CAMP ELECTS OFFICERS.—The Stonewall Camp, C. V., Portsmouth, Va., held its annual election of officers on the evening of the 4th inst., and chose the following comrades to serve for one year from that date: Commander, John W. H. Porter; Lieutenant Commanders, M. W. Allen and J. H. Gumm; Adjutant, Thomas Shannon; Quartermaster, W. L. Langhorne; Surgeon, Dr. George W. O. Maupin, Jr.; Chaplain, C. H. Eckert; Treasurer, John C. Ashton; Sergeant Major, Samuel Y. Browne; Vidette, Joshua Denby; Color Sergeant, John E. Foreman.

WANTS HIS BULLET BACK.—Mr. James F. Smith, of Morgan, Tex., wishes to learn the address of his cousin, Mrs. Lottie McCord, formerly of Columbia, S. C.—a daughter of Prof. Lawrence Reynolds—in whose keeping he left a Minie ball extracted from his foot during the war.

KIND LETTER BY GEN. U. S. GRANT.

The VETERAN frequently copies autograph letters from distinguished people concerning Confederate matters. The above



happened not to reproduce well, so is printed below. It was a generous act of Gen. Grant to the mother of a prominent Confederate officer:

"HEAD QRS. MIL. DIV. OF THE MISS.,
NASHVILLE, TENN., Jan. 16, 1864.

Maj. Gen. G. H. Thomas, Commanding Department of the Cumberland.

"General: Please send the bearer of this, Mrs. Bransford, under 'Flag of Truce' to the Confederate lines.

"Very respectfully, U. S. GRANT, Major General."

FATHER RYAN MEMORIAL WINDOW AT TAMPA.

Miss A. E. Caruthers, President of Tampa Chapter, U. D. C., at Tampa, Fla., appeals to Veterans and Daughters of the Confederacy everywhere: "Having assumed the debt of one thousand dollars for the Father Ryan memorial window, which honors our beautiful Cathedral here, as well as the poet-priest who gave his best to our cause, we, the Daughters, appeal to you, our co-helpers in every good cause. Meet us, O Veterans, in our hour of need with just one dollar for each Camp and the Daughters the same for each Chapter, and our Father Ryan memorial window will soon be paid for. Our small Board of Daughters are working hard to accomplish this end. Will you help us? If so, forward all contributions with name and number of Camp and Chapter. Some of the Chapters have already responded to our written appeal."

STATHAM-FARRELL CAMP, U. C. V.—The two Camps of Confederate Veterans in Montgomery County, Miss., have consolidated under the names of two gallant soldiers, both commanders of the 15th Mississippi Infantry. Gen. Statham was the first colonel of the regiment, and won his grade of brigadier general at the battle of Shiloh. He was succeeded in rank by Col. Mike Farrell, who first went out as a private in the regiment. It was generally conceded that the 15th Mississippi was one of the best-drilled regiments in the Army of Tennessee, all of which was due to its drillmaster, Private Mike Farrell, afterwards colonel, and who fell in the bat-

tle of Franklin at the head of his regiment. The headquarters of the Statham-Farrell Camp is Winona, Miss., and Comrade J. B. Simpson is Commander; M. H. Allen and J. Stafford, Lieutenant Commanders; R. I. Allen, Adjutant; and Dick Wood, Color Sergeant. The Camp at its next meeting, in June, will formulate plans and start a movement to erect a monument to the women of the Confederacy in the town of Winona.

PRESIDENT DAVIS'S BIRTHDAY.—The Texas Legislature, as has been stated in the VETERAN, has honored itself in passing a bill making the 3d of June, the birthday of Jefferson Davis, a legal holiday in that State. But to Mrs. D. A. Nunn, First Vice President of the Texas Division of the U. D. C., and her active committee is largely due the success of this work. Mrs. Nunn has received numerous congratulations from all parts of the State for the successful result of her efforts; amongst others, a letter from Mrs. Austin, State President of the U. D. C., saying: "Praise and thankfulness should be on the lips of every daughter in our State for the noble work accomplished by you and your committee." Mrs. Reagan, the widow of the lamented Judge John H. Reagan, wrote: "You more than any one else deserve the greatest commendation for the success of the bill, for you have been indefatigable in your efforts, and I am in favor of giving three cheers for Mrs. D. A. Nunn for this tribute of Texas to President Jefferson Davis." Judge Reagan, who died a short time after the bill was passed, wrote to Mrs. Jefferson Davis expressing his gratification, and inclosed clippings from various papers commendatory of the measure.

WANTS TO RETURN SWORD TO ITS CONFEDERATE OWNER.—Mr. Albert Brown, of Bridgeport, Ohio, writes: "I was a member of Company B, 98th Ohio Infantry, 2d Brigade, 2d Division, 14th Army Corps, and at the battle of Bentonville, N. C., in April, 1864, I captured a Confederate officer. He was wearing a good overcoat, which I took for one of my wounded comrades. I took from him also a very fine sword, which I still have, and would be glad to return it if he is still living." Ordinarily there might be some difficulty in locating the owner of this sword; but, as Mr. Brown says he had on a fine overcoat, it simplifies matters greatly, for at that time of the war it is safe to say there were not a half dozen men in Johnston's whole army who had on overcoats of very good quality, so the sword evidently belongs to one of these.

RODDEY'S OLD COMPANY.—Calling in the office of the VETERAN a few days since to renew his subscription, Comrade W. R. Petree, of Belgreen, Ala., related a number of interesting incidents of his soldier days. He was a member of Capt. (afterwards Gen.) Roddey's command, and served with it to the close of the war. The original company was organized in North Alabama, Mississippi, and Southern Tennessee, near where the three States join; and out of about a hundred and ten members, fifteen were steamboat captains. If any of the old company are living, Mr. Petree would be glad to hear from them.

Many letters commending in high terms the address by Dr. Randolph H. McKim, delivered before the U. C. V. Convention in Nashville last June, have been received. The address has been published in pamphlet form, and can be procured of Gen. William E. Mickle, New Orleans, La. Price, 25 cents.

REVIEW OF GEN. MILES'S CRUELTY TO MR. DAVIS.

BY BENNETT H. YOUNG, MAJOR GENERAL KY. DIVISION, U. C. V.

Smarting under some criticism spoken in the Congress of the United States in connection with his acting as Adjutant General of the State of Massachusetts while being on the pay roll of the United States, Gen. Nelson A. Miles has made what he calls "A Statement of the Facts Concerning the Imprisonment and Treatment of Jefferson Davis while a Military Prisoner at Fortress Monroe, Va., in 1865 and 1866."

It is unfortunate for Gen. Miles that he has allowed this statement to be so long delayed. He now himself reopens the subject. It is nearly forty years since these transactions which affected Mr. Davis's imprisonment took place, and they have become a part not only of the history of the United States but of the world. It is very late to change or modify them. They are transactions of the past, over which no man has control. They must stand or fall by what was said or done at the time of their happening.

I propose briefly to review Gen. Miles's treatment of President Davis in the light of historical facts, and to show that the four decades which have passed since the horrible occurrences at Fortress Monroe have not mitigated nor palliated the outrage that was perpetrated upon that helpless, defenseless prisoner.

It is always just to judge men by their surroundings. The country was in a high state of excitement. The Confederate army had surrendered. Mr. Davis, Mr. Clay, and others had been charged with connection in the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, a charge which even their enemies were forced quickly to withdraw in shame and confusion.

As I understand the defense of Gen. Miles it is fourfold: First, that there was some fear that Mr. Davis might attempt to escape; secondly, that Mr. Davis was not treated unkindly; thirdly, that he is not responsible for having manacles put upon Mr. Davis; and, fourthly, that Mrs. Davis and Mrs. Clay thanked him for what he had done for Mr. Davis and Mr. Clay.

It is necessary to get a few facts before the mind in order to properly discuss this question.

Gen. Lee had surrendered his armies at Appomattox on April 9, 1865; Gen. Joseph E. Johnston had surrendered his armies in North Carolina on the 26th of April, 1865; Gen. Taylor had surrendered his armies on the 4th of May, 1865; and on the day following that on which Mr. Davis was put in irons by order of Gen. Miles the armies of the United States which had engaged in the great civil conflict were to be mustered out at the country's capital and return to the pursuits of peace.

Mr. Davis reached Fortress Monroe on the 19th of May, 1865. His jailer, Gen. Miles, was present to receive him. At that time Mr. Davis was fifty-six years of age and had lost the use of one eye by neuralgia, and the terrible physical and mental strain through which he had passed had resulted in extreme emaciation and feebleness.

Something in Gen. Miles's character suggested to the iron-souled Stanton and marble-hearted Halleck his fitness for the work to which he was assigned, and that a mere hint from his superiors would be sufficient to secure from him a ready compliance with any cruel or vindictive measure or any bitter humiliation which should be meted out to Mr. Davis.

Mr. Davis was manacled on the 23d of May, 1865, four days after his arrival. He had been placed in a stone case-mate at Fortress Monroe. He had been given a cot and a

coarse mattress and a hair pillow, and the food furnished to him was such as that given to strong, healthy soldiers. This was brought on a tin plate, placed upon a table standing by his side, and the soldiers who bore it and paced by his cell were forbidden to speak a single word to their invalid and infirm captive.

In the small room occupied by Mr. Davis two sentinels were stationed, who walked up and down night and day on each side of his cot, and in an adjoining room an officer and other soldiers were stationed. Outside of this door paced other sentinels, whose tramp, tramp, tramp resounded along the echoing masonry of the fortress night and day.

No man who came in contact with Mr. Davis except his surgeon was allowed to speak to him, and after a while even his surgeon was forbidden to speak to him except professionally.

All books except the Bible and prayer book were refused. No papers were permitted to enter his cell. His correspondence with even his wife and children was examined by Gen. Miles, and sentences and paragraphs oftentimes cut out.

These were the existing conditions when, on the 23d of May, 1865, Gen. Miles issued peremptory orders to Capt. Jerome E. Titlow, of the Third Pennsylvania Cavalry, to enter Mr. Davis's cell with a blacksmith and to place upon his feet manacles of iron about five-eighths of an inch thick and connected together by a chain of like weight. Mr. Davis resisted, and was threatened with the bayonet. At last he was thrown upon his couch, soldiers sat upon his limbs, and by force the manacles were riveted on his ankles, connected with the chain. Gen. Miles was then twenty-six years of age. No plea of infancy will avail as a justification of his cruel and malignant wrong.

In 1902 he caused to be issued a pamphlet, which was printed in Washington by Gibson Bros. In this pamphlet, as a quasi-justification of his conduct, are published the rewards offered by Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, for Mr. Davis, Mr. Clay, Mr. Thompson, and others, and he revamps the old story that Mr. Davis was hunted down and captured in the disguise of a woman. He even had the temerity to quote from the records of the Bureau of Military Justice, which have been scorned and eschewed by the honest men of the Republican party even in those days of political excitement and passion.

To justify this inhuman thing, Gen. Miles quotes an order of Gen. Halleck. That order is in the following words:

"FORT MONROE, May 22, 1865.

"To Brevet. Maj. Gen. Miles, Commanding, etc.

"The commanding general of the district is authorized to take any additional precautions he may deem necessary for the security of his prisoners.

"H. W. HALLECK, U. S. V., *Commanding.*"

But his chief reliance is a subsequent order issued by Charles A. Dana, Assistant Secretary of War, which is in the following words:

"FORTRESS MONROE, May 22, 1865.

"Brevet Major General Miles is hereby authorized and directed to place manacles and fetters upon the hands and feet of Jefferson Davis and Clement C. Clay whenever he may think it advisable in order to render their imprisonment more secure.

"By order of the Secretary of War.

"C. A. DANA, *Assistant Secretary of War.*"

In some recent statement Gen. Miles claims that this was an order to put manacles on Mr. Davis. Charles A. Dana is

dead. Gen. Miles now seeks to place upon this dead man the responsibility of his crime.

It will be observed that in both of these orders the manacling of Mr. Davis was left within the discretion of Gen. Miles. There has never yet been a line produced which directed Gen. Miles to manacle Mr. Davis. It was left to Gen. Miles's discretion, and he exercised that discretion in a way which is bound to invoke the sharpest criticism and the profoundest contempt.

When this horrible order was to be executed, Mr. Davis pleaded that it be delayed until Gen. Miles could be communicated with. Gen. Miles put himself in such a position that he could not hear the plea of this weak and despairing prisoner. He had left the fort so that no appeal could reach his ears, and there was nothing left for his subordinates but to enforce his hideous and shocking order.

The execution of this plan to humiliate Mr. Davis was conceived, we have a right to assume from accompanying circumstances, by the Secretary of War, the Assistant Secretary of War, and Gen. Halleck, Commanding General. They were unwilling to assume the responsibility of such a crime against a helpless man who represented a brave and chivalrous people, and so they put the execution of it within the discretion of Gen. Miles; and it seems that Gen. Miles most willingly carried out the suggestion, if not the desires, of his superiors, and exercised the discretion and enforced the order in the most brutal way, and thereby forever placed a stain upon American honor.

That it was unnecessary, cruel, humiliating, Mr. Davis's worst enemies are compelled to admit. Among all the men living in this day of refinement, of justice, of intelligence, and humanity Gen. Miles is the only person who is willing publicly, as far as known, to justify his conduct toward Mr. Davis. Gen. Miles's effort to unload upon Gen. Halleck, Mr. Stanton, Secretary of War, and Charles A. Dana, Assistant Secretary of War, cannot avail against the cold, hard facts of the orders which they issued and those which he issued. They may have wanted it done, but they were unwilling to require it to be done. Gen. Miles alone had the power to do this thing, and he did it with cheerfulness, alacrity, and brutality; and now, after nearly forty years of deliberation, he attempts to justify it on the ground that there was some information as to efforts of the prisoner to escape. This statement about plots and conspiracies is too ridiculous to merit the notice of intelligent people. There was not in all the Southland one soldier who had a gun. The armies of the South were scattered, and its soldiers had returned to peaceful pursuits. The armies of the United States, on the day following the one on which Mr. Davis was manacled, were mustered out of service; Lee, Taylor, and Johnston had surrendered; there was not a single Confederate gunboat afloat; and all the South was in grief and sorrow because of the misfortunes brought upon it by the stern decrees of fate.

As Gen. Miles at this time was brevet major general, we have a right to assume that he was a man of intelligence, and his succeeding military history shows him to have been a man of courage; but there is nobody in the world who will believe that Gen. Miles had any reliable information of any plot or effort on the part of Mr. Davis to escape or on the part of his friends to effect his escape. Around Fortress Monroe was a great army. Mr. Davis was in his cell, and was feeble and invalid. Would anybody in the world to-day believe there was any intention or desire on the part of his friends to attempt to free this prisoner? This story of plots

and conspiracies was conjured up by Gen. Miles after forty years' writhing under the memory of this awful wrong that he had committed against this helpless man. It was inexcusable, and as brutal as it was unjustifiable.

There is also an effort on the part of Gen. Miles to say that Mrs. Davis thanked him for courtesies shown her husband. All that he ever got from this woman is this:

"FORT MONROE, VA., May 23, 1865.

"Please receive my thanks for your courtesy and kind answers to my questions of this morning (May 23). I cannot quit the harbor without begging you again to look after my husband's health for me.

"Yours very respectfully,

VARINA DAVIS."

Mrs. Davis did not know of the terrible scene that had taken place that morning in his cell, when Mr. Davis was, by brutal force, manacled under orders of Gen. Miles.

It seems that Gen. Miles had had decency enough to answer Mrs. Davis's questions about her incarcerated husband, and in her desolation and grief she thanked him even for that; and then, with the faith of a woman in man, especially a man who wore a uniform, she asked him to "look after my [her] husband's health for me." Vain prayer! for before the ink had dried upon this communication Gen. Miles had issued the order to manacle her husband, and had left the fort to prevent an appeal from the hopeless prisoner.

He also published a letter from Mrs. Clay, dated July 27, 1865. Mrs. Clay simply said that she had written him twice and that he had responded. For this she offered him her heartfelt gratitude. She prayed Gen. Miles's kind offices for the prisoners and thanked him for them.

He published another letter from Mrs. Clay, dated September 4, 1865, in which she says: "Accept my heartfelt thanks for your great kindness in forwarding my dear husband's letter. May you never be placed in a condition to realize the mingled joy and sorrow its reception gave me!"

This is all. He had given Mrs. Clay a letter from her husband, probably the first she had received, and the faithful, loving, womanly soul was grateful for that much. But this is no justification of Gen. Miles.

Gen. Miles also filed the affidavit of John S. McEwan, dated May 13, 1866, in which he attempts to show that Gen. Miles had said to Surgeon Craven that he wanted him to take charge of the health of the State prisoners, and to make any suggestions or recommendations that he thought would benefit their health. Gen. Miles's own orders and instructions show beyond all question that if he ever said any such thing it was not sincere or honest, but uttered to deceive. He also attempted to get a letter from James Curry, dated September 2, 1866, and also one from James Whytal; but all these people could say was that they were satisfied that Gen. Miles had practiced all the leniency to Mr. Davis that his duty to the government required. This is no vindication. It is an opinion of subservient subordinates.

He also files a letter from H. S. Burton, Brigadier General, but Gen. Burton was careful to say that he did not come to Fortress Monroe until December 12, 1865. The same is true of Maj. William Hays, but he did not arrive at Fortress Monroe until February 15, 1866, nine months after Mr. Davis had come.

Some other letters were gotten, but none of them reached the real question in issue. The truth is, almost all of them admit that they knew nothing about the facts.

Gen. Miles has waited nearly forty years to try to justify

his conduct. A thousand times in his imagination, doubtless, there has come before him the shocking scene in the casemate at Fortress Monroe on the 23d of May, 1865, when he forced this indignity and humiliation on this brave and noble man.

After forty years of consideration Gen. Miles has not been able to devise an excuse that will even mitigate or palliate, much less justify, his conduct. It would have been far better if Gen. Miles, after viewing all the circumstances, had frankly confessed that he had done a great wrong, and said that it was under circumstances of excitement and passion, and, the war having passed away, with calm and cooler thought or on reflection, he would not have placed Mr. Davis in irons and would not have subjected him to the indignities inflicted upon him. Then all the world would have respected him, would have recognized the manliness and the courage which had prompted such a statement; but it can only despise and condemn as disgusting an effort now to justify his conduct, and to unload upon a dead man the responsibility of his action, when the order of the dead man shows that the whole responsibility was left within the discretion of Gen. Miles.

Nor will it avail for Gen. Miles to attempt to justify his conduct by expressions of gratitude from two broken-hearted women, whose husbands were then threatened with trial before a military commission, or for treason before the courts. The only gratitude which they expressed was, first, by Mrs. Davis for information about her husband; and, secondly, from Mrs. Clay for the courtesy of sending a letter which her imprisoned companion had written her.

Gen. Miles makes further pretense that Mr. Davis was ironed because there was some change of the doors of the casemate, being changed from wood to iron, and the manacling was a precaution against attempted escape. That this is a mere pretense is shown by the fact that it was never heard of or mentioned until Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War, on the 28th of May, 1865, called upon Gen. Miles to know "whether irons have or have not been placed upon Jefferson Davis. If they have been, when was it done, also for what reason," and "remove them." Up to this time nothing was heard of the doors to the casemate. In the then state of the public mind Secretary Stanton would not stand for this foul wrong against the helpless captive. Gen. Miles concluded that he must have some excuse for this blot on a brave nation. Nothing was then heard of Dana's or Halleck's orders; no claim that they had ordered this manacling. As they were living, it was not safe to charge that they had directed it, and this excuse was withheld until forty years had elapsed and Dana and Halleck were dead. If this excuse was not available while those who Gen. Miles says were responsible for it were alive, surely the American people will not receive it now, after forty years of suppression, and long after the men whose names it seeks to dishonor have ceased to live. It is bad enough to wrong the living, it was inexcusable to torture Mr. Davis with the chains which his cruel jailer put upon his emaciated limbs; but it is absolutely dreadful to stalk behind the skeletons of these dead men, who can make no protest nor speak a single word in defense of their good name and character.

Gen. Miles also, in his published vindication, seeks to create the impression, by a letter received from some Confederate in Alabama, that the Southern people had confidence in him and would gladly follow him in war. Southern men did follow him in war. Southern men might again follow him in war;

but this great wrong of his, this brutal outrage upon Mr. Davis, will burn, burn, burn in their souls forever, and the people of the Southland must always regard Gen. Miles's conduct, under the circumstances, as malignant, cruel, and unjustifiable, and such that no unbiased man can excuse, explain, or palliate.

CONFEDERATED MEMORIAL ASSOCIATIONS.

DELIGHTFUL HISTORY OF THESE ASSOCIATIONS.

The Confederated Southern Memorial Association has published a history of all memorial associations enrolled in the Confederation, embodying in enduring form the records of the work accomplished by the women of the South since the early days of her struggle and sorrow. This book is beautifully printed, contains over three hundred pages, and is richly illustrated with half-tone engravings, representing noble women of the South and many grand and imposing monuments, which have sprung from their loyalty and devotion. The Historical Committee of the United Confederate Veterans' Association recommended this work at the Nashville convention in 1904, and Gen. Stephen D. Lee, our Commander in Chief, commends it by saying: "I have carefully examined the 'History of the Confederated Memorial Associations of the South,' indorsed by the Historical Committee of the United Confederate Veterans, and most cordially recommend it to the people of our Southland. It is nicely edited and beautifully illustrated, and tells in modest style 'of that superb, noble race of Southern women who suffered with us in the epoch of war and were the first to overflow the graves of our dead with beautiful flowers and to build monuments to their memory.' These memorials and monuments will ever point our descendants to the heroism, patriotism, sacrifices, and fortitude of their fathers and mothers, thereby treasuring the heroic deeds of remote ancestry and inciting them to like conduct when occasion is ripe and demands like display of heroic action. This splendid volume should have a place in the home of every one who loves his Southland."

Mrs. W. J. Behan, President of the Association, says of it: "It should find permanent lodgment upon the shelves of every public library, and should be preserved in every Southern home as an object lesson for its youth."

The price of this volume is \$1.25, with ten cents extra for postage. Address Miss Daisy M. L. Hodgson, 1816 St. Charles Avenue, New Orleans, La., or Mrs. W. J. Behan, Godchaux Building, New Orleans, La.

BRONZE STATUE OF LEE IN RICHMOND.

BY R. HADEN PENN, BUCHANAN, VA.

There stands a bronzed hero in figured fame,
A warrior true of the Southern clan,
A Rupert Rebel, with a righteous name,
Whose life was glory and honor to man.
Though his country's cause flamed and fell,
'Twas crowned with many a proud victory;
And time's fabled stories cannot tell
Of chieftain so knightly as our Lee.
As the centuries sweep to the end of time
And generations give their great to fame
None will be nobler, purer, more sublime
Than Robert Lee, Virginia's name.
A kingly warrior of unsullied fame,
His glory will stand when others fall;
A hero, a patriot, without a stain,
The grandest, noblest Roman of them all.

PATRIOTIC MR. BOUTELL.

The liberal extracts from the speech of Congressman Boutell, copied in the March VETERAN, have given much pleasure.

That conspicuously enterprising newspaper, the *Atlanta Constitution*, that furnished the report, states editorially:

"The speech of Congressman Boutell before the West End Republican Club, of New York, is a notable utterance from one of the most prominent Republicans in Congress.

"Mr. Boutell, appreciating the deep significance of the lamented McKinley's more than friendly attitude toward the South, devotes, appropriately enough, nearly his entire address to the relation of the South and Southern questions to the nation. It is evident, from the facts and statistics which he utilizes so effectively, that Mr. Boutell has been a close student of his subject. He knows the South and the truth about things Southern. His grasp of the problems involved in the somewhat anomalous position of this section and the broad philosophy of his proposed solution will appeal to fair-minded and patriotic citizens in all sections of our common country as at once statesmanlike and liberal.

"Of course Mr. Boutell, being a strict partisan, is inclined to unduly magnify the alleged beneficence of some of his party's policies in their application to Southern material conditions; but in the main he is correct in his analysis of Southern needs and Southern dues at the hands of Congress and the Federal administration. Particularly are his deductions on the negro question sound. He makes it clear that outside meddling and an officious interference with a problem that is social and not political will only make bad matters worse."

FITZHUGH LEE AT MCKINLEY'S GRAVE.

"McKinley and the South" was Gen. Lee's subject at Canton, Ohio, on McKinley Memorial Day. He said:

"Ohio, it is true, is the State of his nativity. Her citizens knew and loved the living McKinley; her soil is sacred with the grave which marks the resting place of the dead McKinley; her people will cherish his lofty character and his splendid service as long as the mountains kiss the heavens or the rivers roll to the sea. Ohio, however, cannot bound his boundless fame, for on the wings of renown his glory has been wafted to all parts of the world. Sleep on, O just and wise ruler! Your birth was a blessing to your country; your life a blessing to all its inhabitants; your death a calamity which has excited the lamentations of mankind. . . .

"All sections to-night hear the echo of the voice of the great soldier, U. S. Grant, when on his deathbed he said: 'I feel that we are approaching an era of great good feeling between Federal and Confederate soldiers. I shall not be here to witness it in its perfection, but I feel within me that it is to be so. Let us have peace.'

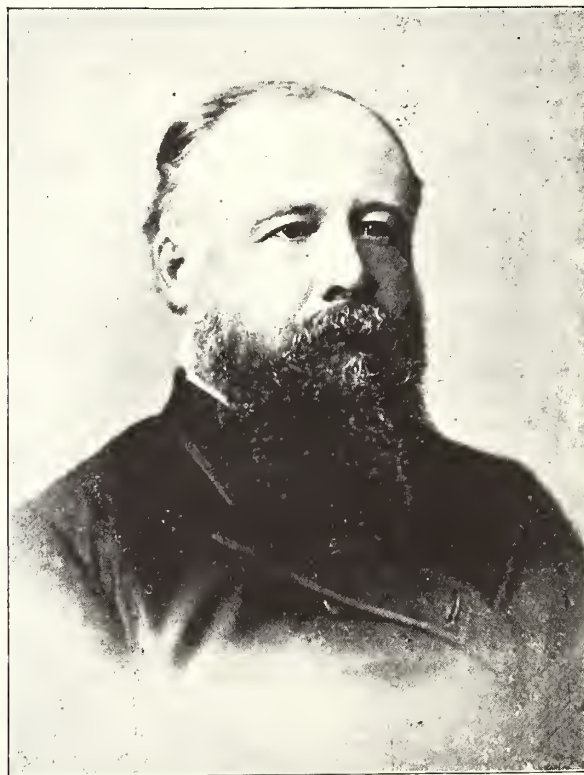
"The weapons of Grant and Lee have been sheathed forever, the sabers of Sheridan and Stuart have been returned to their scabbards, the tents of Sherman and Joe Johnston have been pitched forever on the eternal camping grounds, and all over this land at this hour is shining the great orb of peace in all the splendor of undimmed majesty."

THE REBEL SCOUT.

Capt. Thomas Nelson Conrad, who recently died at his home in Washington, D. C., was one of the most famous scouts in the Confederate army. He was born at Fairfax C. H., Va., received a collegiate education, and for several years immediately preceding the war he was engaged in teaching a private school in Georgetown, D. C. Having expressed his intention of joining the Confederate army, he was arrested

and confined in the "Old Capitol Prison," Washington, but was soon released. He reported to Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, who assigned him to the Third Virginia Cavalry as chaplain, with the rank of captain; but Stuart's intuitive knowledge of men, and his knowing that the chaplain was familiar with Washington and vicinity, induced him to put Conrad on scout duty and in the secret service. Shortly after, when President Davis directed Stuart to send him a reliable man for some important secret service in Washington, this chaplain-scout was sent to Richmond, and his thrilling experience began.

He established regular headquarters in Washington and a line of communication to a point on the south bank of the lower Potomac. He went in and out of Washington at will, frequently reporting direct to President Davis, the Secretary of War, or to Gen. Lee, as the nature of his information indicated. In recognition of his valuable and hazardous service, Mr. Davis wrote him a personal letter of thanks, which Capt.



CAPT. CONRAD.

Conrad published in a little volume a short time before his death. In this book he gives an interesting account of his experiences as a scout. A short time before the surrender of Gen. Lee he was in Washington and was betrayed or discovered, and orders were issued in the secret service department for his arrest; but, having secured early in his service as scout a friend in that department, he was promptly advised of the order for his arrest, and immediately made his escape from Washington. He was in some way suspected of being connected with the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, and for months after the surrender he kept himself concealed in the mountains of Virginia.

After the war Capt. Conrad was a prominent educator, being President of Blacksburg College, Virginia, and later President of the M. and A. College, of Virginia, which position he resigned to accept that of Census Statistician.

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME, GOOD NIGHT.

The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home;
 'Tis summer, the darkies are gay;
 The corn top's ripe, and the meadow's in the bloom,
 While the birds make music all the day;
 The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
 All merry, all happy and bright.
 By 'n' by Hard Times comes a-knocking at the door;
 Then, my old Kentucky home, good night!

Chorus.

Weep no more, my lady,
 O weep no more to-day!
 We will sing one song for my old Kentucky home
 For the old Kentucky home far away!

They hunt no more for the possum and the coon,
 On the meadow, the hill, and the shore;
 They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon
 On the bench by the old cabin door;
 The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,
 With sorrow where all was delight;
 The time has come when the darkies have to part,
 Then, my old Kentucky home, good night!

The head must bow, and the back will have to bend,
 Wherever the darky may go;
 A few more days, and the trouble all will end
 In the field where the sugar canes grow;
 A few more days for to tote the weary load
 (No matter, 'twill never be light),
 A few more days till we totter on the road;
 Then, my old Kentucky home, good night!

LEE TO THE REAR.

BY JOHN R. THOMPSON.

Dawn of a pleasant morning in May
 Broke through the Wilderness cool and gray,
 While perched in the tallest tree tops the birds
 Were caroling Mendelssohn's "songs without words."

Far from the haunts of men remote
 The brook brawled on with a liquid note;
 And Nature, all tranquil and lovely, wore
 The smile of the spring, as in Eden of yore.

Little by little, as daylight increased
 And deepened the roseate flush in the east—
 Little by little did morning reveal
 Two long, glittering lines of steel

Where two hundred thousand bayonets gleam,
 Tipped with the light of earliest beam,
 And the faces are sullen and grim to see
 In the hostile armies of Grant and Lee.

All of a sudden, ere rose the sun,
 Pealed on the silence the opening gun;
 A little white puff of smoke there came,
 And anon the valley was wreathed in flame.

Down on the left of the Rebel lines,
 Where a breastwork stands in the copse of pines,
 Before the Rebels their ranks can form
 The Yankees have carried the place by storm.

Stars and Stripes on the salient wave,
 Where many a hero has found a grave,
 And the gallant Confederates strive in vain
 The ground they have drenched with their blood to regain.

Yet louder the thunder of battle roared,
 Yet a deadlier fire on the columns poured;
 Slaughter infernal rode with Despair,
 Furies twain through the murky air.

Not far off in the saddle there sat
 A gray-bearded man in a black slouched hat;
 Not much moved by the fire was he,
 Calm and resolute Robert Lee.

Quick and watchful he kept his eye
 On the bold Rebel brigades close by—
 Reserves that were standing (and dying) at ease,
 While the tempest of wrath toppled over the trees.

For still with their loud, deep, bulldog bay
 The Yankee batteries blazed away,
 And with every murderous second that sped
 A dozen brave fellows, alas! fell dead.

The grand old graybeard rode to the space
 Where Death and his victims stood face to face,
 And silently waved his old slouched hat—
 A world of meaning there was in that!

"Follow me! Steady! We'll save the day!"
 This was what he seemed to say;
 And to the light of his glorious eye
 The bold brigades thus made reply:

"We'll go forward, but you must go back."
 And they moved not an inch in the perilous track.
 "Go to the rear, and we'll send them to hell!"
 And the sound of the battle was lost in their yell.

Turning his bridle, Robert Lee
 Rode to the rear. Like waves of the sea,
 Bursting the dikes in their overflow,
 Madly his veterans dashed on the foe.

And backward in terror that foe was driven,
 Their banners rent and their columns riven
 Wherever the tide of battle rolled
 Over the Wilderness wood and wold.

Sunset out of a crimson sky
 Streamed o'er a field of ruddier dye,
 And the brook ran on with a purple stain
 From the blood of ten thousand foemen slain.

Seasons have passed since that day and year;
 Again o'er its pebbles the brook runs clear,
 And the field in a richer green is dressed
 Where the dead of a terrible conflict rest.

Hushed is the roll of Rebel drum,
 The sabers are sheathed and the cannon are dumb;
 And Fate, with his pitiless hand, has furled
 The flag that once challenged the gaze of the world.

But the fame of the Wilderness fight abides,
 And down into history grandly rides,
 Calm and unmoved as in battle he sat,
 The gray-bearded man in the black slouched hat.

FAMILY OF MRS. HENRIETTA HUNT MORGAN.

BY MILFORD OVERLEY, NINTH KENTUCKY CAVALRY, C. S. A.,
FLEMINGSBURG, KY.

While so much is being said and written concerning the unbounded patriotism of Southern families during the great war, estimated chiefly by the sacrifices made, the number of soldiers sent out to battle for their country and their homes, and the services these rendered and the distinction they achieved, I want to give in brief, through the *VETERAN*, the record of just one Kentucky family, that of Mrs. Henrietta H. Morgan, of Lexington.

Mrs. Morgan's maiden name was Hunt. She was born in Lexington, Ky., December 5, 1805, was married to Calvin C. Morgan in 1823, and was a widow at the beginning of the war, her husband having died in 1854. She was the mother of eight children, six sons and two daughters. The daughters had husbands, and this enabled the patriotic mother to give to the Confederate cause eight as gallant soldiers as ever went to battle. Seven of these were commissioned officers; the other, a mere boy, the youngest of the family, was a private. There were three generals, one colonel, two captains, and one lieutenant. Two of the generals and the lieutenant were killed in battle, and the other general was desperately wounded. Lieut. Gen. A. P. Hill was killed at Petersburg, Va., only a few days before the surrender of Lee's army. He was one of the very best officers in the Confederate service—brave, cautious, thoroughly reliable, and a desperate fighter. His was the last name uttered by the dying Stonewall Jackson, who, in his delirium, said, "Tell A. P. Hill"—That was all, and soon the great general, the Christian soldier, "crossed over the river to rest under the shade of the trees," and A. P. Hill became his successor.

Maj. Gen. John H. Morgan, the great raider, the knightly cavalier, was killed at Greeneville, Tenn., September 4, 1864. Like Forrest, he was a born cavalry leader; and it was he who, early in the war, taught West Pointers how to utilize cavalry to the best advantage and to make this arm in the highest degree efficient, and they profited by the lesson, notwithstanding their prejudice against army officers who had not been trained in military schools. Morgan, with twenty-five hundred men, often neutralized ten thousand of the enemy, and sometimes more than twice that number. Forrest's "getting there first with the most men" enabled him to win many victories; but Morgan seldom had the most men, yet he generally got there first and caught the other fellows napping, as he did the enemy at Hartsville on that cold December morning in 1862.

Lieut. Tom Morgan, of the Second Kentucky Cavalry, was killed at Lebanon, Ky., July 5, 1863, in an attack upon a force of Federal troops at that place by Gen. J. H. Morgan. He was a gallant boy of but nineteen, and was quite a favorite with the entire regiment.

Gen. Basil Duke, now of Louisville, Ky., is the other son-in-law. He was sorely wounded in a fight with the command of Gen. John M. Harlan—now Judge Harlan, of the United States Supreme Court—December, 1862. Gen. Duke was an able commander, and no man served the Confederacy more faithfully, more gallantly than he. Commanding Morgan's Division after the death of that chieftain, he refused to yield when Lee surrendered, though serving in that general's department, but started southward with most of his command, intending to join Gen. Joseph E. Johnston's army at Greensboro, N. C. But, finding Johnston preparing to surrender, he pushed on till President Davis's cavalcade was overtaken,

when his command became part of Mr. Davis's escort. At Abbeville, S. C., the last council of war was held, and Gen. Duke was a member. There and then the Confederacy ceased



MRS. MORGAN AT HER ANCESTRAL HOME, LEXINGTON.

to be. Gen. Duke surrendered his men at Woodstock, Ga., May 8, 1865.

Besides Gen. Duke, Col. Richard C. Morgan, Capts. Charlton H. Morgan, Calvin C. Morgan, and Private Francis Key Morgan lived to return home.

FLAG AND UNIFORM OF THE CONFEDERACY.

There has been various claims as to who first conceived the design for the Confederate flag adopted by the Congress assembled in Montgomery, Ala. As to the gray uniform of the Confederate soldier, there has been less discussion, it being generally understood that the color was taken from the uniforms worn by the cadets of West Point, and that Mr. Davis, having been Secretary of War, himself suggested the idea. It now appears, most conclusively, that Mr. Nicola Marschall, quite a noted portrait painter and who is yet living in Louisville, Ky., was the real designer of the flag and the uniform.

Mr. Marschall is a Prussian. He came to America in 1849 when quite a young man, landing in New Orleans. Afterwards he went to Mobile, where he followed his profession as an artist, especially in portrait-painting. Later he accepted a position in the female seminary at Marion, Ala., as teacher of music, painting, and the languages—French and German. He is a hale and hearty old man seventy-four years old, and, in telling in his modest, quiet way how he happened to make the designs which the world admired and respects says:

"In 1857 I returned to Prussia, and remained in Europe for two years continuing my studies of art. I studied both in Munich and Italy. It was while returning from Italy and passing through Verona, which then belonged to Austria, that I saw the uniform which some years later was to furnish me the design for the Southern Confederate uniform.

"In Verona one day the notes of martial music came to me. On searching out the source, I found that a party of sharpshooters belonging to the Austrian army were passing. 'What noble soldiers and what splendid uniforms!' was my involuntary comment as I saw them. They were all great, manly soldiers, and were dressed in the striking uniform of gray with green trimmings. The green denoted their branch of the army—the sharpshooters—and their rank was indicated by marks on the collars of their coats, bars for lieutenants and captains, three stars for the higher officers.

"I returned to America in 1859, and again located in Marion. There I painted many portraits of the wealthy planters and members of their families, as well as of other prominent people of the South. Andrew Moore was then a judge at Marion. He afterwards became war Governor of Alabama.

"Mrs. Napoleon Lockett, a beautiful Southern woman of an old Virginia family and the wife of a wealthy planter, lived at Marion. Her eldest son married the eldest daughter of Gov. Moore, and one of her younger sons married one of the younger daughters of Gov. Moore.

"Soon came the first notes of war. Mrs. Lockett was as loyal a daughter as the South had, and was much interested in its affairs. She came to me one day and said: 'Mr. Marschall, we have seceded, and the Confederate government wants a flag. Will you make us a design? It must not be too unlike the United States flag, but different enough to be distinguished at a distance.'

"At once I took pencil and paper, and made three different designs. The first was of two red stripes and one of white, with a blue field bearing seven white stars—indicating the number of States that had then seceded—in the upper left-hand corner. The second design was the same, except that the blue field with stars was at the extreme left of the white stripe instead of the top red stripe. The third design had the two full red stripes at top and bottom, the white stripe in the middle with the blue field and white stars in the center."

This account does not comport fully with that of Dr. S. E. Lewis adopted by the U. C. V., who does not admit that "this first design made by Mr. Marschall was the flag adopted by the Confederate government;" but it is well known to those familiar with Southern history that this flag—the stars and bars—was placed on the staff above the capitol at Montgomery, Ala., on March 4, 1861, by Miss J. C. Tyler, of Virginia, a granddaughter of John Tyler, ex-President of the United States.

Continuing his interesting narrative, Mr. Marschall said: "Mrs. Lockett thanked me for the flag designs, and started to go. Then she came back, adding: 'We also want a design for a uniform, Mr. Marschall. Can't you suggest one?' The thought occurred to me of the gray uniforms I had seen worn by the Austrian sharpshooters. I took a piece of paper and made several rough sketches, indicating the gray color, and also the colors on the collars to denote the branch of the service—buff for officers, yellow for cavalry, blue for infantry, red for artillery, etc. It did not occur to me then that I had done anything worthy of note. I simply made the sketches at the request of Mrs. Lockett. I knew no more about them from then until I found that the uniform and one of the flags had been adopted by the Confederacy."

This is the story of how the gray of the Confederate army and the banner under which that army fought were made.

When war was declared, Mr. Marschall enlisted as a private of volunteers, going with his command from Marion to garrison Forts Morgan and Gaines, at the mouth of Mobile Bay. Afterwards he was with the Second Alabama Regiment of Engineers. He served with Col. Lockett, a son of Mrs. Napoleon Lockett, under Gen. Polk, just preceding the fall of Vicksburg. Mr. Marschall served then in the Confederate army until the curtain was finally drawn at Appomattox.

In obscure corners of his studio are old and worn chests, secured with bands of steel. One of these bears the inscription: "N. Marschall, Second Engineers' Regiment of Alabama." It is the kit which Mr. Marschall carried with him during the war. In another box are scrapbooks and papers, among them being letters written Mr. Marschall by generals and statesmen of the South during and after the war. One of the most highly prized of them all is a letter of introduction to Mr. Davis, written by Gen. Forrest after the war, to Mr. Marschall, for whom the great "wizard of the saddle" expressed warm, personal friendship.

WAR TIME'S DISASTER AT MAXWELL HOUSE.

[In the VETERAN for December, 1901 (page 554), there is an account by John C. Cates, Fulton, Miss., and in the June issue of 1902 (page 264), by J. A. Templeton, Jacksonville, Tex., there are reports of the killing and maiming of many Confederate prisoners in the Maxwell House at Nashville (known then as Zollicoffer Barracks—who can tell why this last name?) in the fall of 1863. As the unfortunate victims were from nearly every Southern State, and as the following article indicates the spirit of that time and the character of publication as it was then, the entire report, kindly furnished by a friend, is given verbatim. Comrade Templeton reports five of his company in the crowd, all of whose names do not appear in this report. This report is from a Nashville paper under Federal military surveillance.]

TERRIBLE ACCIDENT AT THE "ZOLLICOFFER BARRACKS."

One of the most startling and fatal accidents occurred in our city yesterday that we have ever been called upon to chronicle. The scene of the sad disaster, so fraught with human suffering, was the unfinished building, situated on the corner of Church and Cherry Streets, known as the Maxwell House, which was used as a barracks for our soldiers. At the time of the accident about six hundred Confederate prisoners were confined there in the upper or fifth story. At the signal for breakfast, the prisoners rushed to the head of the stairs on their way to the dining room, all gayety and thoughtlessness. The rush was so sudden and their weight so great that the stairs gave way with a loud crash, and one hundred of the prisoners were suddenly precipitated, with a perfect avalanche of broken and scattering timbers, through two sets of flooring to the third floor, where they landed one quivering mass of bleeding, mangled humanity. Two (whose names we have been unable to learn) were instantly killed, and the whole of them more or less injured. Many of them were frightfully disfigured, having their legs, arms, or heads broken.

The news of the accident spread rapidly through the city, and in a short time the streets in the vicinity were crowded with persons anxious to learn the extent of the terrible affair.

Guards were immediately thrown around the building to prevent the unfortunate sufferers, who were now being re-

moved from the wreck, from being crowded. Ambulances were hurried to the spot, and the misguided and suffering Confederates, who had braved the dangers of many a hard-fought battle, to be maimed for life by an accident, were taken to the prison hospital. Here they were attended by our surgeons and nurses with all the kind and tender care that could have been shown a Federal soldier wounded under the stars and stripes, fighting for the Union. The secesh ladies also waited on them with an untiring devotion that would reflect honor on a more righteous cause. One of the injured prisoners, a mere stripling, who has been captured several times before, remarked that he would not care half so much if he had taken his breakfast.

In another part of the building were some Union refugees, lately arrived from Northern Georgia. Upon the occurrence of the fatal accident, some of the men rushed to the rescue among the foremost. One of them found among the sufferers three of his neighbors from Georgia, who had long since left their homes for the Rebel service. Another refugee found his son, who had been conscripted and of whom he had not heard in sixteen months. A third encountered a brother from Texas, from whom he had been separated eight years. Such are the sad and impressive scenes, which can scarcely be called strange in this unnatural war.

Though many of the prisoners are badly hurt and will be crippled for life, we are told that not more than four or five are likely to die from the effects of their injuries.

We will here remark that the present efficient commander of the barracks, Capt. Lakin, of the Eighty-Ninth Ohio, is in no way to blame for the accident, for he has frequently warned the inmates of the barracks against crowding around the stairways.

The names of the prisoners and their commands are:

C. Knox, 4th Tenn.; J. S. Starnes, F, 29th Miss.; J. M. Dickey, A, 44th Tenn.; C. Swader, K, 3d Con. Cav. (dangerous); J. Jones, H, 20th Tenn.; A. Griffin, C, 2d Ky.; S. O'Neal, I, 50th Ala.; R. H. Henderson, D, 4th Tenn. Cav.; G. T. Eckhart, 10th Tex.; P. Nichol, E, 1st La.; M. Williams, B, 1st Bat. Ga. Sharpshooters; J. P. Smith, C, 16th Ala.; J. T. Killingsworth, H, 17th Tenn.; H. C. Nutt, B, 17th Tenn.; S. H. Orr, D, 50th Ala.; W. Park, I, 6th Ark.; R. Marshall, F, 41st Tenn.; S. J. Tealey, C, 8th Ga.; William Freeman, G, 27th Miss.; S. A. Foster, C, 1st Bat. Sharpshooters; R. H. Leonard, B, 3d Va.; John Simpson, A, 34th Miss.; J. J. Sleilings, C, 57th Ga.; S. V. Green, citizen; J. J. Polk, C, 4th Tenn.; S. Summers, I, 37th Miss.; J. T. Riddle, E, 50th Ala.; J. Mathew, citizen; R. Kendall, K, 13th Ark.; C. G. Odom, I, 10th Tex.; A. H. Killingsworth, F, 3d Con. Cav.; J. A. Clark, F, 44th Tenn.; J. T. Gray, B, 44th Tenn.; M. J. Tucker, D, 9th Tenn.; J. Fowler, citizen; W. M. Carter, B, 27th Tenn.; J. W. Burch, F, 5th Ky.; W. R. Paine, E, 39th Ga.; E. R. Paine, E, 39th Ga.; J. H. Burke, Q, 10th Tex.; J. W. Jones, Q, 3d Ark.; James Miller, K, 38th Ala.; T. P. Hinsure, D, 33d Ala.; C. H. Bailey, L, 14th Tex.; P. F. Brooks, G, 34th Ala.; John Taylor, 2d Ky. Cav.; R. A. Lasseur, C, 4th Ga.; C. Killingsworth, H, 3d Con. Cav.; J. T. Harris, B, 29th Miss.; J. W. Harris, B, 29th Miss.; J. L. Olea, B, 29th Miss.; J. Reed, K, 27th Ala.; D. N. Forde, F, 24th Miss.; B. Gilmore, B, 34th Miss.; T. H. Terry, K, 13th Ark.; J. C. Hill, C, 34th Ala.; J. W. Ernest, D, 28th Tenn.; J. H. Pierson, H, 7th Miss.; John Bridges, B, 19th Ala.; Terry Money, B, 13th La.; Butler Horner, B, 9th Tenn.; Mike Harlan, B, 13th La.; B. A.

Hewey, A, 8th Ark.; S. A. Mulling, Waite's Light Art.; William Ayers, K, 39th Tenn.; F. Thomas, A, 3d Con. Cav.; D. Walker, E, Con. Cav.; W. A. Moodey, F, 34th Miss.; T. J. Burns, E, 39th Ga.; J. R. Byrd, E, 43d Ala.; R. R. Filby, I, 1st Ga.; G. W. Monfort, K, 2d Ky.; William Reece, 1st Ala. Legion; G. C. Maddock, 1st Bat. Sharpshooters; J. A. Pierson, H, 7th Miss.; W. E. Bradford, E, 44th Tenn.; J. D. Cox, A, 28th Miss.; N. Heinstran, Cort's Battery; W. Lambert, citizen; R. Fox, E, 37th Ga.; W. C. Evit, citizen; E. R. Conner, B, 1st La.; H. B. Fowler, citizen; R. Ranch, B, 19th Ala.; T. M. Dane, C, 17th Tenn.; J. B. Millard, E, 34th Tenn.; J. W. Wells, D, 19th Ala.; J. Williams, B, 19th Ala.; Patrick Comor, B, 13th La.; M. Burke, I, 13th La.; J. S. Lamb, D, 50th Ala.; N. Etchman, Carnes's Battery; J. Allison, 3d Con. Cav.; H. A. Vaughan, D, 18th Ala.; G. W. Hearn, K, 37th Ga.; J. McAltart, Miss. Cav.; G. Vandever, 37th Ala.; G. W. Hoffner, E, 2d Ky.; L. M. Poe, E, 28th Ala. (dangerous); L. B. Scott, A, 9th Tenn. (dead); L. Lewis, K, 9th Tenn.; J. B. Hambelin, G, 18th La.; J. T. Simmons, C, 51st Tenn.—over one hundred in all.



MAXWELL HOUSE, NASHVILLE, TENN., 1861-65.

Mr. W. H. Isham, of Kellar's, Tenn., in writing to the VETERAN of this disaster, says that he was one of the unfortunates who fell; but, aside from a severe shaking up, was not hurt and did not go to the hospital. He was standing at the head of the stairs when the crash came, and doubtless owed his life to this position, as the mass of humanity below him in a measure broke his fall. Mr. Isham says the second floor did not stop them; and when they did stop, he lit on his feet, with the dead and wounded beneath and piled above and around him. He was soon relieved, and thinks that out of the one hundred and fourteen that fell with him he was the only one that went back upstairs.

FIGHTING NEAR PORT GIBSON.

BY A. J. EDWARDS, HOOVER, ARK.

In the January VETERAN is an article by Comrade T. B. Cox, of Waco, Tex., in which he mentions the fight near Port Gibson, Miss., in May, 1863, as one of the "hottest little battles of the war." As a participant in that engagement I indorse the statement of Comrade Cox, and add some data that came under my personal observation. I was a member of Company A (Capt. Douglas), of the Fifteenth Arkansas Infantry, Green's Brigade, Bowen's Division.

On May 1, 1863, or near that date, we left Port Gibson, marching west a few miles and were formed in line of battle, with our pickets well out in front. About two o'clock in the morning we were lying down in line, when I heard a challenge from our pickets, followed quickly by firing. We were the support for six pieces of artillery, and the captain of the battery, who was within a few feet of me, ordered the guns loaded with canister; and as our pickets passed in, closely followed by the Yankees, all six of the pieces were discharged. They were handled rapidly, and the earth trembled under the constant concussion. The Federal line was checked and repulsed, how far we could not see, but the next moment a battery opened on us with shell. Our guns replied with solid shot, and must have crippled the Federal battery, as it was drawn off soon and another took its place. This artillery duel was kept up until daylight, when their guns ceased and their infantry was advanced. Just at this time the captain of our battery reported to Gen. Green, who was within ten feet of where I was lying down under the brow of the hill, that all of his guns were disabled but one, and that he had no ammunition for that except grapeshot. The General told him to go back and use the grape as long as they lasted, and then the gun staffs, if necessary.

To cover the advance of their infantry, a six-gun battery was rushed out on a commanding ridge and opened on us. I remember how beautiful those guns looked to me then, even in the excitement, and the quick, precise movements with which they were brought into action. Our position was naturally a strong one for defense in front, and we waited until they came within less than two hundred yards of us before we rose and delivered our fire. It shattered their first line, and with the second volley they broke, but quickly re-formed and came again, only to meet the same destructive fire, and again they fell back. Having re-formed, they were coming the third time, when Capt. Douglas passed down the line, inquiring for Gen. Green to inform him that they were turning our flank. It was the last words I ever heard that gallant soldier and gentleman speak, for a moment later he received his death wound, and now lies buried in Port Gibson. As I rose to fire on the third advance of the Federals a musket ball struck me in the lower lip and went through to the back of my neck, and that was the last I saw of the battle. I was picked up and carried to Port Gibson, where I remained for a long time before I was able to be sent off to prison.

I did not think our forces were as large as Comrade Cox gives them (four thousand); but even at that Gen. Grant had sixty thousand, and we swung to and fro over the field with these odds from daylight until about noon, and were not driven from our position by fighting, but were outflanked. I believe we killed and wounded almost as many Federals as we had men in the fight.

And now, old comrades, we are fast passing away, answering the last roll call, so let us strive to make our last days on

earth as pure and faithful to our God as they were glorious and true to our principles in that trying ordeal of defending home and native land.

CONDITIONS OF OUR ARMY NEAR THE CLOSE.

That terrible all day's battle, emphasized as "the last battle of the war," at West Point, Ga., under command of Gen. R. C. Tyler, who was killed that day, will be recalled in connection with the following letter to Maj. W. J. Slatter:

"IN BIVOUAC NEAR AUGUSTA, February, 1865.

"My Dear Slatter: Seated by a bivouac fire in the pine woods of South Carolina, the black smoke from a thousand lightwood fires ascending, the cold, bleak winds blowing heavily from the northwest, the division (which I now am commanding, Bate's) being inspected by brigade inspection commanders, are my surroundings. The Army of Tennessee extends between here and Charleston, and *en route* to this and other points there has been some skirmishing at several points recently; results indefinite generally. Wheeler fought the Twentieth Yankee Corps and some cavalry on Saturday and Sunday, repulsing them handsomely on both days. The fight was some fifteen miles from Augusta. I do not have any idea how long this (Cheatham's) corps will be held here. The health of the troops is good; they need rest very much; discipline lax; reorganization wanted. System required a new vigor instilled, which nothing but rest and discipline can impart. Yet the old Army of Tennessee is a grand organization; am proud to be a member of it, humble as I may be. It is composed principally of veteran troops, battle-scarred heroes, bronze-visaged, sturdy-sinewed, iron-willed, brave, and self-sacrificing. They are a noble band. It will be glory enough when peace shall once again smile upon us with all her blessing for me to tell my friends that in this revolution I was one of that army.

"You have doubtless heard much of certain brigades and divisions, of the part performed by them in the recent campaign into Tennessee, of the bravery of this or bad conduct of that. Many reflections have been cast on — Division, but from all accounts I am constrained to the belief that his division did as well as could reasonably be expected under the circumstances. In my own brigade, the Tennessee Consolidated Regiment, numbering about three hundred and fifty men, one hundred and eighty-three were captured while in line of battle (in front of Nashville) before they would retreat.

"The propriety of taking the negro as soldiers is being discussed more or less by the army; have not heard as yet sufficiently to form an opinion as to whether it be popular with the army, but am sure that some prominent officers who were bitterly opposed to it eighteen months since are now advocates for the plan. One thing is certain: our army must be increased, the skulkers and deserters must be returned, and every exertion made by those who cannot come to send them forward.

"My health continues good. Am suffering considerably from my limb, but am in hopes will be able to endure. How are all the good people of Troup? My heart warms when I think of the many kindnesses received at their hands, and hope the day is not far distant when I may be permitted to visit them once again. My kindest wishes to all. Tender to your good lady my salutations, and believe me very truly,

R. C. TYLER."

PRICE'S RAID THROUGH MISSOURI.

BY W. D. HARRIS, BENTONVILLE, ARK.

I was a private in the Second Arkansas Cavalry, Monroe's Regiment, Cabell's Brigade, under Gen. Price, in his Missouri campaign in the fall of 1864. Our command started from Princeton, Ark., on September 1, crossed the Arkansas River at Fort Smith, and marched to the vicinity of Pilot Knob, Mo. This was strongly fortified and held by the Federals. Preparations were at once made for an attack. We made the first assault in the morning, and were repulsed with a heavy loss. In the afternoon we attacked the fortification again, and were again repulsed. I do not remember the number of killed, but of my company eight were killed and several others were wounded. After our last repulse we drew off about a mile and went into camp for the night, with the understanding that we would renew the fight next morning.

In the last attack a boy named Mahoney, a member of my company, was wounded and captured. He was carried before the commanding officer and questioned as to our strength. Mahoney gave him considerably less than we had, but told him we were expecting heavy reinforcements that night. The stout fight we had put up with the small force mentioned by Mahoney evidently decided the Yankee officer that he had best get away before our reinforcements came up; so about two o'clock that night they moved out and blew up their magazine.

A short time after the report made by the explosion, Mahoney rode into camp mounted on a splendid horse and leading two others, and behind him came another one of the boys that had been captured, also mounted on a Yankee horse, with a sack of coffee in front of him. In the confusion of evacuating the fort and blowing up the magazine the boys escaped with horses and coffee.

After caring for our wounded and burying the dead we resumed our march, following the Missouri River. Constantly for twenty days succeeding some part of our command was engaged with the enemy. Our last stand was made on the prairie near Little Blue River, between Independence and what is now Kansas City. We could see the Yankees forming, and Gen. Cabell rode down our line and said: "Boys, they are going to charge you; give them h—." They did charge, and inside of twenty minutes the General was a prisoner. We held our line until both flanks were enveloped, and then it was hand-to-hand fighting, the only that I saw during the war. Those of us who got away united across the creek. I had an ugly flesh wound in my arm by a Minie ball. This was our last stand; after that we kept moving, followed by the enemy. We reached Tulip, Ark., about November 1.

I have always thought that Price's raid through Missouri was the most fruitless as well as the hardest on men and horses made during the war.

THAT CHARGE AT SPANISH FORT.

BY T. G. CARTER, GEORGIANA, FLA.

I read with great interest the articles of your correspondents when they refer to matters in which I had some part, and occasionally I note some inaccuracies. In the December VETERAN Mr. Eli Davis says that he remembers the night "when three lines of battle charged our picket line, but we forced them back." As in the fight at Spanish Fort, near Mobile, he speaks of the absence of trees in his front, this must have been on the south side of the fort, facing the Federals of Veatch's Division, of the Thirteenth Corps.

One dark night there was an alarm in Veatch's front, and it sounded as if a large body of troops were approaching. A heavy fire was opened upon the supposed line of battle. The next morning it was ascertained that a large drove of cattle had in some way gotten between the two lines, and it seems that both sides supposed an assault was being made. All of the cattle were killed, and it seems that the Federal fire killed and wounded some of the Confederates. I do not know that any of the Federals were struck. Afterwards my brigade was sent to occupy Veatch's line while he was sent to guard a train of supplies for Gen. Steele at Blakely. While there I learned about this "charge of the Light Brigade," and I did not know that both sides were "charged;" but I do know that no charge was made by the Federals against the Confederates during the siege. Gen. Canby was asked by one of his corps commanders, Gen. A. J. Smith, if he might charge the works; but was refused, with the explanation that he had men enough and time enough, and it would be unnecessary to sacrifice life in a charge.

As to the cattle. I have a distinct recollection of advancing our line one bright, moonlight night to within a stone's toss of the Confederate outpost, in which sentinels were kept in the daytime. We made no noise as we crawled out of our trench and took our places on the proposed new line; then we dug ourselves into the ground as rapidly as possible, and, when sheltered in a hole, dug toward their works. By daylight we had a good trench, with a sap connecting with our works, when we were discovered. I have always thought that the Confederate pickets fled from their post on account of the proximity of those dead cattle, which gave a "loud" odor at that time. We would have been glad for orders to retreat, but had to stay all night in the midst of decaying cattle.

In the January VETERAN Mr. Jesse M. Dunaway says that the siege lasted sixteen days. The fort was invested on the 27th of March, 1865, and was evacuated on the night of April 8, making thirteen days.

ROBERT McCULLOCH CAMP.—E. H. Lively, Adjutant of the Robert McCulloch Camp, at Spokane, writes: "It is pleasant to note in the VETERAN that the good and noble man whose name our Camp bears is still alive at his home, in Boonville, Mo. This is the only Camp in this State at present. They realize the importance of organization in this part of the State. Comrade Jacob Heater is working diligently for this purpose. He was of the Thirty-First Virginia, commanded by Col. William L. Jackson, and did valiant service, being conspicuous in the second battle of Bull Run. Comrade Heater wears on all public occasions the Confederate gray."

MILITARY RECORD OF DANIEL O'CONNELL SOUGHT.—Mrs. John J. Mulholland, 4362 Forest Park Place, St. Louis, desires the war record of her uncle that she may join the Daughters of the Confederacy. She states: "My uncle, Mr. Daniel O'Connell, of Little Rock, Ark., was my mother's brother. He was born in Louisville, Ky., as were my mother and myself. All brothers and sisters are dead. He married Miss Olivia Hall, of Little Rock, deceased. I think his father's given name was Patrick."

Comrade A. H. D. Moore, of Bryan, Tex., wants to hear from some member of his company or regiment, Company A, Forty-First Virginia Regiment, Mahone's Brigade, Anderson's Division, A. P. Hill's Corps. He is seventy years old, very feeble and destitute, and needs proof to gain admittance to the Confederate Home.

COMMENT CONCERNING THE "CLANSMAN."

FROM THOMAS DIXON, JR., IN NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW.

Permit me a few words of reply to some critics of the "Clansman."

Mr. Edwin L. Shuman,^o of the *Chicago Record-Herald*, whom I regard as one of the best critics in America, says that my portrait of Thaddeus Stevens as "Austin Stoneman" is a gross caricature.

Will Mr. Shuman print *verbatim* the bill and speech of Stevens which provided for the confiscation of the property of the South, its division among the negroes and the reimbursing of himself for his burned mills, and then defend his character? This speech is on page 203 of the *Congressional Globe*, March, 1867, and was delivered two years after the close of the war, while the South was yet in her life-and-death struggle with starvation. (Henry Timrod, the poet, died of insufficient nourishment in Columbia, S. C., October 7, 1867.)

The following words will identify this address: "The laws of war authorize us to take this property by our sovereign power. You behold at your feet a conquered foe, an atrocious enemy! We have the right to impose confiscation of all their property—to impoverish them. This is strict law and good common sense. To this issue I devote the small remnant of my life."

No biographer of Mr. Stevens has ever dared to print his speeches. Why? This speech is the one supreme act of his life—an act which lights with the glare of immortal infamy his whole character and career.

I have not caricatured him. It was necessary to soften, humanize, and idealize his character to make it fit to print. My only errors are on the side of mercy. Let my critics put a finger on a single line, page, scene, or insinuation in the "Clansman" in which I do him injustice.

My book will stand or fall as a contribution to the history of reconstruction on this character. Unless I have sketched him with honesty and accuracy, I have committed a crime. I rest the book on this issue.

The *Outlook* declares that I have deliberately prostituted such talents as I possess to arouse the worst passions of my readers, made a case of all devils against all angels, and that my book will retard the harmony so eminently desirable between the North and South. Surely not! Could a literary fake, written by a deliberate intellectual prostitute, retard anything? It is a psychological impossibility for a fakir to write a book of power unless endowed with a superhuman mind. I protest against such high praise.

Nor is the "case of all angels against all devils" true. I sketch five negro characters—two good, two bad, and one humorous. I draw full length the characters of two great Republican leaders—Lincoln and Stevens—one good and one bad. Should a reviewer deliberately try to deceive his readers even to promote harmony between the North and the South? Can harmony be gained by falsehood?

The *Outlook* assumes that my facts are true, but says: "Let's hush it up; it's all over now, and we're ashamed of it." Is it so? Hear this choice deliverance of calm, philosophic criticism from the *Boston Transcript*: "He reaches the acme of his sectional passions when he exalts the Kuklux Klan into an association of Southern patriots, when he must know, or else be strangely ignorant of American history, that its members were as arrant ruffians, desperadoes, and scoundrels as ever went unchanged."

Did it ever occur to the *Outlook* that I may be trying to reach Darkest New England with a few rays of Southern

sunlight? One of the best preachers in Boston, a man of the sweetest Christian character, a leader of evangelical Christianity, whose sermons the *Transcript* prints on Monday, was a Kuklux Clansman, and at this writing is still unchanged and very popular in Boston. Has the *Transcript* moved to Salem?

My father is a venerable minister of Christ. He has built many flourishing Baptist churches in Piedmont, Carolina, in a pastorate of sixty years. He is one of those "desperadoes," and in still unchanged. I could give the names of a thousand of these "ruffians" who are to-day among the noblest men in America.

The *Outlook* was founded by Mr. Beecher to promote Christian union. Will my father vote even to unite with his Northern brethren of the same faith so long as such experts in ignorance as the *Boston Transcript* teach that in saving the civilization of the South he was a ruffian, desperado, and scoundrel? Is it possible to promote harmony by a lie?

I am no sectional fanatic, but a citizen of New York, with scores of warm friends in the great, rushing North. Their support has given me my successes in life. This is my country—the whole of it, from sea to sea and from Alaska to the Keys of Florida. I love the people of the North, and I have promised that if God gives me strength they shall know mine own people of the South and love them too. Is this a crime? I am writing out of the fullness of life the story of my father and mother and brethren. It is an authentic human document. In these books I am giving utterance to the deepest soul convictions of eighteen million Southern people on this the darkest problem of our century. Can there be harmony until we understand each other?

You cannot "hush up" the history of a mighty nation. This is no dead issue. The President of the United States devoted his whole speech to it on Lincoln's birthday. We have not settled the negro problem. We have not dared to face it as yet.

One of my critics accuses me of buying a house and yacht out of the royalties of my book. It seems a pity to destroy this fairy tale, but it may ease his pain. I have a beautiful home and a modest yacht, but I bought and paid for them before I had written a book. Yachting is a means of economy and health with me, not luxury. My wife and children are as passionately fond of the water as I am, and we live cheaper on the boat than on the shore. May I mildly ask if it is immoral or even a violation of the canons of art to do this?

Another critic is very angry because I do not write like Thomas Nelson Page. How can I help it? Mr. Page has never asked me to write his books. I couldn't do it if I tried, and I wouldn't do it if I could.

Whether the "Clansman" is literature or trash is a question about which I am losing no sleep. This generation will not decide it; and in the next I'll be dead, and it will not matter.

My ideal of work is very simple—to do my level best every time, and try to express my story in the most powerful manner possible. The most powerful way is always the most artistic way, for art is the appeal to the intellect through the emotions. When a critic says my book is one of "marvelous power," but "thoroughly inartistic," I don't try to understand him or answer him. I give it up. He is talking in an unknown tongue, or he is beyond my depth.

I never write a book unless I have something to say, and never say it as long as I can keep from it. When at last I have become so full of a great dramatic idea that I feel I

shall die unless it is uttered, that others may know the might of its truth and the glory of its beauty, I write the story—write it simply, sincerely, boldly, passionately.

This may not be "literature," but I have my reward—and it is large financially, and larger spiritually. Out of the depths of the unseen these passionate cries of the heart come back in echoes wet with tears and winged with hopes, and life becomes a joy wide as is the world that holds these kindred souls and deep as are the secrets of their hearts, which are also mine. And I am content.

I owe much to my critics. They are all my good friends, and none more so than mine enemies among them. This challenge I wave them with a smile and friendly greeting.

HOW CONFEDERATES TREATED A FEDERAL.

BY W. C. BROWN, WINCHESTER, IND.

I was a member of the Ninety-Third Regiment of the Ohio Volunteer Infantry. In the battle of Chickamauga, just at dark on Saturday, the 19th of September, 1863, my leg was broken by a musket ball sent out by the Johnnies in our front. This occurred in the woods about a half mile to the west of Jay's Mill, and we were falling back at the time. Soon after our lines had fallen back the Confederates established their pickets for the night. A squad (five, if I remember correctly) were passing to the front about fifty yards from where I had fallen. I called to them. They halted, and asked who I was and what I wanted. I replied that I was a wounded Federal soldier, and wanted to be helped into an easier position, as I was suffering from a broken leg. They came to me promptly and assisted me as gently as if I had been one of their own men or a brother to a large tree where I would be protected from the fire of our own men, first taking off my woolen blanket and spreading it down for me to lie on, placing my cartridge box under my head for a pillow and spreading my oilcloth over me.

The tenderness with which they had lifted me touched me, and I said: "Boys, an hour or two ago we were engaged in shooting each other, and now you are treating me with the greatest kindness. I hardly know how to thank you for it in return." They only replied, "Well, old fellow, we are doing to you only as we should like to be done by. It may come our turn next," and they passed on to the front picket line for the night. I was suffering so at the time that I did not notice all of the little details connected with this visit of the Johnnies that night; but the next morning, when I awoke from a half-feverish, dreamy sleep, I found that one of them had spread half of a homemade calico quilt over me, saying nothing about it, and doubtless keeping the other half to shelter him in his nightlong watch on picket post. Was there ever a more beautiful type of chivalry and Christian charity than this? This incident grows brighter to me as the years go by. God bless you, boys, wherever you may be! I would love to have you for my neighbors.

My command was the Ninety-Third Ohio Infantry, McCook's Corps, but at that time attached to Thomas's Corps, on our left (your right). The Confederates near our part of the line were of Cleburne's Division, in which were the Second, Thirty-Fifth, and Forty-Eighth Tennessee, First Arkansas, Third and Fifth Confederate, and Calvert's Arkansas Battery. I was kept prisoner of war most of the time at Atlanta, Ga., and on the 17th of February, 1864, was included in a special exchange of prisoners (twenty-eight Yanks for twenty-eight Johnnies), all badly wounded. I

should be glad to hear from some of the boys who treated me so kindly on the occasion referred to.

THE ROSE FROM CHANCELLORSVILLE.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

I plucked a rose from Chancellorsville,
A little rose with lifted head,
Where on a gently sloping hill
One time the Blue and Gray lay dead.
The Northland's lads, the Southland's sons,
'Twas there their spirits found release;
Under the grimy, growling guns
They slept the dreamless sleep of peace.

I heard a fair bird trill her lay
Above me in the crested pines,
But not the one that sang that day
Between the serried battle lines.
No longer clashed the angry foes
Upon the war-encrimsoned sod,
And from my hand the tiny rose
Of Chancellorsville looked up to God.

The wings of peace that day were spread
Where armies battled man to man,
And through the woodland to me sped
The murmur of the Rapidan.
I thought of thousands who no more
Within the shaded tarn will see
The banners that they proudly bore
Behind the matchless plume of Lee.

I looked upon the little rose
That grew so sweetly on the hill,
Love's sacred tribute to the foes
Who struggled once at Chancellorsville.
I saw the wildwood hares at play,
I heard the cricket 'neath the leaves;
While by a hearthstone far away
Some mother for her hero grieves.

O little rose of Chancellorsville,
How came ye in this haunted wood,
Where in the vale and on the hill
One smiling May the legions stood?
What bade thee lift above the sod
This summer day thy modest head?
What but the sweet voice of thy God?
For war and strife fore'er hath fled.

I see no more the ranks of Gray
That charged among these stately pines;
The blue hath faded far away
From Hooker's vaunted battle lines.
And here I hold thee in my hand
Above this well-contested hill,
With peace throughout Columbia's land,
O little rose from Chancellorsville!

Mrs. Annie McLemore Allen, of Lafayette, Ala., asks for a copy of the poem entitled "The Baltimore Grays." It is hoped that some one of our readers can furnish it.

O. T. Foster, of Murray, Ky., makes inquiry for B. C. Foster, who belonged to an Arkansas battalion of cavalry, and who was discharged at Corinth, Miss.

STONEWALL JACKSON AT CHANCELLORSVILLE.

[Capt. J. G. Morrison, formerly aid-de-camp on the staff of Gen. Jackson and a brother of Mrs. Jackson, now residing at Mariposa, N. C., sends the *VETERAN* the July (1866) number of *The Land We Love*, published by Gen. D. H. Hill in Charlotte, N. C., early after the War between the States. It is copied here as pertinent to the discussions that have recently appeared in the *VETERAN*.]

WOUNDING OF LIEUT. GEN. T. J. JACKSON.

There have been numerous and conflicting accounts of the wounding of this great leader—many written by persons who were miles away from the scene of the ever-to-be-lamented occurrence, and of course who possessed little accurate information of the affair; while others have been written by eyewitnesses, and have been accurate so far as each individual had an opportunity of beholding what occurred. It is a duty of those who were eyewitnesses of the affair to furnish to history an account of what they saw and know to be true.

The person from whom this narrative is taken was a participant in the battle; he was near the person of the General at the time he received the fatal wound, and assisted in bearing him from the field.

Early on the morning of April 29, 1863, Gen. Jackson was informed by Maj. Hale, of Gen. Early's staff, that the enemy was crossing the Rappahannock in force at Deep Run, two miles below Fredericksburg, by the use of pontoon bridges, and that a considerable force had already succeeded in effecting a landing on the southern bank of the river. Gen. Jackson immediately dispatched orders to his division commanders to get their troops under arms, and, accompanied by his staff and escort, they rode to the vicinity of Deep Run to reconnoiter the position of the enemy. It was evident from the movements and displays the enemy made that they were in heavy force, and wished to create the impression that the main crossing and attack would be made below Fredericksburg, and preparations were soon made to meet them. During the day, however, a dispatch was received from Gen. Lee stating that Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, who was on the left wing of the army, reported the enemy to be crossing rapidly at the United States Ford, fifteen miles above Fredericksburg, and moving in heavy force to Chancellorsville.

It was now apparent that their crossing at Deep Run was merely a feint; and, leaving Gen. Early to watch and check this force under Sedgwick, Gen. Jackson marched with his three other divisions in the direction of Chancellorsville, where he found two divisions of Longstreet's Corps, under Gen. R. H. Anderson, confronting the enemy. Uniting with this force, he continued to press forward, driving the enemy until he reached the Catherine Furnace road, which intersects the Fredericksburg and Orange C. H. road one mile east of Chancellorsville. It could now be seen that the two armies confronted each other, that the Federal army had been in position a sufficient length of time to take every advantage of its naturally strong position, and had thrown up heavy intrenchments, protected along its entire front by an abatis of felled timber and innumerable batteries of artillery. So strong and well-fortified was this position that the Federal commander, in a general field order to his troops, says: "The enemy must either ingloriously fly or come out from behind his defenses and give us battle on our own ground, where certain destruction awaits him."

The Confederate troops were arrayed in line of battle, and an order to storm the works was hourly expected. Yet it

was plain that such an attack, if unsuccessful, would be the utter destruction of our comparatively small army. During the afternoon of May 1, and after the troops had rested on their arms several hours expecting an advance, Gen. Jackson, accompanied by an aid-de-camp, rode beyond the left of his command, and near the Catherine Furnace met Gen. J. E. B. Stuart. After conversing a few moments they rode still farther to the left, to a knoll where two pieces of Pelham's Horse Artillery were engaging the enemy, in order that they might get a view of the enemy's lines. Gen. Jackson here inquired particularly about the roads beyond this point and in the vicinity of the enemy's right flank; and, being apparently satisfied with what information he received, was returning to his command, when a shell exploded near the party, mortally wounding Capt. Price, Gen. Stuart's assistant adjutant general, which sad event detained him a short time. After this detention he rode at a gallop to the center of the army, where a conversation was held between Gens. Lee, Jackson, and A. P. Hill in regard to the best point of attack; and it was decided that at early dawn Jackson's Corps should move to the left, via Catherine Furnace and the Brock road, to the enemy's extreme right and attack his right flank.

This movement was successfully made, and 4 P.M. on the 2d found Jackson in position on the old stone pike leading from Chancellorsville west toward Orange C. H. He had marched around the entire front of the Federal army, and his lines were now fronting in an opposite direction to their formation of the day previous. His corps was formed in three parallel lines, extending over half a mile to the right and left of the pike. The first consisted of the division of Gen. R. E. Rodes; the second, of Gen. R. E. Colston; and the third, of Gen. A. P. Hill—in all numbering twenty-seven thousand men. As soon as the lines were formed the order of advance was given, and never did troops move forward with more enthusiasm. They knew that they were striking the enemy where he least expected it, and rushed forward with that peculiar yell characteristic of the Southern soldier.

Siegel's Dutch corps of the Federal army was the first encountered; and, being attacked on its right flank, made no attempt to change front, but was hurled like chaff before the winds. Several batteries attempted to arrest the advance of the Confederates by rapid discharges of canister; but the lines swept forward without a moment's pause, killing or capturing the cannoneers and taking their guns. This advance was continued for over two miles through an almost impenetrable wilderness, and over that whole extent the ground was strewn with Federal dead and wounded, guns, knapsacks, canteens, etc. Darkness of the night now made the advance slow and hazardous. The lines were halted and re-formed, and the division of Gen. A. P. Hill advanced to the front. The Federal lines were also re-forming, or rather bringing fresh troops to the front.

It was now nine o'clock, and Gen. Jackson, who had been for some time near the front line, rode a little in advance of it to reconnoiter the enemy's position. A heavy skirmish line had been ordered to the front, and he supposed he was in the rear of this line. He was at this time accompanied by Capt. J. K. Boswell, of the engineers, Capt. R. F. Wilburne, of the signal corps, Lieut. J. G. Morrison, aid-de-camp, and five or six couriers, and had ridden but a short distance down the pike when a volley was fired at the party by the Federals in front and to the right of the road. To

escape this fire the party wheeled out of the road to the left and galloped to the rear, when our own men, mistaking them for Federal cavalry making a charge, and supposing the firing in front to have been directed at the skirmish line, opened a galling fire, killing several men and horses and causing the horses that were not struck to dash panic-stricken toward the Federal lines, which were but a very short distance in front. The General was struck in three places, and was dragged from his horse by the bough of a tree. Capt. Boswell was killed instantly.

Lieut. Morrison, leaping from his horse that was dashing into the enemy's lines, ran to an interval in our line and exclaimed: "Cease firing! You are firing into our own men." A colonel commanding a North Carolina regiment in Lane's Brigade cried out: "Who gave that order? It's a lie! Pour it into them." Morrison then ran to the colonel, told him what he had done, and assisted him to arrest the firing as soon as possible. He then went to the front in search of the General, and found him lying upon the ground, with Capt. Wilburne and Mr. Wynn, of the signal corps, bending over him examining his wounds. In a few moments Gen. Hill, accompanied by Capt. Leigh and a few couriers, rode up to where the General was lying and dismounted. On examining his wounds, they found his left arm broken near the shoulder and bleeding profusely. A handkerchief was tied around the arm, so as partially to stop the bleeding.

While this was being done, and while the party were bending over the General, two Federal soldiers, with muskets cocked, stepped up to the party from behind a cluster of bushes and looked quietly on. Gen. Hill turned to several of his couriers and said in an undertone, "Seize those men," and it was done so quickly that they made no resistance. Lieut. Morrison, thinking these were scouts in front of an advancing line, stepped to the pike, about twenty yards distant, to see if it were so, and distinctly saw cannoneers unlimbering two pieces of artillery in the road, not a hundred yards distant. Returning hastily, he announced this to the party, when Gen. Hill, who was now in command of the army, immediately mounted and rode to the head of Pender's column (which was coming up by the flank) to throw it into line. He left Capt. Leigh, of his staff, to assist in removing Gen. Jackson. About this time Lieut. J. P. Smith, aid-de-camp, who had been sent to deliver an order, rode up and dismounted.

Capt. Wilburne had gone a few moments previous after a litter. The party thought it best not to await Wilburne's return, and suggested that they bear the General off in their arms, when he replied: "No; I think I can walk." They assisted him to rise, and supported him as he walked through the woods to the pike and toward the rear. Soon after reaching the road they obtained a litter, and placed him on it; but had not gone over forty yards when the battery in the road opened with canister. The first discharge passed over their heads; but the second was more accurate, and struck down one of the litter bearers, by which the General received a severe fall. The firing now increased in rapidity, and was so terrific that the road was soon deserted by the attendants of the General, with the exception of Capt. Leigh and Lieuts. Smith and Morrison. These officers lay down in the road by the General during the firing, and could see on every side sparks flashing from the stones of the pike caused by the iron canister shot. Once the General attempted to rise, but Lieut. Smith threw his arms across his body and urged him to lie quiet a few moments, or he would certainly be killed.

After the road had been swept by this battery with a dozen or more discharges, they elevated their guns and opened with shell. So the little party now had an opportunity of removing their precious burden from the road to the woods on their right, and continued their course to the rear, carrying the General most of the way in their arms. Once they stopped that he might rest, but the fire was so heavy they thought it best to go on. The whole atmosphere seemed filled with whistling canister and shrieking shell, tearing the trees on every side. After going three or four hundred yards an ambulance was reached, containing Col. S. Crutchfield, Gen. Jackson's chief of artillery, who had just been severely wounded, a canister shot breaking his leg. The General was placed in this ambulance, and at his request one of his aids got in to support his mangled arm.

During all of this time he had scarcely uttered a groan, and expressed great sympathy for Col. Crutchfield, who was writhing under the agonies of his shattered limb. After proceeding over half a mile the ambulance reached the house of Mr. Melzi Chancellor, where a temporary hospital had been established. Here Dr. Hunter McGuire, medical director of Gen. Jackson's Corps, checked the bleeding of the General's arm and administered some stimulants. He was then taken to a field infirmary, some two miles to the rear, and about two o'clock in the night his arm was amputated by Dr. McGuire, assisted by Surgeons Black, Wells, and Coleman. Before administering chloroform, Dr. McGuire asked him if they must amputate the limb should they find it necessary. He replied: "Yes; certainly. Dr. McGuire, do for me what you think best."

About half-past three o'clock Maj. A. S. Pendleton, assistant adjutant general, arrived at the hospital and requested to see the General. He was at first refused by the surgeons, but stated that his business was of a very important character and the safety of the army depended on it. He stated to the General that Gen. Hill had been wounded, that the troops were in great confusion, and that Gen. Stuart, who had taken command of the army, wished to know what must be done. Gen. Jackson replied that Gen. Stuart must use his own discretion and do whatever he thought best.

Accurate accounts by Dr. McGuire and others of the last hours of Gen. Jackson have been written, and it is unnecessary that they be reproduced. On the morning of the 3d the General dispatched one of his aids to Richmond to escort Mrs. Jackson to where he lay wounded. This officer was captured by a raiding party under Stoneman, but made his escape, and after some delay reached Richmond and returned with Mrs. Jackson on Thursday, the 7th. The same day the General was attacked with pneumonia, from the effects of which, together with his wounds, he died on Sunday, the 10th. During his intense suffering he displayed that Christian fortitude which was always characteristic of our great chieftain.

Nearly thirty-nine years ago, at the request of Gen. D. H. Hill, I wrote the above article. This was only three years after the event, when everything was fresh upon the mind. Since then various and conflicting accounts have been published. After the lapse of all these years, some things have come to light that I will comment on.

First, as to who conceived this grand flank movement. I would not allude to this had not a lecturer, in recent years, gone before the public with the oft-repeated statement that Jackson had nothing to do with the planning, but was only executing orders. On Friday afternoon, May 1, the day

previous to this movement, I accompanied Gen. Jackson on his ride to the left. He left his command on the Fredericksburg side of Chancellorsville, apparently sure that Hooker would not leave his intrenchments and attack. So confident of this was he that he exposed himself to capture by riding nearly two miles parallel with Hooker's front, part of the distance with no troops between and most of the way in sight of the enemy's lines. When he met Gen. Stuart beyond Catherine Furnace, they both seemed surprised, but rejoiced to see each other, and went together still farther to the left, to where Pelham's guns were firing. These guns were being handled by Capt. Moorman. A Federal battery had gotten their range, and shells were coming in pretty lively, when Stuart laughingly said that it might be prudent for Gen. Jackson to retire from the vicinity of his guns. Hardly had he said this when a shell exploded near them and a fragment shattered the leg of Capt. Channing Price, Stuart's assistant adjutant general. The writer saw the death pallor come over his face as he was lifted from his horse. I mention this incident to show that on Friday, May 1, Jackson was at this point, nearly two miles from his command, seeking information as to roads and the practicability of turning the enemy's flank. That night the whole thing was gone over by Gens. Lee, Jackson, and A. P. Hill, and at dawn the next morning the troops moved over the very roads explored by Jackson the previous afternoon. Of course Gen. Lee approved and ordered the movement, and as commander is entitled to the credit, as he would have borne the censure had it failed. There was no jealousy between Gens. Lee and Jackson. They had unbounded confidence in and love and respect for each other.

And now a few words as to the final act in the drama of Jackson's military career. When the lines were being reformed for the night attack, and A. P. Hill's Division was taking the front, Jackson's intense nature when in battle was at its highest tension. Everything must move forward! Every staff officer and every courier was pressed into service to this end. I had served on his staff during the last seven battles in which he was engaged, and he now delivered the last order that it was my honored privilege to carry. Just after dark he said: "Find Gen. Rodes on the right and tell him to press forward, but to throw a line of skirmishers from his right perpendicularly to the rear and have them advance with his line and in sight of each other." I had delivered this message and returned to him at the junction of the pike and Bullock roads.

All had gone well up to this time. We had driven the enemy nearly three miles, and were within one mile of Chancellorsville. Everything possible was being done to continue the advance. Lane's North Carolina Brigade was formed across the road, with the Eighteenth and Twenty-Eighth Regiments on the left, the Eighteenth being nearest the road. The Thirty-Seventh and Seventh Regiments were on the right, with the Thirty-Third thrown forward as skirmishers. Gen. Jackson met Gen. Lane, who was seeking Gen. Hill for instructions, and said to him: "Lane, press right forward; right forward." Meeting Gen. Hill, he said: "Gen. Hill, as soon as you are ready push right forward; allow nothing to stop you; press on to the United States ford." Jackson and Hill had had slight differences in camp and on the march in days gone by, but when it came to a fight with the enemy this was put aside by both. Jackson regarded Hill as one of his best and most stubborn fighters, and in battle placed him where he expected most.

Hill's "Light Division" had a reputation equal to the "Stonewall Brigade" or any other crack command, and was to take the front in this night attack, and with only fifteen thousand men was to be thrown between the United States ford and Hooker's main army of not less than eighty thousand. True, Rodes and Colston would have supported him, but all three had but twenty-seven thousand. Still Jackson did not hesitate with such odds. At Second Manassas he placed himself squarely in Pope's rear with a force of one-third that of Pope. In the valley campaign he did not fear being "cut off" by getting in the rear of Banks, Shields, and Fremont. He said while lying wounded, in alluding to the position Hill would have been in: "My men may sometimes fail to drive the enemy from a position; the enemy *always* fails to drive my men." But the Fates decreed that this should not be. The wounding of Jackson and Hill in quick succession put an end to "what might have been."

Before A. P. Hill's troops were ready for the advance Jackson and his escort moved slowly down the pike, some one hundred and fifty yards beyond our lines, and being fired on from the right, rode out of the road to the left and toward the rear. When we had gotten to within thirty or forty yards of our line, there was a sudden volley from the entire front of the Eighteenth and Twenty-Eighth North Carolina Regiments, which was kept up by a scattering but rapid fire. At the first blaze in the darkness my horse recoiled, and I leaped from him. I was very near to Gen. Jackson at the time. I knew positively that that fire was from our own men, as I had seen the line of battle in going forward, and I realized the danger to Gen. Jackson by its continuing; so, without stopping to consider further, I rushed with all speed into the firing line, calling out when near it: "Cease firing! You are firing into our own men!" My astonishment was very great to hear the reply which came back. So incredible does it seem that I have often thought some would doubt that such a thing occurred; but now, after nearly forty years, comes a corroboration by a statement of Gen. J. H. Lane—at present of Auburn, Ala.—written in 1901 and published in "North Carolina Regimental Histories," Volume V., page 95: "Gen. Pender now rode up and advised me not to advance, as Gen. Jackson had been wounded, and he thought by my command. I did not advance, but went to the plank road, where I learned that Gen. Hill also had been wounded. I there, moreover, learned from Col. John D. Barry, then major of the Eighteenth North Carolina Regiment, that he knew nothing of Gen. Jackson and Gen. Hill's having gone to the front; that he could not tell friend from foe in such woods; that when the skirmish line fired there was heard the clattering of approaching horsemen and the cry of cavalry; and that he not only ordered his men to fire, but had pronounced the subsequent cry of friends to be a lie, and that his men continued to fire upon the approaching party. It was generally understood that night by my command and others that the Eighteenth Regiment not only wounded Gens. Jackson and Hill, but killed some of their couriers and perhaps some of their staff officers."

It would appear from this recent statement of Gen. Lane that he believes that Gen. Hill, as well as Gen. Jackson, was wounded by the fire of his own men. This I do not think possible. After the fire was stopped I went to the front and found Gen. Jackson, and no one with him excepting Wilburne and Wynn. Gen. Hill then came, and remained until the Federal skirmishers came up. He then

went to his own lines, not over thirty yards away, and no firing again occurred until we reached the pike, when it was begun by the Federal battery planted in the road.

After Gen Jackson's arm was amputated and he had recovered from the influence of chloroform, he beckoned the writer to his side and said: "I want you to go to Richmond and bring Anna [Mrs. Jackson] up to stay with me." Securing a horse, I left the field infirmary about three o'clock in the morning for Guiney's Station, to go by rail from there. I went by the circuitous route the army had marched that day, not knowing in whose possession I would find it that night. While the ride through the Wilderness was a dreary one, I arrived at Guiney's early Sunday morning, congratulating myself on getting through all right and that I would soon be in Richmond. Fortunately, a train would leave in an hour or so with quite a number who had been wounded the previous day. As the train pulled into Ashland, about halfway to Richmond, it was greeted by popping of pistols, and the engineer threw up his job. A company of Stoneman's Federal cavalry, which was on a raid to our rear, dashed up through the side streets and took possession. In a short time an officer with yellow shoulder straps came through the car inspecting. Not finding any important-looking prisoners, and being told that most of those on board were wounded, he ordered all those who were not wounded and could march to get out on the left, and proceeded to take the names for parole of the wounded. I got out with the marching squad, and our names and rank were not asked, thinking, no doubt, that when we reached "old capital" prison this could be done.

By a lack of vigilance on their part I escaped that even-

ing, and spent most of Sunday night tramping toward Richmond. Monday I learned from citizens that Stoneman held the road in both directions, and I could not make the progress I desired; but I arrived in Richmond early Tuesday morning. Owing to this raid, travel was not opened until Thursday, and on that day Mrs. Jackson and her six-months-old babe went up on an armed train to Guiney's Station, to which point the General had been removed and where he died on Sunday, May 10. An interesting chapter on the death and burial of Gen. Jackson may be written later.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT OF IT.

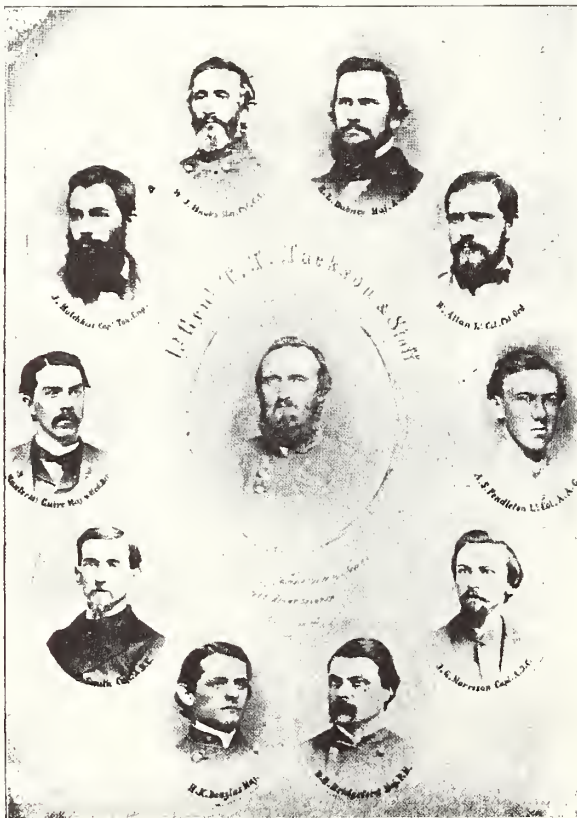
[Col. W. H. Palmer, of Richmond, Va., who was adjutant general on the staff of Gen. A. P. Hill, writes of the wounding of Gen. Jackson.]

In reply to your inquiry as to "Gen. A. P. Hill's position and location of his staff at the time Lane's men fired the fatal volley wounding Gen. Jackson," and whether "Capt. Boswell at the time of his death was serving on Hill's staff," I reply: As soon as the heavy artillery fire of the enemy from the field in front of the Chancellorsville House (forty-three pieces) ceased, Gen. Hill rode forward to the head of Lane's Brigade, accompanied by his staff. Gen. Hill's "Light Division" was in column, with Lane's Brigade in front.

Rode's and Colston's Divisions were necessarily in confusion from the attacks they had made at Talley's, the Wilderness church, and Hawkins's House, and the bulk of these two divisions were a mile behind us, near Dowdal's Tavern.

At the intersection of the Bullock Mountain road and the road to Hazel Grove turnpike there were three pieces of artillery. There were small bodies of Confederates near these three guns, who had followed the fleeing Federals down the road; but for all practical purposes there were now no Confederate forces between the "Light Division" and the enemy. Under Gen. Hill's orders, Gen. Lane had thrown forward the 33d North Carolina as skirmishers.

As Gen. Hill rode to the guns above mentioned in the road he found Gen. Jackson sitting on his horse, when he called out to him: "Press them, Gen. Hill; press them, and cut them off from the United States Ford." Gen. Hill asked him if he had an officer familiar with the country that he could let him have. Gen. Jackson instantly replied: "Capt. Boswell, report to Gen. Hill." Boswell rode out and took position on the right of Gen. Hill. Soon after some of Lane's men brought from the right some prisoners, with a colonel at their head, who protested that he was not properly a prisoner of war. Gen. Hill, somewhat impatiently, ordered Capt. R. H. T. Adams, of his staff, to take the Federal colonel to the rear. At this time Gen. Hill had with him Capt. Boswell on his right, I on his left, and grouped around were others of his staff—Maj. Conway Howard, engineer of the "Light Division;" Capt. Murry F. Taylor, aid-de-camp; Maj. Forbes and Capt. B. W. Leigh, volunteer aids; Serg. Tucker, chief of couriers for the "Light Division," with two of his men, Muse and Saunders. The 33d North Carolina was in front as skirmishers, the 18th North Carolina on the left of the turnpike in line of battle, and Gen. Lane was placing other regiments of his brigade in position on the right of the pike, when Gen. Jackson rode past us, going to the front with a few mounted men. Gen. Hill and his staff slowly followed. At fifty or sixty yards Gen. Jackson halted. We were but a short distance from him, and sat on our horses listening.



GEN. JACKSON AND STAFF.

Lane's men were in the rear getting in position, and confused sounds came from the Federal troops in our front, but more distant. I suppose we were sixty yards in front of our lines. It was very quiet, except for the noises above mentioned.

Suddenly a musket was fired far to our right, followed soon by a roll of musketry coming down the line from our right and rear. By a natural impulse the bulk of the horsemen rode out of the road to the left into the woods. This brought them in front of the 18th North Carolina, in line of battle on that side of the road, who, thinking they were the enemy's cavalry, fired a volley into the group, and everything went down before it. By this fire Gen. Jackson was wounded, Capt. Boswell (who was with Gen. Hill's staff) was killed, Maj. Forbes was killed, my horse was killed, Capt. Leigh's horse was killed, and Capt. Taylor's horse was killed (had five musket balls in him). Maj. Howard and Sergt. Tucker were carried by their frightened horses into the enemy's lines. They were taken to Chancellorsville House and interrogated by Gen. Hooker's staff. Courier Saunders was killed, and Courier Muse was shot in the face in two places.

Gen. Hill, instead of going with the group into the woods, threw himself from his horse and lay down on his face in the road. Immediately after the volley he was engaged in extricating his aid, Capt. Taylor, from under his horse, when he heard that Gen. Jackson had been wounded, and he abandoned Taylor and hurried to the assistance of Gen. Jackson. It was here that I found him a few moments later. He pointed to Gen. Jackson on the side of the road, and said he was arranging to have him taken off. He directed me to ride down the road toward the Federal lines and find Kirkpatrick, a courier who had his horse, and direct him to run back into our lines with the horse. Just as the horses reached the three guns in the road everything commenced firing again. My second horse was killed under me and my arm torn from the socket, so my labors for the night were over. By this second fire Gen. Hill was wounded by a piece of shell taking off his boot tops. He sent Capt. Adams for Gen. Stewart to take command, and Capt. Taylor to Gen. Lee to inform him of the situation and that he had sent for Stewart to take command.

No one blamed the 18th North Carolina for firing into us. It was nine o'clock at night. They had just been placed in position, and, hearing the firing on the right of the road as it came rolling down the line toward them, then seeing a body of horsemen in the woods in their front, they fired, naturally supposing it to be the enemy. I asked Gen. Hill afterwards his reason for being in front of our lines of battle, and he said that, as Gen. Jackson, his commander, had ridden out in front, he considered it his duty to accompany him.

DR. EDWIN C. RAY, of Nashville, Tenn., wishes to find out to what regiment his father, C. N. Ray, belonged. He is under the impression that it was a Tennessee regiment in Gen. Daniel S. Donelson's Brigade, Cheatham's Division. He was in the fight at Perryville with his regiment, was desperately wounded, and left in the hospital on or near the battlefield when our forces retired from Kentucky. He finally recovered sufficiently to be moved, and, refusing to take the oath, was sent to Camp Douglas. He was exchanged out of this prison early in the spring or winter of 1865, but his old wound incapacitated him for further service. If any

of his old comrades are living and remember these incidents, they will confer a great favor on his son, Dr. Edwin C. Ray, of Nashville, Tenn., by giving the company and regiment of his father. It may have been the 38th.

COME THOU WITH ME.

BY MRS. I. M. P. OCKENDEN, SECRETARY CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

Come thou with me! The morning breaks so fair;
Light breaths of wingèd sweetness thrill the air;
Faint blushes flit across the cloudless blue;
The bee drones softly o'er his honey dew;
Pale grows the dying night on land and sea—
Memorial Day is dawning; come with me!

O come with me, we'll find the first wild rose!
The crimson woodbine on the hilltop grows;
Yon slender songster, in historic gray,
Tells where the violet hides her heart away
Beneath dead leaves. Sad sighs the distant sea,
Slow fades the morning star; now come with me!

Come thou with me, where scarfs of tender green
Are thrown from bough to bough, where forests lean
Above the winding streams and ruffled throats
Pipe long-lost songs of love in liquid notes.
Hark! Now the South wind sighs from tree to tree
For those who sleep and wake not—woe is me!

Come thou with me. The Flag unfurls again!
In shady dells, afar from haunts of men,
The poet finds it next to nature's heart;
In lonely loveliness it stands apart.
The Blue Flag, starred with tears, again I see,
The Veteran's folded emblem; come with me!

My love for them is fadeless as the pine,
High as the palm, true as the oak, heart mine!
Mark how the cypress waves her purple crest
For those who fell. Sweet be the patriot's rest!
The bards of coming years to poesy
Shall wed their names in sweetest minstrelsy.

The half-blown bud of morn, the rose of noon,
Like half-grown youth and manhood, dies too soon!
The flower-strewn earth holds all in patient trust;
The evening primrose scatters golden dust—
Wild laurels 'neath their graves, where'er they be,
Who fought and fell, alas! for thee and me.

This day is ours, to memory set apart;
Lay fresh love tokens on each gallant heart!
The South is haunted. Every wandering breeze
Tells old war stories to the whispering trees,
Of maids whose loves were knights on land and sea;
They haunt the land we love for me and thee!

Come, live the days of chivalry again!
List to the tramp of many armèd men!
Behold how woman hides the falling tear—
Hearest thou the rolling drum? *Halt! who comes here?*
White lances flash—who keeps the tryst with thee?
The sweet Southland is haunted; come with me.



CONCERNING "LAST ROLL" TRIBUTES.

Increasing demand upon the space of our "Last Roll" Department makes it necessary to request that reports of the death of comrades be made as short as possible, and it would lighten the editorial labor if such notices be prepared properly in advance of sending. When newspaper clippings are sent, they have to be gone over and the points of most interest copied; whereas it should be the interest of families to send notices that could be used with little change, always making them as brief as practicable. These tributes are gratuitous, except the cost of engravings, \$2.

Another rule must be adopted—namely: The passing of comrades is now so rapid that it will take all our space to record recent deaths; hence do not send notice after the lapse of six months. This is not to exclude sketches of heroes, no matter when they died.

THREE MEMBERS OF ROSSER GIBBONS CAMP, OF LURAY, VA.

R. C. Bragonier, Adjutant, was born in Shepherdstown, Va. (now W. Va.), in 1840. He enlisted in Company F, 10th Virginia Infantry, and served faithfully and gallantly through the war. His body was taken back to the place of his nativity for burial under escort of members of the Camp and laid beside his kindred in Elmwood Cemetery. A wife and son survive him.

Ambrose C. Huffman was born in Page County, Va., March 30, 1838; died at his home, near Bickler's Ferry, in August, 1904. He served throughout the war faithfully as a member of Company H, 33d Virginia Regiment. A wife and children are left to mourn their loss.

James A. Melton, Color Sergeant, was born in LaGrange, Ga., April 13, 1830; died in September, 1904. He enlisted in the Confederate army from his native State in 1861, and served in the Jeff Davis Artillery, A. N. V. He was a congenial comrade, a splendid soldier, and proud of the service he had rendered his native land.

THREE MEMBERS OF AN ARKANSAS CAMP.

V. Y. Cook Camp of Newark, Ark., has lost three members since the beginning of 1905: David Leonard, 1st Arkansas Cavalry; J. P. Fain, 30th Alabama Infantry; David Blount, 32d Arkansas Infantry. These men entered the Confederate army in 1861, 1862, and 1863, respectively, when in their young manhood, and served steadfastly unto the end. Comrade Fain was captured in December, 1864, and spent that winter in a Northern prison almost without clothes. Many tempting offers were made him to take the oath, which he resolutely declined. He was released in June, 1865.

Adjutant E. H. Lively writes of the death of Patrick Henry Winston. He was one of the most active members of Bob McCulloch Camp, at Spokane, Wash.

WILLIAM HARVEY EDWARDS.

Died at his home, in Lexington, Mo., on the evening of March 2, 1905, Capt. William Harvey Edwards, in the sixty-ninth year of his age. He was born in Woodford County, Ky., September 20, 1838. In 1862 he joined Campbell's troop in Howard Smith's Regiment, which formed a part of Gen. John H. Morgan's command. He was with that command when it invaded Ohio, and with many others was captured and sent to Camp Douglas. There he suffered many hardships, but managed to escape after about a year's imprisonment, taking refuge in Canada until it was safe for him to return home, his shattered health making it impossible for him to serve again as a soldier.

Two years after the end of the war he moved to Missouri, and in 1868 married Miss Rebecca Henry, who, with a daughter, survives. In 1872 Capt. Edwards settled on a farm near Odessa, where he lived until he was elected treasurer of Lafayette County, in 1900, when he removed to Lexington. He was elected in 1902 for a second term.

Such in briefest outline was the outer life of one of nature's noblemen, a type of the old-fashioned gentleman now passing away. He bore bodily weakness and suffering with Christian fortitude, and his last days were soothed by the faith and hopes of the Christian life he had consistently lived.

Capt. Edwards loyally and ardently cherished the memories of the Confederate States and its heroic soldiers. For some time he was Adjutant of the Sterling Price Camp, U. C. V. His death not only brings saddest bereavement to the inner home circle, but also leaves vacant a large space in that wider circle of friends and comrades who loved and honored him and who will continue to cherish his memory.

WILLIAM A. BRENT.

When Virginia was a "bastion fringed with flame," William A. Brent, of Loudoun County, answered her first call at First Manassas, and kept her commandments through four years of "agony and bloody sweat." He first joined Company H, 6th Virginia Cavalry, and transferred to Company A, 7th Virginia Cavalry, Gen. Ashby's old company and regiment. Many instances could be given of his unusual pluck.

Many times wounded and horse after horse killed, he never lagged, but was up again and hunting the fight. Seeing a comrade hard pressed with four or five of the enemy around him, himself unhorsed and with only a saber, he ran to his defense, and just as a bayonet pierced his friend he sabered the man and had the distinction of killing his foe with the sword. This friend was the big-hearted fighting Harry Hatcher, and Billy called him the "bravest of the brave." Scouting at night in Fairfax, we think, the order was to take the picket without firing; and as he reached out and grabbed the reins of the picket's horse the picket placed his carbine on his breast and fired, but as he fell he shot the picket from his horse. We have seen the jacket with a hole burned in it half as big as the hand.

In the fight at Upperville, Va., in June, 1863, his oldest brother, Warren, when hemmed in so there was no escape, refused to surrender, and died a glorious sacrifice to the faith he kept. The "War Records" credit his bravery.

"Billy" Brent was too generous to mass much of the "gear" of this world around him. Of liberal education, omnivorous reading, and high intelligence, his mind was well stored with choice information. A noble son and brother, he leaves the legacy of a spotless character to his family and friends.

G. W. L. FLY.

Major G. W. L. Fly was born in Mississippi June 2, 1835; and died in Victoria, Tex., January 27, 1905. He came with his parents to Texas in 1853, locating in Brazoria County, and afterwards returned to Mississippi to complete his collegiate education at Madison College. In 1875 he married Miss Callie Bell, of Madison County, Miss., who, with three sons and one daughter, survives him.

Early in September, 1861, he gathered a band of young men in Gonzales County to offer their services to the Confederate government. He was elected captain. His company was mustered into service as Company J, Second Texas Volunteer Infantry. Soon afterwards his regiment was transferred to Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston's command, and took an active part in the battle of Shiloh. He was captured, but was reported among the killed in the battle of Corinth, and for three weeks his wife mourned him as dead.



G. W. L. FLY.

He was exchanged, and on returning to his command was promoted to the rank of major. Comrade Fly participated with his command in the battles around Vicksburg, and on the 4th of July, 1863, when Vicksburg surrendered, he a second time became a prisoner, but was soon paroled. He was exchanged, and reported to his command on the coast of Texas. In April, 1864, he was made commandant of the port of Galveston, and took an active part in the defense of that city until the close of hostilities, in 1865, when he returned to his home, in Gonzales County. He was a charter member of the William R. Scurry Camp, U. C. V., of Victoria, Tex.

CAPT. MARCELLUS CLARK.

The VETERAN is late in recording the death of a steadfast friend and patron through many years—Capt. Marcellus Clark, of Parkersburg, W. Va.—on Easter Sunday of 1904. He was a veteran both of the Mexican War and the Confederate war.

Marcellus Clark was born at Leesburg, Va., in 1829. Shortly before the beginning of the Mexican War his parents removed to Vannsville, Md., and here when but eighteen years of age he enlisted in the United States army and served through the Mexican War, being mustered out in Pittsburg on the return of the troops. He was married to Miss Lucy Creel, of Wood County, in 1852, and settled in Parkersburg. During the few years preceding the War between the States he was captain in the militia of old Virginia under Govs. Fletcher and Wise. In 1861 he received a commission as captain in the Confederate army, and commanded a company of the 36th Virginia Infantry, which figured prominently in numerous campaigns. His wife accompanied him through the war, and was always at the front, at times even on the firing line. Capt. Clark was taken prisoner in the Valley of Virginia, and held at Fort Delaware about six months, being paroled at the close of the war.

Since the war he had worked his way up in railroad circles, rising from brakeman to a responsible place in the legal department. After thirty years' service, he was placed on the retired list and pensioned. Capt. Clark was a devout Christian and liberal in the cause of charity. He leaves a wife and two daughters.

James J. Stone was born and reared in Tipton County, Tenn., and served through the war in the Seventh Tennessee Cavalry under Gen. Forrest. He was a member of Camp Joe Brown at Covington, and his loss is deeply felt by comrade members. He was first lieutenant of Company D, First Regiment of Reserves, C. V., N. G. S. T., and on the staff of Gen. George W. Gordon, with the rank of major. He was a staunch friend and active in all good work.

Comrade S. M. Wilson, Adjutant of the George T. Wood Camp, No. 148, of Inverness, Fla., writes: "The following comrades of this camp have answered to the last roll call: Dr. R. A. Warmack, surgeon of the Fifty-First Georgia Infantry; Green Black, of Company A, Sixty-Fourth Georgia Regiment; E. K. Carter, Company G, Twenty-Sixth Georgia Regiment. You will notice that all of our departed comrades are from Georgia. Our Camp represents ten States."

J. W. GREEN was born in Forsyth County, Ga., October 28, 1839; and entered the Confederate service in May, 1861, at Milledgeville, Ga., as first lieutenant in Capt. Carecor's company, Fourth Georgia Infantry, and sent to Virginia, where they became a part of the Army of Northern Virginia. In the first day's fighting at Sharpsburg he was shot through the thigh and carried off the field. On the second day, learning that his captain would be absent from the company, he reported for duty, and, supporting himself on the scabbard of his sword, led his men in action. Later Gov. James E. Brown appointed him captain of the Georgia Armory, where he remained for a time, but entered active service again with the Army of Tennessee at Dalton. At Resaca he was again wounded, but continued in the field until the surrender. He moved to Freestone County, Tex., after the war, and died there December 24, 1897, a Christian gentleman, honored and respected by all who knew him.

CAPT. W. A. PRYOR was a member of R. E. Lee Camp, U. C. V., of Commerce, Tex. He died at his home, in that city, on March 12, 1905. Capt. Pryor was born in Sumter County, Ga., in 1842, and entered the Confederate service

early in 1861 from Americus, Ga., as a private in Company A, 12th Georgia Infantry, Phil Cook's Brigade, Ewell's Division, under Stonewall Jackson. He served with this distinguished command through the war, participating in all the principal engagements in which they took part. Comrade Pryor rose from a private to the rank of captain, and was in command of his company when they were surrendered at Appomattox. Capt. Pryor was a gallant soldier, a Christian gentleman, an honored citizen, and a devoted husband and father.

COL. WILLIAM HOUSTON PATTERSON.—A golden link in the historic chain that binds the present to the past was severed in the death of Col. W. H. Patterson last September at his summer home, near Russellville, in the valley of Eastern Tennessee. Col. Patterson was a member of the distinguished Patterson family of Philadelphia, where he was born and reared. He was a son of Gen. Robert Patterson, a distinguished soldier of three wars prior to the fifties, and who at his old palatial mansion in Philadelphia entertained with regal hospitality the most distinguished soldiers and statesmen of this country, as well as many dignitaries of Europe. The early boyhood of his son, Col. William Houston Patterson, was spent amid these scenes, giving his inherent interests of culture and refinement a polish that marked him distinctly of that class in whose veins flow the best blood of the world—an American gentleman of the old school.

COMRADE JOHN T. HARDAWAY died near Mt. Vernon, Tex., on February 6, 1905. Comrade Hardaway was a member of Company I, Eleventh Texas Cavalry, Harrison's Brigade. His reputation as a soldier for duty and gallantry was unsurpassed by any member of his command. His watchword through life was "duty." He was a devout member of the Baptist Church, and one of the most appreciated compliments ever paid the VETERAN was when he remarked to a comrade: "My Bible comes first and the VETERAN next in my affection." Blessed peace to his memory! He was a beloved and active member of the Ben McCulloch Camp, U. C. V., at Mt. Vernon, Tex.

REV. ANTHONY T. GRAYBILL, D.D.

Rev. A. T. Graybill, D.D., of the Presbyterian Mission at Linares, Nuevo Leon, Mexico, died suddenly on the morning of January 21 of paralysis of the heart.

He completed his freshman year at Roanoke College, Salem, Va., in June, 1861. A comrade of his writes that he enlisted as a private in a company raised at Amsterdam, in Botetourt County, Va., by the late Capt. Peachy Gilmer Breckinridge, which was mustered into the service of the Confederate States as Company K, Twenty-Eighth Virginia Infantry. He served as sergeant during the war. He was twice wounded, was taken prisoner on April 6, 1865, at Point Lookout, and paroled in June, 1865.

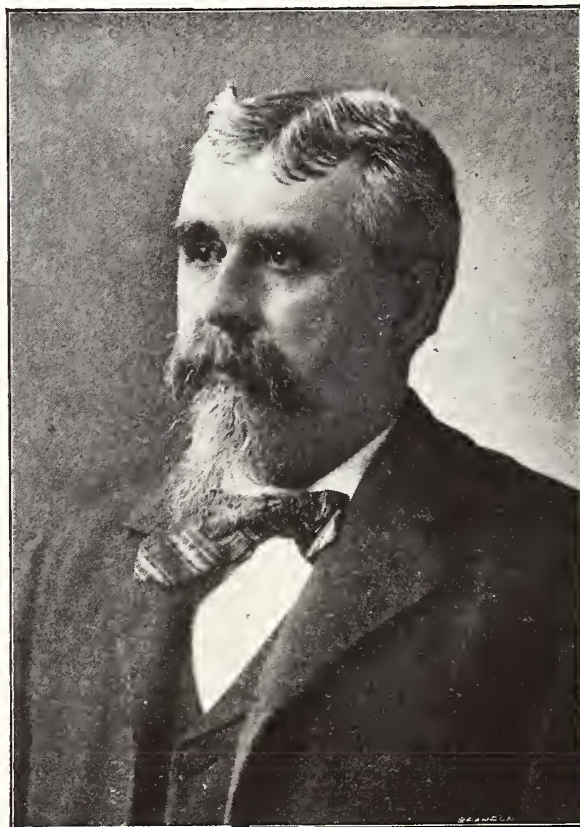
In the fall of 1866 he returned to Roanoke College to complete his education, and was graduated from that institution in June, 1869. He entered the Union Theological Seminary, Hampden Sidney, Va., after that as a ministerial student, and graduated in the spring of 1872, and immediately entered upon ministerial labors as a supply, first in Pocahontas County and afterwards in Giles County, Va. In 1873 he was appointed by his Church as a missionary to the city of Matamoros, Mexico, and entered upon his duties as such in

January, 1874. He continued to labor in that city for fourteen years, when he was transferred to the city of Linares, in the State of Nuevo Leon, Mexico, and labored in that field for seventeen years. His labors as a missionary were crowned with success.

A. T. Graybill was not a brilliant man, but he was a brave and loyal defender of whatever cause he conceived to be the right. Ever gentle and considerate of the rights and feelings of others, he was well suited to be the leader of men and measures. While he died in a foreign land, differing from many in his religious and moral views, all who knew him respected and honored him, as was evidenced by the great crowd of officials and leading citizens of Linares who followed his remains to the cemetery of that city, where they were interred on January 22, 1905.

CAPT. HENRY HUNTER SMITH.

Capt. Smith enlisted as a private in Company D, Maury's First Tennessee Infantry, in April, 1861. His regiment was sent to Virginia the following June, and served through the Northwestern Virginia campaign in the winter of 1861-62 under Gens. R. E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson. In the latter part of February the regiment was ordered back from Virginia, and became a part of the Army of Tennessee, arriving



CAPT. H. H. SMITH.

in time to participate in the battle of Shiloh. Shortly after this he was commissioned captain and assigned to duty on the staff of his brother, Brig. Gen. Preston Smith. He was with his command through the Kentucky campaign, participating in the battles of Perryville and Richmond. At the battle of Chickamauga he was seriously wounded, and when

he recovered was assigned to special duty by Gen. Joseph E. Johnston.

Capt. Smith was twice captured, and was confined in Camp Chase. He died in 1903, and left a history, in manuscript, of his services in the Confederate army, which will soon be published by his son. But before doing so he is anxious to hear from any of his father's old comrades, in order that he may gather up their reminiscences also and include them in the book. Mr. Smith's address is Telomon Cuyler Smith, 61 East Seventy-Second Street, New York.

LEONIDAS WASHINGTON PEARCE.

One more loyal soldier of the gray has crossed to the changeless fires of the last bivouac. And no nobler soldier ever served his time in life's long warfare than Leonidas Washington Pearce. Born July 29, 1839, in West Tennessee, he served in the army of the South throughout the War between the States, and when mustered out answered another trumpet call and consecrated his life to the service of the Nazarene. Rev. Mr. Pearce was first lieutenant in the Ninth Mississippi Sharpshooters, and was wounded in the battle of New Hope Church, Ga. He was given military control of the Mobile and Ohio railroad between Mobile and Meridian, Miss., a distance of three hundred miles, and during the last year of the war was promoted to adjutant under Gen. Hooker, but before the official papers reached him Richmond had surrendered.

Mr. Pearce was a typical child of the South, and every thought of his old home and comrades was like a fragrant breath from the land of mignonette and sunshine. During his thirty years of ministry in the M. E. Church, South, he never forgot the fair country where the first principles of ideal manhood found sustenance. He passed away January 1, 1905, at his home, in Neosho, Mo., from an attack of acute pneumonia, directly resulting from the old wound he received in battle.

It is for these courtly men of the old school that the sons and daughters of the Southland mourn to-day. It is for them that men and women and little children gather every bright memorial day and lay fresh-cut flowers on humble tomb and stately obelisk alike. And perhaps—who knows?—over yonder in the great encampment the soldier's eye may pierce the veil and see that he is not forgotten. Though the skirmish line is growing weaker here, there must be a noble host beyond the ramparts in the fort across the great divide.

CAPT. E. T. SELLERS was born in Russell County, Ala., in December, 1838; and died at Minden, La., January 27, 1905, of apoplexy. Capt. Sellers united with the first company to leave Union Parish, La., in 1861. He was elected second lieutenant, the company becoming Company I, 12th Regiment, Louisiana Volunteers. The regiment served throughout the war in the Army of Tennessee, and surrendered with Gen. Joseph E. Johnston at Greensboro, N. C., in 1865. After the fall of Atlanta, Capt. Sellers was sent back to Louisiana with Col. T. C. Standifer, of the same regiment, as recruiting officers. They surrendered at Monroe, La., in 1865. After the war Capt. Sellers married the daughter of Rev. C. W. Hodge, who was captain of the company at its organization. His widow, with six boys and two daughters, survives him. He was a cousin to the late Capt. E. T. Kindred, of Ronoake, Va., their mothers being sisters. He had several times represented his parish in the State Legislature, and was delegate

to the last Constitutional Convention. He had been a member of the Masonic fraternity for many years, and at the time of his death was Deputy Grand Master of Louisiana Masons. Only a few weeks before his death he moved from his farm in Union Parish to Ruston, in Lincoln Parish, where his family still resides.

JAMES WYATTE MCCLELLAN, son of Samuel and Mildred-Foster McClellan, was born in Smith County, Miss., March 11, 1844. His family moved to Louisiana in 1847. When the war broke out, Comrade McClellan enlisted in the Confederate service April 27, 1862, and served through to the end in Company F, Twenty-Eighth Louisiana Infantry—Capt. R. H. Bradford and Col. Henry Gray. He came to Texas in December, 1866, and lived near Paris, in Lamar County, about four years. He was one of the "klansmen," and helped to control the negroes and to get rid of the carpetbaggers and scalawags. In 1875 he settled in Limestone County, near Mt. Calm, where he was married to Mrs. Mary Amanda (Chaffin) Hutto. He was once engaged in the newspaper business at Ennis, Tex., but at the time of his death was engaged in farming. He died on December 6, 1903, from an accidental pistol wound in the leg inflicted by one of his boys. He was shot twice in the same leg during the war. He was buried in old Antioch graveyard, near Mt. Calm, Tex.

JOEL GILLENWATER died of heart failure at his home, in Los Angeles, Cal., March 14, 1905. He was a native of Mississippi. In the spring of 1862 he joined Company H, Twelfth Mississippi Cavalry. H. B. Gerhart writes from Los Angeles: "Comrade Gillenwater was a brave, true soldier to the close of the struggle, always ready for duty, cheerful in camp and on the march. After the war he was an aggressive business man and a true Christian gentleman. He was fully prepared for the last call. He was a member of Albert Sidney Johnston Camp, and was fifty-nine years old."

JOHN M. LAMBETH.—A letter from Cooper, Tex., reports the death of John M. Lambeth, a member of Ector Camp, of that city. He was a gallant soldier of the 9th Texas Infantry, Ector's Brigade, Army of Tennessee. Comrade Lambeth was born in Sumner County, Tenn., in 1837; and died on the 17th of January, 1905.

CAPT. WILLIAM HAYMOND TAYLOR.

Capt. Taylor was born on Shaver's Fork of Cheat River, Va., in 1837. He grew to manhood almost in the shadow of the Alleghanies, and early in 1862 organized a cavalry company in the counties of Randolph and Tucker. They were mustered into the Confederate service as Company A of the Eighteenth Virginia Cavalry. From the time he entered the service to the day of his death, on the battlefield in front of Winchester, Va., September 19, 1864, he was in active service. The highest compliment that could be paid a soldier was that bestowed by his colonel, Alexander Monroe, in a recent letter, in which he states: "When a desperate charge was to be made that required discretion and unflinching courage, Taylor and his company were selected."

On the 19th of September, 1864, before Winchester, Va., surrounded by ten times our number and in the midst of terrific fighting, he received his death wound. I saw him reel in his saddle, and made an effort to catch him. Some of his

men dismounted, determined to carry him off the field or die with him; but it was impossible under the circumstances, and at his request they left him. He was kindly treated by the enemy. They removed him to a private house, where he shortly died, and was buried in the cemetery at Winchester.

CAPT. W. H. FARINHOLT.

Capt. William H. Farinholt died at his residence, in Baltimore, Md., March 17. He was born in York County, Va., March 5, 1845, and was sixty years old. He was a Confederate soldier, volunteering when only seventeen years of age, serving in infantry for twelve months, and afterwards in the Twenty-Fourth Regiment, Virginia Cavalry. For some time previous to the fall of Richmond he was a scout, and at the evacuation of Richmond acted as aid to Gen. Ewell, and was with him in this capacity when the latter was captured at the battle of Sailor's Creek, on April 6, 1865, himself escaping by a dash through the enemy's lines. He surrendered with the army at Appomattox Courthouse.

Capt. Farinholt was a member of the Isaac R. Trimble Camp, 1025, U. C. V., and received a cross of honor by the U. D. C. on January 19 last. Soon after the close of the war he was associated with his brother in the mercantile business in Essex County, Va., where he married Miss E. Booth Hundley, a daughter of the late Rev. Dr. J. H. Hundley. He is survived by his widow and one son, Dr. L. W. Farinholt, of Baltimore, Md.

MAJ. THOMAS J. GOREE.

The death of Thomas J. Goree, an old pioneer and an eminent citizen of Texas, occurred recently at the family home, in Galveston. The remains were interred at Huntsville, his former home. He was stricken with pneumonia a little more than a week before his death.

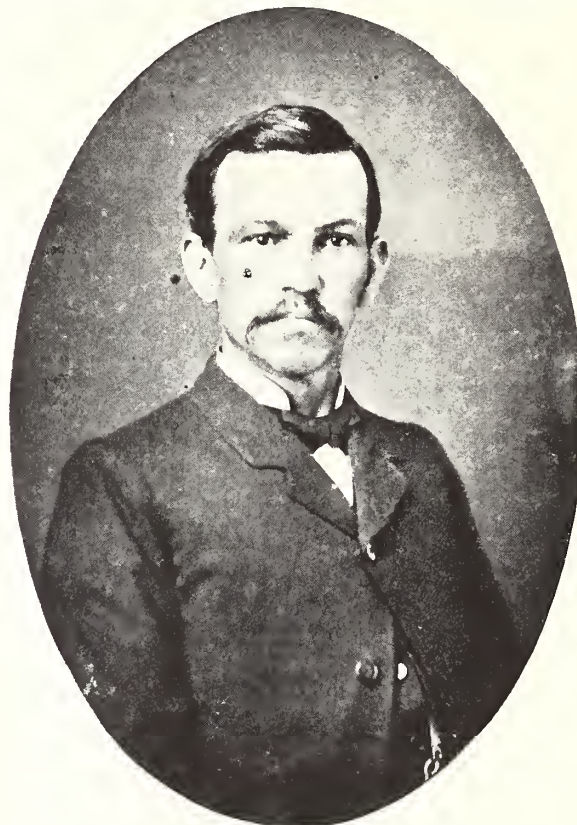
Thomas J. Goree was born in Perry County, Ala., on November 14, 1835. Since 1850 he had resided in Texas, and was closely identified with its history during the intervening years. During the war he was a member of Longstreet's staff, serving with him from Manassas to Appomattox. During the entire four years he was absent from only two battles, and that on account of sickness.

Maj. Goree is survived by his wife, two children, and seven grandchildren. He leaves also three brothers (R. D. Goree, of Seymour, Baylor County; E. K. Goree, of Huntsville; and P. K. Goree, of Midway), one sister (Mrs. Hugh T. Hayes, of Midway), and a half sister (Mrs. M. F. Kitrell, mother of Judge Norman G. Kitrell, of Houston, to whom he was related both as half uncle and first cousin). Maj. Goree was a member of the Baptist Church, and was a man of broad sympathies and kindly charity.

ALFRED G. MOORE.

Alfred G. Moore, Adjutant of R. A. Smith Camp, U. C. V., Jackson, Miss., died at his home there on May 16, 1904. He was born at Moore Springs, Miss., January 12, 1842. In the late summer of 1861 he joined Company A, 10th Mississippi Infantry, then at Pensacola. In 1862 the regiment was reorganized, and his company became Company D and the color company. Comrade Moore served under Col. R. A. Smith and his successors, and under the brigade command of Gens. Chalmers, Patton, Anderson, Tucker, and Sharp

to the end of the war, surrendering at Greensboro, N. C., with the army of Gen. J. E. Johnston. He was a participant in many battles—Shiloh, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, New Hope Church, Kennesaw Mountain, and others—the most severe being Shiloh, where he was wounded, as also at Chickamauga. Alfred Moore is remembered as being one of



ALFRED G. MOORE.

the most faithful soldiers of this famous regiment, and was popular with its remaining band of heroes, always noted for his gallantry and chivalry, and there was nothing of which he was prouder than of having served his native land four years as a soldier.

CAPT. HENRY W. KEARNEY.

Capt. Henry W. Kearney, a gallant Confederate soldier, died in December, 1904, at his home, near Alexandria, Va., aged about sixty years. He was born on Rocky Marsh, near Shepherdstown; and when the war broke out, he enlisted in the Confederate army and became captain of Company D, 12th Virginia Cavalry. He was a brave and capable officer and greatly beloved by his men. Retaining to the last his affection for his comrades, he was a regular attendant at all the reunions held by his company in the county. He had lived for a number of years in Fairfax County, near Alexandria, Va. He is survived by his wife, four sons, and five daughters.

Camp Joe Brown, of Covington, Tenn., has lost another valued member. Jake F. Smith died on the 17th of January after several months of suffering. He served throughout the war in the 51st Regiment, doing his duty nobly and well.

HENRY C. WHITESIDE.

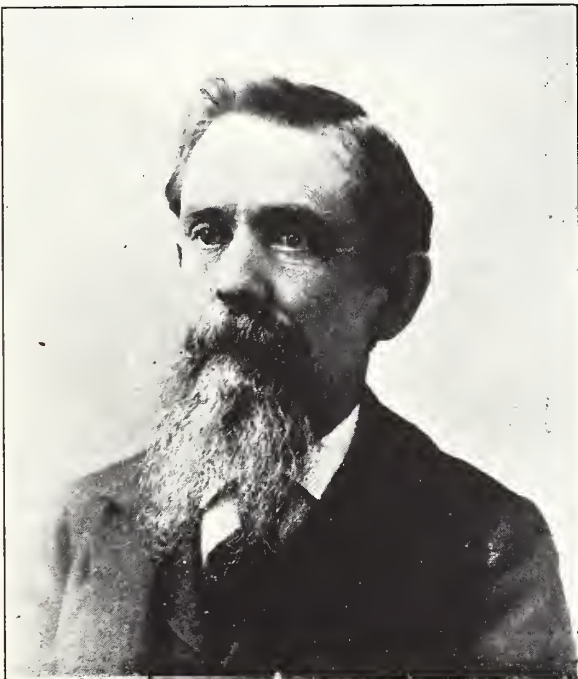
Henry Clay Whiteside, a Confederate soldier, died at his home, in Shelbyville, Tenn., February 23, 1905, and lies buried near the graves of many other brave men who preceded him—in the Confederate plot of Willow Mount Cemetery, in the shadow of the Confederate monument.

The writer of this life sketch was his childhood's playmate and schoolmate. On holidays we were always together, hunting or fishing. We enlisted the same day to serve the cause of the Confederacy. We passed through the same camp of instruction, eating and sleeping together, and were together in our first battle, that of Fort Donelson, and in our capture and prison life. Offers and entreaties of visitors to our prison that we take the oath of allegiance and go back to our homes—that we would be protected from harm—came to both, and were alike resented. Together we refused any terms but honorable exchange to free us from prison. We had many talks alone about the men who went to us from home asking us to desert the cause, making statements that were proven untrue.

Exchanged at Vicksburg in the fall of 1862, we were again soldiers of Company F, Forty-First Tennessee Infantry, being again sworn in, this time for three years.

In the North Mississippi campaign, with Gen. John Gregg's Brigade our command was sent to assist Van Dorn and Price around Iuka and Corinth, but were too late. Van Dorn had confronted Gen. Grant from Holly Springs to Grenada. We were in the battle of Chickasaw Bayou, the last day of December, 1862. Together with our command we went to Port Hudson, La., remaining until May, 1863. We were next in the battle of Raymond, Miss.; then in July we were for several days in the battles of Jackson, Miss., to the end of the siege.

In September, 1863, we were on the move to Tennessee. What a joyous trip in those autumn days—homeward bound!



HENRY C. WHITESIDE.

Some of us were racked with fever and sorrow from the unhealthy section that we had been campaigning in; but we were particularly happy, singing, laughing, which put life and spirit even in those who were ill.

On Sunday afternoon, September 20, 1863, after we had passed the Dyer field at Chickamauga, this faithful comrade received a wound that seemed to be fatal. A bullet passed through the lower part of the left lung on through the body into the rear of his right side. It was reported that night that he was dead. I saw him the next day at brigade hospital. His breathing was almost gone. The surgeons were too busy to spend any time on one practically gone. I left him wiping the damp sweat from his face, and said what I supposed was a last good-by, that he did not notice. A week afterwards news came that he was barely alive in a Marietta hospital. His sister, Miss Maggie, was known to be in the beleaguered town of Chattanooga. A flag of truce was sent from our lines for those of Gen. Rosecrans's to exchange some wounded officers. A hasty note was written to Miss Whiteside, the contents of which told of Henry's wound and his location. The sister's heart responded, and she was with the flag of truce on its return. Then came the real battle of life with death, and a sister's devotion brought him back to life. What a wreck to many this would have been! but to Henry Whiteside it was only a shock, like the pruning of a branch. His spirit was so buoyant and his hold on life so strong that for forty-three years he lived after what was considered his death wound.

Of these forty-three years, all but two were spent in the service of the Nashville, Chattanooga, and St. Louis Railway. For thirty-eight years he was agent of this road at Shelbyville, Tenn. This story teaches more than a sermon. It means duty and loyalty of the highest order, and no one knows what this service cost him better than his wife, who was Miss Agnes Lipscomb, a devoted wife and mother to their half dozen children and a leader in all Confederate work of her section.

The old wound in later years renewed its gnawing, eating pain; but his loyalty and devotion to his agency he felt needed his watchful attention more than his care of his own health. Many, many times his wife, children, and friends warned him of the danger, but duty was maintained as his first law. It was instilled so deeply into his nature as boy, soldier, and servant of the public in an important capacity that he could not be reconciled to retirement.

The attendance at his funeral was large, and there were more army comrades together than had been seen in Shelbyville for many years. The casket was draped with the old flag of his regiment, the Forty-First Tennessee.

[The foregoing tribute was sent by Spencer Eakin by request of the VETERAN. Having served in the same regiment with them, the editor vividly recalls their extraordinary worth as faithful, heroic Confederate soldiers.]

A committee from the Frierson Bivouac at Shelbyville, composed of Rev. J. B. Erwin, G. W. Ransom, W. G. Hight, R. L. Brown, and A. Frankle, made the following report on the service of Henry Whiteside:

"H. C. Whiteside was born in Shelbyville, Tenn., December 3, 1842; died February 23, 1905; was happily married to Miss Agnes Lipscomb; and leaves her and six children—four daughters and two sons—to mourn their great loss.

"He was a devout member of the Presbyterian Church,

was a valiant Confederate soldier—second sergeant in Company F, Forty-First Tennessee Volunteer Infantry—was dangerously wounded in the battle of Chickamauga, and for several weeks lingered between life and death. After his recovery, being unable for field service, he was assigned to the commissary department, under Maj. J. F. Cummings, commissary general.

"For more than thirty years previous to his death he was an employee of the Nashville, Chattanooga, and St. Louis Railway, being agent at Shelbyville. He was scrupulously honest, loyal to duty, and faithful to every trust.

"No man felt keener interest in the welfare of comrades during and since the war. He was so anxious and concerned that he attended every Confederate reunion or assemblage or convention that he could, though often physically in such condition that it was indiscreet for him to do so. He went to the last annual reunion at Nashville, but was too infirm to remain. The Bivouac attended the funeral in a body, together with a multitude of friends."

EDWIN LINDSLEY HALSEY.

Edwin Halsey was born in Charleston, S. C., May 29, 1840; and died October 13, 1903. Early in December, 1860, when it became evident that South Carolina intended to secede, Capt. Halsey joined the Washington Artillery, of Charleston, as a private. Six months later he became actively engaged in the organization of the Washington Artillery (Volunteer) for service in the Army of Northern Virginia, Gen. Stephen D. Lee captain. Capt. Halsey served first as first sergeant; a few months later he was promoted to senior first lieutenant, and in March, 1865, captain. This battery was known first as Lee's Battery, then Hampton's Horse Artillery, later as Hart's Battery, part of Stewart's Horse Artillery, and surrendered at High Point, N. C., under the name of Halsey's Battery. From all of the various general officers under whom it served it received the highest praise for gallantry and discipline.

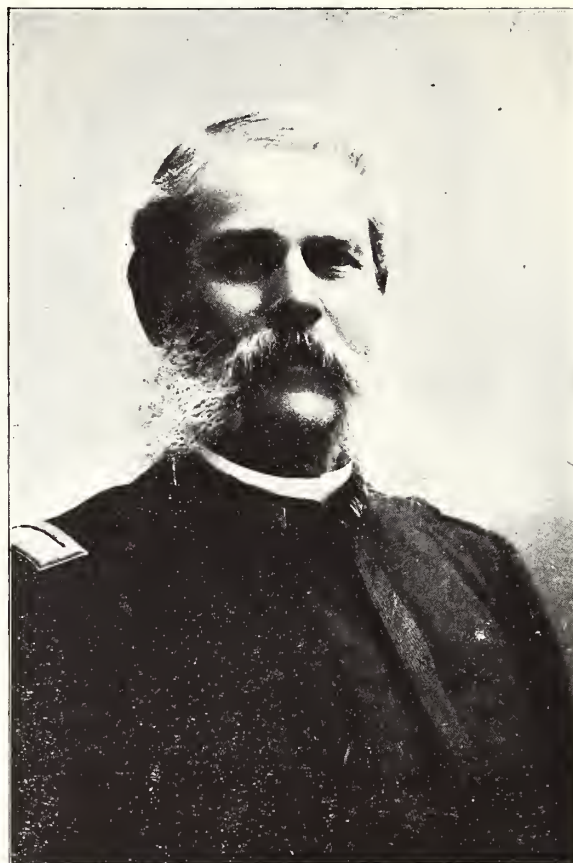
Capt. Halsey participated in more than half a hundred engagements, many of them among the most important of the war. Capt. Halsey was married in 1870 to Miss Maria Olney. Mrs. Halsey and eleven sons and daughters survive him.

COL. C. A. NASH.

"Another hero has fallen!" is the introductory language to a tribute by Col. W. H. Stewart, of Portsmouth, Va. "The ways of God are always wise, and his decrees give blessed hope when a life has been spent for a good end. Col. Camillus Albert Nash died on the 19th of February, 1905, in Christian hope, and left as a legacy for his comrades and friends the example of a useful and upright life. He was born in Norfolk County, Va., on the 22d of October, 1842. He was a mere youth when the great war between the sections of this country began, and, catching the inspiration of the times, shouldered his musket to meet the invaders of Virginia. He was already a volunteer in the Norfolk Light Artillery Blues; but, preferring service in an infantry organization, resigned to join the 'Jackson Grays,' Company A, 61st Virginia Infantry Regiment, of Mahone's Brigade, A. N. V., of which he was elected orderly sergeant and afterwards promoted to second lieutenant, and he served through the war as a faithful soldier of the cause he loved more than life. He participated in most of the bloodiest battles of the Army of Northern Virginia, and bore himself in the fiery ordeals with firmness and courage. In the desperate charge of the 'Crater' he was wounded

in attempting to capture a flag. He was always near to the men in the ranks, and was greatly beloved by them, which is the strongest evidence of his high character.

"He was a handsome and knightly soldier, having a taste for military life. After the War between the States, he took an active interest in Virginia's volunteers. He was elected



COL. C. A. NASH.

captain of the Norfolk City Guard, and rose to the rank of colonel of the Fourth Regiment (now the 71st Regiment) of Virginia Militia.

"Col. Nash was a successful business man, and at the time of his death was at the head of a number of enterprises which have greatly advanced the commercial interests of Norfolk, Va., and his loss is deeply deplored by the people of tidewater Virginia.

"A brave Confederate soldier, a true patriot, an eminent citizen, a faithful Christian has gone to his God."

JAMES NEWTON DOUGHERTY was born in Mecklenburg County, N. C., in January, 1838; and died in the Soldiers' Home at Austin, Tex., October 11, 1904. Comrade Dougherty was living in Alabama when the war began, and early in 1861 joined Company D, Eighth Alabama Infantry, Wilcox's Brigade, of Longstreet's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. At the battle of Seven Pines he was desperately wounded, losing a leg, which incapacitated him for further active service. He moved to Texas after the war, and was a member of Ben McCulloch Camp, U. C. V., at Mt. Vernon at the time of his death. He was a good citizen, a zealous Church member, and a valued member of the Veteran Camp.

Confederate Veteran.

COL. J. W. COLQUITT.

In the death of Col. John W. Colquitt, of Little Rock, Ark., there passed from the scene of action one who had been closely identified with public affairs of the city and State, a gallant gentleman whom to know was to admire. He was born in Columbus, Ga., in 1840, attended the Military Institute at Marietta, graduating in 1859, and moved to Arkansas in 1860, locating near Monticello. In April, 1861, he enlisted in Capt. Jackson's company, of the 1st Arkansas Infantry, was chosen second lieutenant, and served the twelve months in the Army of Northern Virginia. After this the regiment was disbanded, and upon reorganization John W. Colquitt was elected major of the regiment. This was just prior to the battle of Shiloh, in which Maj. Colquitt received a severe wound, and while on the way to his Georgia home on furlough he was captured by the Federals and held for two weeks. He made his escape, and got home safely. After reporting for duty again, he was promoted to colonel of the regiment upon the resignation of Col. James A. Fagan. Col. Colquitt lost his right leg in the battle of Atlanta; but after two months he reported to headquarters, and was assigned to post duty in the subdepartment of North Mississippi. He made his headquarters at West Point till the war closed, then returned to Monticello, Ark. In 1866 he was elected county and probate judge; but after about eighteen months' service he was swept out of office, during the days of reconstruction, and became a teacher. In 1890 he was elected tax assessor of Pulaski County, and in 1899 State and Land Commissioner, being reelected in 1901. After his retirement from public office, he had engaged in the real estate business.

Col. Colquitt was twice married, the second time to Miss Mollie Hudner, of Drew County, who survives him with two daughters. His last wish was to be buried in his suit of Confederate gray; and shrouded in that beloved color his form now rests in the City Cemetery, awaiting resurrection with the comrades who had so long preceded him.

R. H. HARDAWAY was born in Putnam County, Ga., in December, 1837. The family moved to Meriwether County, where this son was reared. He enlisted in Company B, 1st Georgia Cavalry, in 1862, and served as a faithful soldier until the surrender. Returning home, he assisted in building up the waste places of his country. He became a merchant in Newnan, Ga., where he amassed quite a fortune. He was married in 1869 to Miss Isadore Burch, who survives him with four daughters, and with many friends mourns his death. Comrade Hardaway served faithfully as State Senator. He was President of the Coweta National Bank, and was also an official in the Newnan Cotton Mills.

JOSEPH A. TOMLINSON was born in Tennessee May 8, 1832; and died near Gunsight, Tex., October 29, 1904. He went to Texas early, and was happily married to Miss Dorcas Miller, in Hopkins County, in November, 1858. Entering the army at the beginning of the war as a member of Company A, 18th Texas Infantry, Comrade Tomlinson bravely struggled for the cause until the surrender. He was a most patriotic and devoted son of the South and defender of her principles.

[M. A. Cooper, who reported the foregoing, writes also of the following comrade.]

THOMAS H. FOWLER, a member of Company E, 57th Vir-

ginia Infantry, calmly fell on sleep at his home, near Breckenridge, Tex., January 19, 1904, surrounded by his family and sorrowing friends. He was a faithful Veteran, a kind and indulgent husband, and a quiet, unassuming citizen, ever ready to aid the distressed. His death leaves a vacancy in the community which cannot be filled. Comrade Fowler was married in 1877 to Miss J. T. Culpepper.

DR. WILLIAM AILLS was born in Louisville, Ky., January 8, 1826; and died at his home, near Steen's Creek, Miss., January 14, 1905. Dr. Aills graduated at Dennison University (Ohio), took a course of lectures in New Orleans, and at the age of twenty years he moved to Steen's Creek, began practice, and lived there the remainder of his life. He offered his services to the Confederacy early in 1861, was appointed regimental surgeon of the 6th Mississippi Infantry, was promoted to brigade surgeon, and at the close of the war was division surgeon. Returning home after the surrender, he married in 1866 Miss Sarah Farish, of Copiah County, who, with seven children, survives him.

COMRADE A. G. FIELD died at his home, in Victoria, Tex., November 7, 1904. He was a son of Capt. John Field, of Kentucky, a Mexican War veteran, who commanded a com-



CAPT. A. G. FIELD.

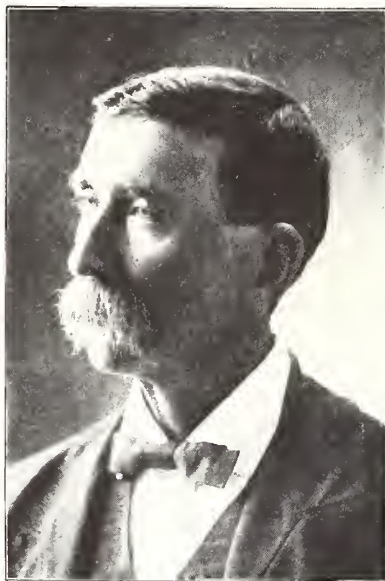
pany and won distinction with the Kentucky Regiment on the field of Buena Vista. In 1852 Capt. Field moved to Victoria, Tex. When the War between the States began, his son, Comrade A. G. Field, enlisted in Company C, 4th Texas Regiment, and went with Gen. Sibley in his unfortunate expedition to New Mexico. He was wounded and captured at Valverde. After his release he rejoined his command, and served with it in Arkansas and Louisiana until the close of the war. As a soldier he only asked where his duty lay, and he would perform it without counting the cost. He was of a bright, sunny, joyous temperament, and as gallant a soldier as

served the Confederacy. For these reasons he was a lovable companion in camp and around the bivouac fire, as he was safe and reliable on the fighting lines. In 1880 he married Miss Mary Ellen Powers. The surviving children of this marriage are now living in the midst of the friends amongst

whom their father spent his life, honored and respected by all who knew him. Comrade Field was intrusted by his fellow-citizens with several responsible positions, which he faithfully filled, with his old army motto as his guide: "Learn your duty, and discharge it faithfully." He was a member of the W. R. Scurry Camp, U. C. V., of Victoria, Tex.

W. G. W. KINCAID.

William George Washington Kincaid died at his home, near Buffalo Gap, Tex., in August of 1904. Reference to his death was made in a former issue of the VETERAN. He was a native of Alabama, but his parents moved to Arkansas when he was three years old; and at his majority, in 1860, he went to Texas. From that State he enlisted in the Confederate army as a member of Company K, 10th Texas Infantry, Granbury's Brigade, Cleburne's Division, Army of Tennessee. Later on he was elected first lieutenant of the company. He went through the war without receiving a wound, though at



W. G. W. KINCAID.

Chickamauga he was knocked down by the explosion of a shell, which injured his hearing permanently. He was married in 1867 to Miss Annie E. Clark, who survives him with their ten children.

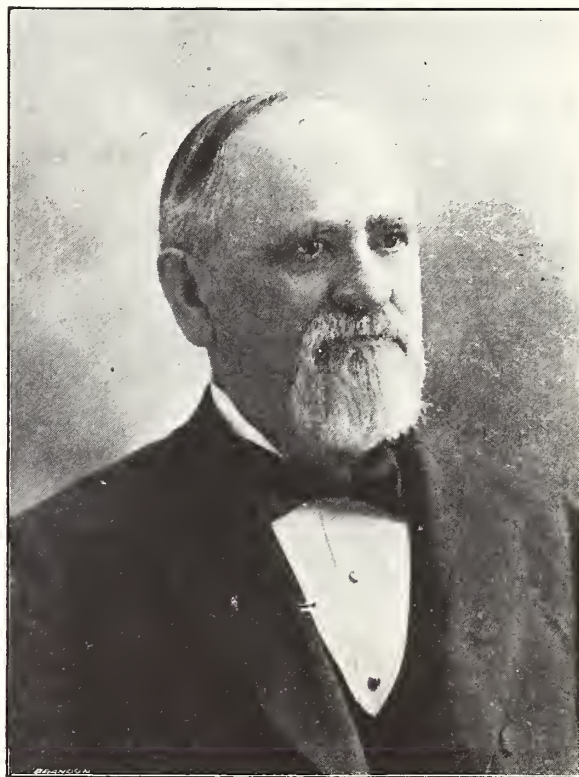
A loyal son of the South, with the traits of character which would endear him to all, Comrade Kincaid's passing left a void in the hearts of many friends.

MAJ. J. J. HORNER, MAJOR GENERAL U. C. V.

At his residence, in Helena, Ark., on February 8, 1905, this gallant old soldier answered the final summons. Maj. Horner was a son of Judge John Sidney Horner, and his mother was Elizabeth Johnson, a daughter of Gov. Johnson, of Virginia. His parents moved to Helena, Ark., when Maj. Horner was an infant. He was educated at Columbia, Tenn., choosing law as his profession, and was admitted to the Helena bar just before the War between the States. He organized a company and entered the Confederate service early in 1862, was assigned to the artillery, and served at De Vall's Bluff until the Federals left White River. He was promoted to major, and served with Gen. Parsons at the L. Anguillde River fight. He subsequently had charge of the conscript bureau, and did effective work in bringing out and organizing the Arkansas forces at that time. In 1863, when Gen. Holmes advanced upon Helena, at the request of Gen. Price Mai. Horner was assigned to his staff as inspector general, where he served until after the fall of Little Rock. He was then ordered by Gen. Holmes to report to Kirby Smith for duty

in the conscript department of Texas. This character of service was distasteful to Maj. Horner, even in his own State; and when assigned to it in another, he protested. Failing to get the order revoked, he resigned; but a few months later he was commissioned by President Davis and assigned to duty as inspector general on the staff of Gen. Tappan. In the spring of 1865 he was promoted and assigned to Gen. Churchill's staff.

After the war Maj. Horner resumed his law practice in Helena, forming a partnership with Gen. Tappan; and the firm of Tappan & Horner was recognized as one of the strongest in the State. With years came financial success, and he soon became interested in large business enterprises. He was first the attorney and afterwards Vice President and General Manager of the Midland Railroad, President of the Helena Gas Company, and President of the Bank of Helena.



MAJ. J. J. HORNER.

He was an earnest Confederate, was prominently identified in a substantial way in erecting the Confederate monument in Helena, and was ever ready to contribute his time and money to his comrades. He was promoted by his comrades to Major General, commanding the Arkansas Division of U. C. V's.

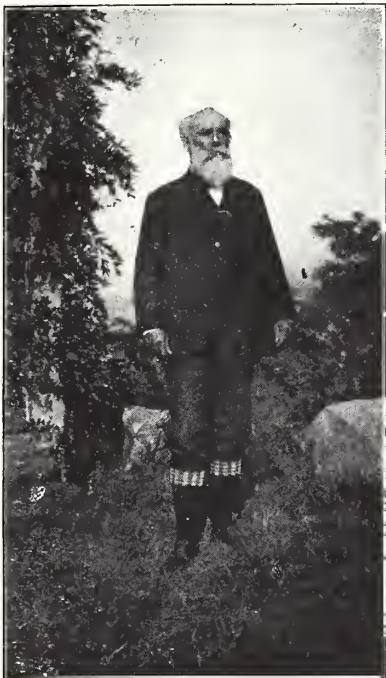
A recent death recorded is that of Mr. A. Sidney Watson, of Covesville, Va., aged sixty-nine years. During the war Comrade Watson served in Company B, 2d Virginia Cavalry, Munford's Brigade, Fitzhugh Lee's Division. A wife and nine children survive him.

William Terrell died at Brownwood, Tex., in March, 1905. He was a member of Stonewall Jackson Camp of Brownwood, having served in the 26th Georgia Regiment.

CALEB HUSE.

"HIGHLAND FALLS ON HUDSON, March 6, 1905.

"S. A. Cunningham, Nashville: Some one has sent me the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for February, 1905, containing extracts from my little pamphlet of how supplies were obtained in Europe for the Confederate army during the war. I thank you for the compliment paid me in printing these extracts, and I do not see how I can otherwise show my appreciation than by forwarding my subscription to the VETERAN; therefore I inclose one dollar. Very truly yours,
CALEB HUSE."



Nothing but a plain business letter, yet it tells a pathetic story of how rapidly the old guard in gray is passing away, as the following letter from the writer's son explains:

"I find the inclosed letter in the pocket of my father's overcoat. It was evidently his intention to forward it to you, and I am carrying out his wishes. My father died at 11:05 P.M. on March 11.
HARRY P. HUSE."

Caleb Huse was born in Newburyport, Mass., February 11, 1831. He was a descendant of Abel Huse, who settled in Newberry in 1635, and of Lieut. Samuel Huse, who fought in the war of the Revolution. In 1847 young Huse, then a lad of sixteen, was appointed to the United States Military Academy, and graduated in 1851 seventh in a class of forty-two members. He was commissioned a brevet second lieutenant in the 1st Artillery and stationed at Key West, where he married Miss Harriet Pinckney. The following year he was ordered back to West Point as assistant professor of chemistry, and remained on duty there until 1859. During part of this time he was in charge of his department, and as a member of the Academic Board he signed the diplomas of a large number of graduates of that institution. Here he served under Col. Robert E. Lee, and became one of the most ardent admirers of that great man and soldier.

In 1859 he went to Europe on leave and made a special study of ordnance. On his return to the United States he was appointed on an army board to test the merits of rifled cannon.

In 1860 Lieut. Huse was granted leave of absence to accept the position of commandant of cadets and professor of chemistry at the University of Alabama, Tuscaloosa. His success here was immediate; and when the State Legislature was hesitating over the appropriation necessary to carry on the military organization of the university, serious doubts having been expressed of the discipline and efficiency of the corps of cadets, the entire battalion was taken to Montgomery and paraded before the Governor. During the trip not a

single breach of discipline occurred, and the members of the Legislature were so delighted with the bearing, conduct, and drill of their young soldiers that the appropriation was passed without a dissenting vote. Huse resigned from the army February 25, 1861.

On the breaking out of the war Caleb Huse was confronted with a grave and to him a very momentous question. Had he consulted his interests, he would have left the State of his adoption and received high command from his native State of Massachusetts, where he was looked upon as one of the most promising young officers of the army. But Huse was moved by only the highest principles in everything he did, and selfish interests weighed as little with him on this occasion as they did in the ordinary affairs of life. He thought the South was right in its contention, and he placed his sword at the disposal of Mr. Davis.

Mr. Davis, having just been Secretary of War, knew Huse well by reputation, and saw what excellent service he could render through his familiarity with European artillery. He was accordingly sent abroad to buy guns. The account of his trip through the Northern States and his recognition by Caleb Cushing, who, though he had a strong suspicion of his mission, did not betray him, makes a very interesting story. So efficiently and tactfully did he perform his duties abroad that before long he was intrusted with buying not only artillery but all kinds of munitions of war. In this way he was closely associated with Capt. Bullock, of the Confederate navy, the uncle of President Roosevelt. He handled great sums of money, and was accountable to no one except the authorities in Richmond. He made this very clear to Mr. Mason in a brief and pithy interview.

The end of the war left Huse in Europe with a large family and in poverty. At one time he came near going to Egypt, where a number of Confederate officers had found employment under the Khedive; he also thought of settling in the Argentine Republic; but he gave up these schemes, and when amnesty was declared returned to the United States to try to make a living. He had no profession, and his training did not fit him for business. Finally, in 1876, he started a school in Sing Sing, New York, to prepare candidates for the Military Academy. He succeeded fairly well, and in 1879 moved his school to Highland Falls, near West Point, where he settled down for the remainder of his life. He died on the 11th of March, 1905.

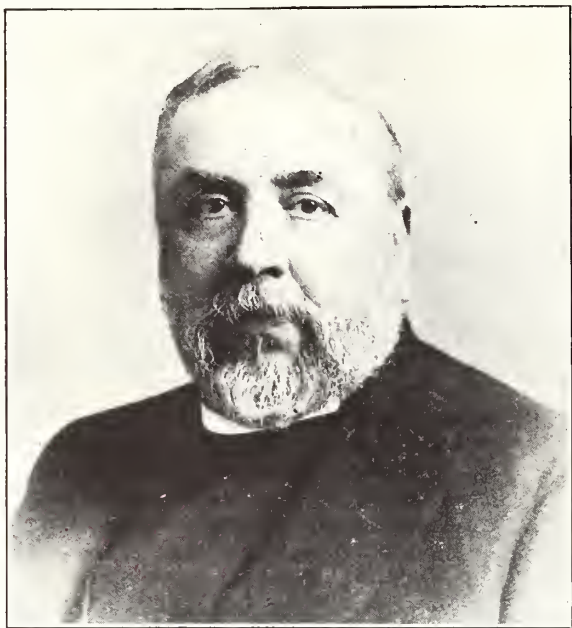
Maj. Huse was a man of charming personality, who endeared himself to all who knew him. Up to the time of his last illness he retained his boyish enthusiasm and cheerful hopefulness. During the funeral all the shops in Highland Falls were closed and the people followed him to the grave. Among the pallbearers were Gen. Mills, Superintendent of the Military Academy, and Col. Larned, the Dean of the Academic Board.

His widow and eight children survive him—three boys and five girls.

John B. Hamilton died at his home, in Abingdon, Va., January 6, 1905, aged sixty years. He ran away from home at the age of fifteen and joined the Confederate army, serving four years. He was a member of Capt. James Campbell's company, Forty-Eighth Virginia Regiment, commanded by Col. John A. Campbell, and afterwards transferred to McCausland's cavalry. At the time of his death he was the senior member of the firm of Hamilton & Carson.

BISHOP THOMAS U. DUDLEY.

Of the missing faces at the Louisville reunion in June, 1905, the absence of no departed one will cause more sincere regret than that of Maj. Thomas Underwood Dudley, Provisional Army C. S. A., who was born at Richmond, Va.,



BISHOP DUDLEY.

September 26, 1837. He graduated at the University of Virginia in 1858, was a member of the faculty in 1859, and Superintendent of the Military Department in 1861, in which year he entered the army and for signal ability was promoted till he held the rank of major at the surrender, in 1865.

In 1865 he entered the Theological Seminary at Alexandria, Va., and graduated in 1867. He became rector at Harrisonburg, Va., in 1868, and was rector of Christ Church, Baltimore, from 1870 to 1875. On January 27, 1875, he was made Assistant Bishop of Kentucky, and at the death of Bishop B. B. Smith, in 1885, became Bishop. He led the Church to its largest work in the city, the State, the nation, and, in fact, the world.

Bishop Dudley was President of the Episcopal Triennial Convention of the United States. He was a large figure in all the international Church meetings, and delivered a famous discourse before Queen Victoria. In all his great work he was never too busy to take an active interest in Confederate affairs, taking a large part in the organization and maintenance of the Confederate Association of Kentucky.

His striking lecture on Lee has never been surpassed. He passed upward to his reward January 22, 1904.

HON. JAMES C. NEILSON.

James C. Neilson was born near Columbus, Miss., about sixty-seven years ago, and all his life had been a citizen of Lowndes County. At the beginning of the War between the States he enlisted as a member of the 14th Mississippi Infantry, and served throughout that memorable conflict. He made a gallant soldier, and participated in several of the fiercest battles. He was twice captured—first, at Fort Donelson and carried to Camp Douglas, from which place, how-

ever, he made his escape; he was captured again in the battle of Nashville, in 1864, and again taken to Camp Douglas, where he remained until the close of the war. He returned to his home, in Lowndes County, and led an honored and useful life, having represented his constituents in both the Legislature and State Senate.

Comrade Neilson is survived by a widow and six children—Mrs. Charles Hale, Messrs. Crawford and John Bruce Neilson, Misses Lou, Sarah, and Annie Neilson.

MARTIN N. BROWN.

Mart N. Brown was born in Davidson County, Tenn., January 5, 1843; and died at his home, near Nashville, March 22, 1905. In May, 1861, he joined Company A, Rock City Guards, 1st Tennessee Infantry. His regiment was sent to Virginia and served under Stonewall Jackson in the winter of 1861-62, but was transferred to the Army of Tennessee in time to participate in the battle of Shiloh. From that time forward it was a part of Cheatham's Division, participating in the campaigns and battles under Bragg, J. E. Johnston, and Hood, finally surrendering under Johnston at Greensboro, N. C. Mart Brown was one of the very few survivors of his old company who answered roll call on that eventful morning, April 26, 1865.

Comrade Brown was a magnificent specimen of physical manhood, and handsome. He was popular with his company and well known in the regiment for his soldierly qualities and unflinching courage.

Returning home after the war, he engaged in farming, accumulated quite a competency, and married Miss Martha New-



MART BROWN.

som, who, with two daughters and two sons, survives him. Comrade Brown was an enthusiastic Veteran, participating actively in all matters pertaining to the U. C. V. He was a member of Company B, U. C. V., at the time of his death.

ESCORT OF HONOR TO COMMANDER S. D. LEE.

The Columbus (Miss.) Rifles will introduce a new feature for the Louisville reunion in going as escort of honor with Gen. Stephen D. Lee to the Louisville reunion. In reply to the surprising and delightful proposition, Gen. Lee wrote: "I need not tell you how gratified I feel at such an unusual and such an unexpected compliment. Coming from an organization one of the oldest in the State, and having a record in three great wars, of course I accept the offer if, after conferring with the committee appointed by your company and discussing details, the matter can be perfected to our mutual comfort and convenience."

The "details" of the trip have been satisfactorily adjusted. Thirty-five members will buy their own railroad tickets, and by home entertainments all other expenses will be met.

THE PRISON LIFE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

G. W. Dillingham Company, publishers in New York, have just reissued "Prison Life of Jefferson Davis," which is most accurate and authentic. There has been an urgent demand for another edition of this book for a long time. It will be remembered that the author, Dr. John J. Craven, surgeon of United States Volunteers and brevet colonel at that time in the United States army, was assigned as Mr. Davis's physician while he was confined in Fortress Monroe.

The book was written from a diary kept by Dr. Craven at the time, in which he made record of his daily visits to his distinguished patient. His mental as well as his physical condition was carefully considered, and the conversations and various subjects discussed by them, etc., make the work, aside from its true historical value, instructive and deeply interesting throughout. This book is a powerful illustration of the intelligent and the well-balanced, philosophical trend of the master mind of Jefferson Davis.

Dr. Craven had never seen Mr. Davis, and of course entertained more or less prejudice when called professionally to see him. In a few months of daily intercourse he had so learned to respect and admire this intellectual, courageous, but helpless prisoner, and had become so charmed by him, that he was not permitted to visit him alone even in a professional way. The words used and the person to whom the volume is dedicated are expressive of the sentiment in which it is written, as follows: "To the Hon. Hugh McCulloch, Secretary of the Treasury, who first of all our Northern public men has had the wisdom, magnanimity, and courage to express sympathy for the misfortunes of the subject of our

memoir by a visit to Mr. Davis in his cell at Fortress Monroe, this volume is inscribed."

It is gratifying to be able to supply this 320-page book, "Prison Life of Jefferson Davis," by John J. Craven, M.D. Price, \$1.50; with a year's subscription to the *VETERAN* for \$2.25, or with two subscriptions, \$3. A more fascinating story of the marvelous characteristics of the Confederate President may never be expected.

"THE STRIFE OF BROTHERS."—Under the above title, from the Franklin Printing Company, of Atlanta, Ga., comes an epic of the War between the States, by Prof. Joseph T. Derry, that deserves distinction among the chronicles of that eventful period in the world's history—the Confederate war. Others have written in prose of the courage, the patriotism and suffering of the Southern people, the heroism of their soldiers and the devotion of their women, but none have pictured it more vividly or in sweeter song than Professor Derry in his delightful verse, "The Strife of Brothers." To tell such a story of the war in smoothly flowing rhyme, with such historic accuracy, required the true genius of a poet combined with the accurate information of a historian. The little volume of a hundred and sixty pages is divided into seven parts, showing each stage of the struggle, from "The Gathering of the Hosts" in part first to the "Battle Stormers Are Hushed, the Banners Furled" in the last, and

"Henceforth may peace and love our States unite,
And may no note of discord mar the might
Of our republic, giant of the West,
Of all the lands the noblest and the best!"

Walter L. Fleming, professor of history in West Virginia University, Morgantown, W. Va., desires, for the purpose of illustrating a work on the Civil War and reconstruction in Alabama, the loan of pictures of the following persons and objects: Jefferson Davis, Govs. Moore, Shorter, Watts, Patton, Parsons, Smith, and Lindsay, of Alabama; Gens. N. B. Forrest, P. D. Roddy, L. P. Walker, John B. Gordon, and any Alabama generals; Selma navy yard, any Confederate manufacturing establishments, war vessels and blockade runners at Mobile, Davis house at Montgomery, and any other such pictures; Admiral Semmes, Capt. Randolph, John Pelham, Ryland Randolph, W. L. Bragg, W. R. Smith, — Jamison (Confederate Senator from Alabama); and any other pictures relating to the period of Civil War and reconstruction.

NEGRO COMMANDER FOR G. A. R.—A negro, in all probability, will lead the G. A. R. column at the meeting in Denver this year. At the annual convention of the Massachusetts G. A. R., held in Boston on the 17th of February, a negro, James H. Wolff, was elected Department Commander. Wolff is the first negro who has ever held a G. A. R. position of this kind. A Boston message states: "He was elected Junior Vice Commander in 1903 and Senior Vice in 1904. The election means that he will lead the parade at the national encampment in Denver next August as Commander in Chief. Wolff is a lawyer in Boston, a native of New Hampshire, and served in the navy during the War between the States." Some of the old vets who stood before our muskets, and without batting an eyelash filled up the gaps we made, will doubtless flinch in the coming peaceful parade at Denver.



FORT NEGLEY, NASHVILLE, TENN., AS IT APPEARED IN 1865.

A COMRADE TO AUTHOR OF "THE OLD SOUTH."

[The following is from a personal letter from Col. John W. A. Sanford, of Montgomery, Ala., to Dr. H. M. Hamill, author of "The Old South."]

I have just read the very able monograph entitled "The Old South," composed by you. I thank you for this just and extraordinary tribute to the Southern States. I am a native of Milledgeville and a son of Gen. John W. A. Sanford, of that city. Your familiarity with the careers of many of the distinguished men of Georgia who were the companions and intimate friends of my father induced me to believe that you too are a Georgian. Be this as it may, no intelligent Confederate veteran can read your performance without feeling a sense of gratitude to you for the most just and impartial tribute to the people of the Southern States that I have seen. Your description of the hundred young cadets in their gorgeous uniforms drilling on the campus, and of the same men in a gallant charge on the field of battle, is surpassingly eloquent.

I have been a citizen of Alabama since the early part of 1852, and a resident of this city during the time, with the exception of the four years I was in the Confederate army. I volunteered as a private in the 3d Alabama Infantry in April, 1861, and was soon promoted to a place on the regimental staff; then became, in 1862, lieutenant colonel of the 3d Battalion in Hilliard's Alabama Legion, and after the battle of Chickamauga I was promoted to colonel of the 60th Alabama Regiment, in Gracie's famous brigade, and returned with it in Longstreet's Corps in April, 1864; fought around Petersburg and Richmond till April 2, 1865, and surrendered in Gordon's Corps with you at Appomattox on April 9, 1865—forty years ago on the 9th inst. I am, perhaps, the oldest son of a Confederate veteran now living. I mention these facts—of no importance to you—because they show that, as a Southern man and one of the oldest of Confederate Veterans, I have a right to praise your pamphlet. Such works as yours enlighten the people and glorify the South. My age teaches me that on this side of the stars I may never meet you, but this fact does not prevent my thanking you for the monograph and invoking the blessings of God upon you.

"THE OLD SOUTH," BY H. M. HAMILL.

Few books have been written in the South which have met with such a warm welcome as this one. Written by one who "was born in and of the Old South," it is intensely interesting. The subject is treated in a most masterly manner, which readily convinces the reader that the author understands his theme. It is a beautiful little volume, neatly bound, and well illustrated by subjects peculiar to and of the Old South.—*Nashville Christian Advocate*.

"JOHNNY REB AND BILLY YANK."

The Neale Publishing Company, Washington, has just issued under the above title certainly the most entertaining book for the private soldier on either side that has yet been published. The author, Mr. Alexander Hunter, was a private from start to finish. He says in his preface: "The public has been surfeited with war literature. There is hardly a prominent officer, North or South, who has not rushed into print at every available opportunity; yet no officer high in rank dared write the exact truth for the reason that he has the feelings of those who served under him to consider. A private in the ranks who has learned something of the art of

war in two branches of the service should be able to write understandingly; at least, he can afford to tell the truth as to what he saw, heard, and thought without fear or favor; and, above all, having no grievance, he can be fair and just.



ALEXANDER HUNTER.

In those days Johnny Reb and Billy Yank were good comrades when not engaged in shooting at each other."

Mr. Hunter was for the first two years of the war a private in the 17th Virginia Infantry, Longstreet's Corps. After that, by order of Gen. Lee, who knew him personally, he was assigned to the Black Horse Cavalry, serving to the surrender.

This book \$3, and with the VETERAN \$3.50.

"NORTHERN REBELLION AND SOUTHERN SECESSION."

No publication of recent years deserves more careful reading by those who would fully inform themselves regarding the political history of this country than Mr. Ewing's "Northern Rebellion and Southern Secession." The book is exactly what its title sets forth, and in consecutive order—first Northern rebellion, then its sequence, Southern secession. The author deals in no asperity, but states the facts in a calm, clear, dispassionate, and masterly manner, absolutely unanswerable, and refuting utterly the charge of "treason" and "disloyalty" hurled at the South by the North at the breaking out of the war and kept up in a measure to the present day. But not one word of abuse against the North or the Northern people can be found in the book. It is simply a clear and convincing array of facts, showing how the principles for which the South fought had been openly admitted and acted upon almost since the foundation of the government.

This book \$1, and with a year to the VETERAN \$1.75.

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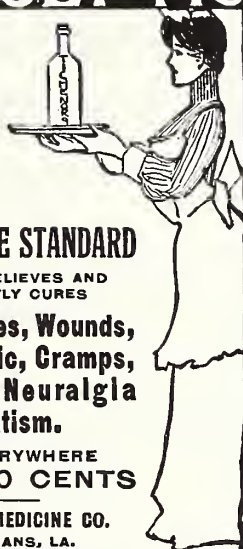
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H. D. Pearce, of Ballinger, Tex., wants the following copies of the *VETERAN* to complete his file: All of Volume I., 1893; January and May, 1894; January, 1895; January, 1898. Write him in advance of sending.

T. R. McGahan, of Charleston, S. C., wants to know what Texas troops were in the garrison at Port Hudson when it capitulated. He had a brother in Terry's Regiment, who was captured somewhere in the Red River country.

J. H. Case, of Prospect, Tenn., wants to know what became of the "galvanized Yanks" surrendered at Egypt Station, Miss., the latter part of the war, which had part of their armament shot away and their guns broken up.

J. D. Parks, of Denton, Tex., belonged to Company A, 2d Mississippi Regiment, and lost a leg at the battle of First Manassas. He would like to hear from any of the survivors of that battle, and especially from a Yankee soldier who gave him a drink from his canteen while he was lying wounded on the battlefield.

Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water

MAGNOLIA AND PINE.

BY THOMAS C. HARBAUGH.

Where the rivers of the Southland
Seek the ever-shadeless seas,
Branch and blossom quiver gently
In the sweetly scented breeze;
And the robin wooes his sweetheart,
Now in shadow, now in shine,
While the queen of the magnolias
Whispers love unto the pine.

In the summer's deepened twilight
Where the valiant legions trod
You can hear the holy vespers
Nature wafts unto her God;
Then you bow the knee in silence
And the cares of life resign,
Where the leaves of the magnolia
Touch the branches of the pine.

Hear their music, softly lifting,
When the winds of morning play,
And the chorus of the forest
Like an anthem floats away;
Where the mountains in their glory
Nature's loveliness enshrine,
Like a bride the fair magnolia
Nestles to the kingly pine.

Past them on its endless mission
With a trill the brooklet glides,
Bearing outward frond and blossom
To the bosom of the tides;
While among their native mountains,
Clad in majesty divine,
Stand the beautiful magnolia
And the ever-princely pine.

Who would rob them of their story?
Who would seek to lay them low?
As they lift their heads in splendor
Nations come and nations go;
Empires rise and empires wither
Like the blossoms of the vine;
But the dews of heaven falleth
On magnolia and on pine.

Capt. John Kennedy, of Selma, Miss., suggests that some one give the *VETERAN* a sketch of Col. St. Leger Greenfel (the Moor) for publication, telling how and why he became imprisoned at Dry Tortugas just after the close of the war. The suggestion is seconded by the editor.

Encouraging news comes from the Robert E. Line mines, property of the Southern Mining, Milling & Development Company. Some of the daily papers of Denver are writing this property up and expecting any day for Robert E. Lec Tunnel to encounter large ore bodies. Fine experts are in charge of the work.



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S. N. MEYER
WASHINGTON, D. C.

William R. Gentry, No. 919 First Street, Louisville, Ky., wants information as to the present address of John Taylor, who was wounded and captured at the battle of Big Springs, Ky., and taken to Louisville.

W. J. Ward, of Brady, Tex., would like to hear from any member of Company E, 29th Alabama Infantry, or any member of Company C, 2d Engineers, commanded by Lovell Hutchinson, captain.

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LIBERAL DONATION TO Y. M. C. A. BY J. F. DRAUGHON.

The Fort Worth *Daily Record*, of recent date, says in part: "Up to date by far the largest donation that has been made to the Y. M. C. A. New Building Fund has been made by a gentleman neither a resident of Fort Worth nor of Texas, although he has a substantial interest in Fort Worth. Prof. J. F. Draughon, President of Draughon's Practical Business College Company, has made a contribution which ought to net the Association \$10,000. He has contributed two hundred and fifty \$50 scholarships that would net the Association, if sold at \$50 each, \$12,500; but he has given the Committee the privilege of selling the scholarships at \$40 each, which will, when sold, net the Association \$10,000. The Association has six years in which to dispose of the scholarships."

The foregoing is self-explanatory. Draughon's Practical Business College Co. has colleges located in Nashville, Atlanta, St. Louis, and elsewhere. The Company now has a chain of twenty colleges in thirteen States, one of which is located in Fort Worth and has a daily attendance of over three hundred students.

Jacob Heater, of Aberdeen, Wash., who served in the Thirty-first Virginia Regiment, Pegram's Brigade, Early's Division, Jackson's Corps, A. N. V., says: "Wherever I meet them, the old G. A. R.'s are the best friends I have. There is a fraternal feeling as that of a brother. I suppose I am the only man in the State of Washington who wears a Confederate uniform. In 1903 I attended the G. A. R. encampment at San Francisco, and was cheered by thousands of bluecoats from one end of the city to the other. Not one insulting word was spoken to me, and all tried to make things pleasant. It was the most enjoyable day of my life. We were once enemies in legitimate conflict, but to-day I honor both the gray and the blue."

J. T. Ware, of Tyler, Tex., makes inquiry for a comrade of the war, G. W. Cunningham. He thinks he was a hardware man of Nashville, Tenn.

L. F. Baskin, of Okolona, Miss., is anxious to learn the company of which his father, Dr. J. H. Baskin, was surgeon during the war. He was at Corinth, Miss., in 1862.

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Reference, R. S. Warfield, Cashier American National Bank.

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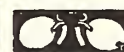
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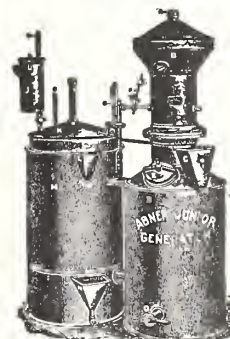
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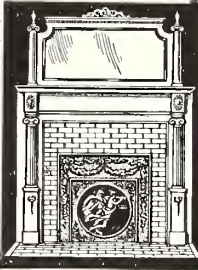
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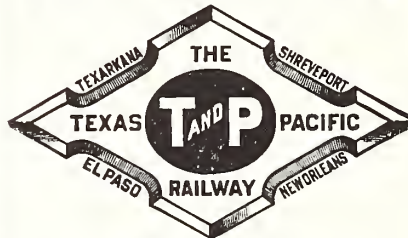
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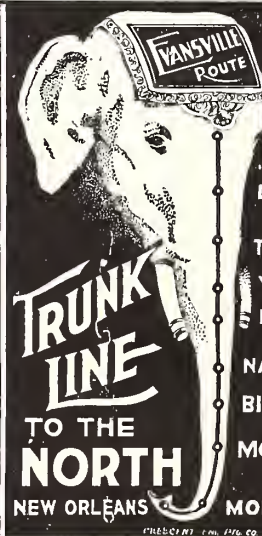
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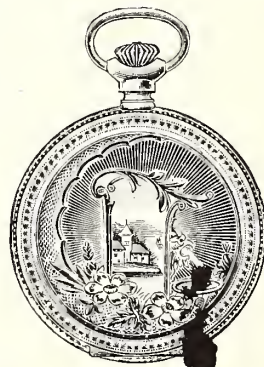
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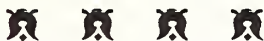


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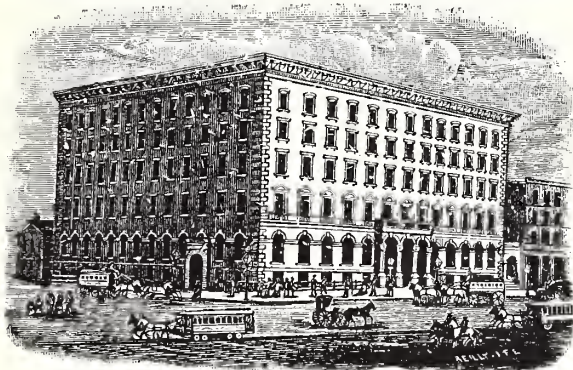
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The Galt House of Louisville, like the Maxwell House of Nashville, is a familiar term to thousands who never saw it. For more than threescore and ten years the name "Galt House" has been identified with that city. In olden times the Galt House, like the St. Charles Hotel in New Orleans, was a resort for Southern planters who with their families made long sojourns in the Kentucky metropolis. It was the stopping place of Charles Dickens when he was here making his "American Notes." The original hotel was destroyed by fire in the closing days of our great war—in January, 1865.

The magnitude and splendor of the new Galt House, opened to the public in 1869, is still amazing, and, notwithstanding the prodigious strides in modern hotels, world tourists, with plenty of money, tarry restfully there. Although occupying practically one-fourth of a large block, it is "all hotel," there being no stores or shops under its great roof. It was rated as second to none in this country when erected—a remarkable fact, when the great cities were glutted with hotel profits—and it has kept pace with modern hotels in every improvement demanded by luxurious travelers.

As headquarters for this year's reunion of the most conspicuous body of Southerners that will ever assemble, of course it will be far short of demand, as would be any other hotel in the world; but it is comforting to know that thousands can be housed even from such rains as drenched the city five years ago.

The VETERAN is gratified by its good fortune in having a choice place in the great rotunda, where all who wish to find the editor or its subscription clerks may be accommodated.

PERFECTED REUNION ARRANGEMENTS.

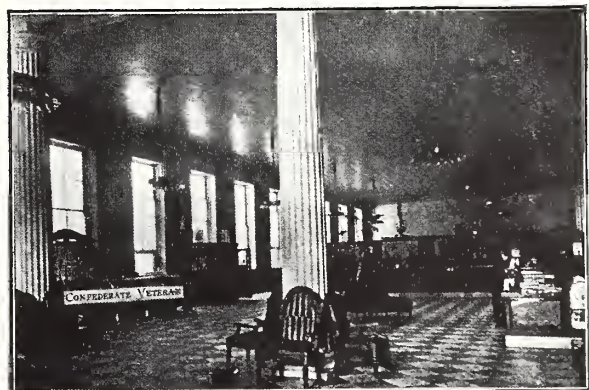
Much credit as is due patriotic and liberal people in the various cities entertaining the United Confederate Veterans heretofore, including Louisville, it seems eminently fit to praise all the people of that city for liberality and cordial co-operation this year in securing accommodations and comfort to their Confederate guests. The committees have worked in beautiful harmony, while the public of that splendid city, regardless of former affiliations, have shown a disposition to welcome and entertain that certainly augurs well for the anticipated time now near at hand, June 14-16. If the committee can prevent extortion and if it doesn't rain too much, a sad yet joyous time may be expected.

UNITED SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

Officers of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans: Commander in Chief, N. R. Tisdal, Fort Worth, Tex.; Adjutant General, I. J. Stockett, Fort Worth, Tex.; Commissary General, A. Villert, St. Francisville, La.; Judge Advocate General, B. H. Kirk, St. Louis, Mo.; Inspector General, G. R. Wyman, Louisville, Ky.; Surgeon General, R. G. Thurmond, Jr., Tusculum, Ala.; Chaplain General, P. G. Spears, Meridian, Miss.

Department Commanders: R. E. L. Bynum, Jackson, Tenn.; John J. Davis, Louisville, Ky.; C. A. Slean, Indian Territory.

The Sons of Confederate Veterans are taking great interest in the coming reunion, and the members of John A.



LOBBY OF THE GALT HOUSE. SEE VETERAN LOCATION.

Broadus Camp, No. 61, of Louisville are working hard to do their share in making the event a success. The tenth annual reunion of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans will be held at the same time as the meeting of the Veterans in Louisville, and preparations are being made to make this the greatest affair in the history of the organization. Indications are that the attendance will be the largest on record, and extensive arrangements are being made for the entertainment of the visiting Sons. The visitors will be given a genuine Kentucky welcome.

Headquarters for the Commander in Chief, Mr. N. R. Tisdal, of Texas, and for the forty Division and department sponsors have been secured at the Galt House. The convention will be held at Hopkins's Theater, and the programme for this event will be announced in ample time.

So far two candidates have announced themselves for the office of Commander in Chief—Mr. R. E. L. Bynum, of Jackson, Tenn., and Mr. Thomas M. Owens, of Montgomery, Ala.

A pleasant feature of the reunion will be the ball given by the John A. Broadus Camp in honor of the visiting sponsors and maids of honor, which takes place at the Horse Show building on the second night of the reunion. The committee in charge of this affair has been working for several weeks, and plans are being pushed to make it one of the most brilliant functions ever held in Louisville. Other features of reunion week will be a garden party, several boat excursions on the Ohio, trips to points of interest in the vicinity, and other events, including the usual parade.

The John A. Broadus Camp was organized in 1897, and since that time has enrolled several hundred members. The officers of the Camp are: Commandant, John C. Davidson; Lieutenant Commanders, Marion W. Ripy and Jesse N. Gathright; Adjutant, Andrew M. Sea, Jr.; Treasurer, V. W. Wilson; Historian, Neville Bullitt; Chaplain, Rev. M. B. Porter; Surgeon, Dr. L. P. Spears; Quartermaster, Dr. Scott Prather; Color Sergeant, Paul S. Cleveland.

The following chairmen of committees have been appointed for the reunion work: Finance Committee, John J. Davis; Ball Committee, Neville S. Bullitt; Press Committee, Robert S. Omberg; Headquarters Committee, George R. Wyman; Sponsors' Committee, N. S. Bullitt; Membership Committee, A. M. Sea, Jr.; Badge Committee, John Davis; Carriage Committee, Clem Huggins; Official Organ Committee, V. W. Wilson; Programme Committee, James B. Camp; Hotel and Accommodation Committee, Ben Howe; Convention Committee, Andrew Sea.

ALABAMA DIVISION, U. S. C. V.

Notices from the Alabama Division in General Orders No. 12, new series, Commander Thomas M. Owen, of Montgomery, Ala., says:

"The tenth annual session of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans will be held in Louisville, Ky., June 14-16, 1905, inclusive. General Orders issued by N. R. Tisdal, Commander in Chief, have been forwarded to the several Camps in the Alabama Division, and in them will be found full particulars concerning the reunion. All Sons of Confederate Veterans are invited, and the Commander confidently expects all Alabama Camps to be represented. Louisville is noted for its hospitality, and every preparation is being made which will conduce to the comfort, pleasure, and entertainment of the Veterans and their friends.

"Each Camp in the Division is entitled to one delegate for every ten active members in good standing and one addi-

tional for a fraction thereof of five or more, but every Camp in good standing is entitled to at least two delegates. All delegates must have credentials signed by both the Commandant and Adjutant.

"Miss Catherine Shorter Jelks, of Florida, has been ap-



MISS JULIA OSBORNE, LOUISVILLE,
Sponsor for Third Kentucky Brigade.

pointed sponsor, and Miss Annie Maude Dawson, of Montgomery, and Miss Irene Wayne Cleere, of Ensley, have been appointed maids of honor. Miss Jelks is the daughter of Hon. William Dorsey Jelks, Governor of Alabama, and a granddaughter of Capt. J. W. D. Jelks, of the 3d Alabama Infantry



MRS. KATIE CABELL CURRIE,
Chaperon for Trans-Mississippi Department.

Regiment, and also a granddaughter of Maj. Henry R. Shorter, of the staff of the late Gen. Cullen A. Battle. Miss Dawson is the granddaughter of Maj. J. G. Harris, of the 20th Alabama Infantry Regiment. Miss Cleere is the daughter of Mr. Polk Cleere and granddaughter of Judge James E. Moore, both of whom were Confederate soldiers.

"The headquarters of the Commander of the Alabama Division during the reunion will be at the Willard Hotel, opposite the courthouse, in Louisville."

ALABAMA SONS WANT COMMANDER IN CHIEF.

A committee of Alabama Sons of Confederate Veterans, composed of William W. Brandon, Montgomery, William B. Bankhead, Huntsville, Clarence J. Owens, Anniston, Howard Gaillard, Mobile, and Will T. Sheehan, Montgomery, has been appointed to present for the Commandership in Chief of the U. S. C. V. at the Louisville convention their State Commander, Hon. Thomas M. Owen. In commending him as Alabama's candidate they say that he has at all times manifested enthusiasm and earnest zeal in the performance of his duties and in the accomplishment of the objects and purposes of the confederation, and his historical work as Director of the Department of Archives and History of the State of Alabama has attracted wide and favorable attention, and it is believed that the elevation of Comrade Owen to the posi-

tion of Commander in Chief of the Confederation would result in great good to the organization at large.

Thomas McAdory Owen was born in Jonesboro, Ala., December 15, 1866, son of Dr. William Marmaduke and Nancy (McAdory) Owen, with distinguished ancestry back of that for several generations. He was graduated from the University of Alabama A.B. and LL.B. in 1887, and A.M. in 1893. He was admitted to the bar in 1887, and practiced in Bessemer, Carrollton, and Birmingham, Ala., until March 1, 1901, when he retired from the active practice of law and devoted himself to literary pursuits. He was married April 12, 1893, to Marie, daughter of the Hon. John H. Bankhead. He was elected secretary of the Alabama Historical Society June 21, 1898, secretary of the Sons of the Revolution in Alabama April 16, 1894, and a member of the American Historical Association in 1894. He was one of the founders of the Southern History Association of Washington, D. C., April 24, 1896; was instrumental in the establishment of the Alabama Department of Archives and History, located in the State Capitol at Montgomery, Ala., February 27, 1901, and was elected its Director.

UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

The convention for 1905 will be held October 3-7 in San Francisco. This change from November should be noted by those who expect to attend.

HOTEL AND TRANSPORTATION RATES.

The hotel rates, etc., for the convention are as follows:

Special rates for board at the Palace will be: Double room, without bath, for two persons, \$3 per day; court room, with bath, for two persons, \$4.50 per day; the same for one person, \$2.50 per day; outside room, with bath, for two persons, \$6 per day; the same for one person, \$4 per day.

Special rates at Grand Hotel, adjoining Palace: Two rooms and bath, four persons, \$6 per day; single room, no bath, \$1 per day; one double room, no bath, two persons, \$2 per day.

Luncheon will be served four days of the convention at the Palace Hotel by the San Francisco or Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter.

More reasonable rates might be had at other houses; but as the convention, lunches, and other entertainments will be under one roof, all car fare, etc., would be saved. There are a ladies' "Grill" and Palm Garden restaurant and many other very reasonable restaurants near by. There will be no trouble whatsoever about these rates being maintained.

It will be well for those desiring rooms at these hotels to write in good time to secure them.

The Chairman of the Transportation Committee, Mrs. Alfred Voorhies, writes that the railroads have promised a one-rate fare from New Orleans, Chicago, and St. Louis for the round trip, and she hopes that even more advantageous offers may be made. Roads west of the Mississippi will give the one-fare rate, and all members of the Transportation Committee should try to secure good local rates.

There are certain days on which these one-fare tickets will be sold, and each person must consult the nearest railroad office, allowing at least four days to get to San Francisco from along the Mississippi River points.

Mrs. Voorhies says: "Our climate varies only eight degrees, winter and summer. Cool weather prevails at San Francisco, but it will be warm on the way. Take cloaks for safety, even if going during the summer."



MISS CLARA HALDEAN,
Maid of Honor to Sponsor for the Sec. h U. C. V.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

In all the years of the VETERAN there has been no time when there was such a pressure for space. This is said not so much in exultation as to explain the fact that more than a score of pages await room, notwithstanding there never has before been published as much in two consecutive issues. Much is in type, and many engravings intended for this issue must await the July number. This is sincerely regretted in many instances, but the July issue will so partake of the reunion character that about the only objection can be in delay of publication. The Forrest monument report is lengthy and a picture was to adorn the first page of this issue, but it is held over for the July number. In this connection mention is made that those who are friendly to the VETERAN and desire occasional issues make a mistake to miss any numbers. There are articles of much interest and value in every issue, and to any Confederates who cannot pay the year's subscription concession will be made on request.

PENSIONS PAID BY GEORGIA, 1866-1905.

1866. Appropriation for artificial limbs.....	\$ 30,000 00
1880-81-82. Disabled soldiers.....	70,210 00
1883-84. Disabled soldiers.....	59,055 00
1885 to 1889. Disabled soldiers.....	248,100 00
1890. Disabled soldiers.....	185,610 00
1891. Disabled soldiers.....	183,240 00
1892. Disabled soldiers and widows.....	588,415 00
1893. Disabled soldiers and widows.....	428,600 00
1894. Disabled soldiers and widows.....	424,640 00
1895. Disabled soldiers and widows.....	425,740 00
1896. Widows, disabled and indigent soldiers....	545,140 00
1897. Widows, disabled and indigent soldiers....	574,960 00
1898. Widows, disabled and indigent soldiers....	610,060 00
1899. Widows, disabled and indigent soldiers....	653,710 00
1900. Widows, disabled and indigent soldiers....	677,520 00
1901. Widows, disabled and indigent soldiers....	696,727 00
1902. Widows, indigent widows, disabled and indigent soldiers.....	858,895 00
1903. Widows, indigent widows, disabled and indigent soldiers.....	857,415 00
1904. Widows, indigent widows, disabled and indigent soldiers.....	863,215 00
1905. Widows, indigent widows, disabled and indigent soldiers.....	864,996 80
Aggregate pensions paid.....	\$9,846,248 80
Soldiers' Home, opened June 3, 1901, to date....	67,500 00
Total amount paid by State of Georgia.....	\$9,913,748 80
Correct. R. E. PARK, Treasurer of Georgia.	

RUDYARD KIPLING TO A SOUTHERN GIRL.

[The Boston Herald of May 8, 1905, contains an interesting account of one of the VETERAN's best young friends, whose childhood days were liberally divided with Nashville, wherein was the family home until the untimely death of her noble

father, after which time she and her mother resided in Lynchburg, Va. She is now attending Fairmont College, Washington, D. C. The engraving herewith reproduced was made for and published in the VETERAN a few years ago. The article from the Herald is copied below.]

"To Rudyard Kipling, England." This was the address upon a letter written by little 12-year-old Miss Nannie Peck as she sat in the library of Fairmont Seminary, where she goes to school. One day last winter she asked her teacher for Rudyard Kipling's address. The teacher replied that she thought he was at his home in England, whereupon little Miss Nannie sat down and wrote the letter. No one saw it until it reached Mr. Kipling, having followed him all the way from England to Cape Town, Africa. Nannie says she just told him she liked his books and wished he would write another one.



Last week a much-worn and strangely stamped letter was handed to Nannie. She went off to the library, and in a secluded spot read the following letter:

"THE WOOLSACK, ROSEBANK, CAPE TOWN, March 15, 1905.

"My Dear Miss Nannie Peck: Thank you very much for your letter (undated) from Washington and for the nice things you write about my books. That is just the right way to write to an author. Some people have a lot of what they call 'reservations' and limitations and 'points of difference' and other uninteresting things, but I rejoice to see you haven't. I hope you will have a happy time as you grow up and find a great many more books that interest you.

"Very sincerely, RUDYARD KIPLING."

"P. S.—Have you read Mrs. Ewing's books, 'Six to Sixteen,' etc.? If not, get them, because you'll love them."

Nannie's eyes were sparkling when she finished reading her precious letter. It was written with a pen by the distinguished author. Nannie is a bright and original girl, and hails from Tennessee. She is a talented little musician and a lover of books. She has been the lion of Fairmont since she ran to her teacher waving the letter wildly in her hand.

THE J. B. GORDON MONUMENT ASSOCIATION.

William Lowndes Calhoun, President and Chairman Central Executive Committee; Robert E. Park, Vice President; Joseph T. Derry, Secretary; E. H. Thornton, Treasurer.

Central Executive Committee: Gov. Joseph M. Terrell, Gen. Clement A. Evans, Robert E. Park, W. H. Harrison, W. M. Crumley, W. W. Hulbert, R. M. Clayton, Julius L. Brown, A. C. Bruce, E. Y. Clarke, H. L. Culbertson, R. S. Ozburn, N. E. Harris, J. W. Clarke, Gen. S. D. Lee, Arch Avery, Hoke Smith, W. S. Thomson, L. P. Thomas, W. M. Durham, Harry L. Schlesinger, J. S. Prather, F. M. Myers, and the President, Secretary, and Treasurer *ex officio*.

List of committees appointed in the several Southern States by the John B. Gordon Monument Association to aid in raising funds to erect the monument, with power in the chairmen to add others thereto, if necessary:

Kentucky.—Gen. Bennett H. Young, Chairman, with power to appoint committees throughout the State; Col. John B. Pirtle, Louisville, Ky.

Tennessee.—S. A. Cunningham, Nashville, Tenn.; Col. J. F. Shipp, Chattanooga, Tenn.; Capt. W. J. Crawford, Memphis, Tenn.; Col. A. W. Walton, Memphis, Tenn.; Col. C. W. A. Payne, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Texas.—Gen. W. L. Cabell, Dallas; Gen. A. T. Watt, Beaumont; Capt. Thomas A. Hill, Weimar; Col. Thomas B. Stone, Waco; Col. Philip H. Fall, Houston.

Louisiana.—Col. W. L. Goldsmith, 204 Carondelet Street, New Orleans; Gen. William E. Mickle, 824 Commerce Street, New Orleans; Dr. C. H. Tebault, New Orleans; Gen. W. J. Behan, New Orleans; Col. W. G. Coyle, New Orleans; Gen. J. R. Le Vert, New Orleans; Col. J. A. Chaleron, New Orleans; Col. B. F. Walshe, New Orleans; Col. Edwin Marks, New Orleans; Mr. R. F. Green, New Orleans; Mr. T. S. McChesney, New Orleans; Mr. J. D. Nix and Mr. W. T. Army, New Orleans; Hon. W. McL. Fayssoux, Masonic Temple, New Orleans.

Washington, D. C.—Dr. Samuel E. Lewis, 1418 Fourteenth Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Maryland.—Hon. Pinckney White, Baltimore; Gen. Robert Ober, Baltimore; Gen. A. C. Trippe, Charles and Mulberry Streets, Baltimore.

Virginia.—Maj. Joseph W. Johnston, 113 East Grace Street, Richmond; Mr. O. B. Morgan, Mr. W. Minor Woodward, Mr. P. H. Mayo, Capt. J. Thompson Brown, and Capt. James W. Pegram, Richmond.

North Carolina.—Gen. Julian S. Carr, Durham; Col. W. J. Woodward, Wilmington.

South Carolina.—Gov. D. C. Heyward, Columbia; Gen. B. H. Teague, Aiken; Col. J. C. Boyd, Greenville; Gen. Zimmerman Davis, Charleston; Thomas S. Bryan, Mr. William W. Lumpkin, Col. J. C. Haskell, Rev. Dr. William Flynn, Mr. Willie Jones, Mr. Washington A. Clark, Columbia.

Florida.—Gov. W. S. Jennings, Tallahassee; Mr. Robert W. Davis, Palatka; Mr. John N. Stockton, Jacksonville; Mr. H. Clay Crawford, Tallahassee; Mr. Clarence Warren, Tampa; Dr. Jephtha Harris, Key West; Hon. G. C. Warren, ———; W. V. Knott, Secretary and Treasurer Florida ex-Com., Tallahassee; Mr. Robert Bulloch, Ocala; Hon. Jefferson Lamar, Monticello; Hon. Sam Pasco, Monticello.

Alabama.—Gen. George P. Harrison, Opelika; Judge Thomas G. Jones, Montgomery; Hon. Joseph F. Johnson, Birmingham; Mr. John J. Wimberly, Mr. John C. Henley.

Mississippi.—Gen. Robert E. Houston, Aberdeen; Hon. Edward Mays, Jackson.

Arkansas.—Gen. J. M. Harrell, 117 Rush Street, San Antonio; Col. D. S. Ryan, Hot Springs; Gen. Horner, Helena; Gen. J. A. Reeves, Camden; Gen. J. B. Truelock, Pine Bluff.

West Virginia.—Gen. Robert White, Wheeling.

Indian Territory.—Col. D. M. Wisdom, Muskogee.

Missouri.—Col. Henry A. Newman, Huntsville; Capt. C. H. Howard, Waynesville.

Chicago, Ill.—Capt. R. H. Steward, Mr. R. Lee France, Mr. George Forrester, Mr. Jenkins, and Mr. John W. White.

California.—Capt. J. R. Simmons, Los Angeles.

New York City.—Commander Edward Owens, 170 Broadway; Hon. Robert L. Harrison, 59 Wall Street; Hon. J. Edward Graybill, 229 Broadway; Col. J. H. Zachary, Mills Building; Col. W. H. Black, 80 Broadway.

Georgia.—Committees have been appointed in every county in the State.

In addition to the above, appeals have been sent to each of the generals commanding departments, divisions, and brigades, and to each Commander of Camps of the U. C. V., to the Division officers and the President of each Chapter of the U. D. C., to the officers of the Ladies' Memorial Associations, and to the officers and each Camp of the Sons of Veterans. Additions are daily made to the committees.

W. L. CALHOUN, *President*.



SKETCH BY SOLON H. BORGLUM.

The Gordon monument design, as given above, is not satisfactory to the committee; but the sculptor, Mr. Solon H. Borglum, so impressed the members having the matter in charge that he was selected to do the work by their plans.

Mr. Borglum was born in Ogden, Utah, in 1870. He grew up as a cowboy; but sketching and modeling were his fancy, showing the art nature while in his rude employment. He took up art seriously in Los Angeles, Cal., about twelve years ago, and studied later in an art school of Cincinnati. Then he went to Paris, where he won a gold medal. Statues of cowboys and Indian horses at the head of the Lagoon in the World's Fair, St. Louis, were his work. Mr. Borglum now lives in New York City. He is a brother to Mr. A. S. Borglum, well known in railroad circles throughout the South.

Those who are interested in the subject may expect a fine statue of Gen. Gordon. The work of all should now be concentrated in giving the committee necessary funds.

Correction is made of error on page 211, May number of the VETERAN, stating that Col. Liddell commanded the 21st Mississippi, when it should have been the 11th Mississippi. The fame of this gallant colonel rests secure with the record made by the regiment he commanded.

OF CONCERN TO TENNESSEE CONFEDERATES.

Whereas information has reached our Association that an attempt is being made by a few disaffected Veterans of the State of Tennessee to merge the Bivouacs and Camps into one organization and to reorganize and establish new rules, by-laws, and constitution, and otherwise disturb the peace, harmony, and good fellowship now existing among the various Confederate Veteran organizations in the State; therefore be it

Resolved: 1. That we deprecate and condemn any such movement; that we unqualifiedly oppose the same, and will do all we can and in our power to counteract and prevent the disruption of our present organization and the establishment of this new and dangerous scheme.

2. That we invite and urge the earnest coöperation of all the Confederate Veterans of the State to oppose this attempt to disturb our quiet and peaceful relations.

3. That Comrade S. A. Cunningham, of Nashville, be requested to publish the above in the *VETERAN* of June, the reunion issue, and that our local press be invited to give these resolutions publication.

At the regular meeting of the Confederate Historical Association, held Thursday night, May 11, 1905, the above resolutions were read, approved, and adopted by unanimous vote of the Association, there being a very large attendance.

I. N. RAINEY,

Secretary Confederate Historical Association.

AUTHOR OF LINES ON CONFEDERATE NOTE.

Many people will be surprised that Maj. S. A. Jonas, who wrote those memorable lines on the back of a Confederate note, is still "in the land of the living."

Maj. S. A. Jonas has always been a very zealous patriot on the side of the Confederacy. He was on the staff of one of Longstreet's brigadiers, and his knowledge of other Confederate officers is so extensive that he frequently has letters from all over the world asking him to identify various photographs. It is said that he knew by sight about ninety per cent of the entire roster of generals. He was for many years secretary of Senator L. Q. C. Lamar's committee, and this gave him a very extensive knowledge of public men and affairs, which he has used with very great effect in the conduct of his newspaper, the *Aberdeen Examiner*. This journal has been published continuously for thirty or forty years, and is one of the best of its kind in the world. Although about seventy years of age, he is hale and hearty, of prepossessing appearance, and always courteous and pleasant in manner. He is progressive and very public-spirited, and conducts his paper in a way that would do credit to a city journal. Although his entire plant (including a very valuable library and the collection of a lifetime of facts and records) was destroyed by fire about four years ago, and he was left even without a chance of recuperation through insurance, he took up the work at once and established his journal on its old footing without delay. He has written a great many articles of much credit in the shape of both prose and poetry; but his chief claim for perpetual remembrance is the poem which he wrote upon the back of a Confederate note, beginning: "Representing nothing on God's earth now."

A reminiscences by Maj. Jonas may be expected in the *VETERAN* for July or August.

THE CONFEDERATE NOTE.

Representing nothing on God's earth now,
And naught in the waters below it,



MAJ. S. A. JONAS.

As the pledge of a nation that's dead and gone,
Keep it, dear friend, and show it.
Show it to those who will lend an ear
To the tale that this paper can tell
Of liberty born of the patriot's dream,
Of a storm-cradled nation that fell.

Too poor to possess the precious ores,
And too much of a stranger to borrow,
We issued to-day our promise to pay,
And hoped to redeem on the morrow.
The days rolled by and weeks became years,
But our coffers were empty still;
Coin was so rare that the treasury'd quake
If a dollar should drop in the till.

But the faith that was in us was strong, indeed,
And our poverty well we discerned,
And this little check represented the pay
That our suffering veterans earned.
We knew it had hardly a value in gold,
Yet as gold each soldier received it;
It gazed in our eyes with a promise to pay,
And each Southern patriot believed it.

But our boys thought little of price or of pay,
Or of bills that were overdue;
We knew if it bought us our bread to-day
'Twas the best our poor country could do.
Keep it; it tells all our history over,
From the birth of the dream to its last;
Modest, and born of the angel Hope,
Like our hope of success it passed.

—S. A. Jonas, Richmond, Va., May, 1865.

CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEM. ASSOCIATION.

Mrs. W. J. Behan, President of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association, writes from New Orleans:

"It is with particular pride that we return to the fair city of Louisville, where, in May, 1900, this Confederation of Memorial Associations was organized. The President appreciates the opportunity thus afforded of meeting once again those hospitable people, who by reason of the inclemency of the weather were prevented from carrying out the magnificent programme arranged for the entertainment of its guests at that time. The President is assured that the 'Women of the Confederacy' composing the Memorial will receive at the hands of the gallant men and peerless women of Louisville a royal welcome. She therefore urges every Association to make special efforts to have a large representation present in addition to the delegates and alternates. The President is grateful to the Commanding General of the United Confederate Veterans, who graciously announced in General Orders No. 23 the time and place of the C. S. M. A. convention.

"The Girls' High School building, a beautiful place, has been secured for our meetings. The usual Jefferson Davis memorial service will be held in the Broadway Baptist Church on Wednesday, June 14, at 10 A.M. Officers' headquarters will be at the Galt House, where all orders and notices will be posted. Each Association is entitled to two delegates. Two alternates should be named in case the delegates cannot attend. Appoint as delegates only those who appreciate the obligation to be present at all sessions. Reading of reports will be limited to five minutes.

"The Association has compiled and published a history of all Southern Memorial Associations, and thus has embodied

the records and results of the efforts of the heroines of the South in the early days of her struggle and sorrow. This work is now ready for distribution among the Memorial Associations. The small profit inures to the benefit of the Jefferson Davis Monument Fund. Price, \$1.35, delivered."

SOUTHERN WOMAN'S MONUMENT.

BY PROF. J. H. BRUNNER, SWEETWATER, TENN.

I thank you for the insertion of the Trench article in the *VETERAN*. [See May issue, page 214.] Settle three things, and then a call for funds will meet a hearty response:

First, the location. By all means it should be Atlanta, whose women Sherman drove into exile and whose homes were burned. Sherman said, "War is hell," and he made it "hell" for Georgia and the Carolinas. Atlanta is central.

Secondly, the structure. A million-dollar monument of stone, capped with bronze, the grandest monument in the United States.

Thirdly, the building committee. One member from each of the so-called Confederate States and one member from each of the border States—Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri—to be chosen by the Confederate organizations in the several States respectively.

Then Trench's plan (and other plans) for raising money will come in order. The unique enterprise will arouse a genuine enthusiasm such as no other monument has awakened in the annals of the world.

THE FIRST FOREIGN CHAPTER OF U. D. C.

Mrs. Smythe, President of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, has received the particulars of the formation of a Chapter of this Association in the City of Mexico.

For some time Miss R. N. Snead, formerly of Athens, Ala., and the organizer of the Joseph E. Johnston Chapter, U. D. C., at that place, has been interesting herself in the organization of a Chapter in Mexico. In this effort she has met with sympathy and help, and now writes to report success.

The new Chapter is named for Father Ryan, which in itself appeals to the hearts of many. Its President is Madame Degollado, who is a Virginian, but has lived for forty-one years in Mexico, having married and gone there a few months after the death of the Emperor Maximilian. She became an intimate friend of the poor Empress Carlotta. Mme. Degollado is also Regent of the Daughters of the American Revolution in Mexico City. She is an ardent Southerner, and will be sure to advance in every way the interests and work of the Father Ryan Chapter, U. D. C.

The Chapter will at once care for the remains of several Confederate soldiers who have died in Mexico and were buried in the potter's field. It will secure a lot in the cemetery for all such dead, and will erect a monument there. The Chapter will, as soon as practicable, bestow crosses of honor on worthy Confederate soldiers within its reach.

The officers of the Chapter are: Mrs. Mariano Degollado, President; Miss Ella McKie and Miss R. N. Snead, Vice Presidents; Mrs. B. Files, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. N. L. Brinker, Treasurer; Mrs. G. W. Johnson, Historian.

NEW OFFICERS LOUISIANA DIVISION, U. D. C.

Honorary President, Mrs. Varina Jefferson Davis; President, Mrs. D. A. S. Vaught, 1527 Seventh Street, New Orleans. Vice Presidents: Miss Mattie Bell McGrath, Baton Rouge; Mrs. M. C. Lauve, Plaquemine; Mrs. James Andrews,



MRS. VIRGINIA MARMADUKE SALE,
Matron of Honor, Louisville Reunion, 1905.

Alexandria; Mrs. A. L. Willson, Monroe. Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. M. Carlisle, Tangipahoa; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Charles S. Childress, 3822 Chestnut Street, New Orleans; Treasurer, Mrs. Virginia Z. Howell, St. Francisville; Historian, Mrs. J. A. Caruthers, Baton Rouge; Registrar, Mrs. A. H. Johnson, Alexandria; Custodian Relief Soldiers' Home, Mrs. Paul Israel, 1448 Louisiana Avenue, New Orleans; Recorder of Crosses of Honor, Mrs. A. J. Hardy, Shreveport. Division Motto: "Trust and Go Forward."

The foregoing list of officers of the Louisiana Division, U. D. C., was elected at their convention, in Alexandria, La., May 5, 1905. The chief items of interest were the determination of the Division to refurnish the library at the Louisiana Soldiers' Home and the presentation through the Division of a fine oil portrait of Gen. A. Mouten, who fell at the battle of Mansfield, La., April 8, 1863. This portrait was sent to the Louisiana Room, Confederate Museum, Richmond, Va., by the Mouten-Gardner Chapter of Lafayette, La.

A SOLDIER TRAMP IN A POLICE COURT.

"Yer Honor, I pleads guilty; I'm a bummer;
I don't deny the cop here found me drunk;
I don't deny that through the whole long summer
The sun-warmed earth has been my only bunk.
I hain't been able for to earn a livin';
A man with one leg planted in the tomb
Can't git a job, an' I've a strong misgivin'
'Bout bein' cooped up in a Soldiers' Home.
Whar did I lose my leg? At Spottsylvania.
Perhaps you've read about the bloody fight;
But then I guess the story won't restrain you
From doin' what the law sets down as right.
I'm not a vag through choice, but through misfortune,
An' as fur drink—well, all men have their faults;
An', Judge, I guess I've had my lawful portion
O' rough experience in prison vaults.
I served as private in the Tenth New Jersey,
An' all the boys'll say I done what's right;
Thar ain't a man kin say that Abram Bursey
Was ever found a-shirkin' in a fight.
Right in the hell-born, frightful roar of battle,
Whar shot and shell shrieked through the darksome wood,
You'd always find me doin' the best I could.
We had a brave ol' feller fur a colonel;
We called him 'Sweety,' but his name was Sweet.
Why, Judge, I sw'ar it, by the Great Eternal,
That brave ol' cuss'd rather fight than eat;
An' you could always bet your bottom dollar
In battle Sweety'd never hunt a tree—
He'd allus push into the front and holler:
'Brace up, my gallant boys, an' follow me!
Well, just before the Spottsylvania battle
Ol' Sweety cum to me an' says, says he:
'I tell you, Abe, 'tain't many things'll rattle
A tough old weather-beaten cuss like me;
But in my very soul I've got a feelin'
That I'm a-goin' to get a dose to-day,
An' tain't no use fur me to be concealin'
The skittish thoughts that in my bosom play.
Fur many years you've been my neighbor, Bursey,
An' I hev allus found you squar' and true;
Back in our little town in old New Jersey

No one has got a better name than you.
An' now I want your promise, squar'ly given,
That if our cause to-day demands my life,
An' you yourself are left among the livin',
You'll take me back and lay me by my wife.'

Well, Judge, that day, amidst the most infernal
An' desp'rate, bloody fight I ever seed,
'Way u pin front I saw the daring colonel
Throw up his hands and tumble off his steed.
In half a minute I was bendin' o'er him;
An' seein' that he wasn't killed outright,
I loaded him upon my back and bore him
Some little distance out of the fight.

The blood from out a ghastly wound was flowin',
An' so I snatched the shirt from off my back;
For I could see the brave old cuss was goin'
To die, unless I held the red tide back.
An' purty soon I seed he was revivin',
An' heard him whisper: 'Abe, you've saved my life;
Your ol' wool shirt, along with your connivin',
Has kept me from that grave beside my wife.'

Well, Judge, while I stood thar beside him, schemin'
On how to get him in a doctor's care,
A ten-pound shell toward us came screamin'
Just like a ravin' demon in the air;
An' when it passed, I found myself a-lyin'
Across ol' Sweety's body, an' I see
That 'tarnal shell that by us went a-flyin'
Had tuk my leg along for company.

Well, Judge, that's all; 'cept when the war was over
I found myself a cripple, and since then
I've been a sort o' shiftless, worthless rover,
But jest as honest as the most o' men.
I never stole a dime from livin' mortal,
Nor never harmed a woman, child, or man;
I've simply been a bum, and hope the court'll
Be jest as easy on me as it can."

Then spake the judge: "Such helpless, worthless creatures
Should never be allowed to bum and beg;
Your case, 'tis true, has some redeeming features,
For in your country's cause you lost a leg.
And yet I feel the world needs an example
To check the tendency of men to roam;
The sentence is, that all your life your camp'll
Be the best room in my humble home."

The soldier stared, dumb, silent as a statue;
Then, in a voice of trembling pathos, said:
"Judge, turn your head and give me one look at you;
That voice is like an echo from the dead."
Then forward limped he, grimy hand extended,
While tears adown his sun-browned cheeks did roll,
And said with slang and pathos strangely blended:
"Why, Col. Sweety, durn your brave ol' soul!"

FINE TRIBUTE TO "THE OLD SOUTH."—Gen. Clement A. Evans writes from Atlanta, Ga.: "I desire to say to you that the attractive book called 'The Old South,' written by an accomplished Confederate soldier and offered by the VETERAN to the public, is giving great satisfaction. It is a genuine portraiture of the South in the old time drawn by a true man in the true style and true spirit. It merits the close reading of men and women, also the young in schools and colleges."

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT BIRMINGHAM.

On the 26th of April, in the presence of an immense crowd and with elaborate ceremonies, this magnificent monument was unveiled in Capitol Park at Birmingham. In this, as in all other instances where monuments have been erected to commemorate the valor and patriotism of the Confederate soldier, the loyal hearts and busy hands of the beloved daughters of the South have been the chief factors in the work. The Pelham Chapter of the U. D. C. began this labor of love more than five years ago, when Mrs. A. A. Clisby was President of the Chapter, and under each succeeding President the Chapter has diligently followed up the work to its crowning success, under its present President, Mrs. J. Asa Rountree, with Mrs. A. A. Clisby as Secretary. The active committee of ladies who have given their time and money to the work are Mrs. Charles G. Brown (chairman), Mrs. E. T. Taliaferro, Mrs. J. U. Hardeman, Mrs. R. H. Carter, and Mrs. J. A. Rountree, supplemented by Mr. Rufus N. Rhodes, editor of the *Birmingham News* and Commander in Chief of the Sons of U. C. V.'s of Alabama.

Many distinguished citizens and Veterans were present, and a number of patriotic addresses were delivered. Mrs. Rountree, mistress of ceremonies, introduced Mrs. Brown by saying: "The strength of that shaft, fifty-two feet high, stands as evidence of the united strength of Pelham Chapter, the members of which have stood shoulder to shoulder, side by side, caring ever for the needs of the less fortunate of those who fought for Southern rights, honoring with our cross of bronze the Confederate soldier wherever found, and strewing flowers over the graves of those who have gone beyond. You have met with us here to-day to witness the completion of our work in commemoration of the deeds of valor of the entire Confederacy, and on behalf of our Chapter I present to you the chairman of our monument committee, Mrs. Charles G. Brown."

In a beautiful and most appropriate address Mrs. Brown turned over the monument to the State of Alabama and the city of Birmingham.

Lieut. Gov. R. M. Cunningham accepted the monument in behalf of the State, and his Honor, Mayor W. M. Drennan, for the city of Birmingham.

Gen. George P. Harrison, of Opelika, Commander of the United Confederate Veterans of Alabama, was the orator of the day, and made the closing address that brought round after round of applause from the vast assemblage in which could be heard that clear, shrill shout of the old veterans.

ABOUT SOME "GALVANIZED YANKS."

Replying to an inquiry in the *VETERAN* for May by Comrade Case, of Prospect, Tenn., Mr. L. McLendon, of Rison, Ark., says that the "galvanized Yanks" referred to were sent to Memphis, and from there to Alton, Ill., and arrived there a short time before any of the Confederate prisoners were sent on exchange to Richmond. Comrade McLendon states further: "I do not know how the boys found the name 'galvanized Yanks;' but found it was very quickly, and it was not resented. Our boys were continually fighting them with rock and fist. I talked with a number of them who were from the northeastern part of the United States and had been captured in Virginia and sent to Andersonville, and from there joined the Confederate army. They told me they fought as hard at Egypt Station for us as they did in Virginia against us. When I left prison, they were still there."

A SOUTHERN HEROINE IN NEED.

[The following was written by an eminent Southerner of West Virginia after investigating the merits of the lady mentioned, and the *VETERAN* gladly coöperates, but it must adhere to a rule not to make an indiscriminate plea for any one with remittance to go direct. The rule was made years ago, to avoid imposition. The *VETERAN* suggests without authority that any contribution may be sent to Mrs. C. A. Forney Smith, 203 Gaines Street, Little Rock, Ark., and any amount sent the *VETERAN* will be remitted through her.]

The heroism of our Southern women has become proverbial. They were our ministering angels, and the sublimity of their devotion to our cause is unparalleled.

From out of the multitude of their noble deeds there comes to light now and then some special act of heroism which deserves mention. There has recently come to my attention the case of a noble woman, still living at an advanced age, who rendered great service to Confederate prisoners during the war for which she should be remembered. I refer to Mrs. Kate Hooper, formerly of Alexandria, Va., and now living in Batesville, Ark. Her maiden name was Kate Padgett, of Fairfax County, Va., and she has the best blood of the old commonwealth in her veins. She married John Hooper, a merchant of Alexandria, Va., where she resided during the War between the States, and it was here that she rendered great service to Confederate prisoners who passed through Alexandria on their way to Northern prisons.

I am told that, regardless of weather, whether rain or sunshine, hot or cold, Mrs. Hooper and a lady companion, Miss Millie Stewart, could be seen each day during those four years of war at the old depot in Alexandria on the lookout for Confederate prisoners on the incoming trains; and at the risk of insult from the guards, and sometimes threatened with arrest and imprisonment, they would contribute to the necessities of the prisoners by giving them money or clothing. They would also frequently visit sick Confederates in prison at Washington and minister to their wants. There are old Confederate soldiers now living who remember the generous aid received from these heroic women.

Mrs. Hooper also acted as a correspondence bureau for our prisoners. In some of the prisons there was an occasional relaxation of rules, which would permit a prisoner to correspond with a near relative in the North. In this way Mrs. Hooper got to be known among many prisoners as "Aunt Katie," and she would find a way to smuggle their letters through the lines to be forwarded to friends in the South.

After the war Mrs. Hooper encountered reverse fortunes. She is now living in Arkansas, a childless widow; and, too proud to ask for charity or to be dependent on strangers, she has for many years been earning her own living.

I am informed that Miss Stewart has been dead for many years, and Mrs. Hooper is now rapidly approaching the sunset of life. The tenth day of next June will be her sixty-eighth birthday. My suggestion is that all of us, including Veterans, Sons of Veterans, and Daughters of the Confederacy, make a small birthday donation to Mrs. Hooper on her sixty-eighth anniversary. If you cannot give more than twenty-five cents, send it to her direct, for in the aggregate it will make a neat little sum which will help to lighten the burden of old age and smooth her pathway to the grave. Such a donation will be treasure laid up in heaven.

ACCOUNT OF HOW SOME FLAGS WERE CAPTURED.

BY W. A. FLANAGAN, LINCOLNTON, GA.

Since Congress has done the proper thing in returning our battle flags it is fitting to explain the circumstances under which some of them were captured.

I was a member of the 15th Georgia (Benning's) Brigade, R. H. Anderson's Division. There were two Gen. Andersons in the Army of Northern Virginia, and to designate ours the boys called him "Old Tige," and he became well known throughout the army by this sobriquet. Gen. Benning we dubbed "Old Rock." I don't think Gen. Benning ever fully appreciated this intended compliment from the boys, but it stuck to him all the same. I remember distinctly at the Wilderness fight that part of our division went in on the left of the plank road and caught it red-hot. Word came back for Benning's Brigade to come up. As we were hurrying forward we met a number of wounded who were going to the rear. Gen. Benning was riding along the line urging the men forward, and passed by a poor fellow badly shot; but as the General passed he swung his old wool hat over his head and shouted out: "Drive up, Rock; old Tige's treed over yonder." "Attend to your wound; I'll attend to Tige," said the General amid a shout of laughter from those who heard it, many of whom within the next ten minutes were to die.

At Gettysburg we lost our flag. The first day our works were in front of Ball Mountain and our brigade was formed behind a narrow strip of woods. We were sent forward to capture a Federal battery, which we did. The second day we simply held our ground, probably advanced a little. On the third day we were ordered to fall back to the crest of the hill in our rear. By some mishap Old Rock either failed to get the order or misunderstood it, but held his skirmishers to their work, notwithstanding we were being flanked on both sides. He continued to call up more men to support us, until he had all of the 15th on the firing line. They were now pressing us hard in front, both of our flanks were enveloped, and there was a space of only about three hundred yards that separated their lines from encircling us completely. He sent back orders to Col. DuBoise to hold the enemy in check so that he could withdraw his brigade. We began to fall back. The enemy was in twenty steps of our front line, and the colors had been shot down a half dozen times. Men in Company C, the color company, said that nine were killed with the colors, and they were finally left on the ground, as it was certain death to pick them up. The three regiments, besides the 15th, that were with us in this trap were the 2d, 17th, and 20th Georgia.

THE LAST "REBEL YELL."

BY H. K. NELSON, HOMER, KY.

I have read and heard a good deal about "the last shot fired," "the last man killed," and "the last charge" made by Confederate soldiers, but I've never yet seen any account of the last "Rebel yell." As no one seems to claim this distinction, I modestly suggest that it be allowed to a crowd of us Tennesseans who were returning home, after our surrender at Greensboro, N. C., through the western portion of that State and East Tennessee. I am reminded of the incident of which I write by reading in the *VETERAN*, Volume XII, p. 110, an article by Col. Luke Finley, of Memphis, Tenn., in which he reports our entrance into Asheville, N. C., on our homeward march.

The Colonel doubtless saw and remembers all of which he

writes, but does not explain how a lot of paroled prisoners were permitted to march home with guns in their hands. In explanation of this, I will say that after we had stacked arms at the surrender every fourth man was permitted to take a gun in order to protect ourselves against the bushwhackers that at that time infested the mountains of Western North Carolina and East Tennessee, through which we had to pass in order to reach our homes. How the color-sergeant managed to save his flag, I do not now remember; but as we represented six or seven regiments, consolidated, at the time of surrender, he probably saved the flag in the general mix-up. At all events, he had it, furled, and the cover over it.

When we were nearing the little Rebel town of Asheville, the flag was unfurled, the ranks "dressed," and, placing our men with guns at "right shoulder shift" in front, we prepared to make our last military display, notwithstanding the town was in the hands of the Federals. Now I do not remember the crowd of girls Col. Finley speaks of standing in front of the academy grounds, but I do remember as distinctly as if it happened yesterday that just as we were passing a cottage the command, for some purpose, was halted. Standing on the stile leading into the yard of this cottage, on the right-hand side of the street, were three ladies within easy reach of our color bearer, who was standing within a few feet of me. One of these ladies was very enthusiastic, and had been speaking encouragingly to the boys as they passed by. Turning to the ensign, she said: "Let me put my hands on that flag." He drooped it over her head, and she caught it in her hands, kissed it, and rubbed it over her face; then, with tears in her eyes, she said: "Carry it to your home in triumph. It is not



MISS LUCIE L. BOULTON, DANVILLE, VA.,
Sponsor Third Brigade, U. C. V., Fifth Confederate Regiment.

yet disgraced, nor has it been trailed in the dust." As she finished speaking a Federal sergeant with a file of men came up and informed her that the provost marshal requested her to report at his headquarters immediately. Drawing herself up with the dignity of a queen, and the tears still shining in her eyes, she motioned him away with her hand and said: "Tell your provost marshal I have no use for either him or his headquarters." Whether he had orders for her arrest or not, I do not know; but he turned at once and marched away. Then went up the old "Rebel yell," the last mother's son of us giving tongue loud and long. It was not exactly in tone with the old fighting yell, yet it was one of triumph, and I think it entitles our little squad of paroled prisoners to the honor of giving for the last time our significant "Rebel yell." I've often thought of that true and plucky daughter of Dixie and wonder if she is yet living.

CORRECTED ACCOUNT OF BATTLE OF CEDAR CREEK.

W. A. L. Jett, Murray Hill, N. J., April 18, 1905:

"In looking over my old copies of the *VETERANS*, which I have just had bound, I see that on page 165 of the April number for 1902 some comrade (name not given), a member of Company B, 4th Georgia, makes a mistake in regard to the Cedar Creek battle. He states that 'on the evening of the 18th of October Gordon's, Ramseur's, and Pegram's Divisions had orders to deposit knapsacks and baggage, and we took up the march about dark, with Mosby leading, through the mountains, where neither vehicle nor horseman could ride, over ravines and along rugged pathways in single file.'

"The description is correct, though the cavalry was not

Mosby's, but Payne's Brigade, of Fitzhugh Lee's Division, with the 6th Virginia Cavalry in the lead. After leading our horses by bridle paths across the point of the Massanutton Mountain, we mounted, and two squadrons of the 6th Virginia, under command of Lieut. Matthews, of Company K, charged across the Shenandoah River at Buckton Station, on the Manassas Gap railroad (now a branch of the Southern), and ran in the pickets, making way for the infantry. Later our brigade charged the wagon train, capturing many wagons and prisoners. Company B, of the 6th Virginia, of which I was a member, was one of the companies of the leading squadrons. My company had two killed—Lieut. William H. Browning and Private Albert Hitt.

"This comrade's mistake was a natural one, as a Georgia infantryman could not be expected to be familiar with the cavalry commands of Virginia; so I desire to make this correction, as we want true history of the different commands. Mosby won glory enough without being credited with what belongs to Payne's Brigade."

APPOMATTOX BANQUET.

At this banquet, given by the Alexander Hamilton Club of Chicago on the fortieth anniversary of Gen. Lee's surrender, of the three prominent speakers of the evening, two were distinguished Southerners—Hon. Swayer Shirley, Congressman from Kentucky, and Judge J. M. Dickinson, formerly of Nashville, Tenn., but now a citizen of Chicago. The third speaker was Hon. J. E. Hedges, of New York.

Mr. Shirley, the first speaker, said in part:

"Appomattox denied forever the right of secession and freed the slave, but Appomattox and its generation failed to settle the political and social relationship of the races. The Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments and the Civil Rights Act, passed to enforce them, were legislative attempts at solution; but they have failed so completely that I doubt if any considerable body of thoughtful men could be found who would in the light of our present experience advocate their adoption were the question to be faced anew. They were adopted in heat and passion, and, so far as capable of enforcement, were enforced by sheer might, and they failed, as the South prophesied they must fail, because they were based on radically wrong principles.

"The attempt at enforcement created a condition that no fair-minded American can read of without a blush of shame. I have no desire, however, to speak of reconstruction. My State escaped its horrors, and my own knowledge is hearsay. Other men have given to the world the facts, and over so fearful a picture of a great people's suffering might now well be drawn the veil of charity did not the lesson it teaches yet need to be learned. With a patience that spoke eloquently for the love of law, the Southern people bore their burden until it was apparent that Anglo-Saxon civilization was at stake. Then by violent disregard of the law they again secured control of their State governments.

"Now as I have said, the South for many years was forced to disregard the law. Sometimes by force, often by artifice, and, however much the far-seeing regretted the necessity and knew the evils that must follow, still always there was the necessity; not to do so was to surrender forever the civilization of the Anglo-Saxon. If, then, there has been disregard of the law in flagrant manner—as from time to time there has—shall not those who sit in judgment remember that it was the bestowal of the suffrage on the negro that



MISS MARY LOUISE TERRY, CADIZ, KY.,
Maid of Honor Kentucky Division, U. C. V.

made necessary the teaching of a dangerous lesson? and shall there not be more of wonder that there has been so little censure than that there has been so much? For, despite the accusations of hostile critics, the South has exhibited no greater portion of lawlessness than other sections, and usually in cases, while not justifiable (for lawlessness never is), where the provocation was greater than any other section ever known. As the law now is, the necessity has gone, and everywhere throughout the South is a persistent effort being made to stamp out disregard of the law. You cannot undo in a day the evil. As ye sow, so shall ye reap, and to prevent a greater the South has had to take a lesser evil. But as of old she stood the embodiment of law, and as many of her best and purest fought a losing fight for their conception of it and belief in it, so will the sons of those men come back to the old Anglo-Saxon faith and abide in and by the law only."

Judge Dickinson was then introduced to respond to the toast of "Some Views of a Southerner Who Lives in the North upon the Question of Sections." In opening his address, Judge Dickinson said:

"I would be disloyal to the South if I failed upon a proper occasion to speak her sentiments as I understand them, and I would be an ingrate if I declined an opportunity to bear testimony to the generous hospitality and cordial treatment which the people of Chicago, and especially those who were soldiers in the War between the States, extend to the Southerners who cast their lot among them. It gives me special pleasure to respond to this toast in Chicago. . . .

"We are Americans reunited, with no contest except in generous rivalry to advance the welfare of our country; yet cherishing, but without bitterness, these proud memories, with one voice proclaim:

"Fold up the banner! Smelt the guns!
Love rules. Her gentler purpose runs.
A mighty mother turns in tears
The pages of her battle years,
Lamenting all her fallen sons."

"The people of America on both sides of that conflict who sustained their convictions to the last extremity vindicated their claims to the highest standard of American citizenship. If, moved by fears for self or property, they had surrendered their principles, they would have been unfit to encumber the earth. What American would have had them do otherwise, holding the faith they did?

"Would any one, if he could, reverse their action and contemplate with equanimity the future of this country in the keeping of the cold-blooded offspring of base and calculating weaklings who deserted the traditions and political teachings of their fathers, in which they believed?

"Even looking back through the tears which these sad memories evoke—memories of suffering and distress not merely of strong men but of helpless women and children, memories of a carnival of death—Americans would not wrong the heroic spirit of that gallant people by wishing that those of either side had sought safety by bowing to the storm until its fury was spent. They would not for all the cost surrender the glorious heritage of that strife.

"In a speech made recently in Louisville, President Roosevelt said: 'In the dark days each of you fought for the right as it was given you to see the right, and each of you left to us the right to feel pride not only in your valor, but in your devotion to what you conscientiously believed your duty. And now we are all one, and as a reunited people we have the right to feel the same pride in the valor of the man who con-

scientiously risked his life in the Confederate uniform that we have in the man who fought in the blue.' Are not these utterances of our great President approved by every one here to-night?

"The solidarity of the American people after such a bloody strife is the marvel of the ages, incomprehensible to all but Americans; a possibility in America alone. In 1863, when our country was rent in twain by civil war and no man knew its issues or what would be the fate of this republic, Abraham Lincoln, standing on the historic heights of Gettysburg, yet dyed with the crimson flush that poured from the wounds of twenty thousand Americans who had met each other in the shock of battle, proclaimed that this 'government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth.' The Confederate soldiery and all of the people of the South to-day confirm for our generation that high prophecy. . . .

"As evidence of a reunited country, we have come to witness what thirty years ago no man would have believed a possibility—a Confederate Congressman at the head of the Department of Justice; a Confederate colonel Postmaster-General; three Confederate soldiers on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States; a Confederate soldier who invaded the great State of Ohio under the leadership of John Morgan, and who was imprisoned at Columbus, sitting in judgment on the property and lives of the people of that State; another, both a Confederate and a Democrat, by the appointment of a Republican President, Governor of the Philippines; and another, bearing on his person the scars received in battling for the Confederacy, standing before the assembled battle ships of the world on the flagship of our navy as the representative of the navy of the United States.

"The spirit of brotherhood that triumphed over all the bitter passions and fierce councils that followed victory is an essential and resplendent part of this marvelous and thrilling picture of a people still possessed of a country, part of a gov-



MAJ. D. W. SANDERS, LOUISVILLE,
Who served on the staff of Maj. G. S. G. Freich, C. S. A.

ernment whose allegiance they had renounced, whose power they vainly sought to overthrow, joyfully, of their own free will, hailing the flag of that still dominant government as their own flag, and exulting in its proud history as a part of their inalienable birthright."

REMINISCENCE OF JOHNSON'S ISLAND PRISON.

BY CAPT. M. W. SIMS, BRYAN, TEX.

I see in the March VETERAN the article by Capt. A. O. P. Nicholson, of Columbia, Tenn., who occupied the same room (No. 10, Block 2) in Johnson's Island Prison that I did. I was there in August and September, 1863. I recall Col. Nixon, Col. Robertson, Maj. Bate, "Bill" Minor, and Capt. George Ralston. The last-named and I were captured together at Natchez, Miss., soon after the fall of Vicksburg.

We were a *rich* mess—paid a Confederate captain to cook for us. "Bill" Minor had friends in New York, Hall and Hildreth, former lessees of the St. Charles Hotel in New Orleans, who sent him money and cases of liquors; Col. I. O. Nixon's old partner had been lessee of the St. Charles Theater in New Orleans (Johnny Owens, the actor, was in New York, and kept him supplied with wines, etc.); while the writer had fifty dollars in greenbacks, sent him by a lady friend in Glasgow, Mo.—so that up to the time I left, the later part of September, 1863, we "lived high."

I was sent for by Maj. Hoffman, the commandant, and on going to his headquarters was notified to be ready to leave next morning, as I was to be sent to Gen. Grant at Vicksburg for special exchange. All exchange of prisoners had been discontinued; but Gen. E. Kirby Smith had captured Gen. Grant's brother-in-law, Dent, who promised that if released he would have me released also; hence the order for me to report to Gen. Grant for special exchange. On my arrival at Vicksburg, I found that I had been charged with shooting some prisoners at Milliken Bend, La., and had been sentenced to death—quite a change from my expected liberty. I was placed in a cell in the Vicksburg jail, where I was when the battle of Chickamauga was fought. Thomas called for reinforcements, and all available troops in Vicksburg were hurried forward to Chattanooga. All the prisoners in Vicksburg, including myself, were ordered to be sent to the "Irving Block," in Memphis. We were placed on a boat one dark, rainy night. About an hour before day I jumped overboard aft of the wheel room and swam ashore.

I doubt very much if any of that mess, or occupants of Room 10, Block 2, are living other than Capt. Nicholson, Maj. Bate, and the writer.

ZEALOUS DAUGHTERS IN CALIFORNIA.

The R. E. Lee Chapter, No. 278, U. D. C., Los Angeles, Cal., is doubtless one of the most active in the Pacific Division. It has a membership of one hundred and sixty-five, and its meetings are now held at the Woman's Club House, the attendance being too large for private homes, as was formerly the rule. At the last meeting it was voted that their main work be the furnishing and support of a room in the Confederate Home at Richmond, Va., for needy Confederate women. This Chapter will also undertake the compilation of a Southern cookbook, the reputation of the Southern people for good cooking being a guarantee in advance of good sales in that Western country.

The birthday of Gen. Lee is always celebrated by this Chapter, and on the 19th of January last a delightful pro-

gramme was rendered, after which refreshments were served. An address was delivered by Mr. John W. Mitchell, a native son of Virginia, now an attorney of Los Angeles. Many of the Southern States are represented in this society, and such entertainments as this are pleasant reminders of the dear land from which they are so widely separated.

CAPTURING THE NEGRO FLAG.

BY LIEUT. W. E. WINSTON, ROSWELL, N. MEX.

At the suggestion of Comrade Cullins in the March VETERAN I wish to say that I was present at the capture of the negro flag of the Thirteenth United States Colored Infantry. Knox, who was first lieutenant of Company B, Thirty-Sixth Alabama, captured this flag. Carpenter was captain of Company B, Thirty-Sixth Alabama. He and I were captured at Spanish Fort just prior to the surrender. Holtzclaw's Brigade, composed of the Eighteenth, Thirty-Sixth, Thirty-Eighth, and the Fifty-Eighth and Thirty-Second consolidated Alabama Regiments, were on the right-hand side of the turnpike. Gibson's Louisiana Brigade held the left of the turnpike, facing Nashville, and Walthall's or Stovall's were to our right, a battery being between our right and their left. This battery was entirely demolished before the Yankees made their charge, which charge was made against Holtzclaw's front. A regiment of negroes came in front, supported by three or four lines of white soldiers. We had cut down some trees and piled the logs up for a breastwork, putting the brush about twenty or thirty feet in front of our works. I do not think that Lieut. Knox killed the color bearer—in fact, I am sure that there was not a *standing* man in sight when Lieut. Knox went after the flag, which I know he brought in with him.

Lieut. Knox, if living, could verify this statement, as could many others of the Thirty-Sixth Alabama Regiment. Right there was one of the hottest fights I was ever in. After the retreat of the Yanks, shooting was kept up at everything that moved in our front, and I am sure that every negro who escaped made believe that *he was dead*. I am of the opinion that Lieut. Knox sent this flag home.

I first joined the Confederate army in Company D, First North Carolina, from Chapel Hill—Dick Ashe, captain; D. H. Hill, colonel; C. C. Lee, lieutenant colonel; Lane, major. After the Bethel fight R. F. Hoke was our major, and a fine man he was, whom I remember with the greatest kindness, as I do every member of Company D, who always treated me with great kindness during my soldiering among them. Should any one of this old company read this, I wish he would write me. Ben. M. Hord was also a member of this company, to whom I was warmly attached and from whom I should be greatly pleased to hear. After the term of service expired with the First North Carolina, I returned to my native State, Alabama, and helped to raise and drill Company A, Thirty-Sixth Alabama Regiment of Infantry. Capt. Carpenter and I were captured at Spanish Fort just prior to the surrender, tented and messed together on Ship Island and New Orleans, thence on the hurricane deck of the Mollie Able to Vicksburg, thence to Black River and turned loose. I was first lieutenant of Company A, Thirty-Sixth Alabama, for two years.

John S. Dunlap, of Paris, Tenn., needs January and March, 1893, and March, 1895, to complete his file of the VETERAN. Write him if you have these copies that you will dispose of.

BURIED BY HIS CLASSMATES—THE ENEMY.

BY GEN. G. P. THRUSTON, U. S. A., NASHVILLE, TENN.

I find in a memorial volume of Miami University, in Ohio, a most interesting account of the death and burial of Joel Allen Battle, Jr., adjutant of the 20th Tennessee Regiment, Confederate, commanded by Col. Joel A. Battle, his father. He was a favorite student of that university before the war. It was a strange and pathetic story, and I am sure it will be of interest to his family and friends in Tennessee.

I was an intimate friend and college mate of Allen Battle at the university (we all called him Allen). I remember him as if he were before me now—a handsome young Southern student, refined, with intellectual face, graceful and cordial in manner. He seemed indeed an ideal type of young



JOEL ALLEN BATTLE.

American manhood, and was greatly beloved by all his associates. After his graduation he married in Ohio, and we expected him to settle permanently in that State; but the War between the States broke out, and he soon returned to Tennessee and became an officer in his father's regiment.

In March, 1862, my regiment, the 1st Ohio Infantry, was encamped south of Nashville, and I had charge of the picket line on the Franklin Pike near the Overton residence. One day a physician of the neighborhood came to the picket post on the pike seeking to pass the lines. He proved to be Dr. W. C. Blackman, a typical Southern gentleman, and the acquaintance thus made ripened later into a lasting friendship. I at once asked him if he knew Joel Allen Battle. "Know him?" he replied; "he is my near kinsman." Dr. Blackman insisted later that I go to his house and meet and dine with Allen's wife and sisters. His invitation was so hearty that I consented, although his home was beyond our lines; but I realized at once that he was a gentleman of high character and felt safe in his promised protection. There I met Allen's family and friends. Far apart as we were in other

ways, we all loved Allen, and I was received by them with kind, cordial consideration.

Our Union forces, under Gen. Buell, were then on their way South to join Gen. Grant's army at Pittsburg Landing, and the 20th Tennessee Regiment, under Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, was not far away. As I rose to leave the party I remarked to the young ladies that when we got down there and captured Col. Battle and Allen I would see that they received the kindest treatment. "I assure you, sir," said one of his sisters with a smile, "that they will have no occasion to accept of your kindness. It will be more than you can do to take care of your own scalp," and thus we parted.

Our army soon reached the bloody battlefield of Shiloh. Alas! the dear, handsome young Allen was killed in the forefront of the fight, and gallant old Col. Battle, his father, was captured. How strange and sad the incident! Allen was discovered among the slain the next morning, and three of his classmates in the Union army (two of them his roommates) buried him on the fatal field—buried him as tenderly and sorrowfully as if he were a brother.

The following account of his burial, printed in the memorial volume, was written by Maj. John R. Chamberlain, of the 81st Ohio Regiment, one of Allen's class associates at Miami University. It illustrates in full relief the tragedy and pathos of the War between the States:

"THE BURIAL OF JOEL ALLEN BATTLE, OF TENNESSEE.

"The last time I saw Allen alive was in June, 1858, at Miami University the year I graduated. When I saw him next it was on April 8, 1862, dead in the camp of Hurlbert's Division on the battlefield of Shiloh. There were watching over him John C. Lewis, of Elizabethtown, Ohio, then adjutant of the 41st Illinois, and Cliff Ross, late of Terre Haute, Ind., adjutant of the 31st Indiana. Both these young men had been classmates and roommates of Allen Battle's at Miami University. It was in the front of these regiments to which these young men belonged that he was killed on Sunday, April 6, 1862. They found his body on the field and brought it to the camp of the 31st Indiana for burial.

"His regiment, the 20th Tennessee, was a member of that Tennessee brigade which had been driven back again and again by Hurlbert's troops until it refused to obey orders [(?)—ED. VETERAN] to advance any more. It was while leading this brigade into action after its refusal that Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, of the Confederate army, was killed and Hurlbert's troops were forced to retire from its front. In these historic charges the 20th Tennessee, of which Battle was adjutant, distinguished itself by holding its ground and keeping up the fight when all other regiments of the brigade had retreated. John C. Lewis, Cliff Ross, and myself attended to his burial. A rude coffin made of cracker boxes contained his body when it was let down into a deep grave, where it was buried on sloping ground in the rear of the 31st Indiana Regiment. There was no name put at the head of the grave, and the earth was beaten down flat so that the place could not be recognized by those who had no business to know it. About twenty paces from the grave stood a large black oak tree. I cut with an ax a big chip out of the tree facing the grave, so as to guide us in finding the spot should we ever be required to do so.

"Adjutant John C. Lewis had called at the camp of my regiment on Monday night of the last day of the battle and said to me: 'I think we have Battle over at our camp. We're going to bury him to-morrow afternoon, and I want you to come over and see if you can recognize him.' Though the

two Union adjutants had no doubt about his identity, they wanted to leave me free to form a judgment myself. No man who had ever seen Joel Allen Battle could have had any doubt about the identity of that body. There was a smile on his face, the right hand was raised, the forefinger extended as if pointing to some object, and his lips looked as if he were speaking when the fatal bullet struck him down. I have never been to that spot since, and at last accounts from his friends I learn that his body had not been removed. None of us three who knew him in life, as we stood and saw the earth covering his dead body, had any other thought than that we were laying to his last rest a gallant soldier, a sincere man, who thought that the right was a thing to die for at need, and that he believed with all his ardent soul that the cause in which he fought was just and righteous."

Gen. Thruston had an enviable record as an officer in the Federal army, rising from the rank of captain to that of brevet brigadier general. He received compliments and promotions that placed his name high upon the roll of honor. His gallantry at the battle of Murfreesboro came under the special notice of Gen. Rosecrans, who promoted him on the battlefield and placed him upon his staff, as may be seen by the following telegram to the War Department:

"HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE CUMBERLAND,
MURFREESBORO, TENN., February 13, 1863.

"Brig. Gen. L. Thomas, Adjt. Gen. U. S. A., Washington. D. C.

"Please have Capt. G. P. Thruston, 1st Ohio Volunteer Infantry, appointed my senior aid de camp, with the rank of major. His gallantry saved the ammunition train of the right wing at the battle of Stone's River.

"W. S. ROSECRANS, Major General Commanding.

"Official: HENRY STONE, Assistant Adjutant General."

Gen. Thruston was also brevetted brigadier general at the special request of Maj. Gen. George H. Thomas for bravery and special services at Chickamauga in being the first officer to cross the gap in the Federal line on the right to Gen. Thomas's position on Snodgrass Hill and giving him valuable information and assistance in bringing up reinforcements.

The following circular letter, written by Lieut. Col. Thruston as chief of staff of the right wing of Gen. Rosecrans's army a short time before the battle of Chickamauga, is a credit to his heart and sense of humanity, showing his efforts in the midst of the horrors of war to conduct its operations upon humane principles:

"HEADQUARTERS 20TH ARMY CORPS,
WINCHESTER, TENN., July 11, 1863.

"General: Gen. McCook desires you to carry into execution in your command the instructions contained in the inclosed letter. While he appreciates the condition in which your troops have been placed and the necessity of foraging upon the country for supplies, he wishes every effort made to maintain discipline and protect private property from willful and needless depredations.

"The great majority of the people of this country are disloyal, and he is willing to see them deprived, in a proper manner, of whatever is essential to the support and safety of the army, provided sufficient subsistence is left in all cases to supply the present necessities of families.

"Disloyalty does not forfeit the rights of humanity, which every true soldier will respect.

"All forage, provisions, and animals required for the use of the army must be taken and receipted for by regimental, brigade, and division quartermasters.

"All officers are authorized and directed to arrest thieves, pillagers, and stragglers.

"I am, General, very respectfully your obedient servant.

"G. P. THRUSTON,

Assistant Adjutant General and Chief of Staff."

ORDER OF GEN. THRUSTON'S PROMOTIONS.

Captain 1st Ohio Infantry, 1861; major and assistant adjutant general United States Volunteers, February 13, 1863, senior aid de camp Gen. Rosecrans; lieutenant colonel and assistant adjutant general, chief of staff 20th Army Corps, February 16, 1863, Gen. McCook; judge advocate Department of the Cumberland, staff of Maj. Gen. George H. Thomas, October, 1863-64; brevet colonel and brevet brigadier general United States Volunteers, March, 1865.

At the close of the War between the States Gen. Thruston married and settled in Nashville. During the troubles and disorders of the reconstruction period as an ex-Federal officer he was most considerate and influential in seeing that justice was done by the Federal authorities to the people of this section. He appeared at Washington before the Reconstruction Committee and gave his testimony and read an elaborate protest against placing Tennessee under a military governor. With other ex-Federal officers he also assisted earnestly in restoring the suffrage rights to all ex-Confederates. As a citizen of Nashville he has been prominent and progressive in various public and educational enterprises. After the war he assisted in reorganizing the Tennessee Historical Society, and for many years has been its Vice President, devoting much time to historical and archaeological researches. His elaborately illustrated work upon the "Antiquities of Tennessee" has passed through two editions, and has deservedly given him a wide reputation throughout this country as an archaeologist and historian.



GEN. G. P. THRUSTON.

It is an interesting circumstance that Miss Ida Hamilton, of Nashville, who became Gen. Thruston's first wife, was a great friend of Col. Battle, the commander of the 20th Tennessee Regiment, and that before he went into the war he carried to her a lot of gold and some jewelry and valuables, asking her to keep them until he returned from the war. She sealed up these valuables in the cellar wall with cement and returned them to him when he returned from the war.

CAPT. W. P. TOLLEY CORRECTS AN ERROR.—Introductory to a tribute paid the late Gen. W. B. Bate in the May VETERAN, reference was made to Capt. W. P. Tolley, who furnished the tribute of the Bivouac, as the "first captain of the first company from Tennessee to enlist in the Confederate service." Capt. Tolley states, while expressing regret at the prominence

given him personally in the tribute, that he was not the captain of the first company to go from Tennessee until its reorganization at the expiration of a year's service. He was then elected captain and commanded the company until permanently disabled in the battle of Gaines's Mill.

AWFUL FATE OF A HEROIC GEORGIAN.

BY DR. J. M. BANDY, GREENSBORO, N. C.

On the 17th of last March, forty years ago, I painfully witnessed, near Smithfield, N. C., the sad execution of a poor Confederate soldier belonging, I think, to Company B, 27th Georgia Regiment. I am not sure of the number.

The circumstances, as I remember them, are as follows: My command, 3d Regiment Junior Reserves, Hoke's Division, Hardee's Corps, had reached this point March 16 on our way to the battle of Averysboro. The fight at Averysboro closed on the night of the 16th, and Slocum's Corps was headed for Bentonville. My command remained at this place during the 17th. Early, however, on the 17th a rumor found its way among the soldiers that a Georgian was to be shot for mutiny. This soldier had been in all the hard-fought bat-

tles of Virginia until his command was transferred from Virginia to repel the attack on Fort Fisher. After the fall of Fort Fisher, some poor, hungry soldiers killed some hogs above Wilmington, N. C. For this offense they were bucked and gagged. This was the more excusable as they felt that Sherman's "bummers" would get the hogs, and so some of the soldiers released these gagged soldiers. The prick of a bayonet by the guard in charge of these bucked soldiers was found on this Georgia soldier, whose name, as I remember it, was G. W. Ore. He was court-martialed and sentenced to be shot, but was offered his life if he would reveal the other participants, but said that he would die before he would do it.

These are the circumstances as I remember them after forty years.

The whole army about me was opposed to this decree. Some regiments threatened to interfere. The three regiments of Junior Reserves were on the field of execution. I was in command of my company, being second lieutenant, and stood within one hundred feet of the grave of this unfortunate man. A stake was driven in the ground a few feet in front of his grave. To this stake he was lashed, after being made to kneel. At the command "Fire" by the officer of the guard this doomed man said: "Farewell, vain world." I saw the blood spurt from his back, while the bullets shivered the stake to which he was tied. The place was a cotton field.

I visited this scene some five years ago, and found it overgrown with old field pines. I am sure that I stood on the place of his grave, though no visible sign remained. I was conducted to the place by an old negro who lived near by at the time, who had lived all these years in the vicinity, and who witnessed the execution. The wind was blowing softly through the pine boughs. As I stood on the ground the mournful dirge of those winds over the resting place of this soldier, sleeping far away from home and hearing of wars no more, was in fit keeping with the sad event. I recalled the dead march played by a band as he was marched around the square formed by the brigade. While sitting there it occurred to me that some one interested in this man, some relative, perhaps, might like to mark the place where he sleeps. I am a Tar Heel, and went to the war when not fourteen years old.

"God bless the Georgians!" Their bones lie side by side with those of the Tar Heels on the battlefields of Virginia. The clover grows greener where they sleep. Will any comrade who knows give his name, company, and regiment correctly? The public would be interested in a more accurate and complete report of this affair.

WISHES TO RETURN A SWORD.

BY HON. F. M. GRIFFITH, VEVAY, IND.

The G. A. R. Post at Columbus, Ind., has in its possession a sword that belonged to a Confederate officer, and the man who had it placed it in the possession of the Post, with directions for it to be returned to the owner or his relatives if they could be discovered. On the blade of the sword is engraved: "Lieut. Col. D. M. Ray, 2d Tennessee Cavalry, C. S. A." It was captured in battle near Mobile, Ala., in 1864. If you can put me in communication with any one that can give me any information on the subject, I will appreciate it. I have no doubt the owner or his relatives would prize it highly.

[The foregoing was addressed to Hon. James D. Richardson, long a member of Congress from Tennessee.]



MISS ELIZABETH SINNOTT, PADUCAH,
Maid of Honor Army of Tennessee Department. Appointed by Gen. Evans.

JOHN CABELL BRECKINRIDGE.

[A portrait of Gen. John C. Breckinridge, painted by Nicolai Marshall, of Louisville, was presented by Col. Bennett H. Young to the Robert E. Lee Camp of United Confederate Veterans at Richmond, Va., on March 24. The only other Kentucky soldier represented in the collection so far is Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston. In his speech of presentation Col. Young said:]

To most of us Kentuckians a return to Virginia is a homecoming. To me the name ever arouses the noblest and purest emotions. As the Mohammedan is ever turning his face Meccaward and exclaiming, "Allah is Great!" so my heart is always delighted to face Virginiaward and review its glorious history and the superb achievements of her people.

One hundred and twenty-five years ago Virginia sent much of her best blood into Kentucky, and the impress of this superb strain has never ceased to influence, control, and guide the men who have directed the destiny of Virginia's first and ever-grateful daughter, Kentucky. We recognize the tremendous value and the incalculable benefits of this magnificent inheritance, and I prize more than I can tell this privilege of bearing to you the greetings of my native commonwealth when I come to place amongst your memorial treasures a painting of a Virginia-Kentuckian, whose career reflects credit on this State, from which his father, grandfather, and great-grandfather came, and whose life did much to honor the people amongst whom his ancestry for so many years held prominent place.

A man who at forty-four had been distinguished in the Mexican War, was elected twice as a Democrat from the

Ashland district of Kentucky, which had long been a Whig stronghold, who when he was barely eligible had been chosen Vice President of the United States, who had been a candidate for President of this republic when thirty-nine, who had served four years as presiding officer of the Senate of the United States, and had then been elected a Senator from Kentucky, who by courage and gallantry had won reputation both as a brigadier general and major general, and then made last Secretary of War of the Confederate States, must surely have been a man who impressed himself upon all who came in contact with him and have been possessed of extraordinary brilliancy and power.

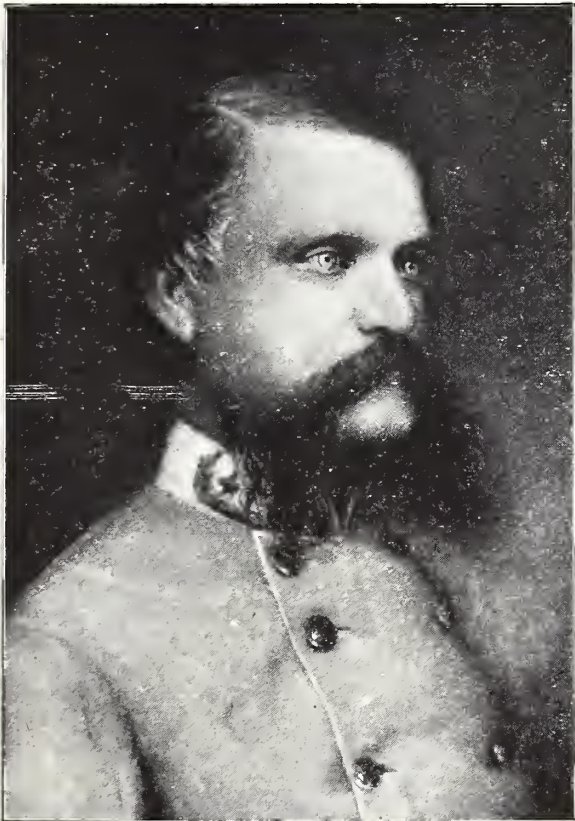
Such are some of the salient points in the life of John Cabell Breckinridge. Born in Lexington, Ky., on the 16th of January, 1821, he came of a wonderful race of people. His father, a lawyer, at twenty-nine years of age had been twice elected to the Kentucky House of Representatives, and was Secretary of State three times before his death, at thirty-five.

His grandfather, John Breckinridge, at only forty-five had been twice Speaker of the Kentucky Legislature, a United States Senator, and Attorney-General of the Cabinet of Thomas Jefferson. His mother was the daughter of the President of Princeton College, and her mother was the wife of John Witherspoon, who had signed the Declaration of Independence and was a direct descendant from John Knox. Even in Virginia, with its marvelous genealogy, radiant with intellectual and physical glory, his descent would have been distinguished.

Gen. Breckinridge graduated at Centre College when eighteen years of age. In 1847, when twenty-six years old, he was appointed major of the 3d Kentucky Volunteers, and served in Mexico with credit to himself until the close of that war.

On the 22d of February, 1847, at the battle of Buena Vista, under Gen. Zachary Taylor, Kentucky had made offering of her noblest blood in defense of national honor. William R. McKee, colonel, Henry Clay, Jr., lieutenant colonel, and W. T. Willis, captain, 2d Kentucky Infantry, had been part of Kentucky's and the nation's sacrifice in that conflict. On the 20th of July, 1847, their bodies were brought to Kentucky and laid to rest in the State Cemetery at Frankfort, under the shadow of the superb monument erected by the commonwealth in memory of her sons who had fallen in war. On that day two men took part in the imposing ceremonies which marked the interment of these heroic Kentuckians. John C. Breckinridge was orator of the day, and the night before, under the inspiration of his Heaven-given genius, Theodore O'Hara, another Confederate soldier, had produced the only really great military poem of the world—"The Bivouac of the Dead." The words of that glorious song of the soldier's brain will live forever; and no man who shall in the years to come feel the inspiration of the Muse can coin any rhyme that will equal that which flowed from the pen of that gifted son of Kentucky, as in the midnight hours he wrestled and struggled to find words which should describe the sacrifice Kentucky's sons had made on the heights of Buena Vista for their country and its flag.

Before this audience it will not be held boastful or improper to say that when the Federal authorities had ransacked the world's lore, when the genius of all ages had been placed under requisition to find words suitable to mark the places where their dead rested—that, although desiring to



GEN. JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE.

avoid the use of these verses of a Confederate soldier, they were at last compelled to adopt them and place them over their heroes as the most fitting of all language to tell of their fame and their deeds; and so in the national cemeteries, where rest the Federal soldier, there is inscribed on iron plates, imperishable and indestructible, those wonderful lines of Kentucky's son to her Kentucky and Mexican dead.

The oration of Breckinridge on that occasion was full of grand and magnificent thoughts. He did not then realize that in less than two months he himself would volunteer to fight the battles of his country where these heroes had fallen.

On the 31st of August, 1847, the United States government made another requisition on Kentucky. The 3d Regiment was organized, and John C. Breckinridge was appointed its major. Returning from Mexico after a most creditable service, in 1849 he was elected a member of the Legislature of Kentucky. This was his first political office. In 1851 he defeated in Henry Clay's own district Clay's friend, Gen. Leslie Coombs, then deservedly one of the most popular men in Kentucky. Gen. Coombs's conduct in the War of 1812, his heroism, his courage, and his daring, had given him a warm place in the hearts of his people; but his age, achievement, and renown could not avail against the marvelous personality of the brilliant young Democrat. At the next election the most popular Whig in Kentucky, ex-Gov. Robert Letcher, was selected with the hopes that he might defeat the rising and brilliant young politician. Although a boy just ten years old, I recall the debate between these great politicians, and for the first time then looked upon the features of John C. Breckinridge. Too young for politics of my own, I naturally adopted that of my father, who was a warm and earnest adherent of Henry Clay; but child as I was, I realized when I heard these two intellectual giants discuss the topics of the day that my man, Robert Letcher, was no match for the chivalrous, handsome, talented youthful champion of Democracy. Thirty years before, Gov. Letcher had been in Congress for ten years; twelve years before, he had been elected Governor of Kentucky by an overwhelming majority; now a great stump speaker, a bright, witty man, in full maturity of all his powers—he was no foeman for the young lawyer just turned into his thirty-third year. In 1855 Breckinridge had been tendered the mission to Spain by President Pierce. In 1856 he was nominated and elected on the ticket with James Buchanan Vice President of the United States, and at the time of taking his office was barely eligible. After four years' service as presiding officer of the Senate, he was nominated for President of the United States, and defeated by Abraham Lincoln. On the 12th of December, 1859, he was elected by a Democratic Legislature as United States Senator, to serve six years from March 4, 1861.

This was an unparalleled record in a State like Kentucky for a man just thirty-nine years of age. He took his seat in the United States Senate in the beginning of 1861. He had returned to his home in September of that year, and secret orders were given for his arrest on account of his Southern sympathies. Being warned of the purpose of the Federal forces to effect his capture, he left his home. He did not hesitate violently to denounce the violent schemes of the revolutionists then in charge of the State government and to defend the South against the assaults upon her good name.

He reached this city in September, 1861, and was appointed brigadier general, and on the 16th of November of the same

year, at Bowling Green, he assumed charge of what is known in history as the "Orphan Brigade." He issued an address to the people of Kentucky which contained, among others, these thrilling words: "To defend your birthright and mine, which is more precious than domestic ease or property or life, I exchange with proud satisfaction a term of six years in the Senate of the United States for the musket of a soldier."

The die was now cast. Breckinridge and his Kentuckians had abandoned their homes and their families and their property to the mercy of their enemies; they swore allegiance to the South and its cause; and I challenge history to produce a better example of unselfish, unfaltering devotion to any cause than was manifested by these sons of Kentucky in the great conflict for the rights and liberties of the South. I think I may hazard the assertion that there was never any other organization of equal numbers that had so many educated and well-bred men. They were largely from the pioneer stock which Virginia had sent over the mountains to people this new commonwealth, and they were always proud and self-respecting. They recognized the glorious memories which had come to them from their Virginia forefathers, and they had taken the State pride of Virginia and grafted upon it the independence, the gallantry, the recklessness and dash of the Kentucky pioneer. The name Kentuckian always touched them to the quick and gave them a feeling of pride in defending it from dishonor or shame. They represented all portions of the commonwealth. They were almost altogether men under thirty years of age—they came with the history and traditions of this great State ever before them. Their forefathers had followed Harrison and Shelby to the Thames. Some of their forefathers had died at the Rasin.



MISS LUCY EVANS, ATLANTA,
Daughter of Gen. C. A. Evans and Sponsor for Ga. Div., Louisville reunion.

Some had been with Croghan at Fort Stephenson. Many were descended from the Kentuckians who had followed Scott to the home of the Montezumas or who had fought with Taylor on the heights of Buena Vista.

This Kentucky infantry was in the West what Stonewall's brigade was in the East. When application was made to Gen. Joseph E. Johnston to transfer the Orphan Brigade from the Army of Tennessee to Southwestern Virginia, and



MISS SCARBOROUGH, AMERICUS, GA.,
Chief Maid of Honor for Miss Evans.

President Davis offered to furnish Gen. Johnston an equivalent for this Orphan Brigade, he replied: "The President has no equivalent for it. It is the best brigade in the Confederate army."

Long after the war had ended and when its bias and prejudices had had time to cool, when he was United States Railroad Commissioner, he declared that the Kentucky brigade was the finest body of men he ever saw.

In 1896 Dr. Philip Coombs Knapp, in discussing the question, "Are Nervous Diseases Increasing?" said: "Up to the period of the War between the States Americans were denounced as physically degenerate, inferior in bulk, strength, and endurance to their English cousins. This war put an end to such talk. No armies ever endured more than ours in the field; no people endured more than those who stayed behind waiting and helping. The record of the 1st Kentucky Brigade has never been surpassed. These men were of the purest American stock."

Gen. Breckinridge for a long time commanded this wonderful body of soldiers, and it was his magnificent presence and his noble consecration to the cause of liberty and truth that in great degree made this Kentucky infantry the equal of any similar number of men who ever followed any flag or fought for any cause.

My space will not permit any lengthy account of Gen. Breckinridge's war record. The names of the great conflicts in which he was engaged will be the best tribute to his gallantry, courage, and skill. Wherever Gen. Breckinridge was, there always was severe and brilliant fighting. His charge at Murfreesboro (Stone's River) on Friday, January 2, 1863,

was one of the most brilliant, and proportionately one of the most destructive, of all the infantry charges of the world. Under the concentrated fire of more than sixty pieces of ordnance, this little division of about four thousand men marched down the valley. Subjected to this terrible artillery fire under protection of the Federal infantry, they pushed on until absolute decimation drove them back. The falling of timbers, the crashing of arms, the volley of missiles, the bursting of shells, the groans of the wounded, the shouting of the officers mingled in one horrible din. It seemed almost impossible for men to live in the leaden storm that was hurled at this single division. The whole conflict lasted less than an hour; the carnage less than twenty minutes. Seventeen hundred, or more than thirty-seven per cent of the advancing column, had gone down in the conflict. It was necessary to pass an open space of six hundred yards. At four o'clock the signal was sounded, the charge was made, the ground was won, but it was commanded by the enemy's batteries. In the Kentucky Brigade on that day more than thirty-eight per cent of all who started on the charge were killed or wounded.

Gen. Breckinridge on this occasion won new laurels by his gallantry. He ordered the assault after protest and against his judgment, but he led it gloriously. Losses at Murfreesboro on both sides aggregated twenty thousand, and again in a conflict where mortality was so dreadful Gen. Breckinridge secured the admiration of all who witnessed his knightly bravery and his soldiery leadership. At Chickamauga, that field of blood, Gen. Breckinridge's conduct was again marked by the highest courage and skill.

Going from the West to Southwest Virginia, Gen. Breckinridge maintained his high position as an organizer and leader and successful soldier; but it is about New Market that the most heroic of Virginia memories are connected with this soldier. With a small infantry force, half that of his opponent, he pursued, overtook, and destroyed Gen. Sigel. In that battle his forces were so few that he could have no reserve, and he must therefore cast the fortunes of the hour upon the desperate chances of a single line.

If I had been permitted by destiny to choose my place in the great conflict of the War between the States, I believe I should have designated New Market, Brice's Cross Roads, and Cold Harbor as the struggles where I should most of all have wished to be in the two thousand battles which marked the four years under which the South passed through the furnace of affliction.

At New Market the Virginia cadets won glorious immortality. I have often heard Gen. Breckinridge describe the emotions that filled his heart when he was compelled to sign the order under which the cadets were directed to enter this struggle. Close to forty years have elapsed since I listened to this narrative from his own lips. I had no idea then, an exile with Gen. Breckinridge in foreign lands, a member of his family, that I should ever be permitted to stand in Richmond and tell the story as he told it to me. This recital never failed to stir the most generous impulses of his noble heart. I pleaded with him to tell it to me many times, and he always did it with reluctance. Invariably, irresistibly, the tear would start in his eye and sadness overspread his face when he recalled the scenes of that memorable day in May, 1864. It was a distressful thought to him that the exigencies of war required the sacrifice of these children. Long he hesitated about putting them in line at all; and when it became neces-

sary for them to charge a battery, his adjutant general urged him to sign the requisite paper which would launch them on the guns of the enemy. With trembling hands and eyes uplifted to heaven he exclaimed, "God forgive me for the execution of this order," and then affixed his signature to that which should bring these boys under terrible fire. Of some events connected with this great struggle, it may be said that they were not war; they were murder; and thus might we describe this onslaught of these little fellows upon the Federal batteries on the Virginia hillside. They charged, they fell, they died. Twenty-five per cent of them were either wounded or killed; but O what radiant record they won, what magnificent inscription they penned on the scroll of fame, what tribute they exacted from fate in their glorious assault!

Scarcely two months before the pathetic end of our Confederate national life Gen. Breckinridge was called from Southwestern Virginia to the post of Secretary of War. What tremendous courage, what grand self-possession, what noble self-denial led him in that hour to accept such a position, fraught with such immeasurable responsibilities, and to end, as he must have foreseen so clearly, in disaster and ruin! It was said that a brother of the illustrious Hannibal, when the last battle in which he was engaged was lost, as he rode upon the lances of his enemy to find death, exclaimed: "I fight without hope, and yet without fear." It was this noble, chivalrous spirit which prompted Gen. Breckinridge, when the end was so close at hand, to accept a position from which others retired in dread and painful apprehension.

There came a time when even hope failed; when armies were shattered and scattered; when Lee had surrendered and Johnston had capitulated; when the illustrious Army of Northern Virginia was paroled, and its bronzed veterans turned their tear-stained faces toward their desolate homes and took up anew the burdens of life; when the Army of Tennessee, where the rate of mortality reached the highest point, and whose unconquerable courage never failed in defeat, and all the mighty legions east of the Mississippi, which for four years had withstood the mightiest of conflicts, had stacked their arms and accepted war's stern decree; when the President of our nation went forth from its seat of government and, in sadness and gloom, yet undismayed, sought refuge south of Virginia, where were still some who clung to his fortunes and defended his person in that period of completest gloom and anguish. Even here a pitying Providence provided the retreating chieftain with protectors whose hearts still bled for the first and only Confederate President, and with him went some who, even in his reverses and humiliation, were ready to offer their lives to guard him and his Cabinet from the pursuing foe.

When the darkness of death was hovering around and over the Southern cause, when the last council of war had been called, when all was lost, Gen. Breckinridge and some of his Kentucky followers, even in such an hour as this, made declaration of their constancy and devotion to that cause to which they already had sacrificed their fortunes and now anew tendered their lives; and the history of that moment glorifies the manly courage and gives to those who participated in it a place on the brightest pages which perpetuate human heroism.

When the last sun which should ever shine on the Confederate States as an organized nation was lengthening its rays and finding repose in the mysterious depths of its westward

course, and was sending forth a fading but sympathetic light to illumine the sad and dreary scene of a nation's dissolution; when its parting shadows made glorious and immortal the faces of the heroes who, in silent solemnity and reverential awe, looked upon the death throes of the Confederacy—it appeared to those who stood amid the terribleness of that moment to become fixed for an instant, as if to paint in fairest, brightest, and eternal colors the lineaments of those Kentucky and Tennessee cavalymen who in that supreme moment alone remained with its defenseless President.

"Fate denied us victory, but it crowned us with a glorious immortality;" and these are some of the leaflets which the Kentucky soldiery of the Confederate States offer as their contribution to the superb record of patriotism, valor, chivalry, courage, and devotion which make up the illustrious volume of Confederate history.

In giving John C. Breckinridge to the South Kentucky gave a man who was a prince amongst men; one whose career showed no failure, whose heart never felt fear; one whose soul felt no touch of littleness, whose patriotism was supreme and pure, and whose devotion to principle knew no stint.

A dreary but exciting ride through Georgia and Florida, marked everywhere by the kindness and hospitality of friends and admirers, brought the fugitive to the south coast of



MISS ANNIE JOHNSON, MT. STERLING, KY.,
Maid of Honor to Miss Wheeler.

Florida. The risk was great, with the means at his command, for the navigation of the treacherous waters ahead. Unwilling to be captured, with three friends he sailed out on the Gulf of Mexico in an open boat, and a protecting Providence enabled him to reach Cuba, after many perils, from whence he embarked to Canada and thence to Europe.

No amnesty was extended to the brave exile until four years had elapsed from the end of hostilities. After this long and weary waiting, reason had regained its sway, and Gen. Breckinridge was restored to his home and the people he had loved so well. Kentucky was a scene of great rejoicing when, after so many years of absence, her gallant and distinguished son again stood on his native heath and mingled with his fellow-citizens, who had loved him so devotedly and never refused anything they could bestow upon him. Repressing all political preferment, declining all public honors, he at once entered with energy and zeal upon the practice of his profession, which he followed with absolute devotion and brilliant success. After a few years those closest to him observed a sad and pained expression on his face, and that his step was less elastic and lacked the firmness which had marked it in the days gone by. Sickness could not dim the brightness of his piercing eye, nor could the emaciation which followed in its train slacken his love for his friends or the cordiality and tenderness of his greeting for all who saw him and knew him at his Lexington home.

In a few months it became known that an appeal must be made to surgery to prolong his years. Only fifty-four years of age, the world wondered why death should assault one whose praise was on every tongue and against whom not even

a political enemy could utter unkind or ungenerous words. He had everything to make life beautiful and hopeful. The wife who had blessed his youth with her deep and immeasurable love still stood by his side in the conflicts of life and cheered him with her smiles and benedictions. Three sons and two daughters, all worthy of his pride, made his home life ideal; and it looked hard, after the trials and disappointments, self-denials and dangers of the great war through which he had passed in cheerfulness and safety, that he should now become the victim of disease when he had scarcely entered upon the full fruition of his professional plans and ends.

Death, which hovers with such reckless footstep and knocks unbidden at every door, came his way. With sublimest courage and heroic submission he met the crisis. Refusing the benefaction of an anæsthetic, he submitted himself to the skill and advice of his surgeon. Not even an exclamation of pain came from his lips when the cruel knife entered his side.

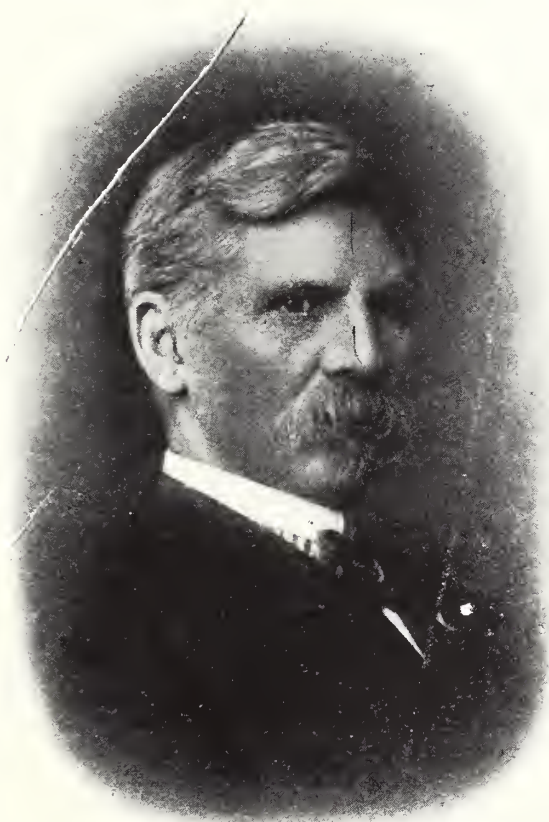
In the struggle of skill against disease, disease prevailed, and the hero of so many political battles and of a great sanguinary war yielded to that summons which admits of neither delay nor appeal, and Kentucky's noblest and most chivalrous child went away to be with the immortal. His people laid him away in the beautiful God's Half Acre where Clay, Hanson, Morgan, and other of Kentucky's illustrious children had before found sepulcher.

Alongside the courthouse in Lexington, the county seat of Fayette (one of the three counties into which Kentucky was first divided), a grateful commonwealth erected a statue of heroic size. Its face was turned toward the court room, with the hand pointing toward those walls within which his people have so often and so breathlessly listened to his marvelously ringing voice. There is inscribed on the granite naught but his name, John C. Breckinridge. That was epitaph enough amongst those with whom he lived and daily mingled, and its magic spell still inspires Kentuckians with noblest ambitions, with highest purpose, with devoted consecration to the duties of pure and upright citizenship, with truest patriotism and loftiest and grandest ideals.

COMMANDER INDIAN TERRITORY DIVISION.

Gen. J. P. Wood, Commander of the Chickasaw Brigade, Indian Territory Division of U. C. V.'s, was born in Barbour County, Ala., July 9, 1843. He entered the Confederate service in January, 1861, and served as a private in the Clayton Guards, 1st Alabama Regiment, at Pensacola, Fla., during 1861. In 1862 he assisted in raising a company, and enlisted in Company B, 39th Alabama, as second lieutenant of his company. He served continuously in the Army of Tennessee until July 28, 1864, when he was wounded in front of Atlanta, Ga. He was with Gen. Bragg's army during the campaign through Kentucky, and was the "officer of the guard" on vidette duty who received the flag of truce when the Federals surrendered at Munfordville, Ky. He was in the many skirmishes of the army during 1862-63, and was in the battles of Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, and Resaca, and was in command of his company when wounded on July 28, 1864.

In 1884, while residing in Cleburne County, Ark., Gen. Wood married Miss Lydia F. Bridwell, of Mt. Washington, Ky.; and they now reside at Ada, Ind. T., where they have a comfortable home. Gen. Wood is now sixty-two years of age, and is a lawyer of recognized ability and integrity.



BENNETT H. YOUNG.

VIVID WAR EXPERIENCES AT RIPLEY, MISS.

[C. M. Cole, of Memphis, Tenn., sends a letter written by his mother to "Cousin Blanche" in Franklin, Tenn. It was never seen by the person to whom addressed.]

RIPLEY, MISS., November 2, 1862.

My Dear Cousin Blanche: While sitting here by the fire this quiet, calm, holy Sabbath morning (how unlike the stormy days so lately passed!) it occurred to me to redeem the promise I made in my last to mother—that I would write to you next. I avail myself of the thought with some comfort, if not with gladness; for, O cousin, I have so much to tell. Just one short year ago the month of October was made a happy one to us by your and our dear mother's visit. A bitter contrast, indeed, the month just past presents. We little thought then that our quiet, isolated little town would be the theater of *war*, with every one of its grim horrors enacted in detail here in our midst, except an actual battle, and within the sound of hundreds of cannon. It is a long and sad story, cousin, and I close my eyes and press my bewildered head in the effort to bring back sense enough to enable me to tell it to you. You have no doubt heard and seen from the papers of our attempt upon Corinth and its miserable failure. "The half has never been told you," cousin; and it never will be told, for it would take every drop of the blood that has been poured out like water and a page as broad as the blue sky itself to write and contain a true history of the wrongs endured by this unhappy people. I can tell only what *we* have seen and suffered. I wrote mother a long letter, or sort of journal, giving some account of our experiences the past summer. Though bad enough, it was as but a tame preface to what has followed; and to relieve myself, at the risk of boring you with a long, stupid letter, I must tell you the whole story. The unhappy events of the last five weeks have so burned into my heart and brain that it will be a relief to tell somebody. I can yet thank God, though peace and liberty are no longer ours, we yet possess our lives and usual health.

First, to begin with, you must know that on the 28th of September Van Dorn's and Price's armies met here, "forming a junction" to march on Corinth with the intention of driving the enemy from their stronghold. Their armies, some twenty-five or thirty thousand, lay encamped in and around Ripley two days, sweeping everything that was to eat, that could be bought for love or money. Cornfields and cribs, potato patches and gardens, meat houses and pantries suffered to the last point of endurance. (We little thought that worse was in store for us.) You who live in a rich country, overflowing with the necessities and comforts of life, can form but little idea of the evils attending the march of a large army through a poor country, though that army be our friends. They left many of their sick here in hospital (Mrs. Sandford's house, between ours and Mr. Davis's, you know). Some of them were sad cases, over whom I shed the heartiest tears of sympathy that I ever shed in my life. They commenced fighting at Corinth on Friday, I think, and on Saturday harassing rumors began to reach us of the repulse of our army, and on Sunday nearly all day long the heavy boom of countless cannon reached our ears and aching hearts, keeping us in the most painful suspense, yet hoping that all was not lost, as they were still fighting. But Sunday night brought the fearful certainty of our defeat, when we were awakened at one o'clock with the heavy tread of cavalry

and baggage wagons on their retreat, and by morning the town was full of soldiers, some wounded, all famished and begging for something to eat, if but a piece of bread, and alas! all retreating before the pursuing enemy.

Cousin, this was terrible, and my heart was nearly breaking, but it had not come to the worst yet. All that miserable morning we were cooking to feed famishing men, when some officers of Van Dorn's staff arrived. (I forgot to tell you in the right place that Van Dorn and staff made our house their headquarters when on their way up to Corinth, and resumed their old quarters on their return.) And one of the officers advised papa to move his family from town, as it was probable that Van Dorn would make a stand here and give the pursuing enemy a fight. This alarm spread, and now began a scene of terror and confusion indescribable. Many fled from town, I and my children and eight of our negroes hurriedly packing what valuables we could get into our one wagon and buggy. Some of us riding, most of us walking, we bid a tearful and despairing adieu to our dear home.

O cousin, can you for a moment picture to yourself my feelings when I turned to take "a last, fond look," as I then thought, at the sweet home on which we had lavished so much of all that love of comfort could crave (that a limited purse would allow), thinking but to return and find it in ashes or at least sacked and gutted by a brutal enemy? I looked back again and again, but could not see my poor, deserted home for the blinding tears; and, to add to my distress, Sister Martha and family were undecided about leaving, and I left them harassed with suspense as to their fate. I left papa and Willie to follow at last, when all hope was gone; also to "do the honors" to Gen. Van Dorn and staff, who arrived shortly after I left. I also left Mary and George (two of the servants, you know) for the same purpose, who were to fly, too, at the last moment for safety.

Van Dorn gave papa to understand that he would not make a stand here, that there was but little danger of a fight in our immediate vicinity, and advised him to send for me to come home, as it was far better for me to be here. So he sent Willie in the night out to Mrs. Embrey's, where I had taken refuge, to tell me to come home, which I did early Tuesday morning; and well, indeed, it was for our dear home that I did. When I got within a mile of town, my heart sank when I saw the Yankee pickets, and I exclaimed to Bettie: "God help us; all is lost." We got home in safety. Not so Willie and Charlie, who were two or three hundred yards behind. The ruffians (the road was lined with them out to where the pickets were) halted Willie and made him take off his new boots and hat and sent the poor boy home almost crying in his helpless rage, bootless and hatless.

The Yankees had got in town about midnight, close on the heels of our retreating army; in fact, but three or four hours behind them. Well, indeed, it was for us, as I said before, that I got home as soon as I did; for not more than fifteen minutes after some of the ruffians entered the house, and, on seeing me, they turned short and went out saying: "This is not the place we thought it." They evidently came to pillage. They pretend that they are allowed to pillage only houses deserted by the family. We soon found out the difference between a tired and famished friendly army and a tired, famished, infuriated foe. The ruffians came into the kitchen, demanding with frightful oaths that we should cook for them; and cook for them we did, until Mary and I were both "broke down" and could do no more, threats and oaths

notwithstanding. Cousin, I know I shall be swelling my letter to an almost unpardonable length when I tell you of all the trials and indignities that we were subjected to during the five miserable days that we were held in "durance vile" by the enemy. But tell it I must, and I claim your sympathy and forbearance. Did you ever read Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner?" I, like him, would stop a "wedding guest" and compel him to listen to my story.

I now come to a part of my story, cousin, so horrible that my fainting heart almost stands still when I recall it. Our retreating army left here in hospitals large numbers of wounded (I do not recall how many) without medical attention or provisions and but few nurses. The care of the poor fellows fell heavily on the few in the distracted state of the town, Sister Martha and myself principally, we being the nearest. We did the best we could for them, sent them clothes and bedclothes and cooked for them, but the Yankee ruffians would often snatch it from the stove before it was done.

I seized a moment one day when none of the ruffians were in my house or yard and ran down to the hospital to see if I could not do something for the poor fellows, and O, my God, may I never more behold such a sight! The two rooms were crowded; the bare, hard, blood-stained floor was so nearly covered that I could scarcely pass between their miserable pallets. A few were on cots. Here lay a poor fellow shot through the lungs, every breath he drew almost a death pang, there a poor little smooth-faced, curly-haired boy only seventeen years old, with his knee and arm shattered, moaning piteously; some with their arms just cut off, some with their legs off, others wounded in every imaginable part. I spoke a few trembling, horrified words to some I passed, until I came to a poor boy shot through the bowels, who was in his last agonies, and giving vent to his dying thoughts in broken words and moans, and none to listen to him. I could brave it no longer, my woman's heart failed me, and I sank on the blood-begrimed floor by his side, crying fit to kill myself, offering such words of sympathy, comfort, and consolation as rose to my lips from my full heart. O, I thank God that he at least was "willing and ready to die, trusting and believing in God's mercy," and glad to give his life to "such a glorious cause." These were his trembling, broken, dying words.

Some of the poor fellows entreated me to take them to my house, which we did as soon as our Yankee masters would allow us, as they had to be paroled before they could be removed. We took three—with their nurses, making five—one sick and two wounded. Two got well enough to leave in a week or ten days; the other, badly wounded in the shoulder, lingered three weeks after he was wounded, and died at last, poor fellow, leaving a family of ten children near Florence, Ala.

The citizens that remained in town took the poor fellows from the hospital as fast as possible, until nearly every house is now a "private hospital." Many died at the hospital. I saw five poor fellows taken out at one time on a litter to be buried in one grave, unshrouded and uncoffined, and scarcely even a "martial cloak around them," unless their poor, soiled blankets be called such. I was seized with another fit of crying at the dismal sight, for which I was laughed at by a squad of Yankee brutes that were standing at my gate. Several have died in private houses, some have left for their homes, others will die or linger out a maimed, miserable

existence. Of all the sad phases of war, this is the most horrible I know; yet others approach it so nearly in horror that it is hard for such sufferers as we have been to decide.

I have heard of some things even worse than wounds and death. And now, cousin, while the memory is still fresh and my very pen burns to write it, listen to me while I tell you of some of the wrongs and indignities heaped upon this little rebellious town by our enemies. They broke open every store in town, of course, ruining and destroying what they did not take off. The square was strewn with goods; even the fence around the courthouse was festooned with muslins and tarlatans. They robbed the meat houses and pantries, leaving some families without a mouthful to eat. They took all the corn and fodder, took every horse worth the taking, shot down our cows and hogs wherever they found them, leaving them to rot and fill the atmosphere, already polluted with their hateful breath. Worse than all, they entered houses and addressed coarse and indecent language to women (thank God! I did not suffer this), and in two well-known cases offered worse insult still. *Are wounds and death worse?* They completely gutted houses that had been left by families too timid to stay.

I will give you Mr. Hunt's (Ellen Rogan's father, you know) as an example. They broke up the furniture, took off every article of bed clothing, clothes, and goods, cut open the beds, scattering the feathers, broke up the china and table ware, ruined the piano and sewing machine, heaped unmentionable filth on the bureaus and mantels, poured lard and messed it all over the floor, and did everything else that their diabolical ingenuity could invent. They treated some families in the country that were at home just as badly. I will give Judge Rogan's as another example. They took everything they had in the world to eat and wear—bedclothes and goods that the family had laid up—and they went two days without anything to eat, and afraid to go out after it. His two daughters spent one night in the woods, fearing for their lives and for their honor. The Yankees took off three or four hundred negroes from the town and vicinity. Scarcely an owner but lost some. Many had been sent off down South the day before the Yankees got in. "Our loss" in that respect was our gain, for every soul on the place was sincerely rejoiced when old Nelse (our "boss" negro, you know) took his departure for Yankeedom. Mr. Davis lost none, having sent off those he suspected of being unfaithful.

The last night of their stay in this place was the climax of our miseries. I haven't words to express the horror of that night. We suspected late in the evening that we were to have a bad night of it, from the conduct of some of the brutes, and papa and I concluded not to go to bed and to keep lights burning, determined that we would not be "caught napping" when our fate came, whatever it was. The first "warning note" came about eleven o'clock, when it was presumed, I suppose, that innocence and helplessness ought to be asleep. A woman's screams smote upon our ears, scream after scream for ten minutes at least (it seemed an age to me), then all was still. We knew not whether help had come to the poor sufferer or that some dread crime had been committed and the victim silenced. Midnight passed and all was yet still, and hope began to whisper that villainy was satiated, and that we, Sister Martha, and her helpless daughters would escape. Not yet. Again the despairing shrieks of a woman and her children reached us from another part of town, and again and again during that long, long night

December 28, 1862.

these screams were heard. O, my God! were they all brutes that their officers would not or could not prevent these outrages? A nameless dread seized me, and I shook and shivered with an ague. Our glowing fire could not warm me. O, cousin, can you imagine how frightful all this was? for I am utterly unable to tell it.

Well, our turn came at last, and papa had made up his mind to submit quietly, if possible. The ruffians knocked at the door (or rather "lumbered") and demanded admittance. Papa opened the door and asked to know their business. One raised his pistol and ordered him to stand, while the others proceeded to sack the house; but we were pretty well prepared for them, and they found but little to reward their pains. After rummaging and pulling out the contents of every trunk, drawer, box, and satchel, one of them placed his pistol against papa's breast and demanded his purse and watch. Papa meekly "forked" his purse over, with twenty-five or thirty dollars in Confederate bills (he had stocked it for them, and was afraid to offer less), and politely informed them that he had no watch; hadn't worn one in ten years. They annihilated him with curses and threats, and demanded to know if that was all his money, what he had done with it, and if there was not a gold watch in the house. Then my poor, dear, good, honest papa told the first untruth I ever heard him utter.

Fifty dollars would cover our losses on that night, and glad, indeed, was I to escape so lightly. But no money could hire me to undergo such another night of fear and dread. When they left, I went to the door and listened anxiously for the alarm from Sister Martha, for I knew she was alone and had been kept in such nervous terror for the last five days and nights; but I could not hear her, and in a few minutes she sent one of the negroes for Willie and one of our soldiers we had here (one of our hospital nurses) to come and stay with her until morning. The ruffians had been there and tried to break in, rousing her from sleep, but she screamed so and got the servants all up that the rascals thought it better to let her alone. Poor Sister Martha, she too, like me, had feared the worst. I should not have suffered so that night had I known that mere robbery was all that I had to fear; but I had seen and heard so much of their lawless deeds and worse threats that we knew not what to fear.

Cousin, I could fill a dozen pages with my own individual wrongs and indignities, and I long to do so, but I fear you are long since worn out with my loquacity. We suffered enough, you may be sure, but not so much as many of our friends and neighbors. In a property point of view papa lays his damages at nearly four thousand dollars, but I fear this is but a "first installment." It nearly kills me to have to endure the coarse, bullying ruffians stalking into my house, making all sorts of demands with oaths and threats, not but that I have the courage to answer them sometimes as they should be, as I could give you some amusing instances. This got to be so unbearable one day that I went to old Rosecrans himself to implore (?) his protection, and I tell you I made a most moving appeal; but he is an old ruffian himself, and I shall never waste any more of my "eloquence" on such. He answered my demands promptly enough for the time by sending a guard who went straight off again as soon as they had cleared our premises. He also answered me politely enough, as much so as he could answer a Rebel; but I listened to him talk (not to me) for a quarter of an hour, and I "set him down" as an uncivilized old Hessian, as he really is. Enough of him.

Nearly two months ago, my dear cousin, I laid down this long letter, thinking I would reserve this sheet to tell you how we were doing up to the time I should meet with an opportunity of sending it to you. None has yet offered, and the "spirit moves" me to continue my story to the present.

The Yankees still continue to dash in, capturing citizens, straggling soldiers, horses and mules, and, what is worse, the scanty supply of provisions that we got with so much difficulty. Several weeks ago the notorious Col. Lee and his jayhawkers came down upon us in the "dead of night," surrounding every house, creeping stealthily around and peeping in at the windows. I could not but think of the stories of the early settlers and their Indian foes. They made a clean sweep of citizens, horses, and mules that time, took our last remaining horses (and not a horse in town to go to mill on), and took all our flour, meal, and meat, except enough to last two days. The most of our meat was hid where they couldn't find it (hush). They took ten bushels of potatoes that we had just bought. It is not worth while to get provisions of any kind, and we don't keep much, you may believe.

You will have heard before reading this how Van Dorn, with three or four thousand cavalry, dashed into Holly Springs about a week ago, capturing eighteen hundred Yankees. He burned up three million dollars' worth of arms, stores, clothing, blankets, etc., after supplying his men with boots, blankets, blue coats and pants, and fine arms. We heard the explosion of the magazine here, shaking the houses and rattling the windows over forty miles off. It was a good blow, well laid on; but alas! we have had to suffer part of the penalty. Van Dorn, after burning bridges, tearing up the road, destroying stores, etc., returned through our devoted town on his way back to the main army. It was no retreat, for he had accomplished what he was sent to do; but close on his heels came the Yankee bloodhounds, wreaking vengeance on our devoted heads, innocent and unresisting women and children being the sufferers from their cowardly hands. They of course bring no supplies when on these raids. They boastingly state in their correspondence with the Northern papers that they "subsist on the enemy," but don't tell that they take the bread from women and children (for the men are long since gone), and also the only means to make more—the horses, stock, and negroes. They, as usual, took our scanty supply of food and made us cook it, Christmas Day as it was. They came and demanded quilts and comforts. I told them I had none that I could spare. They answered insolently: "It makes no difference about that; go and get them too." I almost cried that I had to give my nice comforts to such swine, and I had none but nice ones. The officer with this party told papa that he had understood there was not a Union man in town. Papa told him: "Not one that I know of."

Do you not wonder that they have never arrested papa? If in time past my ambitious heart was troubled that he did not aspire to high position and influence, I now at least have my compensation. He "pursues the even tenor of his way," and commands the respect of even his enemies, demons as they are, by his rare truth and honesty. But the storms of the last twelve months have not left him unscathed. He has been sick in body, as in mind, all summer. He is old, gray, bent, and disheartened. Poor papa, he shares the universal dilapidation that has settled on everything that meets the eye—deserted houses, broken windows, burnt fences; and occasionally a seedy, half-famished, frightened human being

threading his way through the ruins completes the picture of desolation. A sad one, cousin, but "o'er true."

I try to think sometimes that we have not suffered more than other border towns, but as far as we can hear or know no other place has suffered so much. Perhaps they mean to make an example of us by stamping out with booted heel and bayonet the fires of patriotism that burn so "sturdily" in this rebellious little town. But they will have to take Herod's plan and strangle the very children in the cradles first. That they are fast coming to. They already need only the torch and tomahawk to put their cruel warfare on a level with that of the savage Indians.

Well, cousin, here I am at the end of my third or fourth sheet—I don't know which—and have filled them all with one subject. Indeed, there's little else to tell of, surely little that is good, though I don't mean to be ungrateful. We are alive, we are well, God is above us, the sun yet shines, hope is yet within us and trust in God, and our cause has not deserted us. We have a little store, too, stowed away in dark corners and holes, like the squirrels (even which God does not forget), to keep the wolf hunger from our door. We have too what so many in this wretched country have not—warm, comfortable clothes for ourselves and children. Neither do we have the misery of seeing those near and dear to us suffer, for Sister Martha and her children are alike well supplied. Ought we not to be grateful? I am grateful, He knows. But surely we have suffered enough.

Dear cousin, this letter is shamefully long, I know; but if you never read it in the world, one of my objects at least will be accomplished. I have lightened my heavy heart by pouring out the story of our wrongs. Somebody will read it and give me my "meed" of sympathy, and who more heartily than my warm-hearted, noble-minded little cousin?

LIFE IN CAMP MORTON.

BY W. S. DUNDAS, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Six of us were captured in Bolivar County, Miss., October 2, 1863, by Gen. Ellet's mounted marines. We were making our way, under orders from Richmond, to the Trans-Mississippi Department with two and a half million dollars consigned to the paymaster of Gen. Kirby Smith's army, whose

headquarters were at Shreveport, La. We were carried to Bolivar Landing, on the Mississippi River, where the boat was waiting for the scouting party to return, and started for Cairo. From that point we were taken by rail to Camp Morton. When at the prison, the officer of the guard made a record of our names and commands, while the guards were divesting us of everything of any value that had been overlooked by our captors.

We were issued sufficient rations, including sugar and coffee, when we first reached Camp Morton; but these luxuries were soon cut off, and our rations reduced to one loaf of bread and four ounces of beef a day. These rations were sometimes varied by giving us bacon and six "hardtack" crackers. At this time there was no provision made for caring for the sick and wounded prisoners, except hospital tents, and these were always full. A sick or wounded man would have to wait until a vacancy occurred, by recovery or death (most generally the latter), before he could get a cot.

I recall an incident of a young man of the 4th Alabama Regiment, who arrived with some others one night about ten o'clock, and were compelled to sleep out in the open air without blankets. This exposure developed pneumonia in the young Alabama boy, and it was reported one morning that he was dead. This was a mistake, however, for Dr. Ford, the physician in charge, gave the youngster a cot that had been occupied by a man who had died an hour before. The Alabama boy recovered, and is now one of the world's most famous surgeons—Dr. John A. Wyeth, of New York. Dr. Ford was one of the few humane officers at Camp Morton, and it was through his influence that a hospital was built; but out of the twelve thousand prisoners there five thousand of them died. Only one blanket was allowed to each man, and we had bare boards to sleep on. Rats and dogs were served *a la mode*, and were enjoyed by the half-starved prisoners. Tobacco was a luxury that but few could indulge in. A sutler was allowed to serve us, but his prices were an extortion. It was generally understood that he had to divide his profits with headquarter officers, many of whom had never seen a day's service at the front. Friends on the outside would often send boxes of provisions, and fre-



FROM A FADED PHOTOGRAPH OF CAMP MORTON WHILE OCCUPIED AS A CONFEDERATE PRISON.

quently letters with money in them. It was rare that they reached those for whom they were intended, however, but were confiscated by the Federal officers or men through whose hands they passed on the outside. Many articles of clothing and money were sent me by express from friends in this city (Philadelphia), which I never received; and upon investigation they were traced by the express company to officers who had received for them.

Starving men will often take desperate chances. I recall one where a prisoner made his escape by means of a light ladder he made out of pieces of board tied together with strings and twisted scraps of old clothing. Watching the sentinel turn and go marching back, he quickly ran and placed his ladder against the fence, and was over it before the guard had turned on his beat. We afterwards had a letter from him, under an assumed name, saying that he had safely reached Kentucky on his way to Dixie. Encouraged by this successful escape, one night shortly afterwards nine men made a dash at the fence. Two were killed, one wounded, and four recaptured and tied up by the wrists to trees, with their toes barely touching the ground, until next morning, when they were taken down, more dead than alive. Another daring attempt was made by about forty desperate men in a body. They armed themselves with stones, sticks, old bottles filled with water (anything they could use as a weapon), and just before "taps" made a rush for the fence, pelting the sentinels with rocks and sticks. The sentinels were taken completely by surprise, and the assaulting party gained the outside of the prison. Some were recaptured, but the majority succeeded in making their escape.

Men were brutally treated for the slightest provocation. A guard was having two men carry off some trash. Both were weak and sick, but one especially so. He was ordered to move faster, and protested that he was sick, whereupon the guard, without warning, thrust his bayonet in him; and when the circumstance was reported to the colonel commanding, the brutal guard was promoted to a corporal for stabbing a sick, helpless prisoner. But the most cold-blooded murder I ever saw was perpetrated by a petty officer there, named Baker. Nothing afforded this creature more pleasure than to torture the prisoners. One morning at roll call a prisoner left the ranks to warm his hands over a little fire close by. "D—n you; I'll show you how to leave ranks without permission," shouted Baker; and, drawing his pistol, shot the man dead on the spot. This same man Baker made me mark time two hours one bitter cold day in January, for no reason on earth that I've ever known except for the pleasure of seeing me suffer.

Another attempt to escape was made by means of tunneling, and doubtless would have succeeded, but the men were betrayed by one of their number; at least, he claimed to be a prisoner, but might have been simply a spy. The night that the men were to pass out a Georgian was in front, and when he broke through the dirt on the outside and put his head out he was instantly shot and killed by the guard, who was on the lookout for him. The traitor was taken outside for protection, and employed around the officers' quarters.

The same pluck and stamina that carried the Confederate veterans through the wretched prison life at Camp Morton have marked the lives of many of them as citizens since the war. I know of one who was sent to the United States Senate, two who were members of Congress, and another

who was plaintiff in a litigation that occupied the time and attention of three of Philadelphia's courts. For twenty years the suit never waned, but the old Camp Morton prisoner fought it with the same old persistency that carried him through prison.

REMINISCENCE OF HOLDING TRAVELLER.

A. O. Wright, who was master in the Confederate navy, writes from Jacksonville, Fla.: "The picture on the title-page of the *VETERAN* for February, representing Gen. Lee on his old war horse Traveler, revives a flood of memories. While stationed on the gunboat Nansemond, off Chafin's Bluff, in March, 1865, as our guns could not be elevated sufficiently to reach the enemy at the battle of Chafin's Farm, or Fort Harrison, Midshipman Hale and myself went ashore and took in the battle from the little battery just in the rear of the bluff on the skirt of the woods which fringed the river front. It will be remembered that Gen. Hancock's Corps made an attack on Fort Harrison and that it was defended by Field's and Pickett's Divisions, Gen. Lee coming up from Petersburg to conduct the defense in person. At the time mentioned Gen. Lee and Gen. Ewing rode up to the little battery where we were, and Gen. Lee very politely asked Hale and myself to hold their horses while they climbed up on the battery to get a better view of the battle. I remember very distinctly that I, being the nearer, jumped down and grabbed the General's horse by the bridle, leaving Hale to hold Gen. Ewing's horse. The two Generals remained up on the battery for about fifteen minutes, and on their coming down I remember hearing Gen. Lee say that we ought to bag the whole lot of the rascals. Turning to me and relieving me of old Traveler, he gave me a pleasant smile and thanked us for holding the horses. When the February *VETERAN* reached me, I took it home, and, showing the picture to my little grandchildren, I told them the story here given."

"MOUNTAIN REMNANT BRIGADE."

The annual reunion of the Mountain Remnant Brigade, Third Regiment, Texas Division, U. C. V., will occur at Menardville, Tex., July 26-28, 1905.

Comrade James Callan writes: "This reunion will be held on the banks of the beautiful San Saba River, at the historic San Saba Mission. It will afford the thousands of Veterans and other visitors an opportunity for not only enjoying themselves but also for seeing this lovely section of Texas."

Mr. Edward R. Norton, familiar with South Africa for many years, writes of Kruger: "The late Stephanus Johannes Paulus Kruger was President of the former South African Republic for twenty-seven years. He died in exile in Holland. His remains were brought back to Pretoria last December, and laid to rest by those of his four sons, killed in action with the British during the late three years' war. Kruger was the Washington and Jackson of South Africa, but his bravery and patriotism met only defeat. His memory will live for centuries."

J. W. Mayhall, of Beaumont, Tex., writes: "The soldier that belonged to Company I, of the Twelfth Alabama Regiment, is right. That regiment was not in the first Manassas battle, and Company H didn't say so. It was a mistake of the reporter who had it published in the Huntsville *Mercury*, and it was copied from that into other papers. We were at Second Manassas and all the other battles as stated in the article."

WHEELER'S CAVALRY AROUND ATLANTA.

BY D. M. GUTHREY, THIRD CONFEDERATE CAVALRY.

Wheeler's Cavalry has never received the credit it deserved in its operations around Atlanta, where it was often dismounted and fought in the trenches with the infantry. It is not my purpose to refer in this paper to our services as infantry, but to a month's service that I think the most brilliant in Gen. Wheeler's career as a great cavalry officer.

Having covered the rear and protected the flanks of the army from Dalton, we were forced across Peachtree Creek on the 10th of July, 1864, and learned that McPherson was marching from Roswell to strike the Georgia railroad at Decatur. Wheeler was sent to check this movement. We soon struck the Federal column, and constant fighting occurred until the night of the 18th. On the following morning McPherson reached Decatur, but found Wheeler still in his front behind slight breastworks. The odds against us were fearful; but we stood them off on our part of the line until they overlapped our right and forced our position, when we were re-formed, made a counter charge, and reestablished our line. On the night of the 21st Wheeler moved out on the left, attacked a division of infantry in a strongly fortified position, drove them out, capturing several hundred prisoners and a large amount of supplies. On the 27th Sherman made his last vigorous effort to destroy Hood's line of communications, and a force of nearly ten thousand picked cavalry was selected for the purpose, divided in three columns under McCook, Stoneman, and Gerrard. Wheeler, with a force of thirty-nine hundred, started out to stop these raids.

Gerrard was marching for Jonesboro, and by daylight of the 28th Wheeler struck his advance. It was an unexpected attack, and the fight was pressed from the start. Gerrard retreated rapidly, burning some of his wagons. Wheeler followed a few miles, capturing a number of prisoners. Leaving Col. Kelley to watch Gerrard, who by this time was only wanting to be "let alone," Gen. Wheeler was about to turn his attention to Stoneman, who, with a force of twenty-five hundred, was moving toward Macon, when he received information that McCook, with a force estimated at between four and five thousand, was marching toward the Georgia Central railroad below Jonesboro. Detaching Gen. Iverson, with his own, Allen's, and Breckinridge's brigades, to follow Stoneman and fight him wherever they found him, he directed Hume's Division, which had not yet come up, to move as rapidly as possible to Jonesboro, and, leaving word for Anderson's Division to follow promptly, he started for that place himself.

On reaching Jonesboro he learned that McCook had struck the railroad about five miles below and was moving west. Taking Hume's Division, about five hundred strong (Anderson had not come up yet), he moved out rapidly in pursuit of McCook. About midnight we passed through the little town of Fayetteville and on to Line Creek. We found that the enemy had destroyed the bridge after crossing over, and were barricaded on the opposite bank. There was an abrupt bend in the creek just below the bridge, and, taking advantage of the position this gave us to get in line with their barricades fronting the bridge, we soon drove them out, repaired the bridge, and pressed forward.

About daylight we came up with their main force in line of battle. Part of Anderson's Division had caught up with us. Wheeler formed his force in two columns, and, sending

one around to strike them in flank, he led the other straight at them. It was a sharp little fight, but was soon over. The attacks in front and flank were simultaneous. They broke in confusion, leaving over three hundred prisoners in our hands, with their horses, arms, and equipments. Our horses were too jaded for us to press them, but we followed as fast as possible. About twelve o'clock, two miles from Newnan, we overtook their rear guard, which we pressed back, and found their entire force again in line of battle, two thousand or twenty-five hundred strong. Our whole force could not have been over six or seven hundred, the rest being scattered for miles along the road. One of Gen. Wheeler's brigade commanders called his attention to it, and suggested that every moment's delay added to his strength. "But we haven't a moment to lose. Form your men," said "little Jo." Sending Gen. Hume with two hundred men down the Lagrange road to head off McCook, he hurled the rest of his force with irresistible fury upon his lines. Inside of forty minutes we had killed and wounded over two hundred, captured three hundred prisoners, including two of McCook's brigade commanders, six hundred horses, three stands of colors, and practically destroyed his magnificent command.

Col. Brownlow, of Tennessee, commanding a brigade under McCook, made his way to Marietta and telegraphed Sherman of his arrival with five hundred of McCook's command, which he thought was about all that had escaped. The force sent after Stoneman was equally successful. It caught him twenty miles from Macon and routed him completely, capturing him and five hundred of his men; while Breckinridge's brigade, following in pursuit, picked up nearly five hundred more. Sherman telegraphed to Halleck: "Of Stoneman's twenty-three hundred men, only five hundred have come in. I surmise the rest are killed or captured."

The net results of these operations of Wheeler, all within thirty days, was the delivering of thirty-two hundred prisoners, while there were in killed and wounded half as many more, making a total loss of five thousand fighting men, to say nothing of arms captured and Federal property destroyed.

AMERICAN PHARMACEUTICAL ASSOCIATION.—The Committee on Historical Pharmacy of the American Pharmaceutical Association wishes to collate data regarding the military and naval pharmacy of the War between the States. All who had any connection with the pharmaceutical or medical purveying departments of the army or the navy, either Federal or Confederate, are invited to communicate the fact. The committee would be pleased to learn the addresses of all who were engaged in this work. The Section is particularly desirous of securing photographs or illustrations of this phase of the war. Suggestions will be gratefully received by A. E. Ebert, Chairman, 426 State Street, Chicago, Ill.; Ed. Kremers, Historian, Madison, Wis.; or C. A. Mayo, Secretary, 64 West Broadway, New York.

W. R. McEntire, No. 493 Swiss Avenue, Dallas, Tex., would like to correspond with any members of the Fifty-Fifth Georgia Regiment relative to the man who was cooking on the Kentucky side of Cumberland Gap the day this regiment was surrendered by Gen. Frazier to Gen. Burnside. He preferred fighting to cooking. Leaving his vessels of bread on the fire, he picked up his gun and went into the fight, making ten feet to the jump down the mountain. Comrade McEntire would like to get his address, if living.

WHAT HAPPENED AT HAMPTON ROADS.

The death of the Hon. John H. Reagan, of Texas, the last member of the Confederate Cabinet, revives one of the most important and historical events of the War between the States. It relates to the conference at Hampton Roads between President Lincoln and the Confederate Commissioners, with a view of bringing the war to a close. This conference marked distinctly the positions and political views held at the time by both sections on constitutional rights. It has been so often asserted that it seems a part of the history of that great revolution that Mr. Lincoln wrote on a piece of paper "Save the Union," and, handing it to the Confederate Commissioners, said, "You can fill it up to suit yourselves." No more complete denial of this can be found than that made by the late Senator Vest, of Missouri, on the floor of the United States Senate. Not a word of denial or protest was entered by any of the Republican members present.

Mr. Vest said the story had been denied by John H. Reagan, of Texas, who was the last surviving member of the Confederate Cabinet. He knew personally, said Mr. Vest, without having been present at that celebrated interview, that the incident was without foundation. "If true," said he, "it would place the government and officers of the Confederacy in the category of criminals, because it offered the Confederacy all that it ever demanded in the wildest hope of the most extreme partisans of that cause if they would only return to the Union."

A deep silence had fallen upon the chamber, and every Senator on the floor listened to him with rapt attention.

With great deliberation Senator Vest continued: "If true, it would mean that the Confederates could have placed on that sheet of paper the perpetual establishment of slavery and the right of secession, the most extreme demand that had ever taken shape even in the dream of any Confederate."

From the lips of Stephens and Hunter had come to him, he said, the details of what had taken place. Upon the return of the Commissioners of the Confederacy he heard their official report as Mr. Reagan heard it, the latter being a member of the Cabinet and the speaker (Mr. Vest) a member of the Senate of the Confederacy. "I am to-day the only survivor of the twenty-six gentlemen who were the Confederate Senators," he said.

Mr. Vest then stated that what did happen at Hampton Roads, beyond question, was this: "When President Lincoln and Secretary Seward met the Commissioner of the Confederacy, Mr. Lincoln, addressing himself to Mr. Hunter, whom he knew well, said, 'In the first place, gentlemen, I desire to know what are your powers and instructions from the Richmond government,' avoiding," said Mr. Vest, as Mr. Hunter told him himself, the words "Confederate States." "Mr. Hunter, to whom the inquiry was addressed, said: 'Mr. President, we are instructed to consider no proposition that does not involve the independence of the Confederate States of America.' 'Then,' said Mr. Lincoln, 'the interview had as well terminate now; for I must say to you, gentlemen, frankly and honestly, that nothing will be accepted from the government at Richmond except absolute and unconditional surrender.'"

Mr. Vest said that this terminated the interview, and as the Confederate Commissioners retired President Lincoln, addressing Stephens, who was the last to go out, said: "Stephens, you are making a great mistake. Your government is

a failure; and when the crash comes, as it soon must come, there will be chaos and disasters, which we cannot now foresee, which must come to your people."

"This account of that meeting," continued Mr. Vest, "substantially and almost word for word as I have given it, came to me from Mr. Stephens and Mr. Hunter."

Mr. Vest said that he considered it his duty to make his statement in order that history may not be falsified, in order that the men who were said to have refused this offer at the hands of President Lincoln should not be made to suffer in their graves, adding: "For if they had refused what was said to have been tendered them by the President, they would have been accessories to the murder of every man who fell from that time in defense of the Confederacy, and they should have given the intentions which they risked everything, everything that is held dear amongst men, in defense of the Confederate cause."

While the deep silence still reigned in the chamber as he spoke, and with every eye directed toward him, Mr. Vest closed as follows: "It may be but a very short time until I shall join the twenty-five colleagues I had in the Confederate Senate, and I did not want this statement to go on the record of this country without my statement of those facts and my solemn denial that there is a shadow of truth in this assertion which has been going the rounds of the newspapers of the country for the last few years."

THE SOUTH TRIED AS BY FIRE.

[In connection with refining gold so that when purified the workman sees his own image reflected, an unknown author expresses that which will comfort the Southern people who endured through the war and subsequent "reconstruction."]

He sat by a furnace of sevenfold heat,
As He watched by the precious ore,
And closer He bent with a searching gaze
As He heated it more and more

He knew He had ore that could stand the test,
And He wanted the finest gold
To mold as a crown for the King to wear,
Set with gems of a price untold.

So He laid our gold in the burning fire,
Though we fain would have said Him "Nay,"
And He watched the dross that we had not seen
As it melted and passed away.

And the gold grew brighter and yet more bright;
But our eyes were so dim with tears
We saw but the fire—not the Master's hand—
And questioned with anxious fears.

Yet our gold shone out with a richer glow
As it mirrored a Form above
That bent o'er the fire, though unseen by us,
With looks of ineffable love.

Can we think that it pleases His loving heart
To cause us a moment's pain?
Ah! no; but He saw through the present cross
The bliss of eternal gain.

So He waited there with a watchful eye,
With a love that is strong and sure,
And His gold did not suffer a whit more heat
Than was needed to make it pure.

THE ASSAULT UPON FORT GILMER.

BY JUDGE MARTIN, HAWKINSVILLE, GA., CAPTAIN COMPANY
G, 17TH GEORGIA INFANTRY.

I noticed the article of Gen. Reese's, of Pensacola, Fla., in the *VETERAN* of June, 1904, in reference to the fight at Fort Gilmer, and awaited with interest some reply thereto. In the *VETERAN* of December, 1904, Dr. T. J. May, of Ennis, Tex., writes of the same fight. . . . I feel called upon, for the accuracy of historical events, to correct the errors of my esteemed comrades; and I do so with the kindest of feelings, realizing that after the lapse of so many years we all make mistakes in our recollections.

On the morning that Fort Harrison was attacked the troops on the north side of the James River consisted of the following commands, beginning on our left: A body of cavalry, which, I think, was commanded by Gen. Gary, of South Carolina; then that grand old "Texas Brigade," composed of the 1st, 4th, and 5th Texas and the 3d Arkansas Regiments; next came Benning's Georgia Brigade, consisting of the 2d, 15th, 17th, and 20th Georgia Regiments; then a battalion known as the City Battalion from Richmond, Va., composed of old men and boys; and in Fort Harrison there was a fragmentary detachment of either Tennesseans or Kentuckians, but I think they were Kentuckians; and a few artillerymen in charge of the stationary batteries.

There was a line of breastworks running from New Market to the James River. On the day before the attack our forces were engaged in throwing up breastworks some distance in front of this line, which we were then occupying. That evening there was sent down from Richmond a boat load of men to assist in our work, and seven companies of the 17th Georgia were sent down to the river in the rear of Fort Harrison to meet the boat and take charge of these men. The other three companies of the 17th Georgia were out working on the breastworks. I was with these three companies, and instead of rejoining my regiment that night I permitted my men to remain in a thick piece of woods to the right of what was known as the Phillips House. The next morning just before day picket-firing began in front, and soon after light the battle lines of the enemy were in sight, advancing upon us. Arousing my men, we double-quickened along the line of breastworks toward Fort Harrison and the James River until we reached the headquarters of Gen. Gregg, I think it was, which was a short distance in the rear of the point where the breastworks turned toward Fort Harrison.

Just as we reached this point a courier dashed up and said that the enemy were attacking the Texas Brigade, and I was ordered to go back and assist them. We returned as rapidly as possible; and when we got opposite the Phillips House, just in front of our breastworks, we saw that the Texans had repulsed the attack and killed "niggers" galore, and the fight at that point was over. Just as this attack had been repulsed a courier came down the line and ordered us to reënforce Fort Harrison. We then hurried as rapidly as possible along the line of breastworks; and when we came in sight of Fort Harrison, it seemed that the whole world in front was full of bluecoats.

Realizing that it would be impossible for us to reach the fort, as the enemy were so close upon it, I suggested to my commanding officer that we attack the right flank of one column of the enemy which had swung around so as to some-

what expose it. I was told in words more emphatic than elegant that when he wanted my advice in such matters he would ask for it. When we reached the point in our line of breastworks where they turned at a right angle to Fort Harrison, four Federal flags had gone up on the fort and on the breastworks surrounding it, and the few men that we had there were falling back behind some winter quarters and under a hill in the rear of the fort. We were then ordered to the right, in the rear of the winter quarters and under the hill, and I was instructed to go down the line of breastworks to the left and have the City Battalion from Richmond and other troops moved to the right. On my return, just as I got to the angle, a friend in the 15th Georgia Regiment, who had jumped upon the breastworks and fired, was himself shot in the breast, and called me to aid him in getting away. I went to his assistance, but before I could get him off we were both captured. I asked permission to take him in the rear to a tree standing out in the field, which was granted. Finding a favorable opportunity, and giving him all the aid in my power, we made a break, and succeeded in rejoining our forces. Then our litter corps took charge of him.

After the capture of Fort Harrison, our men fell back into the second line of our breastworks, on which were situated Forts Gilmer and Gregg.

In making my escape I was compelled to make a detour to the right, facing toward Richmond. My own command had gone to the left, thus placing the enemy between us. I struck the second line of our breastworks near, but on the right of Fort Gilmer, and did so ahead of any of the Federal troops. During the day our forces were rushed from one point to another, as emergency demanded, to meet the assaults made upon our lines. I, however, was in close proximity to Fort Gilmer during the day.

The first assault made by the enemy after we had fallen back into this line of works was upon Fort Gregg, which was situated between Fort Gilmer and Fort Harrison. The 2d Georgia, part of our brigade, participated in the fight, and the enemy were repulsed. At the time that Fort Gilmer was assaulted by the negroes and they got into the ditch around the fort my impression was that a portion of the 15th Georgia were in the fort, and commanded by Capt. Marcus, of that regiment.

I was not in the fort, and do not know the number of men that were in there; but Mr. Hendricks, an inmate of the Confederate Soldiers' Home of Georgia, and who was a soldier in the 15th Georgia, told me that he was in the fort, and his recollection was that nearly all the regiment were in there. He furthermore told me that it was one of the stationary artillerymen who broke off a part of the fuse from a bomb-shell obtained from the magazine in the fort and threw it over into the ditch where the negro troops were. His statements tally with my recollection of the occurrence, except as to the number of the 15th Georgia in Fort Gilmer. I was on the immediate left where the line of breastworks abutted the fort when the negroes charged across the field and got into the ditch around the fort. Immediately in front of the fort was a field with corn shocked up in it, and then a strip of woods. Just before the shells were thrown into the ditch among the negroes the enemy's line in the edge of the woods beyond the field was getting ready to make another charge. When the shells were thrown in the ditch among the negro soldiers, the cry went up from them: "The d—n Rebels are throwin' hand guns. Flung 'em out, and let's

go over and massacre them." I think it was after the explosion of the second shell that a white handkerchief went up on a sword or gun, and they then begged for quarter, throwing their guns out of the ditch, and after surrendering came around to the right of the fort and on the inside of our breastworks through a culvert. It was not until late in the evening, and after we had repulsed every attack made upon our line on which were Forts Gilmer and Gregg, that reinforcements from Petersburg arrived and dashed into the breastworks with us.

Comrade Reese is correct in saying the negroes were drunk, for there was whisky in their canteens; and some of the canteens had a black sediment in them, said to be gunpowder. He is also correct in saying that those who attempted to scale the walls of Fort Gilmer in Zouave fashion were shot in the head; but there were many dead in the field in front of the fort who were killed before reaching the ditch around the fort. I think he underestimates the captured and killed; for I was with the burial detail, and my recollection is that they were piled up several deep in the ditch and were lying pretty thick in front. He is also mistaken in fixing the time before the explosion of the crater at Petersburg, which occurred July 30, 1864, at 4:30 A.M. The capture of Fort Harrison and the assault upon Fort Gilmer were made on the morning of the 29th of September, 1864.

Comrade May is mistaken when he says it was in the spring of 1864. Gen. Hood, our division commander, lost his leg at Chickamauga and Field succeeded him, and from September, 1863, to about the 1st of May, 1864, our command was in Georgia and Tennessee. I was not with it in Tennessee, having been slightly wounded in the foot and had my lower jaw shot through and broken on both sides at Chickamauga, and did not rejoin the command until it reached Charlottesville, Va. I do know, however, that on the 6th of May, 1864, when Hill's men were being driven back at the Wilderness, the ever true and reliable old division of Hood, then commanded by Field, dashed down the plank road at a double-quick and saved the day. I was shot down on the plank road just opposite the battery on the left of the road.

Our division was at Spottsylvania and the Texas Brigade was on the left of Benning's. We were at Cold Harbor on June 3, and about the middle of June or a little later, I think it was, we were sent over to Petersburg to reinforce Beauregard. I do not remember the exact date that we left Petersburg; but I am positive that it was between the 20th and 30th of July when we were sent on the north side of the James River, for on July 13 J. M. Hukins, one of my men, was killed at Petersburg, and we left before the mine was exploded on the 30th. On August 16, 1864, we were at Deep Bottom, which was the first fight in which we fought negroes, so far as I can recollect. I was right behind Gen. Gerrard when he was killed in the charge which drove the negro troops out of our breastworks, which they had succeeded in occupying, and I was one of the volunteers who crossed our recaptured line of breastworks and drove the enemy from our immediate front.

On the next day, after the attack on Fort Gilmer, our reinforcements, which came from Petersburg, made an unsuccessful effort to recapture Fort Harrison.

I do not know the strength of the enemy in their attack on Forts Harrison, Gilmer, and Gregg, and our lines of breastworks on September 29; but the pickets and scouts reported that they had been crossing the river all night, and

the report at that time was that there were two full army corps confronting us, numbering twenty-five to thirty thousand men. At no time have I ever heard the force estimated at less than twenty thousand.

In my humble opinion the brilliant achievements of this small Confederate force, holding at bay the hordes of the enemy from daylight until the reinforcements could arrive from Petersburg and fighting all day long against such tremendous odds, were unsurpassed during the war.

We killed, wounded, and captured more of the enemy than we had in our entire force engaged during the day, and completely foiled the adroit scheme of the Federals for the capture of Richmond.

I am unable to conceive what time during that day there was any attack upon Fort Gilmer when there were only five men to defend it. It certainly was not when the negroes charged and got into the ditch around the fort, and it certainly was not when the bombshell was thrown in their midst. As there are doubtless many of the old Texas and Benning's Brigades who were present on that occasion, I should like to hear from them as to their recollections about what happened, for I am more concerned to secure accuracy in the facts than I am to sustain my recollection of them. Either Comrades Reese and May are mistaken or my recollection is most sadly at fault.

GEN. LONGSTREET DECLINED A SALARY OF FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS.—An old clipping from Atlanta states that the late Gen. James Longstreet was once offered the presidency of the famous Louisiana Lottery at a salary of fifty thousand dollars per annum. As he was in sore straits financially at that time, and as there was absolutely no work attached to the position, "it took heroic nerve to resist the tempting offer." The promoters of the lottery desired the name of Gen. Longstreet for the influence it would lend to the lottery. This was soon after the war. He was living in Gainesville at the time, and confided to some of his close friends the offer, and they urged him to accept it. He said he could not do it. Their entreaties caused him to hold his answer in abeyance for a day or two. When the time arrived for a further conference, he gave the final "No" to their overtures, giving as his reason: "I cannot allow the use of my name for the presidency of any institution in which there is a semblance of a game of chance. However much I may need the money, my duty to my people and to the young manhood of the South, as well as my duty to my Master, forbids my acceptance of the offer." But few know to this day that Gen. Longstreet was ever offered the place.

DRINKING AGAIN FROM THE SAME CANTEEN.—R. N. Batten, Green Cove Springs, Fla., writes that Lewis Clemons belonged to Company H, Twenty-Ninth Infantry, and that he owned an old-fashioned wooden canteen, occasionally seen early in the war, on the side of which he had cut his name, company, and regiment. Clemons lost the canteen in the battle of Franklin. Some days after the battle a little girl picked up the old canteen and carried it home as a relic. This girl married a Mr. Martin, and some years afterwards he discovered the old canteen. His wife told him its history, and he gave notice to the press, through which it reached a sister of Mr. Clemons. She sent the account to her brother, and the canteen is now possessed by its war time owner.

C. A. DANA ON THE CRUELTY TO MR. DAVIS.

In reminiscences of men and events of the War between the States Charles A. Dana, in *McClure's Magazine* for August, 1898, wrote of the Miles event with Jefferson Davis, in which he referred to the other tragic events following that of Lincoln's assassination.

Mr. Dana left in person for Fortress Monroe on May 20, 1865, and on the 22d he wrote Mr. Stanton:

"The two prisoners have just been placed in their respective casemates. The sentries are stationed both within and without their doors. The bars and locks are fastened, and the regular routine of their imprisonment has begun. At one o'clock Gen. Miles left, with a tug and a guard from the garrison, to go for Davis and Clay. At half-past one the tug left the Clyde for the fortress. She landed at the engineer's wharf, and the procession, led by the cavalymen of Col. Pritchard's command, moved through the water battery on the east front of the fortress and entered by a postern leading from that battery. The cavalymen were followed by Gen. Miles, holding Davis by the right arm. Next came half a dozen soldiers, and then Col. Pritchard with Clay, and last the guard which Miles took out with him. The arrangements were excellent and successful, and not a single curious spectator was anywhere in sight. Davis bore himself with a haughty attitude. His face was somewhat flushed, but his features were composed and his step firm. In Clay's manner there was less expression of bravado and dramatic determination. Both were dressed in gray, with drab slouched hats. Davis wore a thin, dark overcoat. His hair and beard are not so gray as has been reported. . . .

"In leaving his wife and children he exhibited no great emotion, though she was violently affected. He told her she would be allowed to see him in the course of the day. Clay took leave of his wife in private, and he was not seen by the officers. Both asked to see Gen. Halleck, but he will not see them.

"The arrangements for the security of the prisoners seem to me as complete as could be desired. Each one occupies the inner room of a casemate; the window is heavily barred. A sentry stands within, before each of the doors leading into the outer room. These doors are to be grated, but are now secured by bars fastened on the outside. Two other sentries stand outside of these doors. An officer is also constantly on duty in the outer room, whose duty is to see his prisoner every fifteen minutes. The outer door of all is locked on the outside, and the key is kept exclusively by the general officer of the guard. Two sentries are also stationed without that door; a strong line of sentries cuts off all access to the vicinity of the casemates. Another line is stationed on the top of the parapet overhead, and a third line is posted across the moats on the counterscarp, opposite the places of confinement. The casemates on each side and between these occupied by the prisoners are used as guard rooms, and soldiers are always there. A lamp is constantly kept burning in each of the rooms. The furniture of each prisoner is a hospital bed, with iron bedstead, chair and table, and a movable tool closet. A Bible is allowed to each. I have not given orders to have them placed in irons, as Gen. Halleck seemed opposed to it; but Gen. Miles is instructed to have fetters ready if he thinks them necessary. The prisoners are to be supplied with soldier's rations, cooked by the guard. Their linen will be issued to them in the same way. I shall be back to-morrow morning."

Continuing the magazine article, Mr. Dana said: "Before leaving Fortress Monroe on the 22d I made out for Gen. Miles the order for placing fetters upon Davis a day or two later, when he found it necessary to change the inner doors of the casemate, which were of light wood and without locks."

Every circumstance connected with cruelties to President Davis illustrates the heroism (?) of men whose courage did not appear until the Confederate armies became prisoners.

SOUTHRONS REMEMBERED.

BY ERED G. HOLLMAN, NEOSHO, MO.

Every burial ground of the Southern soldier bears the handiwork of the loyal women of the South. Every bit of greensward and every granite headstone is a tribute to the hearts and hands of those who will not forget. Not a springing shrub of fragrant bloom but tells the story of the Southern heart's devotion.

Did you ever step from a stately national cemetery into a graveyard of the Confederate dead? Is there not something powerfully pathetic in the forces which have cared for the resting places of the gray? And not while the sun gleams brightly and the moon smiles softly will the women of the South forget their dead. Every veteran's tomb is to them a hallowed spot. Each day there is another company marching to the final muster. But the mounds freshly turned are no more sacred than the trenches dug in 1861. The luster of the South has never dimmed. Such names as Johnston, Gordon, Lee, and Jackson stand out boldly like stars in a blue-black sky. And yet the rank and file are not forgotten. The memories of the unnamed heroes who made with their bodies a rampart for Minie ball and shrapnel, who sank alone and uncared for on the field, are in the same grand class as those who earned a higher fame. There is a world of human honesty in the human world, after all. Have you not seen a general's monument engarlanded with the subtle, scented blossoms and seen the same sweet burden laid on the unmarked grave beside it? It all means that the South will not forget its dead. Four decades have passed since the stars and bars rippled in the Richmond breezes, but the picture is still bright in the Dixie heart. Forty years have passed since the guns roared at Manassas, Vicksburg, Seven Pines, and Malvern Hill; but the echo is not yet spent. The dead are not forgotten. Whose was the greater suffering, that of the men who toiled in the smoke and flame of the battle line or the frailer ones who remained in suspense at home? Those years will not be forgotten. Only the Great Alchemist shall say why he molds the hearts of his children in the crucible.

The glory of the Southern soldiery shall not depart. The loyalty of the Southern heart brightens with time's fleeting lapse. Death, the grim conscript officer, calls for more, more, and yet more recruits. The battalions dwindle, weaken, but they are soldiers still. The reveille calls, and they lay down their arms this time to go, and fear not. Mayhap they are thinking of that reunion in the great encampment. And when the last soldier marches down alone, when the bugler calls no more, when the minute guns are silent and the drumsticks crumble into dust, they will not be forgotten. Through the splendor of the golden days and the incense of the mellow nights the voices of the dead will call again, and the men and women of the South will come—come with their flowers and prayers and tears. For though "we see through a glass, darkly," the dead are not forgotten.

WOMAN'S MONUMENT MOVEMENT IN MACON.

BY HON. BRIDGES SMITH, MAYOR, MACON, GA.

The idea of erecting a monument to the women of the Confederacy, commemorative of their noble deeds, trials, and sacrifices in 1861-65, originated with the grizzled Veterans of R. A. Smith Camp, at this place. As you may know, the majority of these boys are not blessed with a plethora of this world's goods; but they appreciate what was done by the good women of the South during the great struggle, and before they pass away they want to see a monument erected, or the work of erecting one begun. They have started the monument by soliciting in a quiet way such contributions as the people may wish to give. Up to this time they have in sight about six hundred dollars.

It is their plan to place in position at once the base or pedestal upon which the monument proper is to stand; whether statuary or a plain shaft depends upon the amount of contributions. This base or pedestal will cost from one to two thousand dollars, and that which is to surmount it will be determined later. The boys are passing away now more rapidly than ever because of advancing age, and they want to see this noble work begun at once. There is no old soldier who reads this who will not recall what sacrifices were made by our women during the war—the encouragement, the patience, the loyalty, and the service rendered the sick and wounded. This being so, he will want to contribute his mite.

There is no son or grandson of an old soldier who will not recall the story of our women's suffering and good services, told them by their fathers; and they too should contribute to this long-delayed memorial.

Every man in the South knows that the monuments erected everywhere to the Confederate soldier have been planned and the money raised for them by women. It is therefore the duty of all to aid, if but a trifle, in building this monument. I have been selected by the Camp to receive contributions, and will promptly acknowledge all moneys sent.

W. A. Campbell, of Columbus, Miss., always has some interesting or amusing incident of war times to relate, and the following partakes to some extent of both, with a little indignation mixed in: "Miss Lizzie Ogden had a rather exciting experience during the war while she was living at Rodney, Miss., on the banks of the Mississippi River. A Federal gunboat was anchored in the river to prevent communication with the Trans-Mississippi Department. The Confederacy having no troops in that immediate vicinity, the officers from the gunboat would go ashore and attend services on the Sabbath. A Confederate officer at last got wind of this, and one Sunday in the midst of services this officer of the scout suddenly entered the church with his men and commanded a surrender. The Federals instantly complied, with the exception of one, who drew his belt pistol and fired. The Confederate immediately did the same, and bedlam broke loose. Some of the congregation got under the seats, and the preacher took shelter behind the pulpit. Many jumped out of the windows, and among the latter my friend, Miss Lizzie. The Federal who fired jumped after her, and, grasping her, held her as a shield against the Confederate who was trying to shoot him. Thanks to this shield, the Federal got back to his boat, and as soon as he got on board the gunboat began throwing shells into the town, whereupon the officer of the Confederates communicated under a flag of truce

warning that if another shell was fired he would hang his prisoners in sight of the boat. The shelling ceased. Miss Lizzie said she had a good voice then, and she used it to the best of her ability."

"WE WOULD NOT, IF WE COULD, FORGET."

BY DECCA LAMAR WEST, WACO, TEX.

O! Dixie land, fair Dixie land,
Thy memories linger with us yet;
We sing the glory of thy past—
We would not, if we could, forget.

O'er rocky crag and fertile field
War's fierce and cruel tide did sweep,
Now wild birds sing a requiem
In forest glades where heroes sleep.

As visions of the past arise,
Although the Southern star has set,
We listen to thy sacred lays—
We would not, if we could, forget.

The giant oaks still guard the hills
And crystal streams that once ran red,
The violets bloom among the vales
Sweet incense to our sainted dead.

We glory in our native land—
North, East, and West we love—and yet
The South is still our heritage—
We would not, if we could, forget.

The daisies rear their graceful heads
On what was once a bloody plain,
Their snowy petals cover mounds
Where sweetly rest our noble slain.

Ah! dear old South, so staunch, so great!
We do not grieve, repine, regret,
But cherish thee within our hearts—
We would not, if we could, forget.

As nature's touch has healed the scars
Wrought deep by devastating hand,
So peace and love, the gifts of God,
Reveal a reunited land.

O, sunny land! our Dixie land,
Thy memories linger with us yet;
We love thee, honor—yea, adore—
We would not, if we could, forget.

J. H. Doyle, Granbury, Tex.: "The Veterans would very much appreciate a reserved space for delegates at the reunions. The last meeting at New Orleans was the best-arranged I have ever attended, and, I am sorry to say, the worst was in Nashville last June. I was a delegate from our Camp, and was only able to get inside the auditorium one time, and then not halfway down to the stand."

If G. H. Wines, who presented, in 1855 or 1856, a gold pen and pencil to Gen. William Walker, of Nicaragua fame, with his name engraved upon it, is living, or any of his relatives or others acquainted with the circumstances will communicate their information to Hon. John W. Morton, Secretary of State, Nashville, Tenn., or Gov. J. D. Porter, at Nashville, or J. C. Jamison, at Guthrie, Okla., it will be appreciated.

"LITTLE GIFFIN, OF TENNESSEE."

This poem, which is a recital of actual facts, is conceded to be one of the finest specimens of heroic devotion ever enacted. It has been read and recited wherever the English language is spoken, and has been translated into several foreign tongues. Dr. F. O. Ticknor, the gifted author of the poem, was a Georgian, and died at his home, Torch Hill, near Columbus, Ga., in 1874. The following, which is taken from the Columbus (Ga.) *Ledger* of recent date, is a carefully prepared account by the editor, Charles J. Swift, setting forth that the poem was based upon historical facts:

"When Gen. Johnston was battling against Sherman's invasion of Georgia, up to the time of the former's removal from the chief command of the Army of Tennessee every town and city within approach to Atlanta was crowded with the sick and wounded from Johnston's army. The old Banks building, now standing on upper Broad Street, Columbus, was then used for hospital purposes. Dr. Carlisle Terry had charge of the Banks building hospital. With the Confederate wounded sent here was a poor, emaciated sixteen-year-old boy, who had enlisted from East Tennessee, and whose name was Newton Giffin. He was badly, dangerously, and apparently mortally wounded; but Mrs. Robert Carter, Mrs. W. G. Woolfolk, and Mrs. R. W. Ticknor, in their rounds and ministrations of the hospital, saw this weakling and, taking compassion upon him, asked Dr. Terry that they might take him to Torch Hill and give him better care than he could get at the hospital. This request the doctor granted, but remarked that it was no use, as the youth would soon be dead.

"Newton Giffin was taken to Torch Hill, and there Dr. Ticknor first saw him. Mrs. Ticknor and her sisters nursed

him back to life; and when he began to recover, they taught him to read and write. He was an illiterate, small, white-haired youth only sixteen years of age, and had been in eighteen battles. When Newton recovered, he forthwith returned to his command. In bidding good-by to his benefactors, he promised to write.

"Dr. Douglas C. Ticknor, now practicing in Columbus, and Newton Giffin, during the time of Newton's adoption in his family, were close boyish friends. When Newton left Torch Hill for his return to the army, he and Dr. Douglas Ticknor started off on horseback, riding double. At Bull Creek the water was so high on the approach to the bridge that they were both washed off and had to swim for their lives. Dr. Ticknor was forced back to the lower side of the runway, but Newton Giffin reached the bridge and made his way, dripping wet, to Columbus. Across the water the two boys signaled each other good-by. This was the last seen of Newton Giffin by any of the Ticknor household, who knew they would hear from him if his life should be spared in the battles at the front, to which he had so heroically returned."

[Who can tell of the boy, of his command, or of his family?—EDITOR VETERAN.]

"LITTLE GIFFIN, OF TENNESSEE."

Out of the focal and foremost fire,
Out of the hospital walls as dire,
Smitten of grapeshot and gangrene—
Eighteenth battle and he sixteen—
Specter such as you seldom see,
Little Giffin, of Tennessee.

"Take him, and welcome," the doctor said;
"Little the doctor can help the dead."
So we took him, and brought him where
The balm was sweet in the summer air,
And laid him down on a wholesome bed—
Utter Lazarus from heel to head.

And we watched the war with bated breath,
Skeleton boy against skeleton death.
Months of torture (how many such?),
Weary weeks of stick and crutch;
Still the glint of the steel-blue eye
Told of a spirit that wouldn't die.

And didn't. Nay, more; in death's despite
The crippled skeleton learned to write—
"Dear Mother" at first, of course, and then
"Dear Captain," inquiring about the men.
The Captain answered: "Of eighty and five,
Giffin and I are left alive."

Word of gloom from the war one day;
"Johnston is pressed at the front," they say.
Little Giffin was up and away;
A tear (his first), as he said good-by,
Dimmed the glint of his steel-blue eye.
"I'll write, if spared." There was news of the fight,
But none of Giffin—he did not write.

I sometimes fancy that, were I king
Of the princely Knights of the Golden Ring,
With the song of the minstrel in mine ear
And the tender legend that trembles here,
I'd give the best on his bended knee,
The whitest soul of my chivalry,
For little Giffin, of Tennessee.



MISS MARY H. SMITH, HELENA, MONT.,
Matron of Honor N. W. Division, U. C. V.

MEMORIES OF A CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

BY ALBERT GREENWOOD, HILLSBORO UPPER VILLAGE, N. H.

As life's evening shadows lengthen and our hearts are beating slow,

We grow weary of its burdens and its strife;
Our memories turn backward to the scenes of long ago,
And we live again the morning hours of life.

There are voices, full of music, that are soft and sweet and clear,

And that sing to us no matter where we roam;
And they play upon our heartstrings with each swift recurring year—
They are memories of childhood and of home.

There's a breath of wondrous fragrance in the balmy summer breeze,

Where the sunlight in the morning used to play,
When the blossoms were unfolding on the dark magnolia trees,
In our memories of boyhood, far away.

There is music that will haunt us till the day of life is o'er

And our spirits wander out across the strand,
Though often it was mingled with the cannon's sullen roar—
'Tis the music of our own fair "Dixie Land."

There's a song we all remember of some dreadful battle day,

When our colors from the mountain tops were flung;
How it quickened every footstep in the charging line of gray!
'Twas the anthem that the Yankee bullets sung.

There's a sound that comes in echoes from the shades of long ago,

In its thunder have our foemen heard their knell;
With it the hills resounded ere we struck the deadly blow—
'Tis the famous, dreaded Southern "Rebel yell."

There are places dark with sorrow, yet to every soldier known,
Where a conflict in its rage and fury rolled;

There some loved and loving comrade gave forth his dying groan,
When the number of his battle days were told.

There are wailing cries of anguish that linger with us yet,

When the smoke and dust of battle rolled away,
And a sister or a sweetheart (would to God we could forget!)
Found her loved one lying dead among the gray.

The clouds are dark around us and our eyes are full of tears

When the visions of those days pass in review,
And we see lads we buried who marched with us for years,
The bravest men a nation ever knew.

The soldier's face yet blanches (and there's iron in his soul)

When memory takes him backward o'er life's sea
To his final answer, "Here," at the calling of the roll
On the morning that we bade farewell to Lee.

Let me take your hand, my comrade, for our battle days are gone,

And our hair is like the ocean's driven spray;
Let us proudly march together till the great, eternal dawn,
When, once more, we hope to mingle with the gray.

We hail the starry banner, our children wear the blue,

And no man doubts our loyalty to-day;
But we'll step to Dixie music till the march of life is through;
Then we'll sleep within our tattered coats of gray.

R. E. LEE BY A DAUGHTER OF A. S. JOHNSTON.

[Mrs. William B. Prichard, at a meeting of the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter in San Francisco, responding to an urgent request, paid this tribute to Gen. Lee.]

Mrs. Voorhies has asked me to make an address because it was my privilege to know Gen. Lee well. The request was at first rather appalling to me, as I had never contemplated making an address on any subject; but, as the Chapter wished it, I determined to try to share with you my precious memories of one of the earth's greatest.

Gen. Lee was the friend of my father and my mother; and when he was lieutenant colonel of the 2d Cavalry, of which regiment my father was at that time colonel, I, as a tiny child, sat on his knee and was carried in his arms. Of that I have, of course, only a vague memory. When a young girl I spent many happy days as a guest in Gen. Lee's house, and the memory of that time is one of my dearest possessions. Gen. Lee's career as a soldier has been so ably written of by the great writers, not only of our own country but of Europe, that you are all doubtless thoroughly familiar with it, and there is little that I could say that has not already been better said.

It is not as the great soldier that I think of him most frequently, but as the beloved friend. He was the very perfection of a host, exquisitely thoughtful and courteous to all, and showing me in addition the tenderness a soldier always feels for the child of his dead comrade. Gen. Lee was at this time President of Washington and Lee University, a position taken by him at the close of the war in preference to those offered him to which larger salaries were attached, because he felt he could best serve his people in this way. In this he was undoubtedly right, as the young men from all over the South were most thankfully committed to his care, and his influence for good over them was wonderful.

As a soldier and as a man Gen. Lee compelled the admiration of all fair-minded people, even when feeling ran highest; and to-day, if there are any so low in the scale of humanity as to be unable to see and appreciate his greatness, they should excite in us not anger, but pity for their small souls. I wish I could show him to you as I knew him. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," and surely my



MISS MARGARET THOMPSON, DARDANELLE, ARK.,
Sponsor Arkansas Division U. C. V., Louisville Feinon.

heart is full enough of love and admiration to speak; but words are but poor things, after all, and I find them inadequate. Think for yourselves a moment of a man showing himself great at all stages of his life, step by step winning fame and power until, when in the War between the States, he took his place as a soldier and a man second to none! Then see him bereft of all save honor; and not alone so bereft, but those dearer to him than himself. See him taking up his life again, pressing down the agony he felt at seeing the suffering of his people, which he was powerless to prevent, utterly forgetting self, encouraging, strengthening, and doing his utmost to cheer those around him, guarding every word during the awful reconstruction times lest an expression of indignation should excite the young men to indiscreet action. Smilingly, bravely bearing all things until his great heart broke, he gave his life for his people as certainly as if it had fallen on the field of battle, vanquished yet victor.

If he was grand in prosperity, in adversity he was sublime. Ah! we do well for ourselves and our country when we keep his birthday and teach our children to know his virtues, and thank God that our race produced such a man.

"Rest well, brave heart!

The earth that bears thee dead
Bears not alive as great!"



MISS ANNIE LOWE JONAS,
Sponsor Mississippi Division U. C. V., Louisville Rennon.

FLORIDA DIVISION, U. D. C.'S.

The annual convention of the Florida Division, U. D. C., was held in Pensacola April 3. The State President, Mrs. H. E. Stockbridge, of Lake City, presided. The attendance

was large, enthusiastic, and the utmost harmony prevailed. Mr. Egbert Beall, on behalf of the Confederate Veterans and the citizens of Pensacola, delivered the address of welcome to the visitors. In his eloquent address, when speaking of the Confederate soldier, he said: "Let the Daughters of the Confederacy see to it that they are not unwept, unhonored, nor unsung. We honor our leaders; we would add luster to their fame, if possible. We know their patriotism was unselfish, their motives as pure as the gleams that flashed from their valiant swords in the broad sunlight of our Southern skies; but it was the bravery and fidelity of the men in the ranks that made their fame possible, and see to it that in nations yet unborn, in accents yet unknown, their lofty deeds are counted o'er, that all who struggle for liberty against injustice and oppression may feel the inspiration of their example."

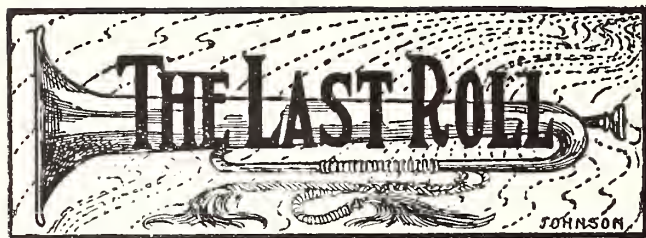
Mr. Beall was enthusiastically applauded, and Prof. N. B. Cook, Superintendent of Public Instruction, a gray-haired veteran, welcomed the visitors on behalf of the local Pensacola Chapter of U. D. C. After Comrade Cook's address the charming young President of the Pensacola Chapter, Miss Leila Reese, also extended a welcome to the delegates in a graceful little speech, saying: "One year ago I had the pleasure to invite you in the name of our Chapter to meet in Pensacola, and now I have the double pleasure of giving you welcome to our city, which was among the first to receive in her midst an armed force ready to do battle for the Confederacy, which suffered longest from the oppression of the invader, and in the hearts of whose women the patriotic memory of our cause has been kept alive with as sacred a zeal as were the fires of the vestal virgins of ancient Rome. It is said to be an Eastern custom to send forth from the home nest a perfumed dove, in order that the aroma of its wings might allure others; and so may your stay among us result in so much felicity in every way that you shall bear away with you the sweet incense of a royal welcome, a gracious hospitality, and such loyalty to the cause you are constituted to conserve as shall inspire anew your efforts to preserve the records and traditions of the South!"

To respond to this and to the preceding welcome address Mrs. Stockbridge, the President, called upon Mrs. W. T. McNulty, of Martha Reed Chapter of Jacksonville, to reply on behalf of the convention, after which the convention was called to order and regular business taken up. The reports of various committees were received and approved. There was no election of officers, as the present terms do not expire until next year. The next annual convention will be held at Jacksonville. After business the social features of the convention were brilliant and delightful. Mrs. L. Hilton Green's afternoon reception at the Country Club was greatly enjoyed, and in the evening the Osceola Club tendered the delegates a beautiful reception.

Of the distinguished women present was the widow of Gen. Patton Anderson, who was the first honorary President of the Florida Division.

William Standifer, of Mississippi, at the age of three-score and ten years, four of which were occupied by his service in the Confederate army, made application sometime back to the Agricultural and Mechanical College for position as a student, and he was regularly enrolled, there being no age limit to disqualify him.

Don't fail to commend the VETERAN, if you approve its policy, to strangers as well as friends.



DR. E. S. BUIST.

[The following tribute to the memory of Dr. E. Somers Buist, of Charleston, who was killed at Fort Walker, Hilton Head, November 7, 1861, dedicated to his surviving comrades by an unknown author, is taken from an old scrapbook.]

Away where the ocean enfolds the green main
With ocean's hushed monotones sighing,
As wave upon wave chants its own low refrain
Of lament where the fallen are lying;

Away where the sunlight aslant every wave
Sheds abroad from their snow crests in breaking,
Its glory o'er sands they refulgently lave,
While in dirges their echoes are waking;

Away where on land and on sea her smiles rest,
Earth tenderly holding in keeping,
While in baptismal flood the glow from the west
Lingers last where the gallant are sleeping—

He sleeps undisturbed. And there let him sleep,
The palmetto o'ershading the dying;
In silence so solemn none dare break to weep
His repose, with his brave comrades lying.

He had lived for his country, in her service he died,
And away by those waters is sleeping;
Not soon should the tears of her lament be dried,
While at home the bereaved are weeping.

Her bosom must bleed while it yields them a grave
Away at yon seaside, as sighing
Every breeze sounds a dirge, where the youthful and brave
Fell—midst none but patriots lying.

J. F. KELLY.

James Firman Kelly, one of the best-beloved members of the Confederate Historical Association, Camp 28, of Memphis, Tenn., died at his home, in Memphis, on February 22, 1905. He was born May 6, 1840, in Darlington District, S. C. His parents moved five years later and settled near Coffeeville, Miss., where Firman Kelly grew to manhood, leading the life common to the son of a large cotton planter, together with his twin brother.

When the commonwealth called her sons to her defense, in 1861, the two brothers responded together, and on March 18, 1861, joined the ranks of the Yallahusha Rifles, Capt. Albridge commanding, in which company Edward Walthall, later major general, was also a private. On May 29 this company, with others, formed the 15th Mississippi, with Col. W. S. Tatum commanding, the Yallahusha Rifles becoming Company H of the regiment. On Shiloh's "bloody field" Comrade Kelly and his twin brother were both wounded.

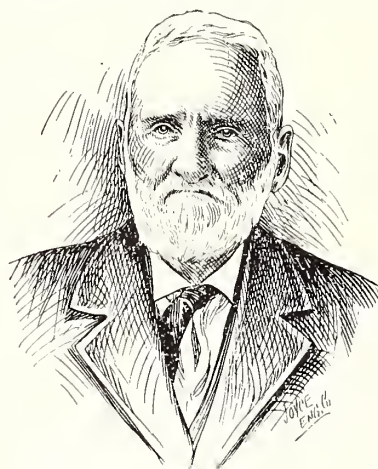
He served in the same company until the end, and surrendered with Johnston at Greensboro, N. C., April 16, 1865.

In 1880 he moved to Memphis, where, as deputy sheriff and in other positions of trust, he lived thereafter. As a soldier, he was prompt and cheerful in obedience to orders; as comrade, messmate, and friend, he was true, devoted, and loyal; as husband and father, he was considerate, gentle, and affectionate.

[The foregoing tribute is by I. N. Rainey, Secretary of the Confederate Historical Association.]

MATTHEW N. RUSSELL.

Matthew Newton Russell died near Franklin, N. C., April 20, 1905, aged ninety-four years. He was born on Mills River (then Buncombe County, N. C.) February 9, 1811. He moved to Macon County in 1821, and was married to Miss



M. N. RUSSELL.

Charity Jennings, of Macon, September 25, 1836. To him and his wife were born eleven children—five sons and six daughters—of whom only one son and two daughters are living. His wife died in July, 1901, near Franklin.

Mr. Russell was a very patriotic citizen, being an honored veteran of two wars. He served in the war with Mexico, and in the Confederate army as a member of Company H, 16th Regiment of

North Carolina Infantry, and was drawing government and State pensions for honorable service. He assisted in the removal of the Cherokee Indians from Western North Carolina, serving sixteen months under Gen. Winfield Scott, of whom he was a great admirer. Mr. Russell never sought nor served in any public office of any high degree. He was content as a humble private citizen and a member of the M. E. Church, South. He was a member of the Charles L. Robinson Camp No. 947, United Confederate Veterans, of Franklin, N. C. His funeral, on Saturday, April 22, was conducted by his pastor, Rev. F. L. Townsend, of Franklin, and Rev. J. H. Moore, of the Franklin Circuit.

MICHAEL S. JULIAN was born in Forsyth County, Ga., July 4, 1839; and died at his home, in Long Beach, Cal., April 8, 1905. In May, 1861, he enlisted in the Confederate service. His regiment (number not given) was sent to Virginia and afterwards to Roanoke Island to repel Burnside. Comrade Julian was captured, but soon exchanged; and in July, 1862, reported for duty with his command, then under Stonewall Jackson. At Gettysburg he was again captured, was first sent to Camp Chase and afterwards to Fort Delaware, where he was confined until after the surrender. He returned to his Georgia home, but in a few years moved to California and engaged in market-gardening, in which he was quite successful. In 1872 he married Miss Maggie Skidmore. His devoted wife and three sons survive him. Comrade Julian was a charter member of U. C. V. Camp No. 770, the first organization of the kind in California. His widow, Mrs. Maggie

Julian, is one of the charter members of the R. E. Lee Chapter of U. D. C. of Long Beach, and is now Second Vice President of the Chapter. A gallant old veteran, an honored and respected citizen, a devoted husband and affectionate father has answered "Here" to the last roll call.

COL. JOHN LAWRENCE RAPIER.

This gallant Confederate Veteran and prominent citizen of Mobile was born in Mobile County, Ala., June 15, 1842; and died at his home, in Mobile, May 7, 1905. Col. Rapier



COL. J. L. RAPIER.

was educated in New Orleans, and at the breaking out of the War between the States enlisted April 21, 1861, in a company commanded by Capt. Henry St. Paul. They were first sent to Pensacola, but shortly afterwards to Virginia, where the company became a part of a Louisiana battalion of infantry commanded by Maj. St. Paul, who had been promoted from Rapier's company. After the battle of Seven Pines, Comrade Rapier was made sergeant major of the battalion, a month later promoted to the rank of adjutant, and with the 2d Louisiana Brigade, commanded by Gen. W. E. Starke, participated in Second Manassas, Sharpsburg, and Fredericksburg, after which the battalion was transferred to South-eastern Virginia, taking part with Longstreet in that campaign. In August, 1864, he was sent with his command to reinforce Fort Gaines, and was there captured with the garrison on August 5, 1864, when the fort surrendered. He and his companions were sent to New Orleans and confined in the Union Cotton Press, from which Col. Rapier and twelve of his comrades escaped. For seven days and nights he toiled through the mud and water in the fetid swamps of Louisiana, but finally succeeded in reaching the Confederate lines and was given command of two guns on the gunboat Morgan, with which he surrendered April 21, 1865. The *VETERAN* for February, 1900, pages 77-81, contains an account of Col. Rapier's thrilling escape from prison in New Orleans.

Returning to New Orleans, he engaged in newspaper work. Shortly afterwards he accepted a position with his old com-

mander, Maj. St. Paul, on the *Mobile Times*. This paper was soon consolidated with the *Mobile Register*. Col. Rapier became part owner, and at the time of his death was the chief owner of the paper. He was appointed by President Cleveland postmaster of Mobile, and filled the office for four years.

Col. Rapier leaves a wife (formerly Miss Demony), four sons, and a daughter.

L. E. Camp, of Mexia, Tex., writes of Gen. John C. Moore: "Thomas D. Osborne, in his write-up of Kentucky's gifts to the Confederacy, omitted one of the most talented brigadier generals from his State—Gen. John C. Moore. He had charge of the military school at Shelbyville, Ky., before the war. He graduated at West Point, I think, in 1849 from East Tennessee. He joined the Confederate army in 1861, and was assigned to the command of an Alabama brigade. He was a resident of Texas after the war until two years ago, and now lives in Mangum, Okla. He is eighty-one years old, but the youngest man in the Territory of his years. Kentuckians and Tennesseans keep in touch with him. He is almost idolized by all of his old command that I have ever met."

JOHN M. TAYLOR.—The death of this comrade is reported by Adjutant Wood, of the John H. Lewis Camp, of Glasgow, Ky., on April 22, aged seventy-eight years. He was laid to rest by fellow-members of the Camp.

DR. C. M. STIGLEMAN.

From Wytheville, Va., comes a tribute to the memory of Dr. C. M. Stigleman, whose life in that community was a record of good deeds and enterprising public spirit. He was born in March, 1833; and died in January of 1905, lacking but a few weeks of completing his seventy-second year. The greater part of his life was spent in ministering to the wants and necessities of the sick, and in his profession he distinguished himself and became endeared to his patrons; he was also interested in other ways in the welfare and advancement of his people. He inaugurated the system of public schools for his county under many difficulties, and was the first superintendent of the county schools. To him also is due credit for the Confederate monument at Wytheville, for it was built mainly through his untiring efforts, and now stands in the courthouse yard as a monument to his memory as well as to the honor and glory of the comrades who fell in defense of homes and country.

Resolutions were passed by the Chapter of Daughters of the Confederacy there in honor of this gallant Confederate.

DR. RICHARD KIDDER TAYLOR.

Since the announcement in a recent number of the *VETERAN* of the death of this estimable man, a friend in Keokuk, Iowa, has furnished the following:

"Dr. R. H. Taylor died in Keokuk, Iowa, on January 6, 1905, after an illness of some weeks. He was born in Virginia, in 1826, the son of a wealthy planter. He was a graduate of the Richmond (Va.) Medical College, and under Gen. Lee was medical purveyor in the Confederate army, having charge of all the hospital supplies. After the war he practiced in Lynchburg for a number of years. About seven years ago he removed to Keokuk. He was married to Miss Lavinia Beverly Harrison in 1848, and of this union nine children were born, five of whom survive. In 1898 he and his wife celebrated their golden wedding anniversary. She died in 1902.

"Dr. Taylor was the type of a true Southern gentleman,

and his memory will long remain in the hearts of his friends, for he was a man whom every one honored and esteemed. His remains were carried back to Richmond and interred in beautiful Hollywood with his beloved wife and children."

COL. CHARLES H. ANDREWS.

On the 11th of February, 1905, the soul of Charles H. Andrews, weary of the burden of years, winged its flight to the eternal shore. Montgomery County, Ala., gave him birth in 1835, and he lacked but a few days of having filled out his three score years and ten. He was living in Madison County, Ga., when, at the age of twenty-six, inspired by love of country, he entered the Confederate service, and was elected first lieutenant of the Home Guards. Within a month he was made captain of the company. He was the idol of his soldiers, their inspiring leader, comforter, and protector, and in the dark days of our sorrowful defeat he was their stimulator to a new life under changed conditions.

Capt. Andrews served on general court-martials on Roanoke Island, Portsmouth, and Fredericksburg. In January, 1863, he was appointed by Gen. Robert E. Lee judge advocate of court-martial, Anderson's Division. At the battle of Fredericksburg he was second in rank of his regiment. On Sunday morning, May 3, 1863, at Chancellorsville, Maj. Jones being wounded, Capt. Andrews was placed in charge of the 3d Georgia Regiment. He led in the charge on the Federals on that memorable day, and his regiment was the very first to gain a position. On the evening of May 4, 1863, he commanded his regiment in the battle of Dornman's Hill, and was at this time complimented on the field by his superior officers for his gallantry and coolness. From July 1 to 4, at Gettysburg, he commanded the left wing of the 3d Georgia Regiment. In the charge on Cemetery Heights on July 2 his canteen was shot from his side, his cap torn to shreds, but he escaped a wound. In July, 1863, he was promoted to the command of the 3d Georgia Regiment. On July 23 his brigade was sent to Manassas Gap to protect the flanks of A. P. Hill's Corps from Meade's army. Col. Walker being wounded, Capt. Andrews was brevetted colonel and placed in charge of the brigade. His regiment, the 3d Georgia, had but two hundred men, and his entire brigade less than six hundred. With this handful of men he resisted all day Meade's attempt to cut Lee's army in twain. His services were especially conspicuous in resisting the tide of defeat and holding back overwhelming numbers on this occasion.

The constant and arduous service had broken his health, and he reluctantly accepted from Gen. Lee a furlough and returned to his home, in Madison, Ga., and was appointed an enrolling officer, which position he held until the close of the war. In every position to which he was called he proved himself a soldier of the highest type. In December, 1882, Capt. Andrews moved to Milledgeville, where he resided until his death.

"His life was like the days, more beautiful in the evening; like the summer, aglow with promise; and like the autumn, rich with the golden sheaves, where good works and deeds have ripened in the field."

MRS. ANNIE E. SYDNOR.

Our beloved coworker of the R. E. Lee Chapter, U. D. C., of Houston, Tex., Mrs. Annie E. Sydnor, passed to her reward before the nightfall on December 21, 1904. Her death in the twilight seemed to typify her life, for she passed to

the beyond as a worker with her arms full of sheaves in the twilight of life, before the winter night had fallen.

She came of a noble Southern family who gave all for their beloved South. Her strong convictions always found words to express her position as a loyal Daughter of the Confederacy. At the last State convention, at Waxahachie, she was unanimously elected one of the Vice Presidents of our Division. In her home Chapter she was ever in her place,



MRS. SYDNOR.

ready and willing to fill any position assigned her. Her bright, sweet face, her Christian spirit, and love, peace, and charity reigned in her heart and controlled every inspiration of her life. She was ever active in the cause of suffering humanity, and her beautiful life radiated her noble character in constant work. Thus she lived a useful, busy life, and "her works do follow her."

MRS. SARAH LLOYD BENNETT.

On March 14, 1905, at her residence, the Heights, near Sykesville, Md., Mrs. Sarah Lloyd Bennett, widow of Capt. John William Bennett, of the Confederate navy, died in the seventy-eighth year of her age, having suffered a stroke of paralysis.

Mrs. Bennett was the eldest daughter of the late Commodore Charles Lowndes, U. S. N., and Sarah Scott Lloyd, daughter of Gov. Edward Lloyd, of "Wye House." On December 19, 1856, she was married to Lieut. John William Bennett, of the United States navy, who, when the War between the States broke out, espoused the Southern cause, and fought with distinction to its close.

Mrs. Bennett is survived by four sons (Charles Lowndes, Pennington Tilton, Beverley Bladen, and Francis Lloyd) and two daughters (Ellen Lowndes and Harriet Gibson Bennett). She leaves also two brothers (Dr. Charles Lowndes, of Talbot Count, and Mr. Lloyd Lowndes, of Annapolis) and one sister (Mrs. Julius A. Johnson, of Easton, Md.).

The funeral was held at the house, and the interment was in the family lot at Springfield Cemetery, Rev. William Henry

Poole, rector of Holy Trinity Parish, conducting the services. The pallbearers were: Messrs. William Polk, Frank Mercer, Thomas Anderson, Wade H. D. Warfield, T. McKean Meiere, and Dr. J. Clement Clark.

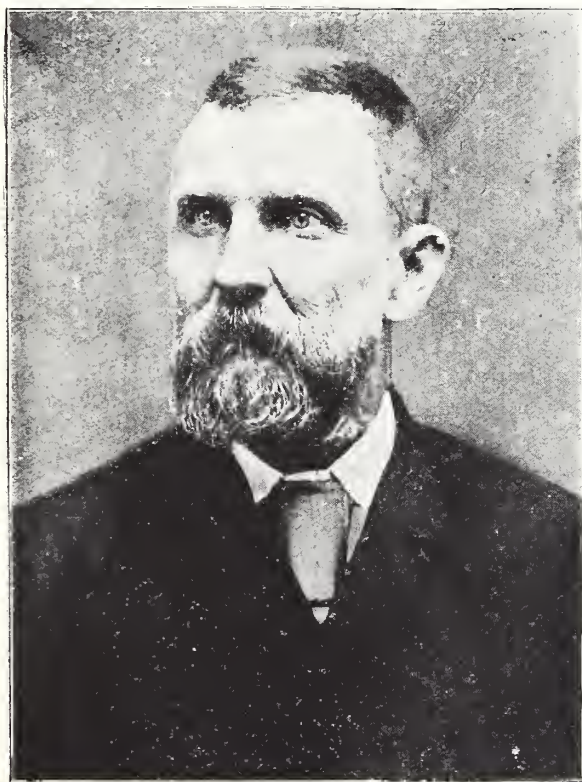
Among the relatives from a distance were: Mrs. Julius A. Johnson, Miss Sarah Scott Lowndes, of Talbot County; Mr. Lloyd Lowndes and Dr. Charles H. T. Lowndes, U. S. N., of Annapolis; Mrs. Nannie Meiere, Mrs. Mary Owen, and Mrs. Felix R. Sullivan, daughters of the late Admiral Franklin Buchanan; Mrs. Sullivan Pitts, Messrs. Thomas B. Mackall, and T. McKean Meiere, of Baltimore.

The VETERAN for July, 1903, contains a sketch of her husband, Capt. J. W. Bennett, who died on June 27.

CHARLES ETIENNE LARTIGUE was born at Blackville, S. C.; and died at Orlando, Fla., on the 17th of November, 1904, aged sixty-five years. Capt. Lartigue was at the time of his death Lieutenant Commander of Orange County Camp, No. 54. He had been a faithful soldier of the Southern Confederacy, and was loyal to the cause to the last day of his life. He first joined the Palmetto Guards at Charleston, S. C., in April, 1861; afterwards served with the famous Washington Artillery of Charleston and as sergeant in Hart's splendid battery of Hampton's Legion; then was transferred to Company I, of the 3d South Carolina Cavalry, and finally to Company A, of Frederick's Heavy Artillery. He came to Florida in 1883, and was respected as a man of sterling worth and as a Christian gentleman.

WILLIAM J. LUMPKIN.

William J. Lumpkin, another valiant Confederate soldier, passed to his final rest in Owensboro, Ky., on April 24, 1905.



W. J. LUMPKIN.

One by one the old Confederates who followed the stars and bars of the Confederacy through the stormy days of the war are passing away. One by one those old heroes are registering at the silent wayside inn, where all human flesh at last must sleep. One by one the men who followed Lee and Jackson and Johnston and Hood and Forrest and Morgan are falling from their posts.

William J. Lumpkin was born in King William County, Va., February 23, 1835. He was one of the very first to enlist as a soldier in the army of the South. He was a member of the 1st Virginia Regiment, and was at the first battle of Manassas, July 18-21, 1861, in which he received a severe wound in his hand. He was a valiant soldier. To the last, when his old comrades carried him to Elmwood Cemetery, he was a faithful and devoted believer in all that the Old South loved and cherished.

The family he left surviving him can well afford to refer to his record as one in which there is no spot or blemish, and to hope, in view of the valiant services rendered by Comrade Lumpkin during the war, that in "the sweet by and by" there will be in his crown many stars to attest his virtues as a citizen and his valor as a soldier.

FIVE MEMBERS OF THE U. C. V. CAMP AT MEXIA, TEX.

Adjutant H. W. Williams, of Joe Johnston Camp, No. 94, Mexia, Tex., reports the death of the following-named comrades, who died between April 1, 1904, and April 1, 1905:

James Calvin Anglin, born July 18, 1847, in Limestone County, Tex.; died March 21, 1905, at Groesbeck, Tex. He was a member of McNally's company of independent scouts and served in the Trans-Mississippi Department.

William Hamilton Herring, born May 31, 1838, in Tuscaloosa County, Ala.; died October 22, 1904, at Prairie Grove, Tex. He was sergeant in Company G, 18th Alabama Infantry, Army of Tennessee.

Isaac Thompson Mahoney, born October 21, 1842, near Troy, Pike County, Ala.; died October 21, 1904, near Mexia, Tex. He was a member of Company E, 1st Alabama Infantry, Walcott's Brigade, Army of Tennessee.

Dr. Josiah Tyree Sloan, born July 2, 1840, in Clark County, Ark.; died February 9, 1905, at Tehuacana Hills, Tex. He was a lieutenant in Company E, 2d Arkansas Infantry, Army of the Trans-Mississippi Department.

Christopher H. F. Wood, born November 8, 1837, at Jackson, Tenn.; died October 4, 1904, at Mexia, Tex. He was a sergeant in Company F, 15th Texas Cavalry, Granbury's Brigade, Army of Tennessee.

E. L. STEVENS.

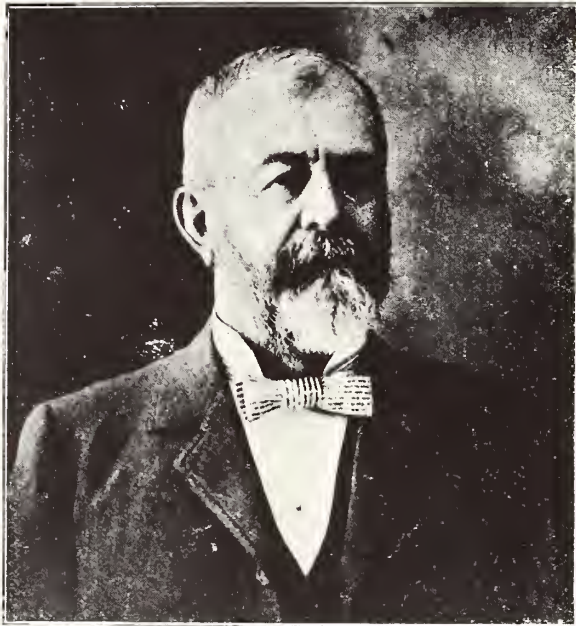
In the beginning of the Confederate war Lod Stevens enlisted as a private in Company I, 2d South Carolina Regiment, Lipscomb's Regiment of M. C. Butler's Brigade of Cavalry, that served under Wade Hampton. He was ever ready for duty, went through the thickest of the battles, and was never wounded nor captured. After the war he engaged in farming and stock-raising until brought down by illness about four weeks before his death, which occurred recently, but the date of it is not given in the report furnished.

Comrade "Uncle Lod," as he was familiarly known, was conspicuous for his integrity and fair-mindedness. The casket was literally hidden by lovely flowers, tributes of affection and esteem. He leaves a widow, who was Miss Ida Smyly, and five children—Miss Lena Stevens and Mr. Smyly Stevens, of Greenwood, and Messrs. B. L., Lewis, and James Stevens.

CAPT. FRANK L. PITTS.

Frank L. Pitts, born in Shelby County, Mo., April 25, 1841; died at San Antonio, Tex., February 1, 1905.

Universally beloved for his many good and magnanimous



HON. F. L. PITTS.

qualities as a man and citizen, the home community of this comrade, Paris, Mo., felt deeply the shock of the announcement of his death. He served as a soldier of the Confederacy, and won his spurs in the heat and dust of battle. At the battle of Franklin, Tenn., he lost an arm, but continued in the service to the end. After the war, his fellow-citizens honored him by offices of public trust. He was constable of the township four years, sheriff of Monroe County four years, collector of the county for ten years, and State treasurer four years. He voluntarily retired from public service several years ago, and since has lived quietly with his family at the old home in Paris, enjoying the esteem and love of all. He leaves as a heritage to his people and his State a memory rich "in noble deeds, full of kindly words for his fellow-men, unsullied by a single act of duplicity or injustice."

The death of Comrade Pitts is a loss to Missouri and to the South. The last communication at the VETERAN office from him stated in regard to an indigent comrade found away off in Iowa: "I made up a nice sum of money and sent it to him, and shall make an effort to have him admitted to the Home."

GEN. FITZHUGH LEE.

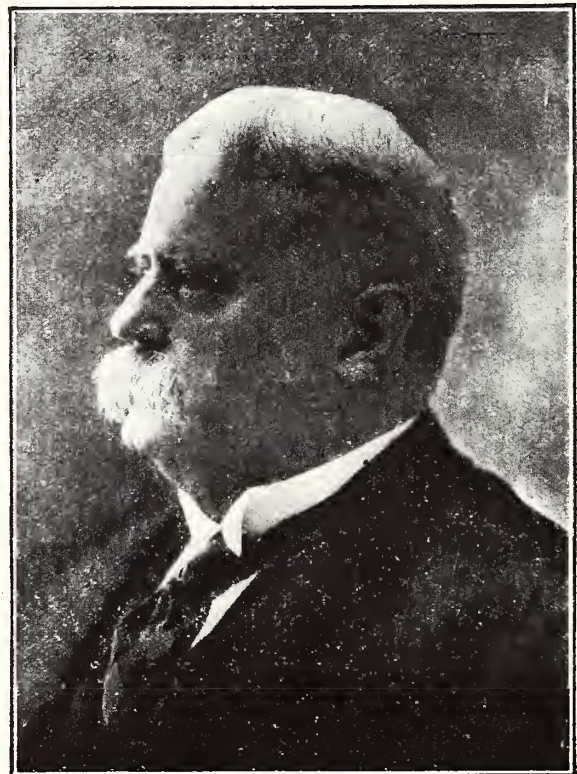
This distinguished soldier and citizen died at Providence Hospital, Washington, D. C., April 29, 1905. Gen. Lee was stricken with apoplexy while on the cars *en route* from Boston to Washington, where he arrived about 10 A.M. and was conveyed to the hospital. Notwithstanding the severity of the attack, which affected his entire left side, he was conscious up to within a few moments of his death, which came peacefully and without suffering at 10:30 P.M.

Gen. Fitzhugh Lee was born in Clermont, Va., November 19, 1835, and would have been seventy years old in Novem-

ber. He was a grandson of Light Horse Harry Lee and a nephew of Gen. Robert E. Lee. Through all of his brilliant and successful career as a soldier, a diplomat for his country, or private citizen Gen. Fitzhugh Lee has well sustained the illustrious name he bore, and in saying this no higher compliment can be paid him. He entered the United States Military Academy in 1852, graduated in 1856, commissioned first lieutenant of cavalry, and assigned to duty on the frontier, where he saw much active service and was severely wounded in fighting Comanche Indians and other hostile tribes.

In 1860 he was appointed military instructor of cavalry at West Point, but at the outbreak of the war he resigned from the United States army and entered the Confederate service as adjutant of Gen. Ewell's Brigade. Soon after he was appointed lieutenant colonel of the 1st Virginia Cavalry. In July, 1862, he was made a brigadier general of cavalry, and in September, 1863, a major general. In the battle at Winchester, September 19, 1864, he had three horses shot from under him, and was himself so severely wounded as to incapacitate him for service for several months. He was appointed in March, 1865, to the command of the cavalry corps of the Army of Northern Virginia, and surrendered to Gen. Meade the April following.

Gen. Lee did not again appear in public life until 1875, when by invitation he visited Boston and delivered an address at the Bunker Hill Centennial, which was notable for his patriotic utterances and which was one of the earliest efforts of prominent Southern men to lay aside the irritating differences engendered by the War between the States. In 1882-83 he made a trip through the South in behalf of the Southern Historical Society. In 1886 he was elected Governor of Virginia, and remained in this office until 1890, the constitution of his State alone preventing him from reelection.



GEN. FITZHUGH LEE.

In 1896 President Cleveland appointed him Consul General to Cuba. The Cubans were in a state of revolution against the Spanish government, and the powers of Europe were watching this struggle with more than ordinary interest. The position of our Consul General was a trying one; but the skill, the dignity, and the firmness with which Gen. Lee represented the interests of his government so won the admiration and applause of the American people, regardless of politics, that Mr. McKinley, the successor to President Cleveland, asked him to remain in office and to withdraw his resignation, which had been tendered. When the Spanish war began, Gen. Lee tendered his services and was appointed a brigadier general in the United States army. He soon organized an army corps; but, as the services of his troops were not needed in the army of invasion, he was not in active service. In 1898 he was appointed to command the artillery forces in the district of Havana, and for some time commanded the Department of Cuba. Later and until, on account of age, he was placed on the retired list of the United States army, with the rank of brigadier general, he was in command of the Department of Missouri of the United States army.

At the time of his death Gen. Lee was actively engaged in getting up the Jamestown Exposition, of which he was President, and providing for the grand naval and military display to be held there. His wife and five children survive him. Two of his boys are army officers, two of his daughters are wives of army officers, and his third daughter is a young lady yet in her teens. Like their distinguished father, the two boys show a preference for the cavalry. Young Fitzhugh is in the cavalry service in Manila, and his brother, George M. Lee, is in the 7th Cavalry, stationed in San Francisco. None of Gen. Lee's family were with him at the time of his death.

Gen. Lee's remains were carried to Richmond, Va., and placed in the City Hall, where thousands of citizens, largely interspersed with his old veterans, passed to take a last look at their beloved commander. He was buried from St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Bishop A. M. Randolph officiating, on Thursday, the 4th inst.

EULOGY ON FITZHUGH LEE.

Col. W. H. Stewart paid tribute before the Stonewall Camp, U. C. V., Portsmouth, Va., on May 2, 1905:

"It is a struggle, a continuous battle to live. It is hard to live. I tremble from dread as I walk the highway of life. I fear more to live than I do to die. God help me to live, and I do not fear death.

"A great man, Fitzhugh Lee, is dead—unburied to-night. He nobly fought the battles of life. Trouble stood in his way like milestones on a turnpike, but he reached the goal with greater achievements than he reckoned, and his name is burned into our hearts as a hero whom we love. We remember that after he sheathed his sword he pursued with his whole soul the teachings of Robert E. Lee, the great leader of the South, and had accomplished more to make lasting friendship between the North and South than any other man who has lived to see the twentieth century. He was the strongest arch in the bridge of peace across the bloody chasm of the intersectional war. He changed millions of enemies into friends and chained their hearts in bonds of affection. He accepted the arbitrament of the sword and made peace the glory of a splendid career. [This distinction should certainly have coupled with it the name of Gen. J. B. Gordon.—ED. VETERAN.]

"As a diplomat in Cuba Fitzhugh Lee gave an enduring name for American history, and as a leader of the international celebration of the settlement of Jamestown he has awakened the enthusiasm of the nation, and died in its harness with the armor of love over his heart and the whisper of pleasantness on his lips. The last time I saw him we spoke from the same rostrum to the Veterans and people of Princess Anne for a monument to the hero dead of that county. His eloquent words had the ring of pure metal and his polished sentences lifted the souls of his audience to do honor to the proud people who had gone before, and to-day a monument to the Confederate soldiers of Princess Anne stands upon the court green of that noble county.

"Fitzhugh Lee was our comrade in the war for Southern independence; he was one of our brightest lights in the darkness of defeat and reconstruction; he was Virginia's most brilliant Governor; he was one of our greatest fellow-citizens in the reunited United States. He was in the saddle to unfold to the world the proudest sentiment of the English-speaking people—the sentiment which planted and cultivated the seed at Jamestown of the greatest republic of the world—when he fell dead like a soldier on the battlefield. His name needs no encomiums from us, but we need to speak of him for the good to us and to others. We point to him as an exemplar for our lives and the lives of our children. His conduct says: 'Fight with cheerfulness the battles of life, having faith in the Redeemer, and all will be well.' My poor words are but feeble expressions of our feelings on this solemn occasion."

KENTUCKY DAUGHTERS TO FITZHUGH LEE.

The Joseph H. Lewis Chapter, U. D. C., Frankfort, Ky., through its officers (Mrs. Sam Leavy, President; Mrs. South Primble, Vice President; Mrs. Nelly Stedman Cox, Corresponding Secretary), pays tribute to Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, requesting the report to be published in the VETERAN and elsewhere. The tribute concludes:

"'Halt!' 'Twas the word of wondrous firm command
That Death demanded face to face with Lee.
Both paused upon the vantage ground of right,
He without desire to fight or flee;
But with a firm resolve he raised his hand,
Saluted Death, then bivouacked for the night."

MISS SUSIE BOULDIN.

Resolutions by the Terry's Texas Rangers Chapter, U. D. C., Houston, Tex., set forth tributes to the usefulness in earthly activity of Miss Susie Bouldin, Historian of the Chapter, whose death is deeply deplored. She was a devoted member of the Chapter and also a faithful worker in the Church.

The tribute by the committee, composed of Mrs. Bettie Chappell, Miss Annie Lide, and Miss Bertha Brandt, states: "While we deplore the loss of a faithful worker, we do humbly bow to the will of 'Him who doeth all things well,' and extend to the bereaved family our sympathy and prayers, commending them to our God, 'who is too wise to err and too good to be unkind.'"

DR. HAMMOND BOULDIN.

In the life of Dr. Hammond Bouldin was exemplified the love of God, of country, and of his fellow-man. In the flush of youth, at his country's call, he joined the 8th Texas Cavalry, and till the star of the Confederacy went down in defeat he was faithful to his duties as soldier and surgeon; and through the successes and failures of succeeding years

his love and loyalty to the South and the principles for which he fought never faltered. He was a Confederate soldier to the last. As a lover of his kind, he delighted in later years to gather about him his friends and comrades, and on every suitable occasion it was his pleasure to entertain them with a gracious cordiality and hospitality. In later years, when eyes grew dim and feet were faltering, the word of God was a light for his guidance and a stay for his feeble-



DR. H. BOULDIN.

ness, and his passage into the beyond was with hope of a better life.

Dr. Bouldin was born in Madison County, Ala. He died at Lawn, Tex., on the morning of April 16, having passed but shortly into his eighty-first year. He went to Texas in 1850 and settled in Washington County. Though twice married, only a son and some grandchildren survive him. The last years of his life were passed at Lawn, in Taylor County.

GEORGE TUCKER STAINBACK, D.D.

Dr. Stainback was born near Fredericksburg, Va., April 4, 1829. He moved to Memphis, Tenn., when quite a lad, and was connected with the press of Memphis when a young man. He professed religion in the old Court Street Cumberland Presbyterian Church, and "felt impressed" to preach the gospel; graduated from the University of Mississippi, and was licensed to preach and was ordained by the Oxford Presbytery when twenty-five years of age. He was a pastor for nearly fifty years, serving congregations at Columbus, Miss.; Huntsville and Birmingham, Ala.; McMinnville, Memphis, and Dyersburg, Tenn. He was a chaplain in the Confederate army throughout the war.

Dr. Stainback received Gen. Forrest into the Church at Memphis, and preached the funeral from the same altar. He was at one time Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Masons of Mississippi, and once Grand Chaplain of the Grand Lodge of Masons of Tennessee.

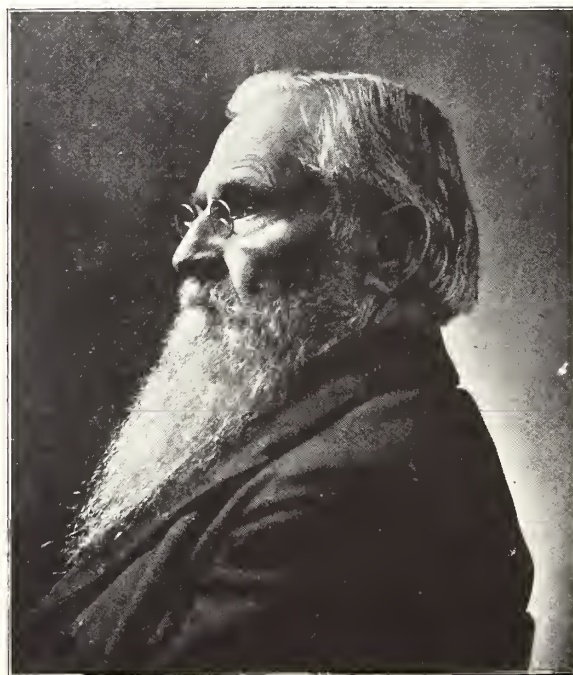
Nature was generous in her gifts with Comrade Stainback. He was intellectually strong, physically robust, ardent

in his affections, broad in his sympathies. With a voice admirably adapted for speaking and singing, he was known as "The Old Man Eloquent." He was a genial, generous-hearted man, and "everybody's friend." He was generous to a fault. His hospitality was proverbial; his home and his belongings were for the use of visitors, even strangers, as well as for himself and family.

Five years after severing his connection with the Church at Memphis he was called back there to preach the funeral of a very dear friend. After writing at length of the sermon and eulogy, the editorial writer of the *Memphis Appeal* said: "Dr. Stainback will spend several days in Memphis, and perhaps the entire week, in visiting and receiving his friends. Some men never shake a hand without making an enemy. Dr. Stainback is of that other class, who never clasp a hand without making a friend. He is loved by the people of Memphis with an affection seldom lavished upon an individual. His transparent simplicity, the warmth of his genial nature, his great abilities, his piety and powers as an eloquent minister, have made him one of the most popular and conspicuous leaders of his denomination. He has occasionally lived in Memphis during the past forty years, and he was loved in boyhood and manhood. There is always joy at his coming and sadness at his leaving."

At a memorial service held in McMinnville, in which all denominations took part, it was said of him: "Certainly Dr. Stainback belonged to the town. The town honored him; the town mourns for him."

The greatest event in his life, perhaps, was in the service held in the Tennessee Headquarters at the Louisville reunion in May, 1900. He said to the editor of the *VETERAN* that he had been directed to hold religious service there. It seemed impossible to stop the din and confusion, but he said: "I will try." Mounting a table in the hall, he commanded attention and so electrified the multitude that in five minutes they were in tears. Hundreds, who were weeping, crowded about



REV. G. T. STAINBACK, D.D.

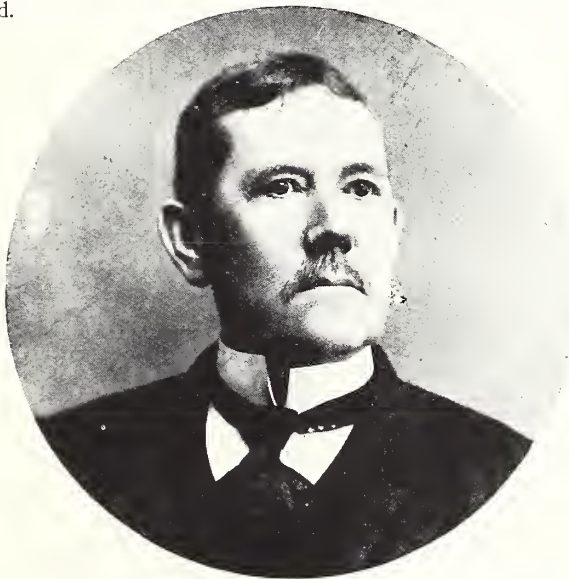
him to promise the double allegiance which he had so eloquently counseled. His tribute to Gen. Forrest was as fine as has ever been spoken or written. Sometime after that Louisville speech one of the veterans, after his return home, in Memphis, met the son of Dr. Stainback on the street one day and, putting his arms around him, exclaimed, "You've got the grandest daddy on earth;" and then he told about the speech at Louisville, as magnetic as can be conceived by humankind.

Dr. Stainback was twice happily married. He died June 28, 1902, at Dyersburg, Tenn., and was buried at Columbus, Miss. He sleeps well because he labored well.

GRIFFIN F. EDWARDS.

Past Commander Griffin F. Edwards, of Stonewall Camp, C. V., died at his residence, in Portsmouth, Va., May 14, 1905. He was a student at Emory and Henry College when the war between the North and the South broke out. The whole student body enlisted in the Southern army, and he joined Company E, 61st Virginia Infantry Regiment, Mahone's Brigade, as a private. He was promoted to sergeant major of the regiment in 1863 and to adjutant in 1864. He was in the battles of Gettysburg, Mine Run, Cold Harbor, Willcox Farm, Crater, Davis's Farm, Ream's Station, Hatcher's Run, Burgess's Mill, and Cumberland Church, which occurred two days before the surrender, at Appomattox. He was wounded in this last battle of his command and left in the hands of the enemy.

Comrade Edwards entered the profession of law, and was one of the successful men of the profession in his city. He was true as a friend, a brave soldier, a faithful civil officer, an honorable lawyer, and a manly and patriotic citizen to the end.



MAJ. G. F. EDWARDS.

CAPT. J. M. WINSTON.

Another one who wore the gray during that fearful period of 1861-65 has passed over the river to appear before the bar of eternal justice, where motives are not misjudged and acts are judged in love and mercy.

In April last, at his home, Ramsey Station, Sumter County, Ala., there died Capt. James M. Winston, who had reached the ripe age of seventy-eight years. Early in the war he

entered the Confederate service as a member of the 36th Alabama Regiment. In the spring of 1863 he was transferred



CAPT. WINSTON.

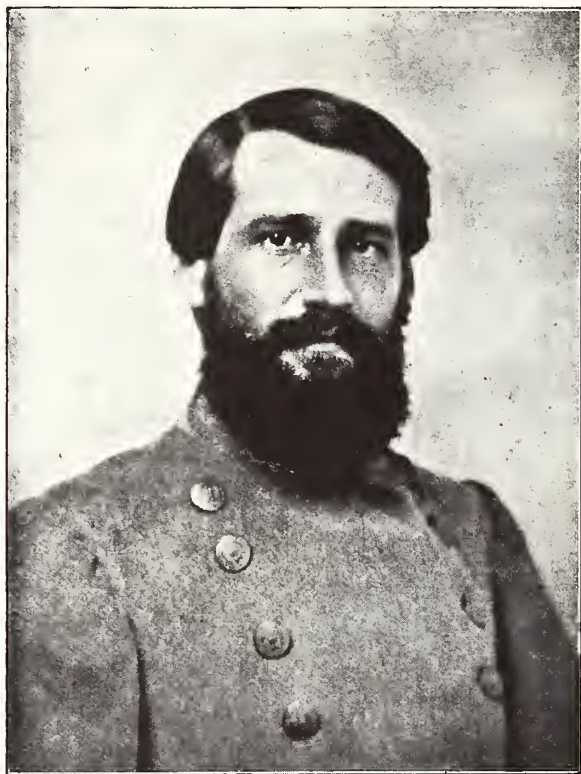
to the cavalry service, becoming a member of a new company then being raised by Dr. D. H. Williams, of Gainesville, Ala., and was elected first lieutenant thereof at its organization. This company was attached to a regiment of which Col. Isham Harrison, of Mississippi, was commander. Subsequently it was transferred to the 16th Confederate Cavalry Regiment, which was then commanded by Col. Armstead, who was soon thereafter promoted brigadier general, and that brave and gallant cavalier, Col. Philip B. Spence, succeeded to the command, and continued till the close of the war. Soon after this transfer Dr. D. H. Williams, then captain, was promoted to brigade surgeon, and Capt. Winston succeeded him as leader of Company A. This position he retained until surrendered by Gen. Forrest at Gainesville, Ala., in May, 1865. As a soldier, Capt. Winston served his country faithfully and well. He participated in many battles, and was with his regiment in the last battle fought east of the Mississippi River. As a commander, he was courageous and always at the head of his company in battle. He loved his men, looked after their interest, and always tempered his discipline with justice and charity. As a man, he was upright, honest, generous, and at all times ready to respond to the distress of the widow and the wail of the orphan; and as a citizen, he upheld the law and promoted the welfare of the community and State.

Capt. Winston married, in early manhood, Miss Broadway, who shared his joys and sorrows and ministered unto him even unto his departure. Five children survive him—four daughters and one son, worthy offsprings of a noble stock. After the war he returned to his home and resumed farming, which he continued till his death. Besides his family, he is mourned by a host of friends, and the country has lost one of its noblest sons. Peace to his soul.

COMRADE J. R. ODOM, a member of the Confederate Veteran Camp at Wills Point, Tex., died at his home, near that place, on April 19. He was a member of Company I, 2d Louisiana Infantry, known as the "Pelican Rifles" of Stonewall Jackson's Corps. He participated in most of the battles in which his regiment was engaged and was severely wounded. He was an honored and beloved citizen, and in his daily, upright, Christian walk through life set a worthy example for those about him.

CAPT. J. T. OWENS.—Adj. Thomas Shannon, Portsmouth, Va., reports the death of Comrade Owens, which occurred on February 28, 1905: "Capt. Owens was born in Matthews County, Va., in 1836. He enlisted in Company D, 26th Virginia Infantry, as first lieutenant, and was later made captain of the company. He served in the Army of Northern Virginia until the surrender of Gen. Lee. Comrade Owens was a brave soldier, and faithful to every duty."

COMMANDER IN CHIEF GEN. S. D. LEE.



From a photo made in the winter of 1864-65.

Gen. Stephen D. Lee is now our most conspicuous comrade. Succeeding Gen. John B. Gordon as Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veterans (as magnificent a chieftain as ever represented any cause, and who increased year after year in popularity so that his comrades would not permit a suggestion of retirement until the grim reaper took him away), Gen. Lee has assumed responsibilities that are rarely placed upon a man. Realizing the spirit of his comrades toward the lamented Gordon, he undertook the responsibilities with humble spirit, determined to maintain, as fully as possible, the noble purposes for which the great organization was created. His sense of obligation and the inspiration to achieve during the few remaining years all that can be done by the Old Guard for our country and for the integrity of our dead comrades have enabled him to achieve much for his comrades.

A visit to the grand old home of Gen. Lee and the opportunity to see the evidences of friendship of all leading Confederates from the chief down enable the writer to express pride and gratitude that a comrade who was intimate with leaders in the Confederacy in its bright yet tragic days is at the helm.

This brief tribute to our beloved Commander in Chief is made wholly without his seeking or his knowledge. The VETERAN is comforted in being able to assure comrades that Gen. Stephen D. Lee is mellow in his heart toward every man, living or dead, who valiantly espoused and was steadfast in his devotion to the cause for which so much of treasure and blood was given. As a West Point classmate and lifelong friend of Gen. G. W. C. Lee (oldest son of Gen. R. E. Lee), and many who were eminent on both sides in the war, he was intimate with the advanced tactics and methods, and by association he shared the confidence and the esteem of those who had not the advantage of military training.

Who's Who in America, 1901-02, reports that he was born in Charleston, S. C., September 22, 1833, son of Dr. Thomas and Caroline (Allison) Lee; was graduated from West Point in 1854; was first lieutenant 4th Artillery, U. S. A., 1854-61. His promotions are given from captain to lieutenant general. He participated in the battles around Richmond in 1862, in the Second Manassas and Sharpsburg, then in the Vicksburg campaign; he commanded the Confederate forces at Chickasaw Bayou, when Sherman was defeated. He participated in the Georgia and Tennessee campaigns under Johnston and Hood. After the war he engaged as a planter in Mississippi. He married Miss Regina Lillie Harrison, of Columbus, Miss. He served in the Mississippi State Senate and Constitutional Convention. His Confederate official positions are well known. He has been Commissioner of Vicksburg Park since March 1, 1899.

The following from Gen. Forrest was to Gen. Lee:

*Jackson Miss
July 1st 1865*

General

*I am here for the
purpose of making application
to the Prov for a pardon I
find it necessary to first take
the amnesty oath and attach
the oath to the application
and then to have the general
approve he for sending to
Washington Lady Judge
& General Sharkey thinks
the application should be
made and forwarded as early
as possible I have arranged
with the Commr to forward*

My application for the land
 as soon as you will allow me
 to do so that you may and
 send your forward as early
 as possible I have settled for
 the present at my plantation
 on Lookout Mountain or Miss has gone
 I have made her a fine crop
 of corn if the season hit me
 make a fine crop Mrs D is making
 Butter & Raising chickens so come
 to do so and bring Mrs L
 with you if you go to planting
 the Miss Linn is the place
 to do so Give my kindest
 regards to Mrs L and allow
 me to remain as ever
 your friend &
 N.B. Forrest

ONLY ONE OF FORREST'S MEN.

BY MRS. FRANK THOMPSON, CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

Near the foot of Lookout Mountain
 Stood a farmhouse years ago,
 Where the sunbeams kissed the ripples
 In the Tennessee below;
 There the mocking bird in springtime,
 In its joyous, merry trill,
 Answered to the distant calling
 Of the lonely whip-poor-will;
 When the June leaves waved a welcome
 To the mountain laurel bloom,
 And the honeysuckle scented
 The morning air with sweet perfume;
 When the humming birds went flitting
 'Mong the daisies growing there,
 Through the tangled wild rose bramble
 And the waving maidenhair.
 In the doorway stood a woman.
 Nature seemed to pause and sigh
 For the little ones about her
 And the tears that filled her eye
 For the kind and loving husband
 Riding down the mountain's glen.
 "Papa's gone," her pale lips quivered—
 "Gone to war with Forrest's men."

In the days that followed after

Through the years of gloom and strife,
 Though his heart was on the mountain
 With his children, home, and wife,
 Yet the hand that held the rammer
 Never flinched or faltered when,
 Facing death, he spiked a cannon
 Bearing down on Forrest's men.
 "Who was he?" the Colonel shouted,
 Glancing down the throbbing lines
 As the balls and shells reëchoed
 Through the oaks and forest pines.
 "Home, Sweet Home," the band was playing,
 Touching hearts of foe and friend.
 Through the din a cry went ringing:
 "Only one of Forrest's men."
 Shrieking balls and crash of sabers,
 Spreading death on every side,
 Blue and gray together falling
 In the flowing crimson tide.
 Through the blazing storm of battle,
 In the lurid, fiery den
 There our Lookout Mountain soldier
 Won the day with Forrest's men.
 Then again at Chickamauga
 We remember still with pride
 How he with the tattered regiment
 From the morn till evening tide
 Charged the flaming iron breastworks
 Through the storm of fire, and then
 Would have faced ten thousand muskets.
 He was one of Forrest's men.
 Still around old Lookout Mountain
 Birds are singing as of yore,
 Flowers blooming on the hillside,
 Strangers in the farmhouse door.
 Time has worn the simple headstone,
 Crumbling on the mountain glen;
 There old Lookout's shadow sentinels
 Only one of Forrest's men.

CONQUERED.

BY DAVID J. WEISIGER.

Not on the smoke-crowned heights of Gettysburg,
 Where, like autumn leaves before the winter blast,
 The soldiers of the Southland, charging
 Unnumbered hosts, fell thick and fast—
 Not there ye conquered.
 Not in the springtime on the field of Appomattox,
 With scattered ranks, hungry and sore distressed,
 The soldiers of our Southland weary
 Laid down their arms with hearts all sore oppressed—
 Not yet ye conquered.
 But when long years had passed, the strife forgotten,
 At Narragansett Pier Death's angel came
 And claimed the pride and jewel of our Southland,
 Daughter of the Confederacy her name—
 That day ye conquered.
 When ye brave soldiers of the Northland
 Asked the sad privilege to guard her bier,
 You made to vanish the last drop of hatred
 And caused to fall full many a Southern tear—
 'Twas then ye conquered.

SOUTHERN LITERATURE.

Some years ago the Neale Publishing Company was incorporated for the purpose of publishing general literature—biography, history, reminiscence, fiction, poetry, and general miscellany. All of the stockholders and officers were then, as now, Southerners, and in thorough sympathy with Southern traditions. While the directors determined that the publications of the company should not be limited geographically, at the same time they realized that the South presented a literary field peculiarly fertile and attractive, and it was determined to encourage Southern writers to develop a distinctive literature which should be thoroughly representative of the South of the past as well as of the present.

The result of their undertaking has even exceeded their expectations. We do not hesitate to say that in the books issued by the Neale Publishing Company to-day the South is in possession of a literature essentially her own—a literature of distinctiveness, of originality, and of character—which is of the utmost importance not only to the South and our Southern people, but wherever the reflection of the customs, manners, politics, and history of a great people is esteemed.

The books issued by the Neale Publishing Company present, as a whole, a splendid and complete literature of the Southern writers. The histories, biographies, books of reminiscence, politics, travel, etc., are most valuable, and no library is complete without them; while the works of poetry and fiction are among the best to be found in the English language, possessing as they do that charm which is peculiar to the Southern writer alone. This literature has been steadily increasing, until to-day this house far exceeds contemporary publishers in the production of Southern works. This is generally conceded.

But, while the company makes a special feature of its Southern publications, it by no means confines its output to Southern writers alone. The authors of this house are found throughout the United States, Canada, and Europe; while some of the most valuable and interesting foreign publications in French, German, and Russian are translated and published by them. A correct idea of the value and magnitude of these publications can be found only after looking over their illustrated catalogue of eighty-four pages, which will be sent to any applicant who will address the Neale Publishing Company, Washington, D. C., or New York City. This catalogue will be of profound interest to those who are unfamiliar with the complete line of publications issued by this house.

Encouraged by the great success they have met with as publishers of Southern literature, the company will soon begin the publication of *The Southerner*, a monthly magazine. Work upon the first number has already begun. The magazine will be Southern in the same sense as the *British Quarterly* is British or the *Atlantic* is New England. Its purpose is to develop and consolidate Southern literature, and it will appeal to Southerners as their enterprise in the interest of the South, her institutions and traditions. In its mechanical features it will be fully equal to *Harper's* and the best of the high-class magazines, and will be handsomely illustrated by some of the best artists in Europe and America. It will contain one hundred and seventy-eight pages, exclusive of advertising, and will be filled with the best literature the world has to offer, including biography, history, reminiscence, economics, politics, art, sports, fiction in both continued novels and short stories; while there will be various regular departments treating of the South's commercial development, her educational advantages, her historical and patriotic societies,

etc. In a word, the publishers promise our people a great magazine, which will be wholly representative of the best that any country or section has ever offered. The subscription is three dollars a year; twenty-five cents a number. Although a large part of the contents for the first year is already in hand, in which the leading men and women of letters of the South are represented, as well as some others of the North and of Europe, we understand that the company has promised to give careful attention to all manuscripts which it receives from Southern authors.

In an interview with a Louisville correspondent a few days since the President of the company, Mr. Walter Neale, dictated this statement: "I believe the time is ripe for the publication of a great Southern magazine, such as *The Southerner*. In fact, there has never been a time in the past hundred years in which a magazine truly representative of the South would not have been successful from every aspect. It is true that efforts have been made to float magazines in the South in recent years, but none which attempted to compete with the best of the American periodicals except in special fields. The promoters lacked capital, special knowledge, and experience, nor did they have the facilities to properly undertake a work of such magnitude. The captains of these would-be literary ships all steered their crafts amid many shoals upon a fatal rock—no payment, or inadequate payment, to authors and artists. *The Southerner* will pay the full market value of all the material that appears in its pages. Our people have not the slightest doubt of success. We know that the South can produce a wonderful literature of a wonderful people, and in this magazine will be felt the very pulsations of the big, noble-hearted Dixie. In *The Southerner* her authors shall write her history and biography as they wish to tell it. There will be no blue pencil wielded by a partisan Northern editor;



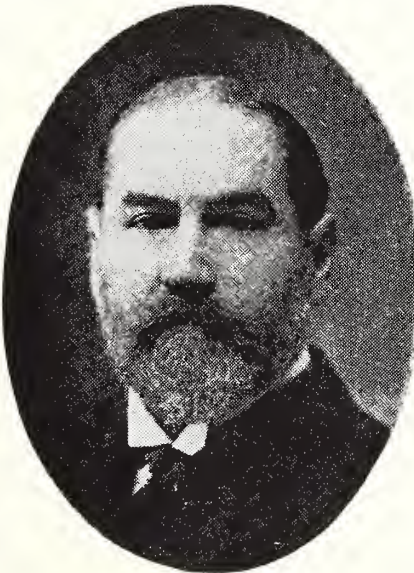
MR. WALTER NEALE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

while all of the great beauty and charm of the warm, passionate fiction, poetry, and art of the Southland will arouse the world to the fact that the Southern States of America can produce literature and art as great as that which the South of Europe has given in the past. A literature is as great as the people who give it birth. Has a greater people existed than those of the South? Such a population of twenty million, I feel assured, can and will make *The Southerner* a notable success from every point of view."

J. M. ROBINSON, NORTON & CO.

Attention is called to the advertisement in this issue of J. M. Robinson, Norton & Co., Louisville, Ky. It usually appears in reunion editions of the *VETERAN*. This house is long identified with the South and her people and most favorably known. Mr. J. M. Robinson, the founder of this house in Louisville in 1844, was a Virginian by birth and naturally a pronounced Southern sympathizer. He was a man of strong convictions and fearlessly championed the cause of the South. From the commencement of the war there were constantly Union officers and soldiers in Louisville, and the fact that Mr. Robinson was one of her most popular and influential citizens and expressed his views so freely subjected him to many hardships. He was arrested and put in prison in Indiana sometime during 1862. While the soldiers were marching him down the street to prison he went singing "Dixie" at the top of his voice. He constantly aided the Southern cause with not only his mind and sympathy but with his money. He was at all times a generous friend to any Confederate soldier who applied to him for help. At the close of the war he rendered material assistance to many men from the South by helping them to go into business. His sympathy and many kindnesses made him popular.

In 1893 the firm name was changed to J. M. Robinson, Norton & Co.; and, on account of the failing health of Mr. Robinson, Mr. George C. Norton, a Confederate soldier from Georgia, who had been with Mr. Robinson from September 20, 1865, first as an employee and soon thereafter as a partner, took the active management of the firm, and under his wise management, supported by active and aggressive coworkers, the volume of business increased very rapidly. The firm was incorporated in 1902, at which time Capt. George C. Norton was elected president, and continues to occupy this position as an important factor and active participant in all the details of the business. His record as a Confederate soldier and his eminent position both as a business man and citizen are well known not only in Louisville but to business men throughout the country.



CAPT. GEORGE C. NORTON.

Capt. George C. Norton, President of the firm of J. M. Robinson, Norton & Co., Louisville, Ky., and one of the survivors of the 8th Georgia Regiment, was so well pleased with having the members of his old regiment as his guests at the reunion in Louisville in 1900 that he has sent an invitation again to all the members of his regiment to partake of his hospitality, and they will be entertained as his guests at the new Willard Hotel during the coming reunion. He wants every member of his regiment to be sure to come, whether he gets an invitation direct from him or not, as it is possible some of the addresses are lost.

This is a sample of "Old Kentucky" and Southern hospitality that the "boys" who fought so valiantly will receive at this grand reunion. Capt. Norton is to be congratulated that conditions enable him to again remember his old comrades in this hospitable way. While Confederate Veterans are devoted to each other at sight of evidence that they were ever faithful, a reunion of those who served in the same companies and regiments, who saw each other tried as in furnaces of fire, is the best occasion in this world for proof of genuine devotion devoid of all selfishness and pure in its nature.

"TEXAS."

This is a romance of the War between the States—"A Broken Link in the Chain of Family Honors"—just published and by the pen of Mrs. Fannie Eoline Selph. The story opens in Galveston, Tex., two years before the breaking out of the war, where the heroine, Miss Texas Marshall, and other principal characters in the story are introduced to the reader. The author has that happy faculty, rare amongst story-writers, of at once engaging the interest of her readers by picking up the thread of her story without any tiresome or lengthy prorogue. The scenes are laid mainly with the army, and many of the thrilling incidents with which the book abounds, the movements and battles of the Confederate troops, are almost sufficiently accurate to be classed as history. The characters are strongly drawn, but natural. Texas Marshall represents the heroism of Southern womanhood of those days—a type exclusive in the world's history. The book will receive a warm welcome from the public, and especially in the South, where thousands are yet living who were indirectly participants in many of the historical events mentioned.

The price of the book is \$1, postpaid. See advertisement elsewhere. This book and one new subscription to the *VETERAN*, \$1.50.

MINING IN COLORADO.

Mr. W. H. Crawford, Vice President and General Manager of the Southern Mining, Milling, and Development Company, which is concentrating its work on the R. E. Lee Tunnel (see full-page notice), which will cut all the veins on this property, has recently received a most encouraging letter from Mr. Juan Felix Brandes, a mining engineer of note in Denver, in which he states that the Waldorf, just across the mountain from the R. E. Lee Mine, "has recently cut the great Santiago gold vein, and is now driving for the juncture of the Commonwealth and Paymaster, which should be reached within two hundred feet. The whole country looks better than ever, and also our Dives Pelican Mine is assuming very large proportions, and our concentrating mill will probably be in full operation within six weeks."

FOR JEFFERSON DAVIS MONUMENT FUND.



Mrs. N. V. Randolph, Chairman Central Committee of the Jefferson Davis Monument Association, Richmond, Va.:

"The Central Committee of the Jefferson Davis Monument Association have a set of three pictures, representing the three branches of the Confederate army. These plates are executed from designs in water color by Mr. William L. Sheppard, whose service in the Confederate army afforded him advantages in the study of types, places, and color in the life of the Confederate soldier possessed by but few artists.

"The infantryman is equipped with rolled blanket over his shoulder, belt, bayonet, canteen, etc. He has stopped for a moment at the camp fire to light his pipe, and supports his rifle in the hollow of his elbow, having both hands free.

"The artilleryman, a captain, stands on the slight slope of a breastwork, and signals to the gunners to reserve their fire until he can observe the enemy with his field glass. The smoke drifting by indicates that a gun near him has just been fired.

"The cavalryman is about to saddle his horse; has the bridle in his hand, whilst the saddle is on a limb near by, and near it lie his rolled blanket and saber.

"Attention is concentrated on the figures alone. There is no newness about their 'outfit.' Their clothing shows service.

"These pictures are sold for the benefit of the Jefferson Davis monument. The work is done by the Chapters. It is hoped that every Camp and Chapter will buy at least one set, as it is necessary that the younger people of the South should know the uniform of their fathers, and not the grotesque figure of a Confederate soldier in a long frock coat.

"The price is \$1 for the set; postage, 13 cents. The size is 10½ inches by 17 inches, mounted upon board 15 inches by 20 inches, ready for framing. Orders to be sent to Mrs. N. V. Randolph, Richmond, Va."

It is expected that the monument will be unveiled on June 3, 1907, President Davis's birthday anniversary.

CONFEDERATE MINING COMPANY.

Stockholders of the Confederate Mining Company will hold their annual meeting at the reunion, in Louisville, Ky., Thursday evening at two o'clock, June 16. Inquire at Kentucky headquarters as to place of meeting.

The election of officers and directors will take place and other business of importance will be transacted. If you cannot attend, send your proxy vote.

LEE CRANDALL, *President*; R. W. CRABB, *Treasurer*.



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CONFEDERATE REUNION.

[A Virginian whose "father was a soldier under Gen. James Longstreet, enlisting in 1861 and staying in until the surrender," sends the "Reunion" poem that follows at the request of several old Confederates; hence its repetition in the VETERAN.]

Get my knapsack, Mary,
And my uniform of gray;
Get my battered helmet, Mary,
For I'll need them all to-day.
Get my canteen and my leggings,
Reach me down my rusty gun,
For I'm going out paradin'
With the boys of '61.

Never mind them blood stains, Mary,
Never mind that ragged hole
(It was left there by a bullet
That was seeking for my soul).
Brush away those cobwebs, Mary,
Get my bonny flag of blue,
For I'm going out paradin'
With the boys of '62.

These old clothes don't fit me, Mary,
As they did when I was young;
Don't you remember how neatly
To my manly form they clung?
Never mind that sleeve that's empty,
Let it dangle loose and free,
For I'm going out paradin'
With the boys of '63.

Pull that sword belt tighter, Mary,
Fix that strap beneath my chin;
I've grown old and threadbare, Mary,
Like my uniform, and thin;
But I reckon I'll pass muster,
As I did in days of yore,
For I'm going out paradin'
With the boys of '64.

Now I'm ready, Mary, kiss me,
Kiss your old sweetheart good-by;
Brush away those wayward tear drops—
Lord! I didn't think you'd cry.
I'm not going forth to battle;
Cheer up, Mary, sakes alive!
I'm just going out paradin'
With the boys of '65.

Soon we'll all be paradin', Mary,
In that land beyond the stars,
On that bright celestial shore,
With the good old stars and bars;
But before we go, Mary,
We'll meet the boys once more,
And practice for paradin'
On that bright and shining shore.

Traded with SORE EYES Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

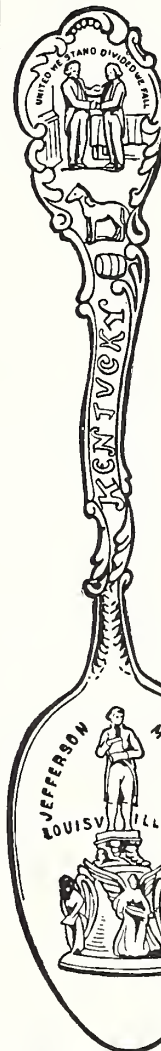


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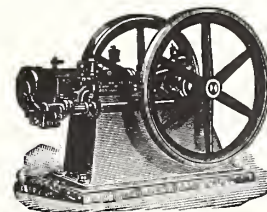
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goose as you

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One fare, plus twenty-five cents, for the round trip. For dates of sale, limit of tickets, and other information, write J. E. Shipley, T. P. A., Chattanooga, Tenn.

THE SOUTHERN RAILWAY announces rate of one first-class fare, plus one dollar, for the round trip from all points on its lines in the South to Buffalo, N. Y., account Annual Meeting Grand Lodge B. P. O. E., July 11-15, 1905.

Tickets will be sold July 3, 9, and 10, and will be good for return, leaving Buffalo, up to and including July 15. By depositing tickets and paying fee of fifty cents an extension of return limit may be obtained to leave Buffalo not later than July 25, 1905.

For tickets and other information, call on any Agent Southern Ry., or write J. E. Shipley, T. P. A., Chattanooga, Tenn.

The VETERAN office needs copies of the edition for November, 1902, and friends having this copy in good condition will oblige us by sending it in. Give notice when sending, and credit will be given on subscription for an extra copy.

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for the United Confederate Veterans' Reunion at Louisville June 14-16, 1905. The Southern Railway has announced a very low round-trip rate from all points on its lines. Tickets will be sold from points within a radius of 500 miles of Louisville June 12 to 15, inclusive, and from points beyond a radius of 500 miles of Louisville June 10 to 13, inclusive. Final return limit of these tickets leaving Louisville, June 19, 1905. Tickets may be deposited, however, with joint agent at Louisville, and upon payment of fee of fifty cents an extension of limit may be secured to July 10, 1905.

For tickets and further information, call on any Southern Railway Agent, or write J. E. Shipley, T. P. A., Chattanooga, Tenn.

ANNUAL CONVENTION Y. M. C. A. AND Y. W. C. A., ASHEVILLE, N. C., JUNE 9-25, 1905.

For above occasion the Southern Railway has announced a rate of one first-class fare, plus twenty-five cents, for the round trip from points on its lines to Asheville, N. C., and return. Tickets will be sold June 8, 9, 10, 15, 16, and 17, limited for return passage to June 28, 1905.

For further information and tickets, call on any agent of the Southern Railway, or write J. E. Shipley, T. P. A., Chattanooga, Tenn.

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J. R. Gibbons, of Bauxite, Ark., wants Volumes I. and II. to complete his file of the VETERAN, and needs also the February and August numbers of 1896. Write him in advance of furnishing copies, stating condition and price.

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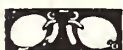
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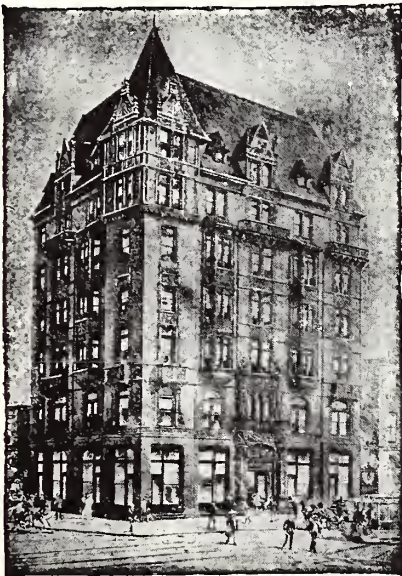
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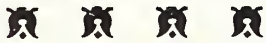


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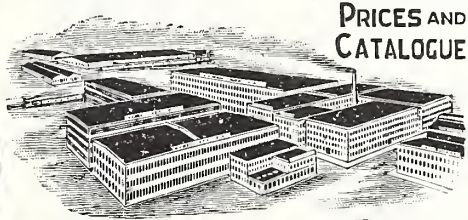
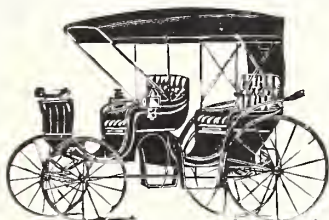
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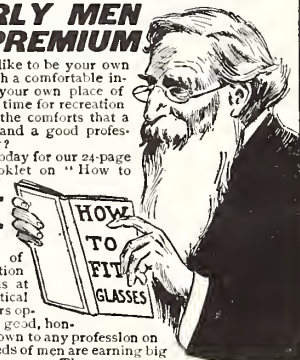
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PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter. Contributors are requested to use only one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable. These suggestions are important.

Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them. Advertising rates furnished on application.

The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The *civil* war was too long ago to be called the *late* war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.

The terms "new South" and "lost Cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

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The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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{ VOL. XIII.

NASHVILLE, TENN., JULY, 1905.

No 7. } S. A. CUNNINGHAM
PROPRIETOR.

THE REUNION—1905.

From the everglades of Florida, from the pine woods of Georgia, from the sand hills of Alabama and the sunny knobs of Tennessee, from the forests and plains of the great Carolinas, from the green prairies of Texas, and, indeed, from every point of the Southland, the clans of the Confederacy gathered in Louisville, Ky., to celebrate, in June of 1905, their fifteenth annual reunion. Age has been kind to these venerable comrades. Though some of them are bent and the once dark locks are now whitened by the dust of time, yet youth is still in their hearts, and the greetings exchanged between long-separated friends were as cheery as among schoolboys.

No city could have surrendered more graciously than did Louisville to this invading host. Great preparations had been made for their coming, the city was theirs from the moment of entrance, and the welcome extended was in true Kentucky style. Since the first meeting of Veterans and citizens, in October, 1904, to arrange for this reunion by appointing committees and outlining the plan of work, the people of Louisville had been interested heart and soul in making the reunion a complete success, and to their credit be it said that such success crowned their efforts. Even the weather man kept the elements in order; and though a little storm managed to slip the leash, it so freshened nature that better conditions could not have been expected.

The ranks of the Gray have been sadly depleted during the past year, yet the survivors formed a conspicuous element in the thirty-five thousand visitors accredited to the reunion. Many outsiders feel the attraction of these meetings and help to maintain the enthusiasm; and though many familiar faces are missed from each recurring gathering, we should thank God for those who are still left to meet and greet each other again. So

With a sigh for those who've gone before,

And a smile for those we've seen once more,

we turn to the business of the convention.

Delegates assembled at the Convention Hall for the first meeting on Wednesday, the 14th, at noon, which was opened with prayer by the Chaplain General, Dr. J. William Jones. Addresses of welcome were delivered by Gov. J. W. C. Beckham for the commonwealth of Kentucky, Mayor Charles F. Grainger for the city, and Col. E. H. Bowen, representing the Board of Trade. Col. Bennett H. Young

gave the welcome from the Kentucky Division, U. C. V., in his magnetic and hearty way, which is inimitable.

"We will not fool with latchstrings in offering you a welcome, but we will just kick down the doors and open all the windows and let you come in with us," said Col. Young.

His theme for the week was "Clear the Way!" for the Confederates. In conclusion he said seriously:

"But no army will ever march under any flag that equaled the volunteer army that marched under the stars and bars of the Confederacy.

"Comrades, we Confederates of Kentucky, with an unbounded and immeasurable love for you, the men with whom we fought and marched, expected to be able to give you a welcome of our own kind; but the people of Kentucky have taken this job out of our hands, and 2,500,000 people sing a glad welcome to you on this occasion of your coming to Louisville. It is not Confederate, it is everybody that is glad to see you here. [Applause.] When our little yellow brethren—for every brave man is a brother to any other brave man—came out from the horrors and the sacrifices of Port Arthur, and rushed into battle line at Mukden, they shouted: 'Clear the way. We be from Port Arthur!' And so we, Confederate Veterans, to-day shout to the people of Kentucky: 'Clear the way, clear the way! Our men are from Wilson's Creek and Elkhorn and Resaca Pass and Murfreesboro and Chickamauga and Hartsville and Shiloh and Jonesboro and Atlanta! Clear the way!' And so, going a little farther, we sing: 'Clear the way, clear the way! We are the men that came from Manassas, Malvern Hill, Cold Harbor, and Gettysburg!' [Applause.] And, comrades, is it any wonder, with such glorious traditions, with such magnificent memories behind you and us, we sing out to the people of Kentucky: 'Clear the way, clear the way! We are heroes that are coming?' [Applause.]

"Why should I say welcome? These thousands of flags, this bunting, these bands, these songs, these glad welcomes—why, the little sparrows in the streets, with their twittering, are crying, 'Welcome, welcome,' to the heroes who wore the gray. [Applause.] There is nothing too good for you. You are good enough, sometimes, I think, for heaven. [Laughter.] At least, I hope you will all try to be good enough for heaven.

"There are no words that can measure our joy on seeing you. It may be that we will not look on your faces again in reunion. We desire the people to see what sort of men were

the heroes who wore the gray. Armies may rise, nations may fall, hosts may be marshaled; but I repeat that no volunteer army will ever march under any flag to equal the volunteer army that marched under the stars and bars of the Confederacy. [Applause.] Now, on behalf of the United Confederate Veteran Association, as their humble mouth-piece, again I say, Welcome, ten thousand times welcome to our grand old heroes. We love you; Kentucky loves you, and Kentucky is delighted to honor you, I think I may say without creating any ill feeling, as she never honored any men before." [Enthusiastic applause.]

GEN. LEE'S RESPONSE TO THE WELCOMES.

In his response for the Veterans, Gen. Stephen D. Lee, Commander in Chief, made a beautiful address. He said:

"The welcome of the Kentuckian is like himself—large, wholesome, generous, and free. He has a heart like his mighty Mammoth Cave; he takes everybody into it, and looks around for more guests. We are lost in your hospitality, and will never find ourselves again until we get out of Kentucky.

"The last time we came to Louisville we were impressed that this was not a dry city; and, although this time the rains have not descended or the floods fallen in the same way, we find the city is still wet in places with a certain ancient juice which is supposed to be good for veterans. Louisville has always been dear to the South. We have not forgotten the ministrations of her noble women in war times, when they were indeed angels of mercy. Nor have we forgotten the dreadful days when yellow fever stalked abroad in our land. The gates of this fearless and merciful city were never shut to the cry of distress. The Good Samaritans were not content until a hospital was built to shelter the stricken ones who fled to her doors from the scourge of the pestilence. We rejoice in the welcome you now give us, but we glory in the welcome which you gave unto the least of these, your brethren.

"Kentucky is a name to charm with. It is a land good for horses, and better for men, and best for women. A Kentucky woman simply exhausts the subject. After you have seen her you wonder why there are any others. The only women who ever surpassed Kentucky women were their mothers, the immortal women of the Confederacy.

"The career of the Kentucky troops in the Confederate Army is one of the finest things in the history of our race. Not only disowned by the nation, but exiled from their State, with nothing to lure them on but the high claim of principles for which their fathers fought before them; with everything already lost that men count precious, and a forlorn and swiftly failing hope before them, they battled to the end with a stubborn courage that never knew defeat. We were fighting for our homes and firesides; but these Kentuckians were fighting for us, because they loved our cause better than their own lives.

"It is impossible for Confederates standing on Kentucky soil not to remember that from this commonwealth came the two leaders of the contending nations. Here was born the patient frontier lawyer, trained in the hard school of adversity, who in the hour of fate was to stand at the focus of the mighty struggle, who was to give to history a new ideal of greatness and to die, at last, like Cæsar at the zenith of his fame, sealing his immortality with a death whose tragic pathos will move the hearts of men forever.

"Here also was born the pure and stainless gentleman who stood at the helm of the sinking Confederacy, the one and only ruler of a brave people—who failed in a mighty struggle for constitutional liberty as they understood it—the chained captive at Fortress Monroe, the exile, the gray-haired historian—defending to the last the cause of his people—the best-beloved of all Kentucky's mighty sons. Not Clay in the hour of his glory, not Lincoln in the hour of his passing, were ever dowered with the love and devotion which were given to this brave old man whose white soul was the mark for every shaft that passed over the people of the South. The South wrapped him, living, in the mantle of her love, and poured upon his tomb an offering of tears she never gave to Washington. And when her heart shall at last cease to beat, there will be found graven upon it the name of Jefferson Davis.

"One of the reasons why the Confederacy failed was that its supply of Kentuckians was insufficient. The historian of the United States is accustomed to picture to himself a united North contending with a united South for supremacy; the true picture is of a united North contending against a divided South. The slaveholding States gave to the armies of the Union more than half as many soldiers as they gave to the armies of the Confederacy. With her ports all sealed, not only was the South fighting the North, with access to all the world for men and supplies, but the South was fighting her own sons. In the Union armies there were 333,298 white soldiers from the South and 193,337 negro soldiers. The South furnished about one-seventh of the army which fought against her, so that it would appear from the record that the South played no insignificant part in preserving the union of the States. These things are to be remembered not in sorrow or in anger, or even in regret, but that the world may begin to understand the miracles of valor, of endurance, of dogged courage, of devoted heroism shown by the Confederate soldier. On the clock of the ages the hour had struck when slavery should be no more. The South was wounded for the transgression of the whole nation; she was bruised for the iniquities of all. Thank God! her chastisement has brought peace, and by her stripes the nation has been healed.

"Sometimes the question is asked why the old veterans gather at their annual reunions. We have no pensions to expect. There is no political preference we can look for. We come together because we love the past, because our lives have been linked together by a great experience—by the richest, deepest experience that has come to any generation of Americans; by a common story so rich in heroism, in sacrifice, in patriotism, that everything else we remember grows cheap when we think of the Confederacy. 'Out there at Appomattox,' said Henry W. Grady, 'where the Lord God Almighty laid upon every ragged gray cap the sword of imperishable knighthood.' Instead of the gray caps, I see to-day only the gray heads; but the same knightly hearts are beating still. When we meet together we renew these great memories, these imperishable friendships. The day is not far distant when the burden of our entertainment will no longer require the famous hospitality of a Louisville, when no magnificent auditorium will be needed for the scattered and venerable survivors; but, as long as our days may be prolonged by reason of strength, let us gather to renew ties of the battlefield and to keep alive the traditions which have made the world so rich in honor.

"Now that we approach the close of our days and as we are passing the responsibilities of citizenship to younger and stronger hands, it is appropriate that on an occasion like this we should consider briefly the retrospect of our lives. We need not discuss the causes of the great war through which we passed, nor consider our construction of the Constitution and its rights we tried to maintain—whether we lived under a confederation of States or whether that confederation was a nation, a unit. Some Bancroft or Macaulay will later sift all the arguments and facts and bring out the truth and give due credit to our motives and our patriotism. We are conscious of no dishonor in our record. We fought on principles handed down by our Revolutionary forefathers. We fought in defending our homes and fire-sides against invaders. Shame on a people who would not fight in such a cause.

"We go on to our graves feeling that we were right. It is true we failed in maintaining the principles we fought for. Superior numbers and resources, under the wisdom of an overruling Providence, decided against us. Yet we are sure we did our duty; 'and it is our duty to the end to preserve undiminished the treasures of our devoted patriotism, our unshaken faith, and our unalterable belief in the sacredness and justness of our cause.' One thing is certain: no true Confederate soldier has ever hung his head before any human being because of his conduct. We have through all our lives and under every condition maintained our self-respect, and in our old age now we see we have the respect not only of those who fought us but of the whole world.

"We were tested in the great clash of arms. Some of us were at Chickamauga, Shiloh, Murfreesboro (the three bloodiest battles of the war, when 28, 24, and 23 per cent, respectively, of all engaged on both sides were killed or wounded), and then at Franklin.

"Some of us were at Gettysburg, where 43,449 men were killed, wounded, and missing. Some of us were at bloody Sharpsburg, in the seven days' battle around Richmond, at the Wilderness, at Cold Harbor, at Vicksburg, in the battles in the Trans-Mississippi Department. We fought until about half of our enlisted strength was under the sod. There has never been such a battle record in any other great war. We have been tested and tried in prosperity, in victory, in defeat, in tribulation, in humiliation; and now, thank God! our lives have been spared to old age, to see our beloved Southland restored to prosperity again, and to see almost the last vestige of the ravages of war disappear.

"The response through all your lives has under all tests been honorable and brave, as true as a bugle note to every duty as you saw it. We can recall our patriotism and the pure motives that inspired us; can recall the ardor with which we rallied around our battle flags; the indomitable heroism with which we followed them through desolation and danger to death; how we fought over almost every foot of our beloved Southland in over twenty-three hundred great battles; we can recall the fortitude and patriotic endurance and suffering after the war, when we were under the feet of the conqueror; how with integrity and manhood we stood firm to preserve our Anglo-Saxon civilization against the negro, carpetbag and scalawag rule, supported by the Federal government with the armies of the Union, and by State governments with negro troops; how under enormity of provocation, in reversal of our social and industrial conditions, we kept quiet and bided our time with dignity, and

never gave our consent to the debauch of government and pollution of society while it lasted; and then, at appropriate time, we conquered our conquerors by peaceful revolution, and took matters in our own hands.

"We have taught our children to honor the flag of our reunited country. In the Spanish War we sent our sons and grandsons to follow the flag that our forefathers filled with stars, and to which we now give again our unstinted loyalty. Best of all, we restored our beloved land as an integral living part to the Union of our fathers. With us now, all passion and bitterness has passed away. We are holding only to all that is sweetest and best and tenderest in living. Our lives have been prolonged to see our country recovered from the ravages and effects of war, to see peace and goodwill even now almost supplant the passion and strife engendered in those bloody days, and what is dearest to all of us, to see that we have the esteem and honor and love of posterity."

Commander Young introduced Gen. S. B. Buckner as "a real General," and he spoke for Kentucky Confederates in a most acceptable manner.

GAVEL FOR THE COMMANDER IN CHIEF.

Made from one of the logs which formed a part of Fort Sumter, a handsome gavel was presented to Gen. Lee by Mrs. W. J. Behan, of New Orleans. She met him as he arose to make his response, and in the following language made the presentation:

"Dearly beloved Commander, it is my great pleasure to convey to you the best wishes of the members of the Ladies' Memorial Association, of Charleston, S. C., who have intrusted me with this gavel, which they wish to present to you in the name of the Confederate Southern Memorial Association, of which I have the honor of being President. Our Association is strong in purpose and devoted to the memory of the Confederate soldier and the cause for which he fought with unsurpassed courage, and we honor the men who returned to their shattered homes to resume their place among the honorable and loyal citizens of this great country. As it was at Fort Sumter that you first entered the service of the Confederacy, it was determined by these faithful women, whom our beloved President was pleased to style the 'Women of the Confederacy,' to present you with a souvenir from that historic spot, and we beg you will accept this gavel, made of a piece of a gun carriage at Fort Sumter.

"To you and all the noble and gallant veterans assembled here to-day, we extend a heart greeting and wish to one and all Godspeed in your hopes and ambitions."

The gavel bore this inscription:

"Stephen D. Lee, Commander in Chief United Confederate Veterans, from the Confederate Southern Memorial Association with the love and esteem of the Women of the Confederacy, Louisville, Ky., June 14, 1905."

Gen. Lee, the venerable Commander in Chief, was the last speaker of the afternoon, and he was received with enthusiasm which marked his every act during the reunion. Gen. Lee's address was a calm and dignified defense of the South and the South's cause.

REPORT OF HISTORICAL COMMITTEE.

To Gen. Stephen D. Lee, Commander in Chief, United Confederate Veterans: The Historical Committee, which now presents its annual report, was established by the United Con-

federate Veterans as an active agency of the general organization and was placed in charge of all matters relating to the historical and literary purposes of the federation. The several reports made for many years by the distinguished former chairman, Gen. Stephen D. Lee, now Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veterans, have justly gained the most respectful and influential consideration of our entire country. They show fully that the chairman and the committee have been faithful guardians of Confederate fame, and earnest defenders of vital Confederate historical interests, winning the commendation of just and generous men by enforcing their motto—to wit: "The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

The brotherhood of soldiers known to the world as United Confederate Veterans deserves the respectful consideration of the American people because of the remarkable beneficial influence it has exerted not alone throughout the South, but in other sections of our general commonwealth. Beginning in 1889 with a provisional government, it was afterwards organized permanently to fulfill certain great purposes set forth in its constitution, and even a slight review will show the gratifying success which it has achieved in the effort to accomplish its object as a patriotic and benevolent organization. Evidences of activity and progress in its important work abound.

The committee gratefully acknowledges that the United Confederate Veterans' Association has not won these triumphs unaided and without assistance. Its allies have been those without whose help the Association could not have succeeded in fulfilling its missions. The Ladies' Memorial Associations and the United Daughters of the Confederacy have fortified the fame of the Confederate struggle by their strong support of every feature of its memories. With no less efficiency the United Sons of Confederate Veterans, composed of the foremost young men of the South, are enthusiastically working with us in thoroughly practical as well as patriotic methods. We have also the coöperation of many leading educators, editors, authors, and publishers in the effort to have the history of our great nation and especially of our great American War to breathe the noblest spirit of respect for justice, patriotism, and truth.

The Confederate Veteran as an Ally.

It is appropriate in this acknowledgment to mention as one of these valuable allies the official organ of this body, the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, founded, edited, and conducted exclusively for the benefit of the Confederate soldiers' name, fame, and cause, by our comrade, S. A. Cunningham. For many years it has been the official organ of our own great Association as well as of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans and the United Daughters of the Confederacy, publishing the proceedings of their sessions, their work, and their achievements. Thus it has been the medium through which all that concerns the work of Confederate Associations can be so published that their coöperation may be made effective. As a magazine devoted to the objects of these Associations it is a secure repository of war incidents, biography, reminiscence, history, and documents, and is already a full treasury of Confederate data. It is very gratifying that this ally of ours has attained a high position among our country's magazines. Its issue of 22,000 copies this month proves its popularity and certifies its stability. *But your committee believes that in consideration of its worth and of the broad area of its cir-*

culation South and North it deserves the united support of this body, and it would become of greater service to us if all camps and chapters would adopt measures to double its present list of subscribers.

In taking up especially the literary and historical objects of the Association, the committee desires to recall the circumstances in which the struggle on behalf of historical accuracy has been conducted to a partial triumph, and to make a few practical suggestions.

During the first two decades after the surrender an effort was evidently made to cast the general record of the Southern States into an opprobrious shadow and also to infect the minds of the youth of the entire country with the opinion that there was nothing noble, nothing true, nothing good in the Confederate cause. These attempted perversions of history were resented, but the South was without facilities for reaching by any kind of literature the masses of their countrymen of the Northern States to correct the errors into which they were led. Therefore unfair history and other pernicious publications gained entrance into the schools and homes of nearly every section, South and North, and a disastrous inflammation of the sectional spirit was the result. The protest of Confederate Associations caused investigations which resulted in the appalling discovery that the South was permitting its sons and daughters to be taught that the gross charges against the Southern people of rebellion, treason, war atrocities, and the like were historical facts. This discovery was followed by appeals to Boards of Education and other civil authorities, to Southern self-respect and to honorable publishers, with a result that the most offensive of the false histories have been driven from the Southern States. This Confederate body is pleased by the changed attitude of many Northern leaders and honorable publishers, and will welcome their alliance in the production of literature which shall be just and generous to every section of the Union. Sincere coöperation among those who desire impartial history which will inspire all citizens of our country with similar patriotic spirit is a consummation most earnestly sought for by this Association. Especially is this desirable in all histories of that strife which was the greatest American war. It was fought between the North and the South to the finish of Southern resources, and there was martial fame for the armies of both sections. May not the story of that struggle be told with fairness to both parties? On the part of the South there is nothing to fear from truthful history. Vituperation is odious to us, and we will refrain from that unseemly method of discussion. We ask for historical generosity, and will give as much without stint.

Having attained our present vantage ground in history and general literature, your committee advises active efforts not only to retain what has been gained but to enlarge the field of our work. To this end we should sustain the efforts of our various States to establish departments of archives and history and to compile and publish Confederate rosters and records. We earnestly urge the immediate preparation and publishing of special histories of brigades, regiments, and batteries, and insist that it is the duty of every living Confederate soldier to make an accurate record of his services in the war for the use of his posterity.

There should be prepared a small, select library of attractive Confederate volumes through which the youth of the country may early learn at home the remarkable story of Confederate

times. The field is our own, and the harvest is ready for Southern authorship.

It should also be borne in mind that the public free library and the libraries of universities, colleges, and high schools are becoming more than ever the means through which information and intellectual pleasure are given to the people. It is therefore important that we should place within such libraries many of our Confederate volumes to which all people, but specially our sons and daughters, may have access. It is therefore suggested that a committee of three or five Confederate soldiers be appointed by the commander in chief to publish in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN a communication on the subject addressed to the division and brigade commanders and to the officers of all camps where a public library is located.

There is another important duty which we owe to the public and to posterity which should be performed at once. There are a few highly important questions involving historical facts or legal principles, and to some extent Confederate honor, which occasionally provoke controversy. It is true that all these subjects have been so ably discussed by eminent Southern men that the Southern people consider them as being settled on the basis of fact and truth, but a well-matured statement of our position on those still mooted questions should be made in such form as will be read and considered by our countrymen. *It is therefore suggested that twelve or more of these distinct subjects be chosen and writers selected to prepare papers for publication in twelve consecutive monthly numbers of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.* Among these questions are such as the following—viz., The legal right of secession, the honorable conduct of the war by the Confederate Government, the readiness at all times of the seceded States and the Confederate Government to secure peace on honorable terms, the wrongful imprisonment of the Confederate President, the just results of surrender, and others equally as important.

Why is it that all the facts of the Confederate period are so important as to require our extreme vigilance in guarding our posterity against error? It is answered that the intelligence, patriotism, courage, and honor of the Southern people are all involved. Our Southern forefathers came among the earliest people into the newly-discovered continent, and through centuries of effort fostered the civilization, religion, and free government which we enjoy. Our Southern share in all achievements that have produced the present greatness of our country is a rich estate, highly worthy of transmission to all future generations. We have a character for patriotism, courage, honor, and love of free government which false history must not be permitted to mar. The neglect of this our great traditional wealth would be the committing of a waste of our estate for which the present generation of Southern people would be condemned justly. The sectional coloring has been laid on heavily, to our disadvantage, but now that a better historical spirit prevails throughout the United States the duty is upon us to encourage full research and honest authorship and unite with all citizens of the country to condemn the writings of those who are ruled alone by sectional feeling and who for pay commit treason to truth.

The committee would be glad to present a catalogue of Confederate books worthy of a place in our libraries, but can only mention a few recent publications by our comrades. "The History of the Twentieth Tennessee Volunteer Infantry

Regiment," by W. J. McMurray, M.D., is almost a history of the Army of Tennessee, and contains ably written chapters on the general principles of our cause, followed by histories of the companies and the regiment with biographies and rosters.

"The History of Walthall's Brigade," by Gen. E. T. Sykes, covering the great campaigns in which that brigade was engaged, is ready for publication. "History of Doles-Cook Brigade," by Capt. Henry W. Thomas, relating the battles of the Army of Northern Virginia, in which that brigade was engaged and containing rosters of the companies.

"The Immortal 600" is a thrilling story of the courage with which 600 Confederate officers bore their sufferings after being placed on prison ships near Charleston and Savannah, written with fidelity to facts by one of the sufferers, our comrade, Maj. J. Ogden Murray, of Winchester, Va.

"The Strife of Brothers," a true epic by Prof. J. T. Derry, a young Confederate private, and now an accomplished scholar, historian, and poet.

"The Old South," by H. M. Hamill, D.D., is a truly valuable portrait of Southern conditions and Southern people. Its popularity has demanded four editions.

"War Songs and Poems of the Southern Confederacy" is a full collection of the choicest Confederate poetry, compiled judiciously by H. M. Wharton, D.D., of Lee's army, author of many works.

"Northern Rebellion and Southern Secession," by E. W. Ewing, LL.B., son of a Confederate soldier, is a solid, able array of evidence and argument lucidly showing the whole field of sectional controversy, from the days of the colonies to the end of the war between the States.

We believe that a short, true biography of Jefferson Davis, attractively written, should be prepared at this time and published for the information of all people, and especially to prevent the youth of our country from gaining false impressions concerning this illustrious statesman, and therefore recommended that his biography by Maj. J. Ogden Murray, now in manuscript, be submitted to some publishing house with a view to its publication.

In concluding this report your committee congratulates the convention on the achievements of the Association in all the purposes for which it was organized. We have contended earnestly to fulfill our obligations as survivors of the Confederate army because we are left in trust of the honor of the cause for which we fought. No armies of freemen ever believed more firmly in the righteousness of their struggle, no people yet living are more profoundly satisfied than we are that the principles which the Southern Confederacy represented are of vital worth to freemen of all ages. Those principles ennobled the convictions of the Southern soldiery—those convictions explained their heroic courage, and their courage made their convictions illustrious.

We are grateful to God that we live to behold the reverence and affection of Southern millions and in very truth the profound respect of the whole country as well. We have swept on in the hearty enjoyment of our many magnificent reunions, each greater than its predecessor, until apparent culmination has been reached in the present lavish tribute to the Confederate soldier which Louisville and this entire State pays with all the greatness of the old Kentucky heart.

CLEMENT A. EVANS, *Chairman*;
WINFIELD PETERS, Maryland;
BASIL W. DUKE, Kentucky.

ADDRESS BY MISS ELIZABETH LUMPKIN.

It would seem most extravagant for the VETERAN to report the effect upon the great convention of Confederates by the address of Miss Elizabeth Lumpkin, of South Carolina, at the Louisville reunion. On former occasions she has addressed State conventions, and in every instance there is not a known exception to the sentiment that no man or woman has ever been known to so profoundly impress an audience. The beautiful language used is here given. In the cold type, to those who did not hear her, it will be impossible to conceive her power before a multitude. Her voice is peculiar. While the articulation is not as acute as others, there is a quality to it that at once secures the rapt attention of the multitude, and the soul of the woman takes and holds to the end all who hear her. Her gifts cannot be exaggerated. A Louisville paper said of it:

"The address of Miss Elizabeth Elliott Lumpkin aroused greater enthusiasm in Confederate Hall yesterday morning than any other address that has been made. It was eloquent and finished. Her voice is clear, thrilling, and penetrating. She is considered beautiful, and possesses a striking personality. Under the intensity of her feelings she fairly trembled with emotion at times in delivering the oration. Time and time again she was interrupted by thunderous applause, and twice the applause lasted several minutes."

Dr. F. L. Powell, who immediately followed her in the memorial exercises, made one of the finest addresses ever heard at any of the reunions, as polished and complete as if he were a university student in oratorical contest, yet he referred to Miss Lumpkin in illustration spiritedly as follows: "They say that eloquence is dead, but a woman has shown us to-day what eloquence is. That beautiful Southern woman who spoke to us is the true type of the women of the South. The words she said were not idle compliments. Her figure was alive with passionate feeling, and you could put a flag in her hands and conquer the world."

WHAT MISS LUMPKIN SAID.

Veterans of the South, beloved of the South, I am proud that I, a Southern woman, may stand before you to-day and give you greeting. Yet how can I find words to greet you, you grand old men, who guarded with your lives the virgin whiteness of our South?

My father was a Confederate soldier, and, though he is dearer to me than any other man on earth, with that glory to crown his head he must needs be to me a thousandfold greater. I'd rather be a woman than a man, and I'd rather have been a woman in the past, for, though we may run "with tireless feet and work with tireless hands," our mothers could love and marry Confederate soldiers. And our fathers loved them.

A blind man said: "Just to see you, and then go blind again." And a gallant old soldier exclaimed: "I trust in God I may

not be shut out from the light of my Mary's face forever. For me there will be but one countenance in heaven to compare with it and divide my worship—my mother's."

The Woman of the Confederacy.

In that day of want and wailing,
Standing very near to God,
Seeing with her heaven-born instinct
Every step that he hath trod,
Working in the darkest places
Till she leaves them bright with God.
Do you count her power as nothing?
This great thing or trifle call?
Why, life's trifles are its great things,
And the great things are the small.
She who holds the power of nothings
Holds the greatest power of all.
That woman was an inspiration,
Played the strings of human souls;
Wrought her name in deep heart music
That through centuries will roll.
Was content behind the curtain,
Feeling, knowing, she was queen;
Better that than helpless, powerless,
Though with scepter she were seen;
For she was a queenly woman,
This fair, uncrowned Southern Queen!

I would unbar the doors of the years that have passed, and with the last century for a rostrum, history for a witness, and time and eternity for audience, I would plead again for the knightly courage that made the men of old! Across our history's pages they are written in letters of fire, the names of those men. Every rent old flag, every grass-growing mound, bears mute testimony to the glory of a dead past.

Dead? Will any Southern man or woman, or even a little Southern child, in whose veins beats the blood of those heroes, say that the glory of the Old South is dead? Dead? When every blade of grass springs above the heart of the South's young chivalry? Dead? If we say that the glory of the Old South is dead, we say truly that the chivalry of man, the purity of woman, the honor of the South are laid in the dust forever.

If we say that the glory of the Old South is dead, skeleton hands will rise again and fold the old flag in loving embrace, socketless eyes will blaze again with the glory of that dear past, and skeleton teeth will chatter again the old Rebel yell.

It is said that the Rebel yell could be heard for miles on earth, and that it echoed even to the heavens, ear-splitting, blood-curdling, war-inspiring; and that when Southern soldiers heard it starvation and rags were forgotten things, and into the battle they went, do or die on their faces, war's desperation in their hearts, and that great Rebel yell trembling on their lips. Men of



MISS ELIZABETH LUMPKIN.

Sponsor for South Carolina at Louisville reunion, where she was made "Daughter of the United Confederate Veterans."

the South, the day when the Rebel yell could conquer a host is past; the day when you fought with an army of grim, panting, hot-hearted men is past as well. Because it is past, because there is no need longer to carry a gun in your hands and war's desperation in your hearts, think you the day for all action is past as well? Are there no enemies—aye, and worse enemies—at the doors of the South's life? Reed spoke truth when he said that when the South learned to count profit and loss where honor is concerned her foes could bring her no deeper degradation. . . .

Men of the South, let your children hear the old stories of the South; let them hear them by the fireside, in the schoolroom, everywhere, and they will preserve inviolate the sacred honor of the South. Let them hear of the officers, indeed, but let them hear also of the privates.

The men, the rank and file,
Marching, broken, wounded, muddy, dying;
Who marched through every weather, sweating but fearless,
Shivering without trembling.
Kept on their feet by trumpet calls, by fever,
And by the songs they sang through conquered countries;
Who marched and fought, fasting,
And only stopped fighting four to one
To march again, and stopped again to fight;
And only fought for glory and dry bread!

Let them hear all this, and then write out your record for them. Write the names of your battles, your officers, the places where you received your honorable scars. Write it out and frame it for them, that the youngest child of your youngest child may learn to lisp that record when he whispers his first prayer at his mother's knee.

Confederate heroes, the old stars and bars, torn and battle-rent and folded forever, is yours; all the honor, all the

glory, the triumph, the defeat at last, all yours, until not one of you is left. Then your memories will belong to your sons and your daughters.

We do not think that your sons will fail you, for, young men of the South, some of these old men, no older than some of you, were the grandest officers in a world's history. Thousands of them on the ground between boyhood and manhood were the bravest privates God ever made; so we think that your sons will not fail you; but should they seem to forget, your daughters never will! As the women of the South in the past were true and loyal, so the women of the South in the future will be loyal and true forever! For the heritage we bear is the noblest of earth; it is for us to say whether we will have the homage, the love, the reverence our mothers had; it is for us to say whether we will make the home of the South what the home of the South once was—the center of a nation's life; it is for us to keep bright the deeds of the past, and we will do it!

You wear a little cross as a gift of the Southern women you fought for. It is not the ruby-gemmed cross of the Czar of the Russias, nor the cross of the Legion of Honor of France, nor the emerald cross of Britain's King. It is none of these, but it is greater than all these; it is made of a brave man's blood and a brave woman's tears, fused and welded in the red furnace of four years of want and grief and battle and graves!

And when our children's children may ask what that little iron cross stands for, we will say, with our heads held high and our hearts aglow, "It is the Southern cross of the Gray Legion of Honor."

There he stands like a hero. See!
He bore his rags and his wounds for me;
He bore the flag of the warring South
With red-scarred hands to the cannon's mouth.
As my sire saw then, so I see to-day,
The red wounds gleam through the rags of gray!
Soldier, you in the wreck of gray,
With the brazen belt of the C. S. A.,
Take my love and my tears to-day;
Take them, all that I have to give,
And by God's help while my heart shall live
It still shall keep in its faithful way
The camp fires lit for the men in gray—
Aye, till trump sounds far away
And the silver bugles of heaven play,
And the roll is called at the judgment day!

MONUMENT TO FATHER RYAN.

The *Mobile Register* has started a movement toward securing funds for a handsome marble and bronze monument to be erected to Father Ryan, the poet-priest of the South. Hearty commendation will be given all over the land to this recognition of the South's sweet singer, and he who sentined the soldier's clay with song when no other tribute could be given shall have from those he loved a tribute to his patriotism.

The fund now amounts to \$512.48. Contributions should be sent to the *Register*, Mobile, Ala.

"When marble wears away
And monuments are dust,
The songs that guard our soldiers' clay
Will still fulfill their trust."



MISS ADA LEE TRANTHAM, CAMDEN, S. C.,
Maid of Honor to Miss Lumpkin.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

ENTERTAINING THE CONFEDERATES.

To one person, at least, the action of the U. C. V. Convention in selecting a place for the meeting in 1906 was deeply interesting. Two years before, in New Orleans, the surprising condition existed that no city anywhere was ready to extend an invitation, and the tactful result was that, in order to avoid humiliation, Louisville and Nashville each would extend invitations, that neither would be accepted, and that the selection be left to the Executive Committee, with directions that it meet in Louisville months afterwards to determine. The hope was that some other city would in the meantime seek to entertain the reunion for this year. The weeks and months passed wearily with not a word from anywhere. About a week before the date for this meeting Gen. Bennett H. Young, of Louisville, addressed the writer, expressing the hope that Nashville would take the convention, as Louisville would not be in condition to do so. This person, the Editor of the *VETERAN*, had already appealed to the Frank Cheatham Camp to be ready to act in the event of an emergency, and but one person, to his knowledge, Col. John P. Hickman, was in accord with the suggestion. The comrades who had been most efficient at the Nashville reunion, in 1897, were most emphatic in opposition. Still anxious over the emergency, the writer went before joint committees of the business associations and appealed to them to know what they would do in such emergency, and the consensus of opinion heartily expressed was: "You bring them here, and we will take care of them." This expression was voiced to President J. W. Thomas, of the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway, who has done more for the Confederates doubtless than any other man in the South, and he at once said: "I advise you to invite them. It would be a black eye to the South for nobody to do so. Nashville will never go back on the old Confederates." These facts were given in substance before, but they are restated in this issue for a purpose.

Well, the invitation was formally extended, the one remaining hope to avoid humiliation being that Gen. John B. Gordon, knowing thoroughly the situation, would postpone the next meeting for a year provided general cooperation was not secured. To the honor of Nashville, her people, in spirit, every man and every woman responded. The veterans, who had sought to rest on their laurels worthily won in 1897, joined in with one accord, proving the assertion of Maj. Thomas that *Nashville will never go back on the old Confederates*. The success of this last reunion so animated and so thrilled the young men of Nashville that a splendid delegation to Louisville with badges, "Boys, come to Nashville," did themselves and their city honor by their deportment. When the question was called before the convention, Gen. George W. Gordon, President of the Bivouacs and Commander of the Camps of Tennessee, though of Memphis, Nashville's most active rival in the cities of Tennessee, extended the invitation for Nashville most worthily, introduc-

ing Mr. G. H. Baskette, editor of the *Nashville Banner*, a conservative and faithful comrade, who spoke for Nashville; and he was followed by Dr. W. J. McMurray, also cordially seconding the invitation. Dr. McMurray is the comrade who had greatest responsibility in the first Nashville reunion, having charge of the free but splendid "Confederate Hotel," and he had led the opposition against risking the reputation of Nashville that was so well sustained in the 1897 reunion, yet who, when the time came, buckled on his armor again and wore it to a successful finish in 1904. This comrade, who went singing into battle and has an armless sleeve, extended an invitation as cordial as could have been desired, and yet, with all these conditions, not one word from any other source was spoken for Nashville, not one word in praise or of acknowledgment for what had been so efficiently done in the past.

While earnestly wishing that the next reunion would be held elsewhere, and preferably New Orleans, the *VETERAN* was proud that Nashville manifested such cordial desire to care for the "old boys" again. It concludes this comment with the expressed hope that in future worthy acknowledgment will be made to any city assuming the great responsibility of an invitation. The zealous young men of Nashville who invited the reunion for next year sacrificed largely their personal business last year and labored to exhaustion day and night to give the heroes they had ever honored the best time in their power. Comrades, let's do better hereafter in the courteous recognition of those who treat us as Nashville has done. Nashville was the only city to come to the rescue in the U. C. V.'s greatest emergency. It was the only other city to look to this time after New Orleans. A stranger present in the Louisville convention could not have formed a complimentary estimate of Nashville. Yet every delegate voting for New Orleans and every other present should have given a typical "Rebel yell" for Nashville.

The question of a suitable memorial to the women of the South, in recognition of their many sacrifices for the Confederacy, was prominently before the organizations participating in this reunion, and two things in that connection had deep consideration—*viz.*, the form of memorial and its location. A suggestion which has much favor is that it take the form of a home for aged women now dependent on their own efforts for a livelihood, yet others advocate a monument which would more publicly set forth the honor which was paid them by those they had inspired and encouraged. Whatever it be, the location will be a momentous question to decide, for as between Louisville, Nashville, Richmond, Atlanta, New Orleans, and other cities, the greater advantages will be difficult to determine. Any suggestion about this memorial will have courteous consideration.

This movement was inaugurated some years ago by the Sons of Veterans, and at the Nashville reunion, 1904, it was reported that about \$10,000 had been accumulated for the purpose of erecting a memorial, and arrangements were then made for the U. C. V. to cooperate with the Sons of Veterans in this work. Gen. C. I. Walker, of South Carolina, Commander of the Army of Northern Virginia Department, U. C. V., is at the head of the movement now, representing both organizations.

The August *VETERAN* will contain continued reports of the Louisville reunion. The Battle Abbey report is of the proceedings held over.

U. S. C. V. DEPARTMENT. United Sons of Confederate Veterans.

Organized July 1, 1896, in Richmond, Va.

Conducted by the Commander in Chief, to whom *all* contributions intended therefor should be addressed.

THOMAS M. OWEN, LL.D., COMMANDER IN CHIEF, } Montgomery, Ala.
WILL T. SHEEHAN, A. G. AND CHIEF OF STAFF }
E. LESLIE SPENCE, JR., COMMANDER A. N. V. DEPT., Richmond, Va.
R. E. L. BYNUM, COMMANDER ARMY TENN. DEPT., Jackson, Tenn.
I. J. STOCKETT, COMMANDER TRANS-MISS. DEPT., Tyler, Tex.

Following the excellent example set some years ago by our second Commander in Chief, Robert A. Smythe, Charleston, S. C., and through the interest of its patriotic editor and proprietor, S. A. Cunningham, arrangement has been made for a special department in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, to be regularly conducted by the Commander in Chief in the interest of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans. It is hoped that it will receive general support and sympathy. It will afford an excellent medium of communication with all interested in the work of the organization. It will contain news from general, department, and division headquarters, also concerning the work of committees and camps. Every item of importance should be promptly communicated so it may appear herein.

In order that the department may serve the Confederation more fully, all Sons are urged to subscribe for the VETERAN.

PROCEEDINGS OF SONS IN LOUISVILLE.—OFFICIAL REPORT OF U. S. C. V. IN THEIR TENTH ANNUAL REUNION.

First Day's Session.

The tenth annual reunion of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans was held in Louisville, Ky., June 14, 15, and 16. Organized July 1, 1896, in Richmond, Va., during the reunion of the United Confederate Veterans, its annual conventions have ever since been held, in accordance with its constitution, at the same time and place as the reunions of the Veterans. The attendance, although not up to the usual number, was nevertheless gratifying, and those present seemed to fully enjoy the several sessions. The meetings were held in the Hopkins Theater. Appropriate decorations were arranged, and all necessary comforts were provided. The headquarters of the local committee were in one of the theater offices.

The convention was called to order Wednesday, June 14, at 10:30 A.M., by Marion W. Ripy, Lieutenant Commander of Camp John A. Broadus, Louisville. Rev. M. B. Porter, Chaplain of the Camp, invoked divine blessing on the proceedings. Mr. Ripy briefly welcomed the gathering in the name of his Camp, and then introduced Robert W. Bingham, Esq., of the Louisville bar, who extended a welcome in behalf of the people of Kentucky. Mr. Bingham spoke at length, entering into a discussion of the historical position of the South. The response to the several welcome addresses was made by Past Commander in Chief Thomas P. Stone, of Waco.

The convention was then successively turned over to Neville S. Bullitt, Commander of the Kentucky Division, to John J. Davis, Commander Army of Northern Virginia Department, and to N. R. Tisdal, of Rusk, Tex., Commander in Chief. On taking command, Mr. Tisdal was heartily cheered. He at once entered upon his annual address, in

which he reviewed the work of his administration. He was followed in spirited addresses by Dr. Carter Helm Jones and Dr. E. L. Powell, both of Louisville.

At 11:45 A.M. adjournment was had, and the Sons and their friends marched in a body to the session of the Veterans in Confederate Hall, Fifth and Water Streets. There W. P. Lane, Esq., of Fort Worth, Tex., extended greetings from the convention of the Sons, and Harry B. Hawes, Esq., of St. Louis, responded, in their behalf, to the addresses of welcome.

At the afternoon session, which convened at 4:30 P.M., although the attendance was small, much important business was transacted in the way of perfecting organization. Committees on credentials, resolutions, and finance were announced, and they at once entered upon their labors.

I. J. Stockett, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, presented a formal report in writing, which was adopted without discussion. It contained an interesting review of the Confederation's activities during the year. Informal reports were made by Department Commanders R. E. L. Bynum, C. A. Skeen, and John J. Davis, and by Judge Advocate General Brant H. Kirk.

The report of the Historical Committee was made by Homer D. Wade, Chairman. Owing to his absence, the report was read by Past Commander in Chief Stone. The report contained an exhaustive review of the work of the committee, and concluded with the following recommendations (condensed):

"1. I would urge that liberal appropriations be made by the Confederation for historical work.

"2. I would urge that the members of the Historical Committee and the officers of the Confederation be directed to use every possible means at their command to gather historical facts, present them to historical organizations, thus giving them all possible publicity through the press.

"3. I would again urge the establishment of an official organ for the Confederation. [The VETERAN was made official organ at the first reunion in Nashville.—Ed.]

"4. I would urge that the incoming Commander in Chief prepare outlines for the Camps throughout the Confederation, and make suggestions in general orders along the lines of the proper histories and the proper authorities to consult for Southern history.

"5. I would recommend that the members of our organization urge the establishment of a Department of History and Archives in every Southern State in which no such department exists. All the necessary data can be ascertained, and when such departments are organized with the proper directors at their heads one of the greatest undertakings of our organization will have been accomplished."

The report was adopted and five hundred copies ordered printed in separate form. The Division Commander, Dr. Thomas M. Owen, of Alabama, in discussing the report presented an interesting summary of what is being done in the several States of the South in the matter of support for historical work. Dr. Owen's remarks were, on motion, ordered printed in the proceedings.

The report of the Monument Committee was read by Will T. Sheehan, Division Adjutant of the Alabama Division, in the absence of B. G. Jennings, of Seale, Ala., Chairman of the committee. It concluded with the following important recommendations:

"1. That the committee urges, through division commanders and by direct appeal, the assistance of individual Sons

and Camps in every worthy monument effort in their communities, or elsewhere if able, whether undertaken by Veterans, the Ladies' Memorial Associations, or the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

"2. That all divisions be urged to locate and identify all places or scenes within their limits made historic by association with some Confederate event, with a view to subsequent marking or commemoration.

"3. That all divisions and camps be urged to undertake some specific monument work. The latter can complete the task of marking the graves of individual soldiers.

"4. That every camp be asked to contribute liberally to the Jefferson Davis Memorial, undertaken by the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and the John B. Gordon Memorial, undertaken by the Veterans."

The following resolution, introduced by Dr. Thomas M. Owen, of Alabama, was unanimously adopted:

"Whereas by the recent unanimous action of the United States Congress the captured Confederate flags have been restored to their respective States; therefore be it

"Resolved by the United Sons of Confederate Veterans, That they regard this act not only as an assurance of the disappearance of sectional animosities, but as an evidence of a spirit of fraternal regard on the part of the North in thus restoring to the Southern people the cherished memorials of a cause that will never be forgotten; and

"Resolved further, That we hereby express to the Hon. John Lamb, of Virginia, our high appreciation of his efforts in initiating and promoting an act which truly realizes the highest phase of American patriotism."

Second Day's Session.

The second day's session, June 15, was full of enthusiasm, a large attendance of delegates, sponsors, maids, and visitors being present during the entire morning. Immediately after the convention was called to order, at 10 A.M., the report of Clinton Barr, Quartermaster General, of Fort Worth, was presented and adopted. The sponsors and maids were then introduced. Several songs and musical selections followed. On being presented, Miss Ada Darter, of Texas, made a beautiful address.

The greetings and good wishes of the Veterans were conveyed in thrilling addresses by Col. Bennett H. Young, of Louisville, and Hon. William T. Ellis, of Owensboro, Ky. S. A. Cunningham, the third member of the committee, on being called, responded briefly, pledging continued zeal in behalf of the VETERAN to aid the Sons in their patriotic work.

The report of James Mann, Esq., Chairman of the Women's Memorial Committee, was read and adopted. It was followed by an address from Gen. C. Irvine Walker, special representative of the committee in the collection of funds. He also presented a written report in connection with the report of the Chairman. From General Walker's remarks the work appears to be proceeding satisfactorily.

At this juncture, Prof. Clarence J. Owens, of Alabama, came to the stage and presented to the Confederation a beautiful gavel made of wood taken from the room in which "the gallant" Pelham was born, in Calhoun County, Ala. A vote of thanks was extended for the gift.

The report of the Committee on Credentials was read by B. H. Kirk, Esq., Chairman, and adopted without dissent. Following the report there was some discussion as to remitting the arrearages of Camps behind with dues; but it

was without result, the Chair declaring such a proposition in conflict with the constitution.

A resolution, introduced by John H. DeWitt, of Nashville, was unanimously passed, indorsing the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for its valuable work in behalf of the Confederate cause. A copy of this resolution will appear later.

Brief patriotic addresses were made by Hon. William L. Cross, of Oklahoma, and by E. J. Giddings, Esq., of Indian Territory.

The committee reported resolutions of thanks to John A. Broadus Camp, U. S. C. V., to the people of Louisville, to the several transportation lines, and to the press for numerous courtesies extended during the reunion.

A vote of thanks was given the retiring Commander in Chief, Tisdal, for his labors during the year.

The convention then went into an election of officers. There was no contest for any of the positions, all nominees being chosen unanimously. They are as follows: Thomas McAdory Owen, of Montgomery, Ala., Commander in Chief; E. Leslie Spence, Jr., of Richmond, Va., Commander Army of Northern Virginia Department; R. E. L. Bynum, of Jackson, Tenn., Commander Army of Tennessee Department, and I. J. Stockett, Commander Trans-Mississippi Department.

The nomination of Dr. Owen was made by Prof. Clarence J. Owens, who read the formal resolutions of the Alabama Division, adopted at its reunion November 15, 1904, putting him forward as the candidate of the Division. Numerous seconding speeches were made. After the result had been announced the newly elected Commander in Chief was called to the stage. He responded with emotion, expressing his gratitude for the high honor, and pledging his undivided energies to the upbuilding of the Confederation.



MISS ELSIE LEONORA LEACH, FORT WORTH, TEX.,
Chief Sponsor for U. S. C. V. at Louisville.

After sundry announcements Mr. Tisdal arose, and, after indicating his pleasure at the success of the meeting, placed the standard of the Confederation and the gavel in the hands of the new Commander in Chief. They were appropriately received, after which the latter requested Mr. Will T. Sheehan, whom he introduced as his Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, to read General Orders No. 1, in which headquarters were named, etc. This was done, after which, at 1:45 P.M., the convention adjourned *sine die*.

SONS IN PARADE.

Immediately following the rear of the last section of the Veterans, the Sons of Veterans followed with an enthusiastic attendance on horseback, in carriages, and on foot. Commander Tisdal did not remain over to the parade, but left late Thursday evening for Cincinnati. R. E. L. Bynum, Commander of the Army of Tennessee Department, was in charge of the parade. Mr. C. R. Collins, of Camp J. B. Freeman, was Chief Marshal. Commander Bynum rode at the head of the column. On his left was the new Commander in Chief, Dr. Thomas M. Owen. They were followed by the members of the respective staffs of the retiring Commander in Chief, of the Department Commander, and of the Commander of the Alabama Division, all on horseback. Following these were Division Commanders, mounted, the carriages of sponsors and maids, and Sons on foot. The orderly appearance of the Sons, with their flags and banners and with the gayly decked equipages of the ladies, excited much enthusiasm and many cheers all along the line of march.

FIRST ORDER OF NEW COMMANDER IN CHIEF.

GENERAL ORDERS NO. 1.

REUNION HEADQUARTERS, LOUISVILLE,
June 15, 1905.

1. Subject to the custom which has existed from the beginning whereby the incumbent Commander in Chief has full charge of the Confederation until the close of the reunion, and in obedience to the wish of the tenth annual convention, as expressed in my unanimous election, I hereby assume command of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans. This is done with a profound sense of its weighty responsibility, and with a deep feeling of gratitude for the sentiment which has generously called me to the high position of Commander in Chief. The loyal support of all Sons of Confederate Veterans is earnestly urged.

2. Headquarters are established at Montgomery, Ala., the residence of the Commander in Chief.

3. Will T. Sheehan, of Montgomery, is named as Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.

4. The several Division commanders now in office by appointment will continue in the exercise of their duties until further orders. All commanders will at once report to headquarters the condition of their Divisions, and they are expected to exercise their utmost endeavors in building up the Confederation.

5. As far as possible all communications should pass through the usual military channels.

By order of

THOMAS M. OWEN, Commander in Chief, U. S. C. V.

Official: WILL T. SHEEHAN, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.

NEW COMMANDER IN CHIEF OF THE U. S. C. V.

Commander in Chief Thomas McAdory Owen was born in Jonesboro, Ala., December 15, 1866, son of Dr. William Marmaduke and Nancy McAdory Owen, grandson of Judge Thomas and Dolly Payne Williams Owen, and great-grandson of Marmaduke and Agnes Payne Williams. Agnes Payne was a first cousin of Dorothy Payne, wife of President James Madison. His Owen and Williams ancestors were living in Henrico and Hanover Counties, Va., at the beginning of the eighteenth century, and his McAdory ancestor was a Scotch-Irish immigrant from North Ireland to South Carolina prior to the revolutionary war.

Commander Owen was graduated from the University of Alabama A.B. and LL.B. in 1887 and A.M. in 1893. He was admitted to the bar in 1887, and practiced in Bessemer, Carrollton, and Birmingham, Ala., until March 1, 1901, when he retired from the active practice of law and devoted himself to literary pursuits. He was married April 12, 1893, to Marie, daughter of the Hon. John H. Bankhead, was elected Secretary of the Alabama Historical Society June 21, 1898, Secretary of the Sons of the Revolution in Alabama April 16, 1894, and a member of the American Historical Association in 1894. He was one of the founders of the Southern History Association of Washington, D. C., April 24, 1896; was instrumental in the establishment of the Alabama Department of Archives and History, located in the State capital, February 27, 1901, and was elected its Director March 2, 1901. In July, 1902, he issued the first number of *The Gulf States Historical Magazine*, published bimonthly. He edited the "Transactions of the Alabama Historical Society" (Vols. I-IV., 1898-1903) and a "History of the Great Seal of Alabama," and has contributed much to the historic record of his State, including many noted families. He received the honorary degree of LL.D. from the University of Alabama June 1, 1904. Dr. Owen is the founder and first President of the Alabama Library Association, organized at Montgomery November 21, 1904. He was unanimously elected Commander in Chief of the U. S. C. V. June 15, 1905.



HON. THOMAS M. OWEN, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF U. S. C. V.

CONFEDERATE CEMETERY PLOT IN CHICAGO.

[An address "to the Ladies of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, the Ladies of the Blue and Gray Auxiliary, the Gentlemen of Camp 8, United Confederate Veterans, Chicago," by Hon. James R. Mann, Member of Congress.]

On this day of hallowed memories we gather here to testify to our affectionate regard for the four thousand and more Confederate soldiers who lie buried beneath the sod in this plot of ground. They died as prisoners of war far from home without the ministering care of relatives or near friends. They paid for their love of liberty with their lives. They made the greatest sacrifice possible to make in order to uphold a cause which to them was sacred.

As the son of a captain in the Union army I am glad to pay my tribute of respect and admiration to the worth of these dead and my friendship to many of those ex-Confederates now standing before me.

It is not necessary at this time to review the causes of the War between the States or the history of its actions. The magnitude of its operations, the length of its continuance, the number of persons engaged in it, the bitterness and determination with which it was fought on both sides all show that the South, as well as the North, was engaged in a conflict in which at the time it believed success was essential to its future liberty and prosperity. The bitterness of that strife has largely passed away. It is not likely that the sorrows occasioned by that war will be entirely forgiven or forgotten for many years to come, but the final results of the War between the States have been accepted by the people of the South as freely as by us of the North.

We on our side are now glad to testify to the high character, the signal ability, and the determined purpose of the people of the Southland. In the ordinary course of history the heroes of the victors become largely the heroes of the nation. But we would be losing a large portion of our heritage if we did not claim with pride among our nation's heroes such men as Robert E. Lee, "Stonewall" Jackson, and many others whom we formerly called Rebels, but whom we now recognize as among the true heroes of a people filled with the love of liberty and constantly inspired by patriotism and heroism.

In this beautiful cemetery the plot of ground upon which we now stand was purchased many years ago by our national government as the last resting place for the mortal remains of those Confederate prisoners who died at Camp Douglas, in this city. Some years ago a band of ex-Confederate soldiers, who had gladly been welcomed to the citizenship of our city, proposed to erect a monument on this ground to the memory of the dead lying here. That noble shaft of enduring granite is before you as one of the notable objects of this cemetery and of this city.

We must all admire the symmetry of the grounds, the beauty of the green sod, and the flowering shrubs and the handsome trees. Within the past year the grounds have been entirely remodeled, the monument taken down and reconstructed to conform with the filling in of the ground, and the whole place made one of the conspicuous points of beauty in this most handsome city of the dead. Our great nation, in admiration for its heroes, whether fighting for or against its separation, in loving remembrance of the noble qualities of its children of the South, in tender regard for the prisoners of war who died while in its keeping, in gentle forgiveness of

those who were opposed to its armies, and in full appreciation of the patriotism and loyalty of the South, has opened the doors of its treasury, and for the first time in our history has undertaken to beautify and forever maintain with proper care a burying ground of Confederate dead.

No one thing in my public life gives me more pleasure than my small part in the accomplishment of this result. I am proud to have prepared and introduced the bill in Congress which has resulted in this extension of the loving hand of the government to the care of the last resting place of these dead soldiers.

Let the bitterness of the civil strife be forgotten. Let us seek to awaken in our hearts respect for those who were our foes, but who are our staunch friends. Let us forget the enmities of the past. Let us remember the heroic deeds of those who were opposed to us on whichever side we may have been. The mind of man is finite, not infinite. It may make and does make mistakes; but I have greater admiration for him who, in error, is willing to sacrifice his life because of his love for liberty than I have for him who, even in the right, may preserve his life rather than risk it for liberty.

When we have conflicts in the future, and it does not seem improbable to me that we will have great conflicts across the Pacific Ocean with the far Eastern races—conflicts which will determine the supremacy of civilization in the world—our nation will bear the brunt of the fight on the side of our civilization; and no more loyal and heroic fighters will ever be found than will the sons—aye, and the daughters of the South—when those days of trial shall come, if they do come.

Yes, more! No more loyal sons and daughters of the republic are to be found now anywhere than the sons and daughters of the Southland. They realize the need of having one great nation—our nation. We cannot and do not expect that they shall change their sentiments; that they shall revise their opinions; that they shall reconstruct their beliefs. We do not ask that they shall admit that the South was wrong or that the North was right. All we ask is what the South is now giving—a loving and loyal support to and participation in the management of our government. In the present conflicts and in those which will constantly arise in the future we will need the best thought, the best judgment, the best energy of the best people of our land, both North and South.

[Judge J. M. Dickinson, now of Chicago, who attended the dedication with Mrs. Dickinson, sends the above, and writes that the ceremonies were most respectful and impressive in every way, and that there must have been a thousand people present, comprised largely of ladies and Union veterans. Those from the South constituted a small minority of the attendance. Judge Dickinson, in writing of the speaker, says: "You will doubtless recall that Mr. Mann introduced and carried through a bill in Congress which provided for the permanent care of this Confederate monument and the graves of those Confederate prisoners who died at Camp Douglas."]

RELATION BETWEEN GEN. GRANT AND SOME SOUTHERNERS.—J. G. W. Tompkins, of Charleston, W. Va.: "Seeing your reference to 'Dick' Hewitt in the *VETERAN* for April, 1905, as 'a relative of Mrs. Grant's family,' I beg to correct it by stating that his grandfather, Peter Grant, was a half brother of Jesse R. Grant, the father of Gen. U. S. Grant, both of whom were brothers of my mother. (See 'Grant Genealogy,' p. 279.) 'Dick,' or Richard Warren, Hewitt was born at Rock Hill, Ky.; and died in Richmond, Va., in 1862."

THE FALL OF RICHMOND.

BY MRS. FANNIE WALKER MILLER, WYTHEVILLE, VA.

April 2. What a host of memories rise with the date! How rapidly and vividly the scenes in Richmond, Va., of April 2, 1865, crowd upon me! Notwithstanding all could appreciate the straits we were in and the rapidly thinning of our lines of battle, yet so fully confident were we that Gen. Lee could hold back Gen. Grant's powerful army that we went about with cheerful hearts. I've often wondered at my own confident hope of success when I consider that, with those in high authority, I had the best opportunity of knowing our desperate straits; for I had been appointed by the Hon. A. J. Seddon copying clerk in the Bureau of War, and was the only lady employed in the bureau at that time, and as copyist most of the correspondence fell to my lot.



MRS. F. W. MILLER AT SIXTEEN.

About two weeks before the fall of Richmond, as we were leaving the office, the chief clerk came in with a package of letters to be copied, apologizing for detaining us. Opening the package, I saw the signature of "R. E. Lee," and took that for my part, and forthwith went to work. Perfect silence soon fell on all, and nothing save the scratch of the pen could be heard. I had not proceeded far when I came to the statement that unless so many (I forget the number) troops and provisions for same could be furnished he (Lee) could not hold Petersburg. This I knew was an impossibility, and exclaimed: "O, Doctor [Dr. Cooke, who was chief clerk of the department], if this is so, we are lost!" The reply of the old gentleman (who, I suppose, was possibly following up the same thought), "Remember, 'mum' is the word," silenced me. From that on not a word escaped us, and as we finished our papers each silently left, and never alluded to the event. Notwithstanding day after day witnessed the assorting of papers on file and packing in long boxes for removal, it never occurred to my happy, hopeful heart (for I was yet in my teens) that a move of Grant was anticipated or that Richmond would fall. The day before, April 1, even until late in the night we had made merry over various April fool jokes perpetrated, and a brighter Sabbath never shone on merrier or more cheerful hearts.

I was spending the day with my mother and sister, who were matrons at Howard Grove Hospital, consequently was not in my accustomed seat at dear old St. Paul, of precious memory; but others returned and told us what had transpired, and as soon as I could gather my things I proceeded to my home in the city. As I reached the corner of Main and Third Streets I met my chief, Capt. R. G. H. Kean, with as much baggage as he could conveniently carry. In reply to

my question whether we should follow, his reply was, "I cannot advise a lady to follow a fugitive government," and with tears in his eyes bade me farewell.

On reaching my home I found my aunt, an employee of the Treasury Department, packing what things she could conveniently carry, preparing to follow with others of her department the next morning. There was nothing left for me but to wait the turn of affairs. Taking my seat at the window, I fell to watching the excited crowds passing, many of the men with such baggage as they could carry making their way toward the towpath, that being considered the safest avenue of escape. O, the horrors of that night! the rolling of vehicles, excited cries of the men, women, and children as they passed loaded with such goods as they could snatch from the burning factories and stores that were being looted by the frenzied crowds; for to such straits had many been brought that the looting was not confined to the "poor white" or rabble. Delicately reared ladies were seen with sheets and shawls filled with goods, provisions, etc., even to boxes of tobacco. I remember one lady showing us as many as one dozen boxes of tobacco, a foot or more square, she had carried from some factory on Cary Street to her home on Franklin, and she a delicate woman. She said the prospect of starvation and suffering of her almost blind husband and children stared her in the face and nerved her to the work.

No one dared to lie down or think of sleeping, and as soon as it was light I started out with my aunt to communicate with the party with whom she was going. As I was about to descend the front steps the explosion caused by blowing up the magazine on a line to the rear of us occurred, and before I knew it I found myself flat. Glass was falling all around; but my aunt, nothing daunted, called to me to follow her, and we made our way to the Valentine House. While waiting for her conference to end, I looked down the street, and to my horror beheld a negro cavalryman yelling: "Richmond at last!" Seized with terror, I saw our chances for escape were hopeless, and together we started back home. On getting to my old headquarters, Mechanics Institute, I found the torch had been applied; but the mob were carrying out all available furniture, carpets, etc. As we neared home the smoke of the factories, etc., on Cary Street was almost blinding, to say nothing of the heat. All day and night we sat beside what of our belongings we could tie up in sheets ready to leave the building. Parties were kept on the roof with buckets of water and wet blankets, and we were saved. A guard was procured, and with some watching by turns while others slept we gradually adapted ourselves to the forlorn situation.

MEMORIAL ROOMS AT NORFOLK ENDOWED.—Two rooms in the Home for Needy Confederate Women of Virginia have recently been endowed, one by the Hope-Maury Chapter of the U. D. C. to James Barron Hope, after whom the Hope-Maury Chapter was named, and the other by Mrs. Dr. Frank Anthony Walke for her husband, the late Dr. Walke, one of the most beloved men in Norfolk. The keys of the rooms were turned over by Mrs. Dr. Walke, as President of the Hope-Maury Chapter, to the Board of Directors of the Home. The presentation speech was made by Rev. J. William Jones, and that of acceptance by Judge John Dew. These two rooms are the only ones in the building that have up to the present time been endowed, but the beautiful ceremonies attending the endowment of them will doubtless soon be followed by others.

HARD-FIGHTING VIRGINIANS—LIEUT. COL. LANG.

BY LIEUT. J. N. POTTS, COMPANY G, 18TH VIRGINIA CAVALRY.

In the March VETERAN there appears a well-written article under the above caption, which I read with consuming interest, for I knew and loved Col. Lang during those bloody days that tried men's souls. I was with him on hazardous scouting excursions inside the enemy's lines, and with him on bloody battlefields. I slept with him when our bed was the broad, cold earth and our covering the clear, blue sky; we divided parched corn as a means of subsistence, and were together when we had no parched corn. His honor and worth as a friend, his courage and daring as a soldier, his efficiency, skill, and tact as an officer, cannot easily be overdrawn. I am glad he has a son who reveres his memory and desires to give him his proper place in history.

I desire to make a short statement of the facts concerning how Col. Lang came to his death. It was on the 5th of September, 1864, in the Shenandoah Valley, between Winchester and Bunker's Hill. We had had a fearful campaign in that memorable valley, always fighting an enemy that greatly outnumbered us.

We had been in line of battle all through the night of September 4, and skirmishing began at daylight the morning of the 5th. Gen. Imboden was absent sick, and the command of the brigade devolved upon Col. George H. Smith, of the 62d Virginia Infantry, leaving Lieut. Col. Lang in command of the regiment. The brigade consisted of three regiments—the 18th, 23d, and 62d. About noon we were reinforced by McCausland's Brigade, commanded by Col. Ferguson.

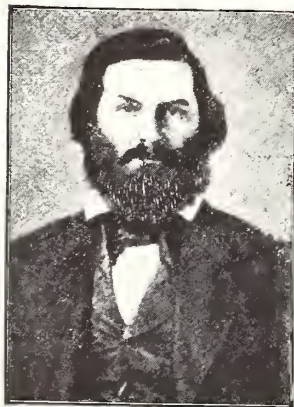
After a few minutes of consultation with Col. Ferguson, Col. Smith, who was the senior officer in the two brigades, decided to give battle, and our lines were hurriedly formed, for the enemy was moving upon us with overwhelming numbers and several pieces of artillery.

Imboden's Brigade, under command of Col. George W. Imboden, and McCausland's Brigade, commanded by Col. Ferguson, took positions respectively on the right of the road. The 62d Virginia Regiment, commanded by Lieut. Col. D. B. Lang, dismounted and moved rapidly about four hundred yards to the front and dropped behind a stone fence; the 23d Virginia Cavalry Regiment deployed to the left as skirmishers; while the 18th Virginia Cavalry, under command of Lieut. Col. D. Ed Beall, took position about four hundred

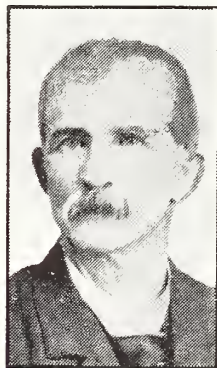
yards in the rear of, and as a support to, the 62d, and remained mounted. The formation of McCausland's Brigade on the right was very similar—one regiment dismounted and placed behind a hastily constructed barricade, one regiment on the right and front as skirmishers, and one regiment in reserve to protect the dismounted men. The enemy opened upon us with artillery, and at the same time advanced a heavy skirmish line, which drove our skirmishers in to the main line. They then threw a heavy cavalry force forward for the purpose of dislodging our dismounted men. The heaviest assault was made upon our right, and McCausland's Brigade gave way and were driven back several hundred yards.

Col. Lang restrained his men from firing until the enemy had charged to within very close range. Using the expression of old Israel Putnam, he said: "Boys, don't shoot till you can see the white of their eyes." It was estimated that the first volley from the 62d killed eighty men. Although they had exhibited great courage and had done remarkable execution, their position was now untenable, for the heavy force of the enemy that had turned our right was pouring a destructive enfilading fire upon the 18th and 62d Regiments. Under this condition of things, Col. Lang ordered his men to fall back. The 18th stood firm under the galling fire; it was a critical moment. Just then Col. Smith rode along our line, his eyes glowing with the genius of battle, and said: "Stand firm, 18th; you are now my only hope to save the 62d from being captured."

Col. Beall immediately gave the order to "charge," which was obeyed with alacrity, and the whole regiment sprang forward with a deafening yell, which seemed to strike terror to the enemy. Our advantage was in the fact that the enemy had emptied their pistols and ours were loaded. We drove them in confusion back beyond the barricade that McCausland's men had occupied, and clear back to their artillery. This enabled the 62d to get to their horses and mount and then come to our rescue. As the 18th charged I passed within a few feet of Col. Lang and made some remark to him, which I cannot now recall; but I distinctly remember his reply, which was this: "If McCausland's men could have held their ground, we would have whipped them." Just then a bullet pierced him, from the effect of which he died the next day. His last words were: "Tell my wife I died at my post doing my duty."



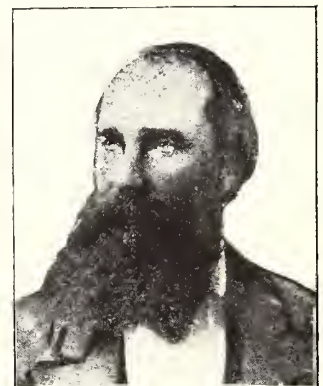
COL. BENJ. I. JOHNSON,
Hampton's South Carolina Legion.



SKETCH WANTED
Of this comrade.



ERNEST M'PHERSON,
Louisville Ky. As a young soldier.



DR. B. F. BRITTAIN,
Arlington, Tex. See April No., page 170.

Gen. Hampton wrote the Veteran of his purpose to write a sketch of Col. Johnson, but deferred it too long. Who can do it?

RELATIVE NUMBERS IN OUR GREAT WAR.

[The following is Mr. Cazenove G. Lee's reply to Col. Livermore, Secretary of the Massachusetts Historical Society, in a recent article in the Boston *Transcript* and editorial comments thereon, in which the accuracy of Mr. Lee's former statements concerning the strength of the Confederate forces are challenged.]

It is interesting to read what these gentlemen say of the war figures credited to me—that it would be more to the credit of the Confederate States if I had admitted that they had put in the field 1,212,416 men out of a military population of 1,064,193 in 1861; and at the same time claim that the United States, out of a military population of 4,559,872 only put in the field about two million men, when 998,613 of these were Southern men, foreigners, and negroes. Consistency is evidently a jewel these gentlemen do not possess. The South fought for a noble cause, never better stated than in General Order No. 16 to the Army of Northern Virginia: "Let every soldier remember that on his courage and fidelity depends all that makes life worth living, the freedom of his country, the honor of his people, and the security of his home."

They fought and lost, and what they lost is told by the New York *Tribune* June 26, 1868: "A great part of the accumulated wealth of the people were swept away; not only changed hands, and so in the natural course of things certain to be redistributed, but absolutely annihilated; not only the created wealth but the means of creating it has been destroyed. We think that there is not in all history the record of a war attended by such utter destruction."

In short, they had little left but the honor of the fight, and no generous enemy should wish to take that from them. Nor do we wish to divide that honor with the skulkers and cowards, but keep it for the brave boys who were actually in the field. They deserve all that history can give them.

The numbers of the Federal army are fixed by the returns in the War Department, and these figures are usually accepted by Southern writers. Would it not be simple justice in Northern writers to give the same force to Confederate returns? The New York *Tribune* of June 26, 1867, contains a letter from a Washington correspondent, said to have been Hon. Whitelaw Reid, from which I extract the following:

"Among the documents which fell into our hands at the downfall of the Confederacy are the returns, very nearly complete, of the Confederate armies from their organization in the summer of 1861 down to the spring of 1865. These returns have been carefully analyzed, and I am enabled to furnish the returns in every department and for almost every month from these official sources. We judge in all that 600,000 different men were in the Confederate ranks during the war."

No one can doubt that these records then existed. Had they been published in full in the "War Records," as Congress directed, this controversy would have been avoided, but only detached portions appear. If a party to a legal controversy destroys or suppresses evidence important to establish his adversary's case, that adversary is permitted to introduce secondary evidence. In this matter the *Tribune's* copy of the official returns is the best secondary evidence in existence.

Before passing from this letter, let me call attention to the incorrect quotation made by Mr. Livermore. The *Tribune* writer does not say, "Many of the Confederate records have been secured," etc., but "nearly complete returns;" and he gives the figures upon which he bases his judgment in a

three-column article. These are important facts, and misstatement is inexcusable. But we are not wholly dependent upon the *Tribune* letter, for every Southern official and contemporaneous writer testifies to the same fact.

Gen. J. A. Early, in "Southern Historical Society Papers," Volume II., page 20, says: "This estimate is very nearly correct."

"The American Cyclopaedia" (D. Appleton & Co., 1875), of which Charles A. Dana, late Assistant Secretary of War, was editor, in Volume V., page 232, says: "The adjutant general of the Confederate army, Gen. S. Cocper, in a statement made since the close of hostilities, estimates the entire available Confederate forces capable of active service in the field at 600,000. Of this number, not more than 400,000 were enrolled at any one time, and the Confederate States never had in the field at once more than 200,000 men."

The letter of Gen. Cooper relating to this subject is published in Volume VII., page 287, of the "Southern Historical Society Papers."

Lieut. Col. Fox, of the United States army, in "Losses in Civil War," says: "The aggregate enrollment of the Confederate armies during the war, according to the best authorities, numbered over 600,000 effective men, of whom not over 400,000 were enrolled at one time."

See also Alexander H. Stephens, Vice President of the Confederacy, Volume 2, page 630.

Gen. Marcus J. Wright, Volume XIX., "Southern Historical Society," 254. Dr. Jones, 2 Id., p. 20.

Even contemporaneous Federal officials in their reports confirm these figures. Provost Marshal Gen. Fry, U. S. A., in his last report, gives the losses of the Confederate army as follows:

Killed	52,954
Died of wounds.....	21,554
Died of disease.....	59,297
Died in prison.....	26,439
Died from other causes.....	40,000

Total210,244
Surrendered in 1865 (Secretary Stanton's report Ex.

Doc. 39, Congress).....	174,223
There were held in prison in 1865 (General Grant)....	90,000
Deserters, less those returned to duty.....	83,372
Discharged	57,411

(Report Gen. John Preston).....605,006

Can a suggestion be made of any disposition of the other hundreds of thousands claimed?

Again, by the Confederate returns in the War Department, there were enlisted men in the Confederate army to June, 1862.....453,000
Gen. Preston, Superintendent of Bureau of Conscription, C. S. A., in his report to Secretary of War of February, 1865, states that from 1862 to February, 1865, there were, conscriptions..... 87,993
And enlistments..... 72,292

Making a total of.....613,285

Let us now review the arguments of my critics.

Col. Fox ("Losses in Civil War") gives to the eleven States of the Confederacy a military population in 1860 of 1,064,143. Of this number, 607,285 were in the Confederate army (of

whom 19,000 came from the border States) and 86,009 in the United States army, making 677,009 in both armies, leaving 387,184 for other duties, such as Confederate and State government officials, railroad, ordnance and manufacturers, doctors, police, agricultural employers, invalids, skulkers, etc. (See "Report Provost Marshal General Fry," p. 127.)

In addition to this, the fact has been totally overlooked that the centers of population in the Southern States soon fell into the hands of the Federal army, and the circle gradually contracted until the end. It is safe to say that the conscription act was never enforced in half of the territory of the Confederate States, and that few volunteers reached the army from without our lines. Gen. Preston says the act was almost unenforced, save in Virginia, North and South Carolina, and one-third of Virginia was without our lines.

Col. Livermore, in his paper, says: "Conclusive evidence on the question under discussion is the record of the census of 1890, that there were living 432,020 Confederates and 980,724 Union soldiers and sailors."

To say the least, this statement is not ingenious, for there has been deducted from the number of United States soldiers 53,799 negroes and 3,273 negroes added to the Confederate numbers; when it is known that these negroes served in the Union army and not one of them in the Confederate.

Then, too, at that very time the War Department estimated, including deserters, 1,341,232 Union soldiers living, or 360,708 more than Col. Livermore gives.

From a report of the Record and Pension Division of the War Department (1896) I extract the following: "It requires but a brief examination of the census figures to show that they fall far short of representing the total number of survivors (U. S. army) in 1890, and they cannot be relied upon as the basis of any calculation for the future."

The legal maxim, "False in one thing, false in everything," may well be applied to this "conclusive evidence." But in the South it has always been a disgrace to any man who was of proper age and did not serve in the Confederate army. Therefore every wagon driver, clerk, cook, or skulker affirms that he served in the army, when in truth they never saw a day of service.

I have not space to reply to Col. Livermore's comments on the numbers in battle, and can only refer him to the following; and if they do not convince him, nothing I could say would: Gen. Early, "Southern Historical Society," Volume VI.; Id., Volume XII., p. 365; Id., Volume II., p. 6; Col. Walter H. Taylor, Id., Volume V.; Id., Volume LV., p. 124; Henderson's "Life of Jackson," 299, 361, 616.

In conclusion, let me say that I have founded this statement on facts and figures given by men whose business it was to know them, who had no object in misstating them, and who stand on the pages of history as the peers of any men who ever lived.

What is there to contradict them? Only the sophistical arguments founded on what might have been. Mr. Lincoln is reported to have said, in reply to an inquiry, that the Confederates, he was convinced, had three million men in the field. Upon astonishment being expressed, he stated that all of his commanders reported that they were opposed by three times their numbers; "and," said Mr. Lincoln, "I know the number of their armies." My critics learned to see treble during the war, and have never recovered from that infirmity.

ECTOR'S BRIGADE AT CHICKAMAUGA.

BY CAPT. J. H. STRADLEY, ASHEVILLE, N. C.

In a late number of the *VETERAN* an article written by Capt. J. D. Smith, of Houston, Miss., under the head of "Walthall's Brigade at Chickamauga," stated (unintentionally, no doubt) that which does Ector's Brigade injustice. It was that "they failed in their assault, and Walthall's Brigade was put in and carried the works." Ector's Brigade was composed of the 9th, 10th, and 14th Texas and the 29th North Carolina Regiments. I belonged to the last-named regiment, and was in this fight from start to finish. We marched nearly all night on the 18th, arriving at Chickamauga just at daylight. We waded the creek and halted for breakfast. I do not remember the hour exactly that the fight began; but I can never forget the first charge we made, in which Comrade Smith says we failed. A battery was in front of us, and we started for it. Almost in the beginning of the charge our captain was killed, and the command of the company devolved upon me. The guns were well served and their fire destructive. Four of my men fell in one pile, but we pressed forward and captured the battery that we started for.

It is singular how little incidents, trivial in themselves, will be impressed on one's memory at such moments when more important ones are forgotten. Now I do not remember the number of guns we captured, but I do remember as distinctly as if it were yesterday the position of one of the gunners as we rushed up. He was standing unconcerned by his still smoking piece, with his arm thrown over it as carelessly as if he had been "at rest" on dress parade, as much as to say: "Well, boys, I gave you the best I had, and here I am."

Comrade Minnich, of Forrest's command, is right when he says there were no breastworks except the black-jack bushes and small trees. Ector's Brigade went up against two heavy batteries of the enemy the first day. The last of these cut us up badly late in the afternoon, but was taken by our brigade and Haskins's Battery about sundown, when we were relieved by Cleburne's Division.

VARIOUS MISTAKES CORRECTED.

BY WILLIAM W. GIBSON, COMPANY D, 5TH AND 6TH ARKANSAS CONSOLIDATED.

That our memory "plays us tricks" is clearly evidenced in the article by Comrade James Beeson, page 110 in March *VETERAN*. In this short article, in his attempt to "give facts for future historians," Comrade Beeson falls into several errors himself. He tells us he was a member of the 1st Arkansas Regiment, and adds: "After the reorganization we served in L. E. Polk's Brigade, Cleburne's Division, until the end, and the 2d Tennessee was with us all the time." Gen. L. E. Polk was wounded on the line just before we reached Kennesaw. His brigade soon afterwards was broken up and the 1st Arkansas put into Govan's Brigade, where it served the remainder of the war, the 2d Tennessee, I think, going to Cheatham's Division.

Again he says: "Another writer speaks of Liddell's Division at Chickamauga. Cleburne's Division was composed of four brigades, Polk's, Granbury's, Liddell's, and Lowry's." Here Comrade Beeson is altogether wrong. Liddell did command a division at Chickamauga, consisting of his old brigade, then commanded by Govan, and Walthall's Brigade. This division and another, composed of Wilson's and Ector's Brigades, were organized as a reserve corps, and commanded, on the first day at least, by Gen. W. H. T. Walker. Our

position was on the extreme right, Cleburne's being on our left. At Missionary Ridge Walker's reserve corps was broken up and Govan placed back in Cleburne's Division.

The Comrade is wrong again in naming the brigades composing Cleburne's Division in that battle as they were then known. There were three brigades there under Cleburne—viz., Wood's, Polk's, and Deshler's. Gen. Deshler was killed, and the Texas Brigade was commanded by Gen. Smith until the battle of Missionary Ridge, where he was wounded, when Granbury succeeded to its command. Lowry succeeded Wood, I think, at Missionary Ridge. If we are going to help out the historians, let us be careful to give facts.

A VALIANT VETERAN IN CALIFORNIA.

Dr. William Cole Harrison was born August 15, 1841, in East Feliciana Parish, La.; moved to New Orleans in 1857, from which city he enlisted in the C. S. A. and served till the surrender. He was paroled May 27, 1865, and, returning to New Orleans, he took an active part in the stirring events that grew out of reconstruction.

Dr. Harrison is a member of Camp No. 2, U. C. V. He served as Surgeon in the "Association of the Army of Tennessee, Louisiana Division," before the U. C. V. Association was created. He went to California in 1888, and took an active part in forming the "Confederate Association of California," now in the brotherhood of United Confederate Veterans as Camp No. 770, in which he has served as Surgeon, Adjutant, Vice Commander, and Commander. He was Assistant Adjutant General on the staff of Gen. W. L. Cabell, Trans-Mississippi Department, and is now Brigadier General, commanding the California Brigade of the Pacific Division.

Gen. Harrison is descended from the Virginia family of Harrisons, and his maternal grandfather, John Quarles Tal-

bot, was one of the seven Americans wounded at Chalmette, or the battle of New Orleans.

Miss Daisy Harrison, the charming daughter of Dr. Harrison, was born in New Orleans, and has inherited great love and loyalty to the South. She is a graduate of Los Angeles High School, and was a charter member of the Robert E.



MISS DAISY HARRISON.

Lee Chapter, U. D. C. Miss Harrison attended the reunion at Dallas, and was appointed sponsor of the Pacific Division and graced the position in the parade. She was chief maid of honor for the Pacific Division at the reunion in New Orleans and chief maid to the sponsor of the Trans-Mississippi Department at the Nashville reunion. She attended the Louisville reunion as sponsor to the Pacific Division.



DR. W. C. HARRISON.

One of the delightful sensations of the reunion was the marriage of Miss Harrison to Mr. Dwight P. Nicklin. The wedding occurred in the Galt House parlor, Chaplain General Rev. J. William Jones officiating. There were present Commander in Chief Gen. Stephen D. Lee, Department Commanders Gen. W. L. Cabell, Gen. Clement A. Evans, and C. G. Walker, Gen. Joseph Wheeler, S. S. Birchfield, Dr. Tichenor, Col. Singleton, Ed Millett, the Misses Wheeler, and others.

"DIED FOR THEIR STATE."

JEFFERSON DAVIS AND THE HONORS PAID TO HIM.

[The Lowell (Mass.) Sun says: "The communication printed below is from the pen of Mr. Benjamin J. Williams, of this city, and treats of a subject of deepest interest to the people of this country, North and South. It treats of Mr. Jefferson Davis and his connection with the Southern Confederacy from a Southern standpoint. The writer handles a subject unfamiliar to our readers, who, if they do not agree with the sentiments expressed, will at least find it a very interesting and instructive communication."]

Dear Sir: The demonstrations in the South in honor of Mr. Jefferson Davis, the ex-President of the Confederate States, are certainly of a remarkable character and furnish matter for profound consideration. Mr. Davis, twenty-one years after the fall of the Confederacy, suddenly emerges from his long retirement, journeys among his people to different prominent points, there to take part in public observances more or less directly commemorative respectively of the cause of the Confederacy and of those who strove and died for it, and everywhere he receives from the people the most overwhelming manifestations of heartfelt affection, devotion, and reverence, exceeding even any of which he was the recipient in the time of his power; such manifestations as no existing ruler in the world can obtain from his people, and such as probably were never before given to a public man, old, out of office, with no favors to dispense, and disfranchised.

Such homage is significant, startling. It is given, as Mr. Davis himself has recognized, not to him alone, but to the cause whose chief representative he is. And it is useless to attempt to deny, disguise, or evade the conclusion that there must be something great and noble and true in him and in the cause to evoke this homage. As for Mr. Davis himself, the student of American history has not yet forgotten that it was his courage, self-possession, and leadership that in the very crisis of the battle at Buena Vista won for his country her proudest victory upon foreign fields of war; that as Secretary of War in Mr. Pierce's administration he was its master spirit, and that he was the recognized leader of the United States Senate at the time of the secession of the Southern States. For his character there let it be stated by his enemy, but admirer, Massachusetts's own Henry Wilson. "The clear-headed, practical, dominating Davis," said Mr. Wilson in a speech made during the war, while passing in review the great Southern Senators who had withdrawn with their States. When the seceding States formed their new Confederacy, in recognition of Mr. Davis's varied and predominant abilities, he was unanimously chosen as its chief magistrate; and from the hour of his arrival at Montgomery to assume that office, when he spoke the memorable words, "We are determined to make all who oppose us smell Southern powder and feel Southern steel," all through the Confederacy's four years' unequal struggle for independence, down to his last appeal as its chief in his defiant proclamation from Danville, after the fall of Richmond, "Let us not despair, my countrymen, but meet the foe with fresh defiance and with unconquered and unconquerable hearts," he exhibited everywhere and always the same proud and unyielding spirit so expressive of his sanguine and resolute temper, which no disasters could subdue, which sustained him even when it could no longer sustain others, and which, had it been possible, would of itself have assured the independence of the Confederacy. And when at last the Confederacy had fallen,

literally overpowered by immeasurably superior numbers and means, and Mr. Davis a prisoner subjected to the greatest indignities, his proud spirit remained unbroken; and never since the subjugation of his people has he abated in the least his assertion of the cause for which they struggled. The seductions of power or interest may move lesser men—that matters not to him. The cause of the Confederacy as a fixed moral and constitutional principle, unaffected by the triumph of physical force, he asserts to-day as unequivocally as when he was seated in the executive chair at Richmond, in apparent irreversible power, with its victorious legions at his command. Now when we consider all this, what Mr. Davis has been, and, most of all, what he is to-day in the moral greatness of his position, can we wonder that his people turn aside from timeservers and self-seekers and from all the commonplace chaff of life and render him that spontaneous and grateful homage which is his due?

And we cannot indeed wonder when we consider the cause for which Mr. Davis is so much to his people. Let Mr. Davis himself state it, for no one else can do it so well. In his recent address at the laying of the corner stone of the Confederate monument at Montgomery he said: "I have come to join you in the performance of a sacred task, to lay the foundation of a monument at the cradle of the Confederate government which shall commemorate the gallant sons of Alabama who died for their country, who gave their lives a freewill offering in defense of the rights of their sires won in the war of the Revolution, the State sovereignty, freedom, and independence which were left to us as an inheritance to their posterity forever." These masterful words, "the rights of their sires won in the war of the Revolution, the State sovereignty, freedom, and independence which were left to us as an inheritance to their posterity forever," are the whole case; and they are not only a statement, but a complete justification of the Confederate cause to all who are acquainted with the origin and character of the American Union.

When the original thirteen colonies threw off their allegiance to Great Britain, they became independent States—"independent of her and each other," as the great Luther Martin, of Maryland, expressed it in the Federal convention. This independence was at first a revolutionary one, but afterwards,



VICE PRESIDENT ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

(From an old steel engraving.)

by its recognition by Great Britain, it became legal. This recognition was of the States separately, each by name, in the treaty of peace which terminated the war of the Revolution. And that this separate recognition was deliberate and intentional, with the distinct object of recognizing the States as separate sovereignties and not as one nation, will sufficiently appear by reference to the last chapter of the sixth volume of Bancroft's "History of the United States." The "Articles of Confederation between the States" declared that each State retains its sovereignty, freedom, and independence. And the Constitution of the United States, which immediately followed, was first adopted by the States in convention, each State casting one vote as a proposed plan of government, and then ratified by the States separately, each State acting for itself in its sovereign and independent capacity through a convention of its people. And it was by this ratification that the Constitution was established, to use its own words, "between the States so ratifying the same." It is, then, a compact between the States as sovereigns, and the Union created by it is a federal partnership of States, the Federal government being their common agent for the transaction of federal business within the limits of the delegated powers. As to the new States which have been formed from time to time from the territories, when they were in the territorial condition the sovereignty over them respectively was in the States of the Union; and when they respectively formed a constitution and State government and were admitted into the Union, the sovereignty passed to them respectively, and they stood in the Union each upon an equal footing with the

original States, parties with them to the constitutional compact.

In the case of a partnership between persons for business purposes it is a familiar principle of law that its existence and continuance are purely a voluntary matter on the part of its members, and that a member may at any time withdraw from and dissolve the partnership at his pleasure; and it makes no difference in the application of this principle if the partnership by its terms be for a fixed time or perpetual, it not being considered by the law sound policy to hold men together in business association against their will. Now, if a partnership between persons is purely voluntary and subject to the will of its members severally, how much more so is one between sovereign States! It follows that just as each State separately, in the exercise of its sovereign will, entered the Union, so may it separately, in the exercise of that will, withdraw therefrom. And, further, the Constitution being a compact to which the States are parties, "having no common judge, each party has an equal right to judge for itself as well of infractions as of the mode and measure of redress," as declared by Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Madison in the celebrated resolutions of 1798, and the right of secession irresistibly follows. But aside from the doctrine either of partnership or compact, upon the ground of State sovereignty, pure and simple, does the right of State secession impregnably rest. Sovereignty, as defined by political commentators, is "the right of commanding in the last resort." And just as a State of the Union, in the exercise of this right, by her ratification of the Constitution, delegated the powers therein given to the Federal government and acceded to the Union, so may she, in the exercise of the same right, by repealing that ratification, withdraw the delegated powers and secede from the Union. The act of ratification by the State is the law which makes the Union for it, and the act of repeal of that ratification is the law which dissolves it.

It appears, then, from this review of the origin and character of the American Union that when the Southern States, deeming the constitutional compact broken and their own safety and happiness in imminent danger in the Union, withdrew therefrom and organized their new Confederacy they but asserted, in the language of Mr. Davis, "the rights of their sires won in the war of the Revolution, the State sovereignty, freedom, and independence which were left to us as an inheritance to their posterity forever," and it was in defense of this high and sacred cause that the Confederate soldiers sacrificed their lives. There was no need for war. The action of the Southern States was legal and constitutional, and history will attest that it was reluctantly taken in the last extremity in the hope of thereby saving their whole constitutional rights and liberties from destruction by Northern aggression, which had just culminated in triumph at the presidential election, by the union of the North as a section against the South. But the North, left in possession of the old government of the Union, flushed with power, and angry lest its destined prey should escape, found a ready pretext for war. Immediately upon secession, by force of the act itself, the jurisdiction of the seceding States, respectively, over the forts, arsenals, and dockyards within their limits, which they had before ceded to the Federal government for federal purposes, reverted to and reinvested in them respectively. They were, of course, entitled to immediate repossession of these places, essential to their defense in the exercise of their reassumed powers of war and peace, leaving all questions of mere prop-



MRS. M'CONNELL AND CHILDREN.

Mrs. McConnell is a daughter of Judge Sea, of Gallatin, Tenn.

erty value apart for separate adjustment. In most cases the seceding States repossessed themselves of these places without difficulty, but in some the forces of the United States still kept possession. Among these last was Fort Sumter, in the harbor of Charleston, S. C. South Carolina in vain demanded the peaceable possession of this fortress, offering at the same time to arrange for the value of the same as property, and sent commissioners to Washington to treat with the Federal government for the same as well as for the recognition of her independence. But all her attempts to treat were repulsed or evaded, as likewise were those subsequently made by the Confederate government. Of course the Confederacy could not continue to allow a foreign power to hold possession of a fortress dominating the harbor of her chief Atlantic seaport; and the Federal government having sent a powerful expedition with reinforcements for Fort Sumter, the Confederate government at last proceeded to reduce it. The reduction, however, was a bloodless affair; while the captured garrison received all the honors of war, and were at once sent North with every attention to their comfort and without even their parole being taken.

But forthwith President Lincoln, at Washington, issued his call for militia to coerce the seceding States. The cry rang all over the North that the flag had been fired upon; and amidst the tempest of passion which that cry everywhere raised the Northern militia responded with alacrity, the South was invaded, and a war of subjugation, destined to be the most gigantic which the world has ever seen, was begun by the Federal government against the seceding States in complete and amazing disregard of the foundation principle of its own existence, as affirmed in the Declaration of Independence, that "governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed," and as established by the war of the Revolution for the people of the States respectively. The South accepted the contest thus forced upon her with the eager and resolute courage characteristic of her proud, spirited people. But the Federal government, though weak in right, was strong in power, for it was sustained by the mighty and multitudinous North. In effect, the war became one between the States: between the Northern States, represented by the Federal government, upon the one side; and the Southern States, represented by the Confederate government, upon the other, the border Southern States being divided.

The odds in numbers and means in favor of the North were tremendous. Her white population of nearly twenty millions was twofold that of the strictly Confederate territory, and from the border Southern States and communities of Missouri, Kentucky, East Tennessee, West Virginia, Maryland, and Delaware she got more men and supplies for her armies than the Confederacy got for hers. Kentucky alone furnished as many men to the Northern armies as Massachusetts. In available money and credit the advantage of the North was vastly greater than in population, and it included the possession of all the chief centers of banking and commerce. Then she had the possession of the old government, its capital, its army and navy, and mostly its arsenals, dockyards, and workshops, with all their supplies of arms and ordnance and military and naval stores of every kind and the means of manufacturing the same. Again, the North, as a manufacturing and mechanical people, abounded in factories and workshops of every kind immediately available for the manufacture of every species of supplies for the army and navy; while the South, as an agricultural people, were almost

wanting in such resources. Finally, in the possession of the recognized government, the North was in full and free communication with all nations, and had full opportunity (which she improved to the utmost) to import and bring in from abroad not only supplies of all kinds, but men as well, for her service; while the South, without a recognized government and with her ports speedily blockaded by the Federal navy, was almost entirely shut up within herself and her own limited resources.

Among all these advantages possessed by the North, the first, the main, and decisive one was the navy. Given her all but this, and they would have been ineffectual to prevent the establishment of the Confederacy. That arm of her strength was at the beginning of the war in an efficient state, and it was rapidly augmented and improved. By it, the South being almost without naval force, the North was enabled to sweep and blockade her coasts everywhere, and so, aside from the direct distress inflicted, to prevent foreign recognition; to capture one after another her seaports; to sever and cut up her country in every direction through its great rivers; to gain lodgments at many points within her territory, from which numerous destructive raids were sent out in all directions; to transport troops and supplies to points where their passage by land would have been difficult or impossible; and, finally, to cover, protect, and save, as by the navy was so often done, the defeated and otherwise totally destroyed armies of the North in the field. But for the navy, Grant's army was lost at Shiloh; and but for it, on the Peninsula in the second year of the war, McClellan's army, notwithstanding his masterly retreat from his defeats before Richmond, was lost to a man, and the independence of the Confederacy established. After a glorious four years'



MISS GRAY BLANCHE JORDAN,
Maid of Honor to Sponsor in Chief, Louisville Reunion.

struggle against such odds as have been depicted, during which independence was often almost secured, when successive levies of armies amounting in all to nearly three millions of men had been hurled against her, the South, shut off from all the world, wasted, rent and desolate, bruised and bleeding, was at last overpowered by main strength—outfought never, for from first to last she everywhere outfought the foe. The Confederacy fell, but she fell not until she had achieved immortal fame. Few great established nations in all time have ever exhibited capacity and direction in government equal to hers, sustained as she was by the iron will and fixed persistence of the extraordinary man who was her chief, and few have ever won such a series of brilliant victories as that which illuminates forever the annals of her splendid armies; while the fortitude and patience of her people, and particularly of her noble women, under almost incredible trials and sufferings, have never been surpassed in the history of the world.

Such exalted character and achievement were not all in vain. Though the Confederacy fell as an actual physical power, she lives, illustrated by them eternally in her just cause, the cause of constitutional liberty. And Mr. Davis's Southern tour is nothing less than a veritable mortal triumph for that cause and for himself as its faithful chief, manifesting to the world that the cause still lives in the hearts of the Southern people, and that its resurrection in the body in fitting hour may yet come.

Here in the North, that is naturally presumptuous and arrogant in her vast material power, and where, consequently, but little attention has in general been given to the study of the nature and principles of constitutional liberty as connected with the rights of the States, there is, nevertheless, an increasing understanding and appreciation of the Confederate cause, particularly here in the New England States, whose position and interests in the Union are in many respects peculiar, and perhaps require that these States quite as much as those of the South should be the watchful guardians of the State sovereignty. Mingled with this increasing understanding and appreciation of the Confederate cause, naturally comes also a glowing admiration of its devoted defenders; and the time may yet be when the Northern as well as the Southern heart will throb reverently to the proud words upon the Confederate monument at Charleston: "These died for their State."

BENJAMIN J. WILLIAMS.

[The foregoing comes in an old clipping from Dr. T. J. Scott, of Alvin, Tex., who was a surgeon on Gen. Wheeler's staff during much of the war, and is now the surgeon of his U. C. V. Camp and local surgeon of the Gulf, Colorado, and Santa Fé Railroad. This is perhaps the first as well as the strongest vindication of Mr. Davis and the South to appear in print from New England after the war.]

ZOLLICOFFER BARRACKS.—A veteran of the Washington Artillery writes from New Orleans: "Referring to inquiry in the May *VETERAN* as to why the Maxwell House was called the 'Zollicoffer Barracks' during the war, I think the name was given in compliment to Gen. Zollicoffer, of Nashville, who raised and commanded what he called the 'Polish Brigade,' composed almost entirely of Irishmen, some of whom with their usual native wit changed their names so as to give them a Polish sound. Such as Capt. McCloskey became Capt. Michalouski, and Lieut. Powers was Lieut. Pourouski,

etc. I remember hearing Gen. Zollicoffer tell of one of his men who was on the skirmish line yelling out to his friends in the command: "Go for them, boys. They've got bureaus on their backs and cheese in their haversacks."

Instinctively the Washington artilleryman's view has occurred to others; but the Maxwell House was made a barracks and prison by the Federals, who evidently would not have honored our beloved Zollicoffer in such manner at that time.

A TATTERED REMNANT.

The Albany (Ga.) *Herald* tells a pathetic story of the Memorial Day service in that city:

"The conclusion of the Memorial Day exercises was marked by an incident which brought tears to hundreds of eyes. . . . The Veterans were attentive auditors to the music, prayers, and address. The speaker had concluded his remarks, the closing anthem was sung, and the final announcements made. Then the audience heard a husky voice issue a command. There was a stir at the front of the auditorium, and from their seats uprose a handful of Confederate veterans. Only a handful! Fifteen or sixteen in that Memorial Day audience of many hundreds.

"Right face! Forward, column right, march!"

"Down the aisle they started, a corporal's guard of that magnificent army of forty years ago. Every head was white or streaked with gray and nearly every form was bent. Here was an empty sleeve, there a leg of cork. As they moved down the aisle, this scant handful of heroes, the great audience, by a common impulse, rose and stood in reverent silence. It was the spontaneous tribute of a Southern audience to Southern heroes. But, simple tribute though it was, it touched the hearts of those white-haired veterans, and as they moved on down the aisle tears—grateful tears—fell from the glistening eyes of every man of them. And the members of the younger generations present, thus suddenly brought face to face with the fact that we now have with us but a tattered remnant of that glorious army of the sixties whose undying fame is burned into the pages of history, mingled their own eloquent tears with those of their heroes.

"Do we love our Confederate heroes? God bless them, yes! A thousand times, yes! They are enshrined in our hearts, and to love them less would be to dishonor Southern manhood and womanhood."



DESIGN FOR JEFFERSON DAVIS MONUMENT, RICHMOND, VA.

FROM THE IRVING BLOCK BASTILE.

BY JUDGE C. C. CUMMINGS, FORT WORTH, TEX., HISTORIAN
TEXAS DIVISION, U. C. V.

Your story of Capt. M. A. Miller's fortunate escape from the famous bastile at Memphis, Tenn., known as the Irving Block, after being condemned to death during the great war, as recited in the April number of the *VETERAN*, suggests another from the same source equally as interesting, which I give you as briefly as I may after foreshadowing in a short perspective the environments of this "o'er-true tale."

After the victory of our arms at Fredericksburg, when we drove back Burnside in December, 1862, a number of furloughs were issued to each command of Lee's army, and the writer, as a member of Company B, 17th Mississippi Regiment, Barksdale's Brigade, was so fortunate as to draw one of the prizes assigned us by lot. Each furloughed man was given authority to recruit as many as he could during the thirty days' leave of absence. I steered at once for my birth-place and town of enlistment, Holly Springs, Miss., having gone out from there in April, 1861, and participated in all the battles with my command, from First Manassas on. Among the number of applicants to me for service in the Virginia army when I began recruiting at Holly Springs was an ex-Federal officer with a startling history, with which I was quite familiar. It being of recent date and connected with the Irving Block, the press was still ringing with the bloody tragedy, in which he was the chief actor, and a Confederate colonel by the name of Wood the victim done to death by him.

It was at night when he presented himself at the Lumpkin manor, some four miles south of Holly Springs, whither I had fled, with a number I had already sworn in as recruits, on hearing that the Yankees were coming out from Memphis in one of their periodical raids. In an upstairs room by a dim candlelight this ex-Federal officer was presented by one of my new recruits. He was medium in size and height, blue eyes, complexion fair, clean-shaven, dressed in Confederate gray of brand-new make, with a couple of Colt's revolvers adorning each hip. He had a firm military bearing of the regular soldier, as he proved to be. He looked to be some thirty years old, and had been a member of the celebrated 2d United States Dragoons, organized during Pierce's administration by Jefferson Davis, then Secretary of War, out of which came Albert Sidney Johnston, Robert E. Lee, Earl Van Dorn, E. Kirby Smith, "Jeb" Stuart, Hood, and many other distinguished names on the Confederate roster, and George H. Thomas and many more on the Federal side.

He told his story briefly (known to me beforehand), to the effect that he had killed a Confederate colonel by the name of Wood, a prisoner confined in the Irving Block at Memphis, for which he had been court-martialed by the Federal authorities and condemned to be shot; that he had just made his escape, pending the sentence of death hanging over him, and was ready to be sworn in as a soldier under his former officer, Gen. Lee, and at a moment's notice was ready to go with us to the army of long marches, short rations, and large victories.

As I was out for soldiers to fill our depleted ranks, I told him I was satisfied from his bearing that he was a trained soldier and would fight, adding by way of mental reservation that he would be compelled to be true to us, for death was awaiting him in the other army. His excuse for killing Wood was this: Wood had made his appearance inside the

lines at Memphis, seeking to carry out goods, wares, and merchandise pronounced by the military as contraband of war, and that he afforded Wood a free escort through the Federal lines, by reason of the fact that he was then officer of the day and could pass him through the sentinels, which was done at night, Wood being loaded with his prizes on a fleet horse. Lewis (such was his name—Charles Lewis) said that at parting he warned Wood not to stop short of Sandiges, some twenty miles away on the Pigeon Roost road, for if he did scouts from the Federal lines constantly scouring this road would surely catch him with his booty and bring him back a prisoner to the Irving Block; that if he should be captured and betray him he would kill him; and that Wood, disobeying these special instructions, stopped for breakfast several miles inside the dead line and, sure enough, was picked up next day by Federal scouts, brought back and lodged in the Irving Block, and his goods confiscated. This capture so enraged Wood that he betrayed to the Federal authorities the name of his accomplice. Lewis was at once arrested and deprived of his sword, and while a court-martial was preparing to sit on his case he appeared before the keeper of the Irving Block, who was not yet aware of Lewis's arrest, and, being an officer, easily obtained admission to the cell of Wood and shot him dead, for which he was tried and condemned; but before his execution could be carried into effect he made his escape and was there before me. Lewis was a New Yorker by birth, with such a decided Northern cast of features and accent that, in spite of his gray suit, I had some trouble in getting him safely landed in our camp at Fredericksburg.

We left Holly Springs in March, 1863, and as we neared the city limits of Mobile the newsboy cried out the *Mobile Evening News*. Lewis and I sat on the same seat in the cars, and his curiosity and anxiety induced him to purchase a copy. His eyes soon fell upon a paragraph which caused him to clutch his pistol, and at the same time pointed to a paragraph which read to this effect: "Lieut. Lewis, the murderer of Col. Wood in the Irving Block, at Memphis, Tenn., and condemned to be shot, has made his escape, and a reward of five hundred dollars is offered for arrest and delivery within the Federal lines." The Federal gunboats were riding at anchor just outside of Mobile Bay, in sight of the city. By a strange coincidence this sum (\$500) was the same that he was said to have received from Col. Wood for his part of the smuggle. Lewis ejaculated rather nervously: "They will have to climb over this [clutching his pistol] before they get me." I reassured him that I would see him through all right; that the average Southerner was not out for money, but for the glory of our dear, suffering Southland. But, to add to our embarrassment, the Southern Confederacy enforced the Sunday law on all transportation lines, land and sea, boats and cars, and we had to lay over there, the next day being Sunday.

Monday morning we sped across the Tensas River and took the cars, debouching into Florida for a little strip of the way, then into South Carolina, then up through North Carolina, then back into East Tennessee—such being the circuitous route through the Southern Confederacy because of the pressure of the Northern army deflecting down upon our regular transportation lines leading to Richmond. We ran into Richmond the next Saturday night, and also had to lay over Sunday. Monday morning we boarded the train for Fredericksburg, where my command was still in winter quar-

ters, reoccupied by us after driving back across the Rappahannock Burnside and his whole force.

It was a gloomy, rainy evening when we reached Fredericksburg. My mess room was located in one of the houses on the banks of the river, generously yielded by the good people we had so successfully defended the previous December. You may be sure that my Yankee recruit attracted more attention than all the others in my squad. Here was a Yankee officer enlisting as a member of my mess. My officers were in a quandary what to do about it. Deserters were always received in the ranks when not under any criminal charge. This was army usage on either side. But here was a man who ranked as an officer in the regular United States army under sentence of death for killing a Confederate colonel. On this account none of my officers—captain, colonel, nor my general, Barksdale—would assume the responsibility of mustering him in. But I had already sworn him in at Holly Springs in the start, so I stuck to him and took him in my mess. At the suggestion of my officers, I sent up a statement in writing regularly through the red-tape channel till it reached Gen. Lee, giving his history as I here repeat it. Gen. Lee sent it up to the Secretary of War at Richmond for final action. The Secretary of War indorsed it back to Gen. Lee for the exercise of his own judgment. Gen. Lee finally, after a delay of two months, ordered his enlistment, saying that we were in need of soldiers, and concluding, as I did in the beginning, that he was sure to stay with us, for death stared him in the face on the other side. But before this final action was taken the next battle of Chancellorsville came on, and we made the fight at Fredericksburg on the same lines where we drove back Burnside, and were equally successful, as the world knows. Lewis stood in a very awkward attitude to us in the army during this delay, which he felt keenly, though he bore it manfully without a murmur.

During the delay awaiting Gen. Lee's verdict in Lewis's case he, in spite of his stoicism, would occasionally betray evident signs of depression, which we could the more readily discern, as he was in our mess. To add to his embarrassment, he learned incidentally from the Federal pickets just across the Rappahannock (only 180 yards wide there) that his brother was bugler of a Federal battery over on Stafford's Heights, and every morning his reveille awakened us for roll call on our side. When the great struggle at Chancellorsville arrived, all eyes were directed to Lewis in action, which he fully appreciated. So, to give him a "square deal," as the present saying goes, I yielded him my Sharp's carbine, with many shots, and placed him in the front rank that he might have a fair chance. The battle raged hot around us, and many of our comrades fell at our side. Lewis was slightly touched with the ricochet of a spent ball; but he halted in his firing only long enough to ascertain that no blood was drawn, and continued till we had them on the run.

When our line had halted and stood at rest awaiting further orders, after the enemy had flown, I sought out Col. Holder, in command of our regiment, and told him of Lewis's gallantry and begged him to relieve him of his anomalous attitude as to his standing as a Southern soldier, by assuming the responsibility I had taken at first in Holly Springs and swearing him in to support the Southern Confederacy. This Col. Holder did very gracefully by riding down to where our company stood, and, calling for Mr. Lewis to step out, swore him in on the field of his victory.

Just as we started for our long march over the mountains

for Gettysburg Gen. Lee's decision came down, confirming what we had assumed (Col. Holder and myself) in the manufacture of a soldier out of the raw but, as seen, very excellent material.

At Gettysburg, when we went in at 3:30 on the second day in the peach orchard, we were tried to the utmost; but while all of the field and staff of the regiment were shot out, including the writer, Lewis was among the very few in the company that escaped unscathed. That night he visited me for the last time in our tent, to find all of the field officers of the regiment among the wounded, except the adjutant, Dick Jones, who was killed on the field. There we lay, Col. Holder, Lieut. Col. Fizer, Maj. Pulliam, the sergeant major (the writer of this sketch), and the orderly, Brown Jones. Holder and Fizer have followed Jones and crossed the great divide, awaiting us survivors on the other side.

Next came the bloody assize at Chickamauga, and there this unfortunate, brave, and gallant man, Charles Lewis, died the death of the soldier on September 20, 1863, leaving in battle no blot on his name.

KILPATRICK'S SPOTTED HORSE.

BY A. E. JENKINS, HEARN, TEX.

It is singular how incidents that have been buried in our memories for forty years are resurrected and brought out as vividly as if they had occurred only a month or two previous by reading in the *VETERAN* accounts of those events.

Articles that I have read recently in the *VETERAN* about the spotted horse captured from the Federal General, Kilpatrick, and which Comrade H. H. Scott, of Morgana, S. C., says Gen. Wheeler never threw his leg over, remind me of an incident that I might never have thought of but for seeing Gen. Wheeler's name mentioned in connection with a spotted horse.

I was not in the cavalry service and in no way interested in horses, but was a private in Shelby's Brigade of Infantry, Walthal's Division, Stewart's Corps. One morning in the spring of 1865, when we were camped near Greensboro, N. C., Gen. Shelby, whom I knew well personally, told me that if I could borrow a saddle he would loan me one of his horses and I might accompany him on a ride down to Greensboro. I borrowed the saddle from Capt. Tobe Shelby, a brother of the General, and accompanied him to Greensboro. Upon arrival there the General dismounted in front of a house, handed me his bridle, entered the house, and closed the door behind him. In a few moments another officer came up, riding a spotted horse. He dismounted, handed me his bridle, and entered the same door through which Gen. Shelby had passed, also closing it behind him. He had on a brown jeans overcoat of the cavalry pattern, and was alone. In a few moments several cavalymen rode up, and one of them remarked that the General had stopped there. I asked him what general he had reference to. He replied, "Gen. Wheeler, of course," and added that the spotted horse I was holding belonged to him and was captured from Kilpatrick. He seemed rather disgusted that I did not know either Gen. Wheeler or his spotted horse.

This incident made a lasting impression on me, for it was the first and last time a general ever invited me to ride with him. I have often wished I knew who was in that house that the generals were going to see so quietly one or two at a time. I imagine it was President Davis.

A TERRY'S TEXAS RANGER.

[H. W. Graber, who was a prisoner of war, illustrates how Confederate soldiers forgive while they cannot forget, and tells of his experiences while a prisoner of war.]

While a prisoner of war in Bowling Green, Ky., in 1863, I formed the acquaintance of Lieut. James C., of Morgan's command, which soon ripened into a warm friendship. Soon after my arrival a Maj. O., of Morgan's command, was captured near Bowling Green and placed in confinement with us. Maj. O., having been captured in civilian's clothes, and through letters on his person found to have been recruiting for the Confederate army, was tried by court-martial, convicted, and sentenced to be hanged as a spy. His sentence was returned approved by Gen. Burnside, and he was ordered to be put in irons the next day and placed under special guard at the courthouse until the day of his execution; but he made his escape the night before, which created quite a commotion at headquarters, just across the street.

An investigation by the provost marshal, who had charge of the prisoners, resulted in placing shackles on Lieut. C. by his old schoolmate, the provost marshal, and an order to put shackles on me. By advice of a citizen prisoner, I smuggled a note to Col. H., the commander of the post, calling upon him as a soldier and a gentleman not to permit such an outrage perpetrated by placing irons on a helpless, wounded prisoner of war, whose command had taken thousands of their men prisoners and always treated them humanely and kindly, especially referring him to the 3d Minnesota and 9th Michigan, whom we had captured but a few months before under Forrest at Murfreesboro. No shackles were placed on me, and the next day the provost marshal came up and relieved Lieut. C. of his.

It is needless to say that we were both somewhat incensed at the provost marshal for his severe and harsh treatment of us, feeling that he had selected us for punishment on account of Maj. O.'s escape. Lieut. C. remarked to me that he had heard Capt. H., of Morgan's command, declare that if the war ended with him and Maj. M. alive he would hunt him down; the world would not be large enough to hold them both. He (C.) shared Capt. H.'s feelings in the matter, and so did I. Our observation disclosed that many Kentucky officers in the Federal army were extremely harsh in their treatment of Confederate soldiers and their families, over-anxious to show their loyalty to the Federal government, which was the case with our friend, the provost marshal; hence our threat while suffering under his oppression.

In 1867 I passed through Bowling Green. While the train stopped twenty minutes for dinner I employed the time inquiring for my old friends, asking a gentleman who I found lived there if he knew Maj. M., the Federal provost marshal in 1863, and where he lived. He answered: "Maj. M. lives here now, and is our revenue officer." Again: "Did you ever know Capt. H., of Morgan's command, and where is he?" He said: "He lives here, and is our district judge." Again: "Did you ever know his brother-in-law, Lieut. C.?" "Yes, he too lives here, and is teaching school." "Now, I have one more question: Did you ever see these men meet, and are they friendly?" He replied: "I have seen them meet; they are entirely friendly." As for my own part, I had an opportunity a few years ago to send the following message by a mutual friend to Maj. M., the provost marshal: "Tell the Major I have forgiven but not forgotten him." Capt. H. died a few years ago, an honored citizen and a supreme

judge of Kentucky. Lieut. C. is still living, and expects to meet me at Louisville.

My object in recounting this incident is not to reopen old wounds, but simply to record the sublime magnanimity and spirit of forgiveness of the Confederate soldier. Although I escaped the mortification of being shackled at Bowling Green, I was destined to be subjected to this outrageous treatment in a Louisville prison. Louisville prison had a negro official, known by the prisoners as Capt. Black, who had charge of the cook house. Instigated by our Michigan guards, who were abolitionists, this negro was particularly insulting and oppressive in his treatment of the prisoners, so much so that I dreaded to meet him, always avoiding him when possible.

One day I remained in my bunk in the barrack, too unwell to go out after my dinner ration, when Capt. Black strutted in and in a very gruff manner asked me with an oath what I was doing in there. I told him I was sick and did not want any dinner. He started to order me out, but I jumped down on him before he delivered his order and grabbed at his pistol, which, fortunately, I failed to fully grasp, as by a twist he got away from me; but he thought I had it, as he called out, "Foh God, don't, massa; don't, massa," then broke and ran to the gate. In a short time after he came back with a big sergeant and pointed me out. This sergeant walked up to me and ordered me to hold up my hands for him to place shackles on my wrists. I asked him who ordered this done. He said: "Col. O." "Who is Col. O.?" "The colonel in command of the prison." "Will you please spell his name for me?" He did so, and I then held up my hands and told him to put them on. "They are Yankee bracelets, a Yankee put them on, and I consider it an honor to wear them."

The clerks in the office (Kentuckians), hearing the particulars, communicated them to Col. M., a Kentuckian in command of the post, who, I presume, ordered my immediate release, as Col. O. came in himself a few days after and relieved me of this uncomfortable condition, as I was still suffering from my wounds. I will here state that Capt. Black apologized for his conduct toward us prisoners, saying,



MISS ANNIE FRANCIS COOPER, ST. AUGUSTINE,
Maid of Honor, Florida Division, U. D. C.

"Dem der folks put me up to it," and after that conducted himself becomingly.

A year or so after, while on our New Hope line, near Marietta, Ga., I noticed among a list of captured Federals Col. O., my old Louisville prison commander, badly wounded. I immediately asked permission of our brigade commander to visit Col. O. at the hospital. When asked why I wanted to see him, I said: "Simply to offer him my services and purse, and anything in my power proper to do for him, thereby punishing him for his brutal treatment of me when wounded and in his hands." But Col. Harrison refused permission, saying that I was too sentimental, and that "that fellow could not appreciate such retaliation; it is simply wasting valuable time and would not accomplish anything." We had more important work on hand just at that time, and could not be spared.

COMMANDER INDIAN TERRITORY DIVISION.

Gen. J. P. Wood, Commander of the Chickasaw Brigade, Indian Territory Division of U. C. V.'s, was born in Barbour County, Ala., July 9, 1843. He entered the Confederate service in January, 1861, and served as a private in the Clayton Guards, 1st Alabama Regiment, at Pensacola, Fla., during 1861. In 1862 he assisted in raising a company, and enlisted in Company B, 39th Alabama, as second lieutenant of his com-

pany. He served continuously in the Army of Tennessee until July 28, 1864, when he was wounded in front of Atlanta, Ga. He was with Gen. Bragg's army during the campaign through Kentucky, and was the "officer of the guard" on vidette duty who received the flag of truce when the Federals surrendered at Munfordsville, Ky. He was in the many skirmishes of the army during 1862-63, and was in the battles of Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, and Resaca, and commanded his company when wounded, July 28, 1864.

In 1884, while residing in Cleburne County, Ark., Gen. Wood married Miss Lydia F. Bridwell, of Mt. Washington, Ky.; and they now reside at Ada, Ind. T., where they have a comfortable home. Gen. Wood is now sixty-two years of age, and is a lawyer of recognized ability and integrity.

INFORMATION SOUGHT OF HENRY ELLENBERGER.

Arthur S. Brunswick, State news editor Newark (N. J.) *Advertiser*, writes from Newark, N. J., May 9, 1905: "We have received a copy of your fine number of the *VETERAN* for May, and after reading the many interesting accounts of veterans of the War between the States I thought I would write you, in the hope that you may be able to help me find my uncle who fought on the Confederate side of that struggle. My dear mother died September last without having seen or heard from her brother since the time he left New Orleans for the front. My uncle's name was Henry Ellenberger. He was a clerk or some other kind of an employee in a German hotel in New Orleans. He was a jeweler by trade. He enlisted in a Confederate regiment at the outbreak of the war, fought in one or more engagements, and was then taken prisoner by the Northern forces. What became of him after that is a mystery. Some believe he went over to the North after being taken prisoner, while another story is that he enlisted in the regular army after Gen. Lee's surrender and was sent to Fort Kearney, Neb. I have written the War Department, G. A. R., and Fort Kearney papers, but without result. I wrote also to a New Orleans paper. I should like to know if he is dead or alive. I should be very grateful for any information you could procure for me on this subject."

Some reader can doubtless give Mr. Brunswick information in regard to his uncle, and it goes without saying that any knowledge of Comrade Ellenberger will be sent to him.

PICTURES OF ALABAMIANS WANTED.

Prof. Walter L. Fleming, of West Virginia University, Morgantown, W. Va., wants the following (or similar) pictures relating to Alabama (1861-1876). Write him in advance as to what you can furnish of these or any other Alabama subjects: W. R. Smith, Jemison, or other anti-Yancey leaders; members of Confederate Congress from Alabama; Confederate generals, war Governors; Davis residence, Montgomery; the State Capitol, Montgomery; shinplaster; Mobile Confederate stamps; receipt for tax-in-kind; blockade runner; war ship built in Alabama; old army body servant, negro; Confederate book printed in Alabama; Confederate souvenirs of any kind, clothing, looms, shoes, etc.; Govs. Parsons, Patton, Smith, and Lindsay; radical members of Congress and radical State and county officials, Busted; amnesty oath; Convention of 1865, of 1867, of 1861; Freedmen's Savings Bank book; railroad bond indorsed by the State; *ante-bellum* negro cabins, present conditions; negro plowing with a steer near capitol; Ryland Randolph; leaders of Democratic party, 1867-1876; any other pictures of interest relating to Civil War and reconstruction in Alabama; Gen. Thomas.



BRIG. GEN. J. P. WOOD,

Commander of the Indian Territory Division, U. C. V.



IN MEMORY OF MISS MILDRED CHILDE LEE.

The Mary Custis Lee Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy of Lexington, Va., on April 8, 1905, adopted the following:

"In the death of Miss Mildred Childe Lee the South has lost the fairest, most gracious flower of its old-time womanhood. Of fine mental endowment, broadened by culture and travel, and having a wide and liberalizing knowledge of men and affairs, Miss Mildred Lee was a charming companion for scholar or statesman. But her most engaging qualities were those of the heart. A tender love of kindred, constancy in friendship, a sweet readiness to please and gratify all whose lives touched hers, a winsome and womanly devotion to little children and young people, and, above all, a consuming passion of loyalty to our defeated cause and a jealousy intense almost to extravagance of any forgetfulness of its glorious past—these were the characteristics by which we knew and loved her.

"And we women of the Mary Custis Lee Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy claim to have a peculiarly intimate sense of loss in the death of this most notable of the Daughters of the Confederacy, in that she was our first President, and that from the time of its formation until her death she was a member of our Chapter.

"Moreover, the older ones among us cherish a precious memory of her radiant girlhood in her father's home here in Lexington, and we have loved her well through all these years of absence and separation."

Formal resolutions were adopted setting forth that the members of the Mary Custis Lee Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy put on record their abiding love and reverence for her sweet memory, etc.

MAJ. GEN. CULLEN ANDREWS BATTLE.

On April 8 this distinguished and venerable Confederate veteran passed peacefully away in his seventy-sixth year. Gen. Battle was born in Hancock County, Ga., but his parents moved to Alabama when he was only five or six years old. Educated in the schools of Eufaula, Ala., and choosing law as his profession, he was admitted to the bar in 1852, and soon thereafter formed a partnership with ex-Chief Justice William P. Chilton. When Alabama seceded, he was commissioned major and assigned to the 3d Alabama Infantry, with Withers colonel and Lomax lieutenant colonel.

The regiment was ordered to Norfolk, Va., early in April, 1861. Col. Withers resigned, and Lomax was promoted to colonel and Maj. Battle to lieutenant colonel. The regiment was attached to Mahone's Brigade, and in the battle of Seven Pines Col. Lomax was killed and Lieut. Col. Battle succeeded to the command of the regiment. At Sharpsburg he was wounded, and at Fredericksburg severely hurt by his horse's falling on him. At Gettysburg he rendered distinguished service with his regiment, and was promoted to brigadier

general, with the 3d, 5th, 6th, and 61st Alabama Regiments composing his brigade. Through the Wilderness campaign Battle's Brigade bore a conspicuous part. Gen. Ewell, in his report of the battle at Spottsylvania, says: "Battle's Brigade was thrown across Hancock's front, and there occurred the hottest fighting of the war." It was one of the very few places where the opposing lines "locked bayonets."

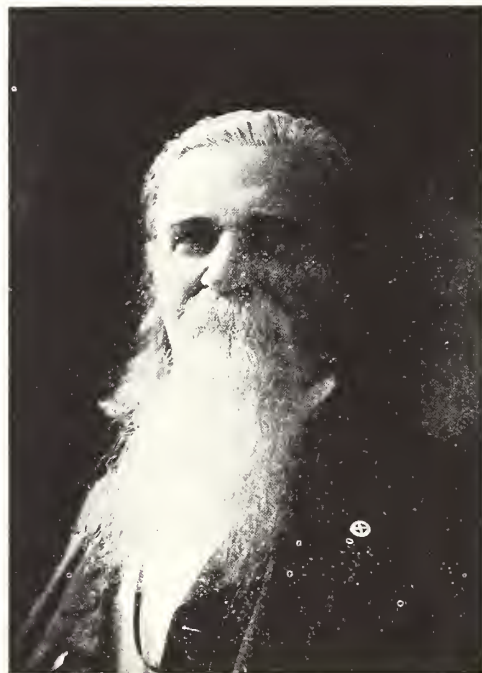
Later Battle's Brigade was with Early in his unfortunate Valley campaign, and at the battle of Cedar Creek he was desperately wounded. He was promoted to major general, but, owing to the serious nature of his wound, was never again able to take the field.

After the close of the war, Gen. Battle resumed the practice of law in Tuskegee, Ala., and at once took a prominent part in the affairs of his State. At the first election he was a successful candidate for Congress, but was barred from taking his seat by the "ironclad oath;" and for the same reason he failed of election to the United States Senate in 1870. He was prominent in the convention that framed the present constitution of the State of Alabama.

In 1851 Gen. Battle was married to Miss Georgia Williams, of La Grange, Ga., and had four children. For the past two years he had lived with his son, Rev. H. W. Battle, at Greensboro, where he quietly floated out on life's tide to join the gray hosts that are fast assembling on the other shore.

DR. F. A. WALKER.

Dr. Frank Anthony Walke, of Norfolk, Va., has crossed over the river. Dr. Walke was a native of Princess Anne County, Va., born in 1831. He was educated in his native State, graduating at the University of Virginia, after which he took a medical course at the University of Pennsylvania, graduating there in 1851. He then entered the United States navy as assistant surgeon. His ship was stationed at Portsmouth during the ravages of yellow fever there in 1855, and for services rendered by Dr. Walke during the epidemic the



DR. FRANK ANTHONY WALKER.

citizens presented him with a handsome gold medal. At the breaking out of the war, having resigned from the United States navy, he entered the Confederate service as surgeon of the 13th North Carolina Infantry, but soon after was assigned to the 46th Virginia Infantry, with which he served until the surrender at Appomattox. He then returned to Norfolk and resumed the practice of his profession. He was Surgeon of the Pickett-Buchanan Camp of Norfolk and Surgeon General of the Virginia Division of U. C. V. at the time of his death. His wife survives him.

COMRADE A. C. TERRELL was born in Maury County, Tenn., in 1846; and died in an infirmary at Louisville, where he had gone for treatment, March 7, 1905. Comrade Terrell entered the Confederate service at fourteen years of age as a private in Capt. J. T. Martin's company, 11th Tennessee Cavalry, Starnes's Brigade, and was twice wounded, once at Fort Donelson and again at Mossy Creek, East Tennessee. Owing to his youth, his sunny disposition under all circumstances, and his unquestionable courage, he was truly a pet of his regiment. He served through the war with his command, never missed an engagement in which it participated, and surrendered with it at Gainesville, Ala. After the war Comrade Terrell moved to Bolivar County, Miss., where he made as good a citizen as he did a soldier, honored, loved, and respected by all who knew him. He was a successful man of affairs, and accumulated a handsome estate. A devoted wife and two children survive him.



A. C. TERRELL.

NAT M. HALE.

Comrade N. M. Hale, of Dyer, Tenn., was summoned from earth on April 6, 1905. In common with his brother Tennesseans, he espoused the cause of the South and joined Company C, 12th Tennessee Regiment. His first battle was at Belmont, where he was wounded and his brother, Greene Hale, was killed. He was in the battles of Shiloh and Chickamauga and in the Georgia campaign. No duty was ever shirked in camp or battle, and after the war he was as faithful to the duties of peaceful life. Having no children of his own, he reared several fatherless ones to maturity, who are now as monuments to his memory and a blessing to the wife, who survives.



N. M. HALE.

At the time of his death Comrade Hale was a member of Company G, 1st Regiment C. V. N. G. S. T., and was always interested in his company and their reunions. He took an active part in raising funds to erect a monument to the Mothers of the Confederacy, and had quite a sum in bank for that purpose.

MOUNTAIN EVANGELIST BIGSTAFF.

Rev. Benjamin B. Bigstaff died in the Good Samaritan Hospital, in Lexington, Ky., May 22, 1905. He was a true and valiant soldier to the end of his life. During the war he served with conspicuous gallantry under Gen. John Morgan until the latter was killed, after which Gen. Breckinridge made him his chief of scouts, and in this capacity he served until the close of the war. Both of his general officers had implicit confidence in him, and to Gen. Breckinridge, when his headquarters were at Wytheville, Va., Comrade Bigstaff's services as a scout were invaluable. The mountain paths through Eastern Kentucky were as familiar to him as the highways. Through him communication was kept up between outposts and scouting parties, and in many important instances he gave timely warning of contemplated Federal raids into Virginia.

At the close of the war Comrade Bigstaff changed his jacket of gray for the cloth of the Church, and chose his field of work among the mountain people of Morgan and Breathitt Counties, where he had passed much of his soldier life and where he hoped to do the greatest work for the Master. He was soon known as the "Mountain Evangelist," and from his home, on Frozen Creek, in Breathitt County, he made periodical tours through the wild mountain regions, ministering to the spiritual wants of the people, soothing the sick, and comforting the dying. He was only a private during the war, but we may well assume that if the everlasting life is for one who was faithful to his trust and died with his armor on then Comrade Bigstaff has received his commission.

DR. THOMAS L. NEWBERRY, of Hiseville, Ky., died at an infirmary in Louisville, where he had gone for treatment, May 17, 1905. Dr. Newberry was born in Kentucky July 11, 1833. At the beginning of the war he enlisted as a private in Company F, 6th Kentucky Infantry; but was soon placed in charge of the sick, and thereafter was connected with the hospital department as assistant surgeon. At the close of the war he completed his medical studies at Jefferson College, Philadelphia, and, returning home, built up a large and lucrative practice as a physician and skillful surgeon. His wife died many years ago, but four children survive him—Mrs. Cassie Hodges, Mrs. Mattie Hodges, Mr. T. P. Newberry, and Mr. Maxey Newberry—all of Hiseville, Ky.

MIKE KENNEY enlisted at Columbus, Ga., in Company B, under Capt. Bradford. Starting for Richmond in July, 1861, the company was incorporated into the 37th Georgia Regiment, which did some fighting in Virginia, but in the summer of 1862 a transfer was made to Gen. Bragg in Tennessee. Comrade Kenney was in the Kentucky campaign, and helped to fight Gen. Buell from Perryville through Knoxville to near Nashville, was slightly wounded in the second day's battle of Stone's River, and was in the battle of Chickamauga and captured at Missionary Ridge. He was a faithful soldier and never missed roll call. His death occurred at Opelika, Ala., June 20, 1904.

CAPT. JASPER MILLER.

The passing of this old resident of Waco, Tex., brought sorrow to the hearts of many friends in that city. Jasper Miller had resided in McLennan County for half a century, and from that county he went as a Confederate soldier, volunteering as a member of Company G (Capt. Peter Ross's company), 6th Texas Regiment, Ross's Brigade of Texas Cavalry. As a Confederate soldier his service was honorable and steadfast to the end, and his sterling qualities as a man and citizen were known and appreciated, gaining him the esteem and confidence of his fellow-citizens. He was a member of Pat Cleburne Camp, of Waco.

Capt. Miller was born near Louisville, Ky., in November, 1830. His death occurred on March 18, 1905.

EX-GOV. JAMES P. EAGLE.

On December 20, 1904, at his residence, in Little Rock, Ark., ex-Gov. James P. Eagle died, at the age of sixty-seven years.

Gov. Eagle was born in Maury County, Tenn.; but when he was a babe of two years his father moved to Arkansas, and young Eagle grew up with pioneer farmers of that section, clearing up lands, making rails, building fences, houses, etc. His natural inclinations and early training made him a most successful farmer. The cotton plantations on the Arkansas River of his estate are among the most valuable in the State.

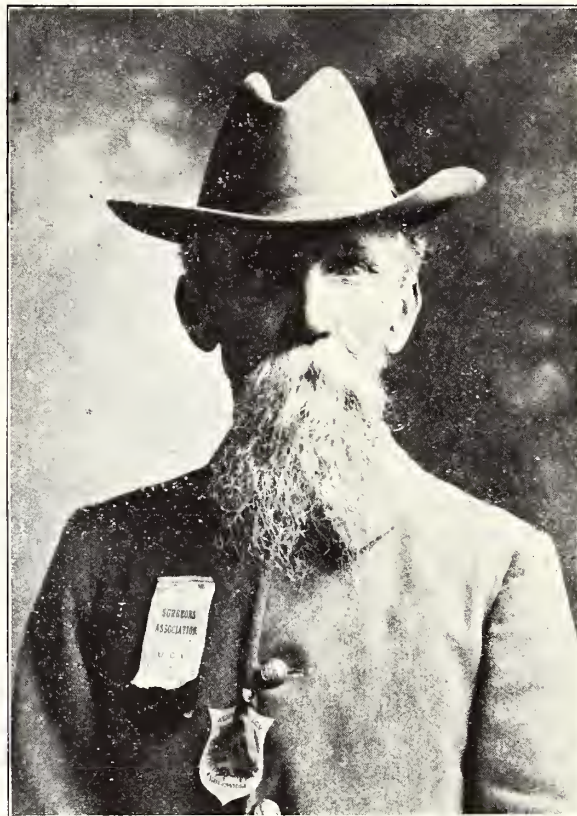
He enlisted in the 2d Arkansas as a private in King's company, with McIntosh colonel. The regiment served through the Arkansas campaign at Wilson Creek, Pea Ridge, and other points before it was sent east of the river and became a part of the Army of Tennessee. Of that magnificent army this regiment was a part, and engaged in all of its campaigns and battles from Perryville to Bentonville, N. C., surrendering with Gen. Joseph E. Johnston at Greensboro. Comrade Eagle was a prisoner for a time in Fort Delaware, was badly wounded in front of Atlanta, and at the time of his surrender was lieutenant colonel of his regiment, having won every grade from private up by his soldierly qualities. Returning home at the close of the war, he attended school until 1871. He was a member of the Legislature in 1873 and a member of the Constitutional Convention in 1874, and again in 1877. He was elected Governor of the State in 1889 and 1893. His wife, Mrs. Mary Oldham Eagle, died a short time previous to his death. They had no children. He is survived by one brother and three sisters.

DR. ALEXANDER ALLEN FARIS.

Dr. Faris died at his home, in Hickman, Ky., May 12, 1905. Early in the spring of 1861 he joined the 5th Tennessee Infantry. At Perryville, in the forefront of battle and on the hottest part of the fighting line, he lost his right arm and was captured by the enemy. He was a prisoner for nearly a year, when he was exchanged, and by reason of the loss of his right arm was honorably discharged from the service. But this did not suit the restless, patriotic spirit of the one-armed Confederate soldier, so he reported to Gen. Frank Cheatham for duty, who made him one of his special couriers; and with the exception of Missionary Ridge, when he was off on special duty, he was with his command in every engagement in which it participated from that time to the close of the war.

Returning home after the surrender and choosing medicine as his profession, he graduated at the Nashville (Tenn.)

Medical College in 1868, took a postgraduate course at Tulane Medical College, New Orleans, in 1869, graduated from the Bellevue Hospital Medical College, New York, in 1871, and, taking a special course at the Jefferson Medical College,



DR. A. A. FARIS.

Philadelphia, in 1876, he finally returned to New York, where he remained nearly a year attending clinics at the various leading medical institutions of that city. From 1872 he was a member of the American Medical Association.

In 1878, when his home town was sorely afflicted by the yellow fever, he remained faithfully with his people throughout the epidemic. He alone of the five resident physicians lived through it, and four other volunteer physicians died by his side; but by day and night he was at his post, ministering to the sick and dying until the scourge had passed.

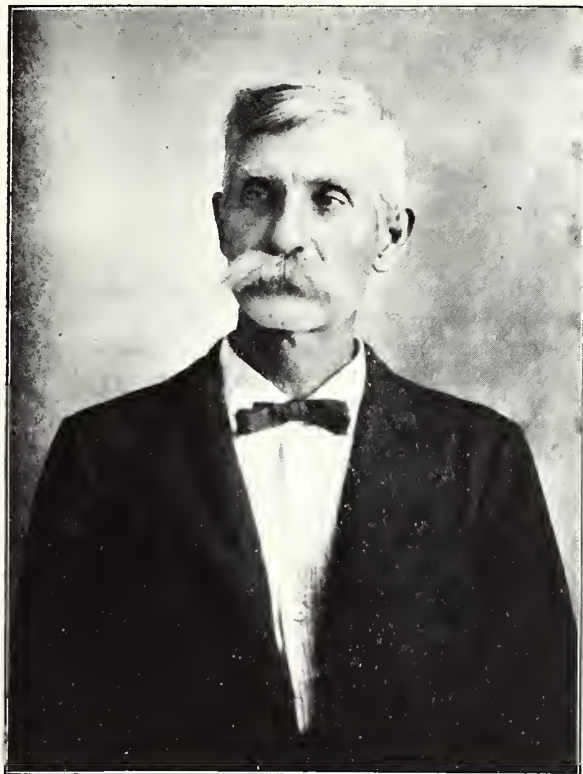
MAJ. C. A. DUNWOODY.

Charles Archibald Dunwoody, who was a major in the 7th Georgia Regiment in the War between the States, died at the home of the family, in Dunwoody, near Roswell, Ga., March 2, 1905.

Maj. Dunwoody served with distinction in the Mexican War. It was during this war that he first met Jefferson Davis, our beloved President, and they were stanch friends through life. In the first battle of Manassas Maj. Dunwoody was badly wounded through the hip, and was confined for some time to the hospital. On recovery he returned to his regiment, rose to the rank of major, and served to the close of the war. Maj. Dunwoody and the mother of President Roosevelt were first cousins. He is survived by two daughters and one son.

J. W. McCLELLAN.

James Wyatte McClellan, son of Samuel and Mildred Foster McClellan, was born in Smith County, Miss., March 11, 1844. His family moved to Louisiana in 1847. When



JAMES WYATTE McCLELLAN.

the war broke out, Comrade McClellan enlisted in the Confederate service April 27, 1862, and served through to the end in Company F, 28th Louisiana Infantry—Capt. R. H. Bradford and Col. Henry Gray. He came to Texas in December, 1866, and lived near Paris, in Lamar County, about four years. He was one of the "clansmen," and helped to control the negroes and to get rid of the carpetbaggers and scalwags. In 1875 he settled in Limestone County, near Mt. Calm, where he was married to Mrs. Mary Amanda Chaffin Hutto. He was once engaged in the newspaper business at Ennis, Tex., but at the time of his death was engaged in farming. He died on December 6, 1903, from an accidental pistol wound in the leg inflicted by one of his boys. He was shot twice in the same leg during the war. He was buried in old Antioch graveyard, Mt. Calm, Tex.

CAPT. J. R. McCALLUM.

The Fred Ault Camp of Confederate Veterans, Knoxville, Tenn., attended in a body the funeral and burial of Capt. J. R. McCallum, a charter member, on June 26, 1905.

Capt. McCallum was born in Knox County January 25, 1839. His father was Daniel McCallum, a prominent and highly esteemed citizen and a United States marshal during the administration of ex-President Millard Fillmore. Before he had attained his majority, Capt. McCallum removed to Texas, where he remained until the breaking out of the War between the States. He returned to his native county, and in 1861 organized Company D, of Col. Fain's regiment,

the 63d Tennessee. He served faithfully and gallantly at the head of his company, leading it with conspicuous courage on many hotly contested fields until he was captured at Petersburg, Va., June 17, 1864. He was incarcerated in Fort Delaware military prison until peace was declared. After being paroled he returned to his old home to begin anew the struggle of life and to do his part in building up the waste places of the South. He accepted the situation in good faith, and his splendid record as a soldier was only equaled by that as a citizen. While always true to his convictions of right, he was liberal toward those who had differed with him, and did much by word and example to restore fraternal relations among those who had once confronted each other on "the perilous edge of battle."

Surviving Capt. McCallum are one son (James H. McCallum) and five daughters (Misses Mary and Delia McCallum and Mrs. M. F. Flenniken, of Knoxville, Tenn.; Mrs. H. E. Helm, of Harriman; and Mrs. G. E. Bradford, of Houston, Tex.). All were at the bedside of the dying father except Mrs. Bradford, who was on the way to be with the family in its deep sorrow.

WILLIAM OWEN KELLY.

William Owen Kelly was born in Franklin, Tenn., in November, 1838. A student by nature, he received a fine collegiate education in Middle Tennessee; and when quite a young man he went to West Tennessee with his widowed mother, locating in Brownsville and engaging in the jewelry business with his brother.

In June, 1861, he enlisted in Company H, 12th Tennessee, was wounded in the battle of Belmont, Mo., and after Shiloh he was detailed for duty in the commissary department under Maj. Lee M. Gardner, Polk's Corps. Later he served as aid-de-camp on the staff of the commanding officer in resisting the advance of Gen. Grierson in his famous raid through Mississippi. He was a faithful, fearless soldier throughout the four years' struggle, and was paroled at Meridian, Miss.

After the war Mr. Kelly settled in Trenton, Tenn., where he married. He removed to Memphis in 1883, and on the 26th of last December he was fatally injured by being thrown from a street car, lingering in a painful illness until February 26, when the summons came. At his own request, he was buried in his Confederate uniform. For several years he was a member of the Confederate Historical Association of Memphis, and in 1899 was appointed on Gen. G. W. Gordon's staff. He is survived by a wife and three children.

R. M. WEST.—After a very short illness, R. M. West died at his home, near Courtney, Tex., on the 14th of April. He was born in Wayne County, N. C., in 1838, and went to Texas with his parents in 1852, settling on the place where he died and where he had lived most of his life. He was a member of Company K, 8th Texas Cavalry, Terry's Rangers, serving throughout the war. He returned to his Texas home, but went to Leon County in 1870, where he married Miss Sallie E. Lacey, who survives him with seven children.

WILLIAM C. STEELE was born in Giles County, Tenn., November 12, 1825; and died November 18, 1904. He served in the Mexican War, and also as a Confederate soldier in Company C, 4th Texas, Hood's Brigade. He lost his right leg in the second day's fight at Chickamauga.

CAPT. BENJAMIN TARVER BROWN.

Capt. B. T. Brown died at Breckenridge, Tex., April 15, 1905. He was born in 1831 near Kingston, Tenn., and until the death of his father (Gen. Jack Brown), which occurred in 1847, he lived at his father's old home, where the town of Rockwood now stands. Young Brown then became a boatman on the Tennessee River under his brothers-in-law, Capts. Nicholson and Doss. He was married to Sarah Ellis in 1854, who, together with six sons and three daughters, survive him. He was captain of Company D, 16th Tennessee Cavalry, Rucker's Legion, Confederate Cavalry. The war stripped him of everything but a small farm on the river below Kingston, and after striving for a few years to recover his losses he sold out in 1875 and removed to Breckenridge, Tex., where he spent the remainder of his life, celebrating his golden wedding a few months before his death.

JOHN McDONNELL.

Born in Dublin, Ireland, in December, 1833, John McDonnell emigrated to this country when a mere boy, settling in New York City and engaging in his chosen work as contractor. In the fifties he turned his steps southward, locating at Rodney, Miss., where he was building mansions for the antebellum planters. When the call to arms was sounded, he joined the local company at Rodney on thirty days' call, and at the expiration of his time joined the famous Cowan Battery, Wither's Artillery. This battery was engaged in the defense of Vicksburg, taking part in the battles of Champion Hill, Baker's Creek, and others, preliminary to the fall of the city. After the exchange of prisoners the battery was in numerous battles throughout Alabama and Georgia, and at the surrender the members were sent to Ship Island prison.

Like nearly all Confederate soldiers, he was absolutely penniless when released, but the dark outlook could not daunt his courage. In 1866 he settled in Jackson, Miss., and en-



JOHN M'DONNELL.

gaged again in the contracting business. He was married that same year to Miss Elizabeth Muller, nine children blessing their union. A few years later he gave up contracting, and went into the foundry and machine shop business, in which he prospered by hard work and honest dealings. He was actively in business until four years since, when stricken with paralysis. All that medical science and loving hands could do was exerted to prolong his last days, but he passed away on the fourth of July last, at the ripe age of seventy years.

Mr. McDonnell was commander of Robert A. Smith Camp, U. C. V., for many years, and took quite a prominent part in the material advancement of Jackson.

ELDER E. B. CAYCE.

After a lingering illness, Elder E. B. Cayce passed away at his home in Franklin, Tenn., on June 12, in his sixty-eighth year. He was born in Tuscumbia, Ala., in November, 1837, the son of William Cayce, whose parents came to Tennessee in the early part of the last century.

Eldred Beverly Cayce fitted himself for the profession of law and had entered upon its practice before the war, but went into the service, and was in the ordnance department until the end, surrendering at Macon, Ga. His brother Flem Cayce was killed at Murfreesboro, and another brother, John, who was also in the service, died in Mississippi a few years ago. After the war he resumed the practice of law, but gave it up to enter the jewelry business established by his father in Franklin. He also prepared himself for the ministry of the Christian Church, having in early life become a member, and in this service the greater part of his life was spent until the infirmities of age and disease prevented an active participation in the affairs of the Church.

Elder Cayce was married in 1860 to Miss Jennie E. McCullough, of Gibson County, Tenn., whose domestic virtues and unwavering devotion proved a benediction to him and their children.

HENRY WILSON.—Died at Ballinger, Tex., of heart failure, May 11, 1905, Comrade Henry Wilson, aged sixty-nine years. He served in Company M, 1st Georgia Regulars (Infantry), C. S. A., through the war as a private soldier in the Army of Northern Virginia in Gen. Gordon's Brigade. He was a member of Ben McCulloch Camp, by which he was buried with honors at Brady, Tex. A widow and seven children survive him.

DR. A. N. LANGSTON.

"There is a hope within the breast
Of every living mortal,
That somewhere 'mong the islands blest
There is for them a home of rest,
A welcome, open portal."

Thus wrote a comrade in Confederate bonds when age was creeping upon him, and death had robbed him of a beloved daughter with whom he had been living, and to that home his spirit winged its flight early in this year of 1905. Dr. A. N. Langston was born in Madison County, Ga., in 1829; but many years of his life were passed in Lincoln County, Tenn., where he made friendships that lasted till death. In early life he studied medicine without thought of engaging in its practice, but it served him a good purpose when his property had all been swept away. He served in the war as a mem-

ber of the Fifth Georgia Cavalry. Dr. Langston had conspicuous literary ability, and contributed for many years to the *Observer* at Fayetteville, Tenn., under the pen name of S. Q. Lapias, and by this he was known and loved in many homes whose portals he had never crossed. He died at the Soldiers' Home in Atlanta, Ga.

W. D. ECHOLS.

Report comes of the death of W. D. Echols at the home of his sister, Mrs. Fort, in Kyle, Tex., on the 11th of February. He was among the first to respond to his country's call in 1861, and joined Company B, 17th Mississippi Volunteers, going at once to Virginia. He participated in nearly all the prominent battles fought by the Army of Northern Virginia. At every post of duty he stood unflinchingly, whether around the camp fire, on the battlefield, or on the weary march. None knew his undaunted bravery and heroism better than his officers; and he was often placed on the "Litter Corps," because it was known that he could be relied on, and none but the brave are called on for this.



W. W. SMITH.

W. W. Smith died at his home, in Round Rock, Tex., April 17. As a Confederate soldier he belonged to Bradford's Company, 1st Texas, and he won the praise of Commander and comrades in ever being faithful to duty. He was a prominent Mason, had been delegate to the Grand Lodges for years, and his funeral was conducted by this order. Many friends were left to mourn the loss of this good citizen.

COL. R. B. RHETT.

After a lingering illness, Col. Robert Barnwell Rhett died at Huntsville, Ala., at the age of seventy years. He was a native of South Carolina, where he resided as a young man, editing the *Charleston Mercury* before and during the War between the States and being called to Charleston from the editorial chair of the *New Orleans Picayune* in the early seventies to edit the *Journal of Commerce*. This latter paper was established by the late Judge Charles H. Simonton and others to fight the battle of the white man's administration of civil affairs in South Carolina, and the credit of the nomi-

nation of Gov. Hampton belongs to this paper, Gen. Hampton being brought from his plantation in Mississippi to lead the Democratic party and capture the control of the State from the Republicans and scalawags. Col. Rhett did not serve in the army, being exempt from service by virtue of his position as a newspaper editor.

He removed to Alabama some years ago upon his second marriage to Miss Barnard, of Huntsville. Of his first wife, his children were: Dr. R. B. Rhett, the well-known Charleston physician, who died some months ago; Walter Rhett, a lawyer of Atlanta, also deceased; and one daughter, Mrs. Huger Bacot. He is survived by one son by his second wife.

WILLIAM FINNEY.

William Finney was born in Russell County, Va., April 20, 1840; and died at his home, Lebanon, Va., in January, 1905. He enlisted in 1861 in a Mississippi Infantry Regiment, and in 1863 he was transferred to the Sixteenth Virginia Cavalry, A. N. V. His record was that of a good and faithful soldier to the end.

HAL MCGHEE.—At the residence of Mrs. Lee H. McGhee, in Madison County, Miss., on the 8th of April Comrade Hal McGhee passed away. He entered the Confederate service early in 1861 as a member of Company K, 18th Mississippi Infantry, which, in connection with the 13th, 17th, and 21st, composed the 3d Mississippi Brigade, which distinguished itself at Fredericksburg, and served with equal gallantry throughout the war in the Army of Northern Virginia. At Savage Station Comrade McGhee received a dreadful flesh wound in the leg, and in the Wilderness lost an eye. He leaves one son, a prominent member of the Memphis (Tenn.) bar.

CAPT. W. F. WRIGHT.—In San Antonio, Tex., April 16, Capt. Wilford Ferris Wright passed into eternal rest. He was born in Obion County, Tenn., in 1839, and was nearing his sixty-sixth year. Capt. Wright entered the Confederate service in the 22d Tennessee Regiment, from which he was transferred to Forrest's Cavalry and commanded a company of scouts. He went to Texas in 1871, where he held the respect of all with whom he was associated in business and social life. The funeral was conducted by the Albert Sidney Johnston Camp, of which he was a member.

H. C. MOORE died at his home, in Holly Springs, Miss., on the 3d of March, aged seventy-three years. He was a quiet and unassuming man, much respected as a good citizen and neighbor. Comrade Moore enlisted in Company F, 2d Kentucky Cavalry, Morgan's Command, in May, 1863, and served continuously to the end without ever receiving a furlough. Camp Kit Mott, U. C. V., of which he was a member, passed resolutions in his honor.

John A. James died at his home, in Hattiesburg, Miss., February 20, 1905. He was born in Arkansas in 1840, was reared in Tennessee, and during the war served in Company G, 4th Regiment Tennessee Cavalry, under Forrest. He was married in Nashville, Tenn., in 1868, and spent many years of his life in that city. His wife and eight children survive him. Hattiesburg Camp, No. 21, U. C. V., adopted resolutions in his honor.

REUNION COMMITTEE APPRECIATED.

Resolved by the council of the city of Louisville, that the Board of Councilmen, in sincere appreciation of the untiring efforts and arduous labors undertaken and so splendidly carried into execution by the officers, members, and Executive Board of the Reunion Committee in its excellent entertainment of the Confederate Veterans, extend to them a rising vote of thanks, and that the clerk of this Board be instructed to advise said officers, members, and Executive Board of such action. This Board, as the representative of the people of Louisville, feels that it is owing said committee to express and record its appreciation, and to say that never in the history of this good city has its hospitality been more lavishly extended or more sincerely appreciated; and this Board feels and believes that the excellent entertainment of these splendid guests, who favored us with their presence, is an honor of which the people of Louisville may justly be proud.

(Signed) LOUIS SUMMERS, *Clerk Board of Councilmen.*

The foregoing report is sent to Maj. John H. Leathers and associate members, and it is a most worthy recognition of faithful service by Confederate patriots in Louisville.

FORREST'S CAVALRY CORPS AT THE REUNION.

The illness of Lieut. Gen. D. C. Kelley, Commander of the Forrest Cavalry Corps, prevented his attendance at the Louisville reunion, and he appointed Capt. H. A. Tyler, one of the most gallant captains of that famous organization, who was the Major General in command of the Kentucky Division of Forrest's Cavalry.

Miss Alice Collier, of Memphis, Sponsor for the Corps, rode on horseback with Commander Tyler in the parade, wearing a beautiful gray habit and carrying a Forrest Cavalry banner.

Col. John W. Morton, of Nashville, Col. W. A. Collier, of Memphis, Col. Cliff, of Chattanooga, Col. V. Y. Cook, of Arkansas (late Major General Arkansas Veterans), all rode with Col. Tyler on horseback; while Gen. H. B. Lyon and Col. John Kemp rode in open landau, and the Kentucky Division Sponsor, Miss Marie Brevard, of Hickman, and Maid of Honor, Miss Henrietta Koger, of Paducah, rode with them, carrying a beautiful division banner. These were followed by mounted men, led by sixteen of Capt. Tyler's old company—A, 12th Kentucky Cavalry.

WALTHALL'S OLD BRIGADE REUNIONS.

The survivors of many different commands held reunions during the general meeting, and notable among them was that of Walthall's Brigade, one of the most famous fighting organizations of the Southern army. It was decided that all of its future reunions be held in the State of Mississippi, and Oxford was chosen as the next place of meeting, date to be announced later. The following officers were elected for the coming year: Commander, Thomas Spight; Lieutenant Commander, P. J. Carter; Adjutant, J. H. Evans; Ensign, J. E. Hope; Chaplain, E. A. Smith.

ERRORS IN JUNE VETERAN.

BY JUDGE J. H. MARTIN, HAWKINSVILLE, GA.

Permit me to make correction of errors in *JUNE VETERAN*. You state that I was captain of Company G, 17th Georgia. It should be Company D. I went out with Company D, Decatur Guards, from Decatur County when the company

was first organized, leaving Oglethorpe University to join it. Company G was from Miller County.

Comrade Flannegan is mistaken in saying that Benning's Brigade was in R. H. Anderson's Division. Benning organized the 17th Georgia, and Company D was with him from the time of the organization of the regiment, on the 15th of August, 1861, in Atlanta, Ga., and we were mustered into the Confederate army at Lynchburg, Va., on August 31. I was under him either when he was colonel or as brigadier general until the war closed. Our first brigadier was Robert Toombs, and Benning succeeded him. We served under Division Commanders G. W. Smith and Whiting, for a short time under Pickett, but most of the time under J. B. Hood, and then under C. W. Fields, who succeeded Hood after he lost his leg at Chickamauga.

Comrade Wright must also be mistaken in saying that he held Traveler, Gen. Lee's war horse, in March, 1865, when Field's and Pickett's divisions defended Fort Harrison against Hancock's Corps. Fort Harrison, as stated in my article in the *JUNE VETERAN*, was captured on the morning of September 29, 1864, and was never again in our possession. Our forces made a desperate effort to retake it on the next day after it was captured, but failed.

LYNCHBURG CONFEDERATE VETERANS.—Garland-Rodes Camp, of Lynchburg, Va., is No. 8 in the Grand Camp of Virginia and No. 1521, U. C. V. It is named in honor of two distinguished citizens of Lynchburg, Maj. Gen. Robert E. Rodes and Brig. Gen. Samuel Garland, both of whom gave their lives for the Southland in that great contest for the right. Its annual meetings are held on the anniversary of the day in April, 1861, on which Lynchburg sent its first three companies to the war. This Camp has on its roll about two hundred members, some of whom live in other States. Among the members are Gen. Thomas T. Munford, of cavalry fame, and Maj. John W. Daniel, United States Senator from Virginia and Commander of the James Dearing Camp of Confederate Veterans, named for another of Lynchburg's gallant boys who gave up life in the last days of the war after a brilliant and heroic career. At the last election in Garland-Rodes Camp Tipton D. Jennings was made Commander and W. M. Seay Adjutant.

JEFFERSON DAVIS'S BIRTHDAY IN SEATTLE.—The Robert E. Lee Chapter U. D. C., of Seattle, Wash., celebrated the birthday of Jefferson Davis, having as guests of honor the John B. Gordon Camp U. C. V. of that city. The exercises were begun with an address by the President, Mrs. Arthur R. Priest, daughter of the late William G. Trent and niece of the late Capt. Macon Hurt Freemason, both of the 5th Tennessee Regiment, followed by an address by Judge Samuel S. Carlisle, of the First Missouri, on the life of Jefferson Davis. Then followed a programme of Southern songs and recitations, which were much enjoyed by these Southerners of the West.

One of the most interesting features of the parade was the presence in Fourth Street, on foot near the *Courier-Journal* building, of Mrs. E. Kirby-Smith and Mrs. Bennett H. Young during the passage of the veterans, whom they joyously greeted and cheered. There was no feature of the parade that created more enthusiasm than in the happy manner of greeting by these two distinguished women.

THAT HAMPTON ROADS CONFERENCE.

BY DR. CHALMERS DEADERICK, KNOXVILLE, TENN.

The article in your June issue entitled "What Happened at Hampton Roads" induces me to call the attention of Confederates once more to the matter involved. Many intelligent old soldiers seem to be still laboring under the impression that at the Hampton Roads conference, which occurred February 3, 1865, between Vice President Alex H. Stephens, R. M. T. Hunter, and Judge Campbell, on our side, and Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward, Mr. Lincoln agreed to give them what they pleased if they would only write *Union* at the head of the agreement.

Another error which I have several times heard old soldiers express is that at that conference Mr. Lincoln agreed to pay the South for her slaves, provided the war was then stopped.

Mr. Vest's statement on the floor of the United States Senate as to what Mr. Stephens said on that occasion will, of course, be accepted by all reasonable and unprejudiced people; but some may say that after so long an interval of time the worthy Senator's memory may have been at fault.

The written report of the commissioners to the Confederate Senate does not go into details of the occurrences of the conference; but fortunately the whole thing, or at least enough of it for our purpose, was carefully and accurately recorded shortly after the conference, by Mr. Stephens himself, in his "War between the States." On page 599, Volume II., Mr. Stephens said, in opening the conference at Hampton Roads: "Mr. President, is there no way of putting an end to the present trouble?" . . .



MISS ELIZABETH CLOYD RATHER, TUSCUMBIA, ALA.,
Maid of Honor Third Alabama Brigade, U. C. V.



MISS MARY CHALMERS FOSTER,
Sponsor for Third Alabama Brigade at Louisville Reunion.

"Mr. Lincoln replied that there was but one way that he knew of, and that was for those who were resisting the laws of the Union to cease that resistance. . . . The restoration of the Union is a *sine qua non* with me," etc. (See page 601.)

"Judge Campbell now renewed his inquiry as to how restoration was to take place." (Page 609.)

"Mr. Lincoln replied: 'By disbanding their armies and permitting the national authorities to resume their functions.'" (Page 609.) "Mr. Lincoln further declared that he never would change or modify the terms of the emancipation proclamation in the slightest degree." (Page 611.)

"After some four hours' discussion, Mr. Hunter said that in his opinion Mr. Lincoln's propositions amounted to nothing but unconditional surrender on the part of the Confederates. There could be no treaty nor even any stipulation as to terms—only unconditional submission." (Page 616.)

"Mr. Lincoln said he believed the people of the North were as responsible for slavery as the people of the South, and if the war should then cease, with the voluntary abolition of slavery by the States, he should be in favor, individually, of the government paying a fair indemnity for the loss to the owners. . . . But on this subject he said he could give no assurance—enter into no stipulation." (Page 617.)

On pages 622, 623 Mr. Stephens says, after his return to Richmond and report to Mr. Davis: "Mr. Davis's position was that inasmuch as it was now settled beyond question by the decided and pointed declaration of Mr. Lincoln that there could be no peace short of unconditional submission on the part of the people of the Confederate States, . . . he

himself seemed more determined than ever to fight it out on that line."

The above extracts from Mr. Stephens's admirable work show positively that Mr. Lincoln would agree to nothing but *unconditional surrender*; and that there is no foundation whatever in fact for the statement that Mr. Lincoln said, "Agree to come back into the Union, and you can have what else you please," nor for the assertion that Mr. Lincoln agreed that his government would pay for the slaves. He did say that *individually* he was in favor of paying for them, but distinctly stated that he did not know that his government would agree to it. It is said to be a fact that he afterwards brought the matter before his Cabinet, and that no member of it agreed with him.

Although the assassination of Mr. Lincoln was a sad misfortune to the South, it is doubtful whether he could have stayed the pernicious and malignant hand of the government. The passage of various offensive bills, originated by cowardly skulkers for the purpose of persecuting the prostrate South, over Mr. Johnson's repeated vetoes, indicates that even Mr. Lincoln could not have stayed the bitter tide.

STATE CONFEDERATE CEMETERY IN ARKANSAS.—For years T. J. Young, of Austin, Ark., has had at heart the work of gathering together the remains of Confederate dead scattered over that State. He has succeeded in getting a deed to some ground in the woods where a number of them were buried, and contemplates making this into a cemetery where the others can repose. The Arkansas Legislature has appropriated one thousand dollars for this purpose, and he hopes to get the work done this year. Comrade Young asks especially that this work be called to the attention of the Daughters of the Confederacy in Texas who would be interested in erecting a monument to the many Texas soldiers who will rest in that cemetery, as they outnumber all others. Any communications can be addressed to him direct.

VALUABLE RELIC—A NOTED WOMAN.

A case of peculiar sadness is commended to the readers of the VETERAN, and it is hoped that many will become interested in the subject.

Mrs. Mary Welby, of St. Michaels, Md., has a rare and valuable autograph album which, through force of unhappy circumstances, she will dispose of. The binding and paper are of superior quality, and it contains several hundred names, among which are some of our most illustrious men and women, both living and dead. One page is glorified with the autograph of Gen. Robert E. Lee, the grandeur and beauty of whose character magnetized the world. Some other autographs are of Miss Mary Custis Lee, Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, Mrs. Jefferson Davis, Col. Charles Marshall (of Gen. Lee's staff), W. L. Sharkey, Chief Justice Supreme Court of Mississippi; Thomas Marshall, the Kentucky orator; Mr. W. W. Corcoran, of Washington, D. C.; Gov. Z. B. Vance, North Carolina; and a number of Confederate officers.

The album is valuable not alone for the famous names in the collection, but for the associations of the noble purpose it served. Mrs. Welby is by ancestry closely related to Mary the mother of Washington. Her father was a brilliant officer in the war of 1812, and fought gallantly in the defense of Baltimore when that city was stormed by the British. He was afterwards an inventor of distinction. Mrs. Welby

is a sister of the poetess, Mrs. Amelia Welby (the twain having married brothers), who won international fame and died in her thirty-third year, and for whom Amelia College, Maysville, Ky., is named. Mrs. Welby was once a noted artist and scholar, and served the Confederacy with unfaltering devotion. After terrible Appomattox she did not despair. She, with others, immediately organized a fair for the purpose of alleviating the destitution of the people of the South. It was then she conceived the idea of the autograph album. All persons writing their names in the album paid one dollar—many paying five dollars for the privilege. By this means she made quite a sum of money for the righteous cause in which she labored. She stood loyally by the South in the strength and glory of her womanhood. Now she is ninety-two years old and has had the bitterest and most profound sorrow. The death of her husband was followed by the loss of her entire property, and the last drop was added to her cup when, four years ago, she suddenly lost her eyesight, so that she now gropes in midnight darkness.

Stress of circumstances makes Mrs. Welby feel that it is necessary to dispose of the album, and she will appreciate a good offer for it. It would be a fitting gift to the Confederate Museum. Address Mrs. Mary C. Welby, care Mrs. Mary Hadday, St. Michaels, Md.

TRIBUTE TO OUR FAITHFUL SLAVES.

BY MRS. KATE W. MOORE, OAKLAND, MISS.

I have just read Miss Mary Solari's grand sentiments in the March VETERAN in regard to a monument to the faithful blacks of the South. Being in full sympathy with her in all her views, I wish to emphasize her idea that right now is the time to begin the noble work, and I would esteem it an honor to be among the first to begin working for the cause.

A few instances from my own life will show why my heart should dictate such a step. My mother died when I was four years old, leaving three little girls, myself the oldest, and it was an old black mammy who cared for us till the new mother came to take the place of the lost one. My baby sister's crib was placed in the cabin by mammy's bed, and it was an old black hand that tenderly rocked it for many a night, and we lisped our prayers at a black mammy's knee.

During the war, while my father was in the army, my mother and four children lived on the plantation, a mile from any other white person, and were protected by a faithful old negro man, who was father's foreman. There were about seventy-five negroes on the place, and he superintended everything and made the crops. After the surrender, he remained our "right hand" until death claimed him.

My father died in 1879 of sporadic yellow fever, and his sudden death caused one of those dreadful panics that we can remember only with horror. The white people fled; but our negroes were there, faithful to the very last, and they formed the midnight funeral procession that carried my honored father to the cemetery. Do you wonder that I should be glad to give a proof of gratitude for such heroic devotion? I know there are thousands of men and women in the South whose experience has been similar to mine. Will not some one start the movement for a monument and give us the opportunity of assisting in the work?

S. V. Austin, of Lonoke, Ark., who belonged to Company E, 6th Tennessee Infantry Regiment, desires to hear from any of his company. Attention to such requests often gives much pleasure.

MEMORIAL DAY.

There is peace, there is peace, in the South and the North,
When the suns of the Maytime shall call the blooms forth;
There is peace in the vale where the Tennessee runs,
Where the river grass covers the long silent guns;
There is peace where the warriors of Gettysburg rest;
On the ramparts of Sumter the summer birds nest;
There is peace where the flowers cover the tombs,
And the Blue and the Gray now blend with the blooms.

—Edward R. Overton, Nashville, Tenn.

The consolidated organization of women known as the Confederate Memorial Association, which always holds its annual conventions at the same time and place as the U. C. V., met promptly, and the sessions of this year were characterized by good attendance and close attention. The memorial service was held in the Broadway Baptist Church. In her report, Mrs. W. J. Behan, President, gave a history of the Association, of the work accomplished by it, and what it hopes to accomplish. From its organization, in Louisville in 1900, with thirteen chapters as a nucleus, the body has grown to sixty-six chapters, and new interest is being manifested all the time. Mrs. Behan was reelected President for the coming year.

Of the many things planned for the pleasure of the Veterans during the reunion, the Burgoo—the real old Kentucky feast, served at Western Park on the afternoon of the 15th—was something to fill most satisfactorily an old Confederate's sense of enjoyment. Great preparations had been going forward a week before to get the feast in readiness, and, despite the threatening aspect assumed by the weather, the great crowds about the tables testified to the delicious stuff that was served. Bands were playing, and the park was thronged with men and women till late in the afternoon.

Perhaps the longest distance traveled by any one veteran to attend the reunion was by Col. E. L. Davezac, of Rio Blanco, British Honduras, who was one of the first to reach Louisville. Col. Davezac is a Frenchman, and was a member of the famous Orphan Brigade. His sympathies were with the South, and when the war began he entered the army as a private, attaining the rank of colonel before the struggle was over. He was kept busy shaking hands with old friends in Louisville and talking over war times.

"THE OLD SOUTH."

One of the most interesting booklets we have read is "The Old South," by Prof. H. M. Hamill, of Nashville, Tenn. It cannot fail to please every reader, more particularly the older ones who retain memories of the days that preceded the late War between the States when "The Old South" was in its glory. The memories of those days are fast fading away, and nevermore will there be anything like them. Dr. Hamill very happily takes up and defines the three great classes of citizenship that composed the "Old South," and portrays them in vivid, living colors, often pathetically. It thrills the best informed of those who remember the life in Southern homes and on Southern plantations in those days.

Treating the characters that constituted the different classes, the text and the illustrations bring back sad and pathetic recollections. The old-time darkies, with their habits of honesty and devotion, are portrayed by a masterly hand, emphasized by the portraits of "Uncle Jeff" and "Aunt Hannah."

The exalted patriotism and statesmanship recalled by reference to history reinforced by the portraits of such examples as Jefferson Davis, Alexander Stephens, and the tribute to that class of political, oratorical giants to which belonged Ben Hill, William L. Yancey, and men of that caliber, and the pulpit oratory of those days recalled by portraits and tributes to such gifted men as Bishop George F. Pierce, Thomas Sanford, Jefferson Hamilton, A. L. P. Green, Jesse Boring, McTyeire, Wightman, Summers, and the like, recall memories of the past. A tribute to the poets of the "Old South" is also given with the recalling of the names of Paul H. Hayne, Henry Timrod, and Sidney Lanier, which awaken exalted and sad memories.

To fully appreciate this little work, one must read it. The price is only twenty-five cents. Write to S. A. Cunningham, Nashville, Tenn., for it.—*Franklin (N. C.) Press.*

Another friend writes: "The Old South! What could be a dearer title for a book? I have enjoyed reading it very much indeed. The memory of it all grows dearer to me."

"AMERICAN ELOQUENCE."

A Collection of Speeches and Addresses by the Greatest Orators of America from the Days of the Revolution to the no less important times preceding the Civil War. With many Steel Portraits of such men as Patrick Henry, Chief Justice Marshall, Clay, Calhoun, Randolph, Webster, and others. Two volumes, 8vo, cloth, gilt tops.

LIST OF SPEAKERS REPRESENTED IN "AMERICAN ELOQUENCE."
VOLUME I.

Fisher Ames, John Adams, Samuel Adams, Elias Boudinot, H. H. Brackenridge, De Witt Clinton, William Henry Drayton, John Dickinson, Thomas Addis Emmet, Oliver Ellsworth, Christopher Gore, Patrick Henry, Alexander Hamilton, John Hancock, Robert Goodloe Harper, John Jay, Red Jacket, Richard Henry Lee, William Livingston, Robert R. Livingston, Henry Lee, James Madison, Luther Martin, Gouverneur Morris, George Richards Minot, Harrison Gray Otis, James Otis, Charles Pinckney, Josiah Quincy, Jr., John Rutledge, Edmund Randolph, David Ramsay, Benjamin Rush, Uriah Tracy, Joseph Warren, James Wilson, George Washington, John Witherspoon.

VOLUME II.

John Quincy Adams, James A. Bayard, Tristram Burges, John Caldwell Calhoun, Henry Clay, Samuel Dexter, Albert Gallatin, William B. Giles, William Gaston, James Hillhouse, William Hunter, Robert Y. Hayne, Rufus King, Edward Livingston, John Marshall, William Pinkney, Sergeant S. Prentiss, John Randolph, Joseph Story, John Sergeant, Tecumseh, Daniel Webster, William Wirt.

The VETERAN has secured the publisher's stock of this book, which, it is understood, will not be reprinted, and commends it cordially to every person who is securing the best standard books on Southern statesmen. That this great work was copyrighted in 1857 illustrates the prominence that Southern orators would have in the work. While these two superb volumes are bound in cloth, the print is fine and the engravings are magnificent. The two volumes, comprising nearly 1,200 pages, will be supplied for \$5, express or postage prepaid, or they will be sent free for ten subscriptions to the VETERAN and \$10.

Select ten worthy Veterans, make them happy each month in the year, and secure this valuable work all for ten dollars.

COMPLIMENTARY WORDS ABOUT THE VETERAN.

The Louisville *Courier-Journal* contains the following: "Among the attendants upon the reunion, none has a wider acquaintance or is more cordially received than S. A. Cunningham, editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, published at Nashville. The paper was established and is conducted by him, and is accepted as the organ of the Confederate Veteran Union. It is in the thirteenth year of its publication, and, in addition to the record it keeps of all that is interesting in current history to the veteran soldiers, it is full of reminiscences of the war and authentic history of the heroic deeds of the Confederate soldiers. Although a Veteran, Mr. Cunningham still exhibits such apparent evidence of youth as to be easily mistaken for one of the Sons of Veterans instead of the original brand. The *Courier-Journal* is glad to extend a cordial greeting to one who has been so largely instrumental in promoting the success of this fraternal meeting and the general interest of Confederate Veterans everywhere."

In an address that richly merits place in the VETERAN on behalf of the United Sons, W. P. Lane, of Fort Worth, Commander of the Texas Division, and whose rank would doubtless exceed that if he would permit it—an address that was drawn out because of the cries, "Go on! go on! go on!"—said in regard to terms that "every Southerner should be ashamed to write or speak 'New South,' 'ex-Confederate,' 'Lost Cause,' 'Rebellion.' Eliminate these, and we will have the purest language that was ever spoken from the days of Eden down."

Then he said: "Just at this point I want to digress for one moment to pay a humble but richly deserved tribute to that typical Confederate soldier [and other expressions too complimentary for reproduction here.—Ed.], S. A. Cunningham, editor and proprietor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, whose ever-watchful eye never permits such misleading expressions as these to mar the fair pages of that matchless publication."

Col. John Walter Tench writes from Gainesville, Fla.: "There are few of us but are grateful for words of praise when we know we have done our work well and faithfully, and it is in regard to your invaluable work for the South that I commend you. Especially do you deserve credit for the June number of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. Think of it! forty-eight pages of solid, interesting, invaluable reading matter, interspersed with thirty-five fine photogravures, the pages being larger by an inch each way than most of the leading magazines of the country. Then think that the VETERAN is the only vehicle Southerners have by which a true history of their motives, their achievements, and their work since the war may be promulgated for the present and crystallized for the use of posterity. Our people have always patronized the magazines that abused and misrepresented them. I am ashamed of our ex-Confederates. They need not plead poverty. Nearly every one of them is now drawing a pension. It is a sorry fellow who cannot or will not pay one dollar for so able a defender of his cause and section as is the VETERAN. If I blame these old fellows, what shall I say of the Sons of Veterans who do not take it and work for it? Is it not cheap enough, or is it wanted for ten cents and a pair of patent leathers as a premium?"

Dr. John Uri Lloyd, a distinguished author and chemist of Cincinnati, Ohio, visited Nashville, Tenn., and delivered an address before the State Eclectic Society in its annual con-

vention. In his impromptu response to the words of welcome by the Mayor of Nashville, Prof. Lloyd, after briefly contrasting the Nashville of the present with the city just after the war, said, while commenting upon Nashville and her structures of stone, etc.: "These latter are her visible monuments, yet there is a monument now being built in Nashville which is destined to outlive your uplifted piles of brick and stone and iron and wood. It is the greatest monument that can or will be built here. It will remain to speak to generations to come, when your bronze has turned green with rust. I refer to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, that monument of love which records the story of the sacrifices, and the heroism of the men and women of the South in their day of trial. The editor is unknown to me personally, but I say to you that he is, through his publication, erecting a monument, the lines of which will live forever. A copy of this journal comes to my desk every month, and I never fail to read its pages. It records the history of the past as only men who know the past can tell it. Each page touches a heart. The pages of this monument to the whole South teem with records of devotion in the past. It speaks, too, of good will to all men, and by its courteous treatment of the veterans who wore the blue, its kindly words for men once foes, it is bringing the people of the North and South together in a way which could not be achieved otherwise."

WORTHY RESOLUTIONS OF THANKS.

The Lewis-Dowd-Wyatt Camp, U. C. V., of Tarboro, N. C., on May 10, 1905, passed resolutions that deserve record in the VETERAN in tendering their thanks and best wishes to the Hon. John Lamb, a Confederate and a member of Congress from Virginia, for introducing and securing the passage by Congress of the United States a bill restoring all the Confederate battle flags to the respective States from which they were taken and then in possession of the government.

They also thanked President Roosevelt for his prompt action in signing the bill by which it became a law, "showing him to be President of all the States and not of any section." Such patriotic acts broaden and elevate the citizen and soldier, and assuage asperities engendered by a bloody war between brothers of one nationality.

Hon. H. C. Bourne is Camp Commander; J. A. Davis, Adjutant.

TRIBUTE TO KATE CARNEY POINDEXTER.

At a meeting of the John H. Turpin Chapter No. 832, U. D. C., held at Newbern, Ala., June 3, 1905, in commemoration of the birthday of Jefferson Davis, it was deemed a fitting occasion to express appreciation of the devotion and services of Mrs. Kate Carney Poindexter to the Confederate cause. Her service with womanly tenderness in alleviating the suffering of Confederates wounded at Murfreesboro (Stone's River) by taking them into her father's home and there administering to them and nursing them back to health was notably recalled. Included in this number was our esteemed townsman, Capt. J. H. Turpin, in whose honor, as a worthy representative of our own Confederate Veterans, this chapter is named. As a fitting testimonial, therefore, of the honor in which we hold her, it was resolved that Mrs. Kate Carney Poindexter, now of Nashville, Tenn., be unanimously elected an honorary member of this chapter, and an honorary vice president for life. The report is signed by Lillie Belle Hugins, President, and Marie L. Wilson, Secretary.

ANDREW JACKSON, JR.

Much has been written of the life of Andrew Jackson both from a public and a private point of view, yet but little is known comparatively of his devotion and tender attitude to his adopted son, to whom he gave his name, and of whom he was wont to say: "Andrew is the same as my very own child; I have never known another." This can be the more easily understood when it is remembered that the boy was the son of Severn Donelson, a brother of Gen. Jackson's adored wife. Twin boys were born to Mr. Donelson, and as soon as the news reached Gen. Jackson he yearned to adopt one of the children, which plan was carried out, and young Andrew was taken to the Hermitage when only three days old. He was born on the 22d of December, 1809, and during his childhood, youth, and early manhood his relations with Gen. Jackson were closer than those of many sons with fathers by blood.

During Gen. Jackson's first term as President of the United States young Andrew was married to Miss Sarah York, of Philadelphia, and the family lived always with Gen. Jackson, first at the White House and later at the Hermitage. Mrs. Andrew Jackson, Jr., did the honors of the National Capital during her father-in-law's term of office, and she was as a true daughter to the President.

Mr. Jackson continued to live at the Hermitage during his lifetime, being a man of most quiet tastes and resting quite content as a Southern gentleman of the old school. When the War between the States broke out, the Hermitage was now and then in the line of both armies, and Mr. Jackson, then somewhat advanced in life, extended courtesy to the enemy and help to the cause which his heart upheld. Two of his sons were in the Confederate service. One of them, Capt. Samuel Jackson, fell at Chickamauga when but twenty-three years old, after having been wounded at Shiloh and having served gallantly and well in several battles. The elder son, Col. Andrew Jackson, now living in Nashville, also fought in the Confederate cause; and, although a West Point student, he resigned his commission at the beginning of the war and was made colonel of heavy artillery. He suffered imprisonment at Island No. 10, went through the siege of Vicksburg, and was among

the faithful few to surrender at Fort Warren when the struggle was over.



ANDREW JACKSON, JR.

This picture of Mr. Jackson is taken from the only photograph in existence, and is used here through the courtesy of his daughter, Mrs. Rachel Jackson Lawrence. The photograph was made just before Mr. Jackson left Nashville for New York on a rather unusual mission. It seems that when President Jackson left the White House after his second term of office the Democratic citizens of New York united to give him a token of their high regard. This gift was a massive gold snuffbox, heavily embossed, and of the finest workmanship. This souvenir was highly prized by Gen. Jackson, and in his will special provision was made for the disposition of it. His request was that

the snuffbox should be presented to the first citizen of New York who distinguished himself in the first war in which the United States should be unfortunate enough to become involved after Gen. Jackson's death. This was the Mexican War, and Mr. Andrew Jackson journeyed to New York to find the man who had distinguished himself sufficiently to warrant his becoming the legatee of his illustrious father. A committee of prominent New Yorkers decided to present it to Gen. Ward Burnett, who had rendered the country most effective service in the war with Mexico. The snuffbox, therefore, was presented to him, the only reminder of the incident which the Jackson family now have being the photograph of the box in the hand of Mr. Andrew Jackson. The incident is one which clearly demonstrates the spirit of justice which inspired all of Gen. Jackson's actions.

The annual reorganization of Jeff Lee Camp of McAlester, Ind. T., was recently held, and Alex Moore, of Krebs, elected Commander; R. B. Coleman, McAlester, Adjutant; and Ben H. Bailey, Treasurer. A meeting of the Memorial Association was held after adjournment of the Camp, and all the old officers reelected. The Secretary reported that the Association had bought and paid for thirty-one lots in the corporate limits of the city, on which preliminary work is being done for the erection of a home for unfortunate Confederates, and plans are now being made for building and maintaining this home. Stock in this is being sold for two dollars a share, and any who wish to help such a worthy cause can secure the stock from Adjutant Coleman.



Members of Camp No. 770, U. C. V.: Col. Tiemann, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff Pacific Division; Ben. Weller, Commissary General; J. P. Brock, Quartermaster General; W. D. Addison, Commander Camp No. 770; F. M. Thomas, Financial Secretary; Dr. W. C. Harrison, Assistant Adjutant General on Gen. Cabell's Staff.

THE TRIUMPH OF DAVIS.

BY R. B. MAYES, YAZOO, MISS.

A banner brave, by him unfurled,
Had perished in despair;
An empire, nobler far than Rome's
(His dream), was burnt and bare;
A people's hope, in him reposed,
Fell stricken, dying, dead;
A nation's wreck around him lay,
A ruin vast and red.
But Davis' fame a banner was,
To keep unstained till death;
And Davis' soul an empire was,
To rule while lasted breath;
And Davis was the people's hope,
To vindicate their course;
And Davis was the nation's chief,
To meet both fraud and force.
He looked upon the war-sunk land,
A waste around him spread;
The tempest of the victor's rage
Swept vainly o'er his head.
The proud, sun-gazing South lay still,
By savage beasts deplored;
Like queen, in fallen palace crushed,
Was in her splendors tomb'd.
With fetters on his feeble hands,
With chains upon his feet,
Before a world of scorn he dared
Demand, nor would entreat.
Like those tall shafts of white that rise
Where his dear slain are spread,
He stood, and guarded them from wrong,
As Rizpah o'er her dead.
And in his aged flesh he knew
His country's sharpest pains;
They could not shackle all the South,
So Davis wore the chains.
And coward called they him who saved
Great Buena Vista's day;
And traitor named they him whose life
His people's scapegoat lay.
Not for himself he bore it all,
Our never-daunted chief—
The iron which entered Davis' soul,
His conquered country's grief
The woe was hers which wrung from
him
That else unuttered groan;
The tears upon his sunken cheeks
Were shed for her alone.
As blanchless still he bore on high
His more than princely crest,
The thunders of a nation's hate
Broke baffled on his breast.
He stood, as stands a lonely elm,
Wind-fought, but steadfast still;
He faced the storm with brow as firm
As Chattanooga's hill;
Till Slander's self fell back, amazed,
Awe-stricken, wrathful, dumb;
Nor found a voice again, except
In mutterings fierce and grum.

When rage to sullen silence sank,
Men saw him stately loom,
As, when the storm is spent, the hill
Shows lordly 'gainst the gloom.

He lived to vindicate the Cause,
To show his people's right;
And ever with advancing years
His spirit shone more bright.
His unpretending majesty
All men began to know;
It melted hate in manly hearts,
The nobler of the foe;
And slowly did they yield to him
The title rare of Great,
Yet wondered that a fallen chief
Was best-loved of his State.
But those whose weapon was the tongue
Their hatred ne'er forgot;
The Union's foremost citizen
A citizen was not.

Beside the sea, in honored age,
Serene the hero dwelt;
And conscious still of rectitude,
Not once for pardon knelt.
The statesman's grave, commanding
brow
Grew sweetly soft and mild;
The warrior's stern and fiery lip
Grew gentle as a child.
Then passed he to the God he loved,
By stricken millions wept;
His people formed in funeral train,
And followed him who slept—
Defeated, yet beloved by those

He led but could not save;
Twelve States to stand as sentinels
And guard his sacred grave.

"THE PRIDE OF BATTERY B."

BY R. B. MAYES, YAZOO, MISS.

South Mountain towered upon our right,
Far off the river lay,
And over on the wooded height
We held their lines at bay.
At last the muttering guns were still;
The day died slow and wan;
At last the gunners' pipes did fill;
The sergeant's yarn began.
When, as the wind a moment blew
Aside the fragrant flood,
Our brierwoods raised, within our view
A little maiden stood.
A tiny tot of six or seven,
From the fireside fresh she seemed;
Of such a little one in heaven
One soldier often dreamed.
And as we stared her little hand
Went to her curly head
In grave salute. "And who are you?"
At length the sergeant said.
"And where's your home?" he queried
again,
She lisped out: "Who is *me*?
Why, don't you know? I'm little Jane,
The pride of Battery B."
"My home? Why, that was burned
away,
And pa and ma are dead,
And so I ride the guns all day
Along with Sergeant Ned.
And I've a drum that's not a toy,
A cap with feathers too;
And I march beside the drummer boy
On Sundays at review.
But now our 'bacco's all give out;
The men can't have their smoke,
And so they're cross. Why, even Ned
Won't play with me and joke.
And the big colonel said to-day—
I hate to hear him swear—
He'd give a leg for a good pipe
Like the Yank had over there.
And so I thought when beat the drum,
And the big guns were still,
I'd creep beneath the tent and come
Out here across the hill.
And big, good Mister Yankee Men,
You'll give me some 'Lone Jack'—
Please do. When we get some again,
I'll surely bring it back.
'Ndeed I will; for Ned says— says he—
If I do what I say,
I'll be a general yet, maybe,
And ride a prancing bay."



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Geo. H. Johnson Camp, Georgetown, Ky.

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For complete information, write J. E. Shipley, T. P. A., Chattanooga, Tenn.

WHEN THIS CRUEL WAR IS OVER.

Dearest love, do you remember
When we first did meet
How you told me that you loved me,
Kneeling at my feet?
How proud you stooped before me
In your suit of gray,
And you vowed to me and country
Ever to be true?

Chorus.

Weeping, sad and lonely,
Hopes and fears in vain;
When this cruel war is over,
Hoping we may meet again.

When the summer breeze is blowing
Mournfully along;
When the autumn leaves are falling,
Sadly breathes the song.
Oft in dreams I see thee lying
On the battle plain,
Lonely, wounded, even dying,
Sighing, but in vain.

If amid the din of battle
Nobly you should fall
Far away from those who love you
None to hear you call,
Who would whisper words of comfort?
Who would soothe your pain?
O! the many cruel fancies
Ever in my brain.


But your country calls you, darling;
Angels guide your way;
While our nation's sons are fighting
We can only pray.
Nobly strike for God and liberty;
Let all nations see
How we love our starry banner,
Emblem of the free.

REPLY TO LETTERS.

In reply to the letters sent me in answer to my advertisement for back numbers of the VETERAN, I desire to thank all who have written and say that I have been supplied with all the numbers wanted except No. 1 of Volume I, for which I will pay one dollar if in good condition. I find that some of my others are slightly damaged, and in order to get perfect ones I will pay twenty cents each for the following: Volume IV. (1896), Nos. 1, 10, 11, 12; Volume V. (1897), No. 12; Volume VII. (1899), Nos. 1, 5; Volume IX. (1901), Nos. 2, 6; Volume X. (1902), No. 4; Volume XI. (1903), Nos. 2, 7. Write first.

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plus two dollars.

For complete information, write J. E.
Shipley, T. P. A., Chattanooga, Tenn.

Mrs. Sarah J. Roberts, of Pulaski,
Tenn., wants some information as to the
last work done by her husband, Dr.
Joseph Coleman Roberts, who, after the
fall of Fort Donelson, was commis-
sioned by Gov. Harris to form hospitals
and care for the sick and wounded
scattered in and around Nashville. He
was on the same duty after Iuka and
Corinth, under Dr. Thomas D. Wooten,
medical director of Gen. Price's army,
and was afterwards sent to Holly
Springs. It is his work in this last
place, where he had charge of four hos-
pitals, of which Mrs. Roberts is anxious
to get information.

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Philadelphia, Pa.: Sovereign Grand Lodge B. P. O. E., July 11-15, 1905.

For tickets and complete information, call on Southern Railway agents, or write J. E. Shipley, T. P. A., Chattanooga, Tenn., or C. A. Benscoter, A. G. P. A., Chattanooga, Tenn.

Mrs. Mary O. Tinker, No. 235 E. Rich Street, Columbus, Ohio, seeks information of Charles Oliver, who enlisted in the Confederate army in Nashville, Tenn., in 1861. He was her husband then, and she heard that he was killed in the battle of Perryville. She is anxious to ascertain the number of his company and regiment.

F. M. Burrus, of Colorado, Tex.: "In the year of 1895 I visited old Libby Prison, now in Chicago, and there saw a beautiful silk flag that was presented to the 5th South Carolina Regiment (Col. Jenkins) by the ladies of Union County, S. C., in 1861. I write of this that the survivors of that famous old command may recover that precious old flag. I had two brothers in Capt. Salter's company of the 5th Regiment when they first went to the front."

Mrs. W. J. Behan, President of the Confederated Memorial Association, New Orleans, La., wishes to procure for their library a copy of "The Republic of Republics" and Bledsoe's "Was Davis a Traitor?" It is hoped that some of our subscribers can supply these books.

COMPANY B, 62D TENNESSEE INFANTRY.—Lieut. E. Boyd, of Company B, 62d Tennessee, now of Gainesville, Ga., wishes to hear from two members of his old company, P. C. Starrett and A. J. Green. The latter was better known as "Greasy Jack."

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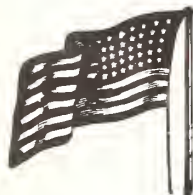
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Confederate Veteran.



CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL SERVICE AT ARLINGTON CEMETERY, JUNE 5, 1905.

Views at Unveiling the Cross. Prominent in the picture are Miss N. R. Heth, holding the flag; the orator, Hon. J. Gould; Mrs. George E. Pickett, Capt. Hickey, Capt. Rainier, Mr. Mosby, and Mr. Callahan.



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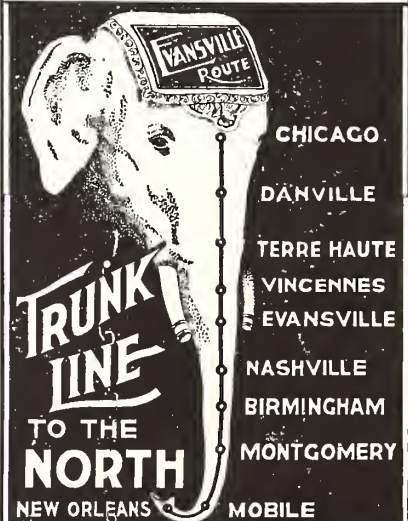
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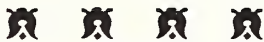
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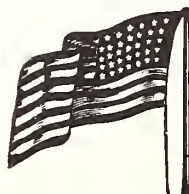
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PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter. Contributors are requested to use only one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable. These suggestions are important.

Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them. Advertising rates furnished on application.

The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The *civil* war was too long ago to be called the *late* war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.

The terms "new South" and "lost Cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

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UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

The VETERAN is approved and indorsed officially by a larger and more elevated patronage, doubtless, than any other publication in existence.

Though men deserve, they may not win success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE, \$1.00 PER YEAR. } VOL. XIII.
SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. }

NASHVILLE, TENN., AUGUST, 1905.

No. 8. } S. A. CUNNINGHAM.
PROPRIETOR.

ECHOES FROM THE LOUISVILLE REUNION.

Mrs. Janet W. Randolph (Mrs. N. V. R.), Chairman Central Committee Jefferson Davis Monument Association, in June wrote from Richmond to the President and members of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association:

"The Chairman of the Central Committee deems it most appropriate that a report of Jefferson Davis monument should come to you at this meeting, for it was at Louisville five years ago that I appeared before the Confederated Southern Memorial Association asking the coöperation of your body, then banded together for the first time. With the zeal of the Memorial Associations, who since the trying days of 1861-65 have never wavered, you came to the aid of 'your children,' the Daughters of the Confederacy.

"How I would like to be with you in person to-day to say that our work has been rewarded! In bank to-day is \$70,000 drawing interest. The model, as submitted by Mr. Edward

Valentine, has been accepted and the contract signed, the monument to be unveiled June 3, 1907, at which time we hope the Reunion will be held in Richmond, and we will welcome the Confederated Southern Memorial Association in our city. With the sincere thanks of the Central Committee of the Jefferson Davis Monument for your coöperation in the erection of the monument to the one and only President of the Confederate States and the cause he represented, and with greetings to each member present, I am gratefully and truly yours."

KATIE DAFFAN CHAPTER, DENTON, TEX.—A large and enthusiastic Chapter of Daughters of the Confederacy was organized July 29 in the county courthouse at Denton. Many Veterans and citizens were present, and much interest was manifested. The Chapter was named in honor of Miss Katie Daffan, of Ennis, Tex., former President of the Texas Division, U. D. C., whose diligence and zeal for Veterans and Daughters continue without ceasing as well when out of office as when in office.

OLDEST CONFEDERATE ORGANIZATION—THIRD NORTH CAROLINA INFANTRY.—The Third North Carolina Infantry Association, organized at Wilmington, N. C., February 2, 1886, the oldest Confederate Veteran organization, has never since the association was organized failed to "celebrate" their annual reunion and to retain its organization as a separate and distinct association, although all the members also belong to the local Camp, Cape Fear 254, U. C. V., and celebrate with that Camp. J. Randolph Smith, of Henderson, N. C., writes: "According to long-established custom, the thirty-ninth reunion of the 'Third' was held at Wrightsville Beach May 16, 1905, with headquarters at the handsome home of Capt. W. H. Northrop, near the ocean. Only the Veterans and the eldest sons of the Veterans are eligible to associate membership in this organization. The officers are: President, Col. W. L. DeRossett; Secretary, Mr. W. M. Cumming; Chaplain, Rev. John R. Marshall. Among the members, but not an officer just now, is Col. John L. Cantwell, also a member of the 'famous six hundred,' whose presence was especially requested at the Louisville reunion of 1905. He learned 'the gentle art of making war' down on the Rio Grande in 1846-47, when he belonged to the gallant Company H of the Palmetto Regiment of South Carolina."



MISS GERTRUDE MONTGOMERY,
Sponsor for the California Brigade at Louisville Reunion.

DYERSBURG CONFEDERATE MONUMENT.

The anniversary of the battle of Shiloh, the 6th of April, was marked by the unveiling of a Confederate monument in Dyersburg, Tenn., dedicated to the brave soldiers who went from Dyer County, so many of whom, alas! fell on that memorably bloody field. Perhaps the largest assemblage ever within the limits of Dyersburg gathered to witness the ceremonies of the unveiling, composed of the best people of the community, who gave most earnest attention to the exercises. As master of ceremonies, Mr. T. C. Gordon, of Dyersburg and representative for the county, introduced the different speakers, who were Hon. Maecenas Benton, formerly of Dyersburg, but now a prominent citizen of Missouri; Gov. Jeff Davis, of Arkansas; Senators Carmack and Frazier, of Tennessee; Col. Luke Finley, of Memphis, who was major and lieutenant colonel of the 4th Tennessee. Capt. S. R. Latta made a brief address. It is a coincidence that he, like Gen. Strahl, was a Northern man, the two raising the first companies in the county.

When the remains of Gen. O. F. Strahl were taken from beautiful Ashwood Cemetery, near Columbia, to Dyersburg, his old home, in 1901 and there reinterred with fitting ceremonies, a movement was started for the erection of a monument to him and the other patriotic sons of Dyer County who had so promptly responded to the call of their country. The first company organized in that community was commanded by Otho French Strahl, a native of Ohio, who had settled in Dyersburg and become of its people. He was afterwards elected lieutenant colonel of the 4th Tennessee Regiment, and was then promoted to brigadier general. He was killed in the battle of Franklin.

The Dyer Guards was Company K of the 4th Tennessee. It was made up of members from Dyersburg and vicinity and commanded first by Capt. Strahl. After his election at Germantown to be lieutenant colonel of the 4th Tennessee, H. L. Fowlkes was made its captain. The command next devolved upon Capt. John W. Lauderdale, a brave and efficient officer, always ready for duty whether in camp, on the march, or on the battlefield, and no less faithful to the duties of civil life, in which he made a host of friends.

The securing of the monument fund was specially through the Dawson Bivouac, of Dyersburg, whose members worked earnestly till its completion. The monument stands in a corner of the courthouse yard. It is a handsome shaft of granite, surmounted by the figure of a soldier in full uniform. On the shaft is a list of the battles in which this command participated.

After the prayer and other appropriate opening exercises, the veil was drawn by Miss Jane Skeffington, of Dyersburg, one of that city's most charming and beautiful young women. On the platform a number of young ladies were seated, representing the different States, and their bright faces and pretty costumes made a most attractive picture. Hon. Maecenas Benton made the first speech. He was followed by Gov. Jeff Davis, of Arkansas; and after an intermission for lunch, the exercises were continued by speeches from Senators Frazier and Carmack and Col. Luke Finley, of Memphis. Lack of space prevents the publication of these addresses, but that of Mr. Benton is given in part, as he was more closely identified with the people of the community than were the other visitors. Mr. Benton's father was a staunch Union man, and the son evidently held very different views as a boy from those entertained by him in later years during which he was a member of Congress from Missouri.

SPEECH OF MR. BENTON.

"My judgment was made up after the war as to the right of a State to secede from reading and studying the status of the colonies before the making of the constitution, the debates in the convention which framed the constitution, and the debates and actions of the States in adopting the constitution, and I have no doubt of the right of a State in 1861 to withdraw from the Union when it seemed necessary to its citizens, and this I say without regard to the question as to whether it was wise to do so.

"It was not the intention of the people of the South to destroy the government of the United States, but to frame and run a government that suited them better. No statesman or publicist of the South ever declared it to be the intention of the South to destroy the United States government.

"The reason that impelled the great heart of the South to follow their leaders, both educated and uneducated classes, was their training and education politically. From the organization of the United States government the people of the South had been educated and trained to believe that their first and supreme allegiance was due to their sovereign State, and beginning with Robert E. Lee and coming down to the humblest citizen the voice of their sovereign State was to them the voice of God.

"Some there were, good men and true, who had served under Jackson at Talladega, the Horseshoe, and New Orleans; others who had marched beneath the stars and stripes



DYERSBURG MONUMENT.

with Scott and Taylor in Mexico, loved the union of States, loved the flag. These refused to give their hearts to secession. It was not that they loved their friends and neighbors and State less, but the flag and the Union better."

Mr. Benton then called the roll from memory of the Dyer Guards, the first company that left Dyersburg under the lamented Strahl. Many personal reminiscences were recounted of the battles, the bivouacs, etc.

"The best soldier in the world is the American volunteer (especially the Southern volunteer). Why? Because he feels that *he* is a part of the government, that part of the responsibility of his neighborhood, of his county, of his State, and of his government rests on him. Personal and county and State pride make him do wonders."

Mr. Benton referred to the kind of soldiers the men of Dyer County, Tenn., and of the South made. "The world



DEDICATION OF THE MONUMENT.

never saw better," he said. He then described the surrender, the home-coming, the chimneys without houses, the desolation of homes, the poverty of the new conditions, etc. Next he referred with pride to the magnificent upbuilding of the old shattered South, the cleaning out of the briars and brambles, the deathless heroism of the men and women of the South, the fact that these soldiers had made the best of citizens, and quoted from the Psalmist that of the Confederates it might be said: "Once I was young, now I am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken nor his seed begging bread." Then a tribute to the women of the South and an exhortation to the old soldiers to prepare for the hereafter, that they might make such citizens and soldiers of the skies as they had made here below.

MAC STEWART, A CONFEDERATE VETERAN WHO WAS UNDER SENTENCE OF DEATH IN MEXICO.—The story of Mac Stewart, who was under sentence of death in Mexico for eight years and who was recently pardoned by President Diaz, is briefly told by him in the *Houston Post*: "The man shot me, and in self-defense I pulled my revolver and fired at him. The trouble occurred on a street in Parral. I was in a buggy at the time, and on some little offense, misunderstood by the policeman, he commanded that I go with him. Nothing that I had done justifying my arrest, I refused to go. The man pulled his revolver and fired, the shot taking effect in my right leg. He was leveling his pistol for another shot, when I pulled out my revolver and fired at him. The shot went

through his breast, and he fell dead." This occurred May 31, 1895. Stewart was sentenced June 3 following to be shot for the murder. For months he was in suspense as to the time of his execution. At last, through the efforts of Dr. R. B. Lignoski, of Houston, and others, an order was obtained changing the sentence to life imprisonment, and Stewart was confined in the Parral prison, where he remained three years, after which he was transferred to the Chihuahua prison. He was in Chihuahua seven years, being released from there recently.

CORRECT VERSION OF "LITTLE GIFFEN."

BY W. C. DODSON, OF ATLANTA, GA.

I read in the sixties the exquisite little poem by Dr. Ticknor and which you printed recently in the *VETERAN*. I have been very much annoyed at the errors which have crept into it from time to time, the name spelled wrong, and in one case a whole verse has been practically changed. To settle the matter of the correct and original version, I wrote to Dr. Ticknor, of Columbus, and inclose you herewith the original version, which was copied from the elder Dr. Ticknor's original manuscript:

LITTLE GIFFEN.

Out of the focal and foremost fire,
Out of the hospital walls as dire,
Smitten of grapeshot and gangrene—
Eighteenth battle and he sixteen—
Specter such as you seldom see,
Little Giffen, of Tennessee.

"Take him? Surely," the surgeons said;
"Not the doctor can help the dead."
And so we took him, and brought him where
The balm was sweet in our summer air,
And we laid him down on a wholesome bed—
Utter Lazarus heel to head.

And we watched the war with abated breath,
Skeleton boy against skeleton death.
Months of torture, how many such!
Weary weeks of the stick and crutch;
And ever a glint in the steel-blue eye
Told of a spirit that wouldn't die.

And didn't. Nay, more; in death's despite
The crippled skeleton learned to write—
"Dear Mother" at first, of course, and then
"Dear Captain," inquiring about the men.
Captain's answer: "Of eighty and five,
Giffen and I are left alive!"

"Johnston's pressed at the front," they say;
Little Giffen was up and away!
A tear, his first, as he bade good-by,
Dimmed the glint of his steel-blue eye.
"I'll write if spared." There was news of fight,
But none of Giffen—he did not write.

I sometimes fancy that when I'm King
And my loving courtiers form a ring,
Each so heedless of power and pelf,
All so loyal to all but self,
I'd give the best on his bended knee,
The knightliest in his chivalry—
Yea, barter the whole for the loyalty
Of Little Giffen, of Tennessee.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

In a letter from Mrs. V. Jefferson Davis of June 28, 1905, she states: "I inclose a check for ten dollars, five dollars for the VETERAN expenses and five dollars for which I wish you would send the VETERAN in my name to our dear old men who are, like myself, 'lingering on the verge' of another world."

The "five dollars for the VETERAN expenses" will be understood by the fact that Mrs. Davis sends five dollars each year (instead of one dollar) for subscription. This rule of hers is the more appreciated in the fact that she has had her full share of privations since the war. By diligent labor with her pen, with which she has ever maintained the honor and rectitude of her people, and by other fortuitous circumstances, she is gratified in the ability to so distribute the VETERAN among some worthy but unfortunate men who fought for the Confederacy.

In conformity with Mrs. Davis's wish, the VETERAN responds and decides to send a yearly subscription to one man of every Division of the U. C. V., and requests each Adjutant General to send the name of a worthy comrade to be so favored.

The matter of subscriptions seems a trifle, evidently, to many; but if every one would see to it that his or her subscription is renewed promptly, the result would give in the aggregate a power for usefulness that would gratify all who have the cause sincerely at heart.

Those who are very busy with their own affairs should be impressed on seeing this with the fact that, while dull seasons come with others, the VETERAN expenses grind out needs for twenty-five to thirty dollars every day of the week and of the year. This is a mere *hint*. It is certain that many *wise* persons read the VETERAN.

U. D. C. DAY AT MONTEAGLE.

The Monteagle (Tenn.) Assembly is distinguished by having in its annual programme a "U. D. C. Day," in the ceremonies of which Confederates from everywhere are to participate. With Daughters of the Confederacy in charge, special deference is paid to the Veterans. Decorations are Confederate, and eminent members of the different Confederate organizations are chosen for addresses, songs, recitations, etc.

Mrs. M. B. Pilcher, of Nashville, ever zealous in Confederate matters and who has contributed largely to the beauty of the Assembly grounds and to its success generally, deserves special credit for maintaining the U. D. C. work. The programme was sufficiently elaborate, but some of the speakers did not appear. Mrs. Pilcher was aided this year by Comrade J. C. S. Timberlake, proprietor of the Assembly Inn, who without stint cooperated most cordially in every respect. The bills of fare and the table decorations in red and white were most artistic.

Mrs. T. J. Latham, of Memphis, presided at the meeting, and exhibited her usual zeal for success in the cause. The

address of Miss Elizabeth Elliott Lumpkin, the DAUGHTER OF THE UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS, was the most notable feature of the day. To those who heard Miss Lumpkin at Augusta or at Rome, in her native Georgia, or at Louisville it is useless to mention the rare and joyous treat. To others it may be said that she electrified her audience. In the outset there were outbursts of applause; but as she progressed, declaring for the merit of the men and women of the South to all that can be said and done by Christian patriots, there was a stillness which showed the subdued spirit of all present.

When Miss Lumpkin concluded, the band struck up "Dixie," the multitude shouted, and the "old boys" gave the "Rebel yell." Miss Lumpkin's manner and the tone of her marvelous voice captivates and thrills her audience in proportion as what she so well says possesses merit.

Prominent members of the Assembly who have taken much interest in entertainments there for years say there has never been an address from that platform equal to it. One lady, whose husband had failed to attend the services on account of a business engagement, said to a friend, while pointing to an attractive place in front: "I would give twenty-five dollars if my husband was sitting right there."

It seems that nothing was lacking in the Assembly but the presence of three or four thousand Veterans to make it all that could have been desired.

CONCERNING WOMAN'S MONUMENT.

At a Confederate picnic in Clyde, Tex., Capt. B. B. Paddock, of Waco, espoused the cause of a woman's monument. He made an appeal that not another cent be given for a monument to the Confederate soldier until we show our appreciation for the sacrifices made and the noble deeds performed during our great war in the sixties.

A motion to that effect was passed, and a committee, composed of Capt. B. B. Paddock, Mr. Moody, and Judge C. C. Cummings, was appointed by Commander Taylor to confer with a committee of Sons regarding the matter of raising this money and report at the next meeting. Commander Curtis, of the Sons' Camp, appointed on the committee R. L. Coston, C. S. Welsch, and W. J. Gilvin.

It will be remembered that the Confederate Sons of the South undertook to erect a monument to the Women of the Confederacy several months ago, and that about \$50,000 has been raised for the purpose, the monument to cost \$100,000.

At the Clyde meeting Mr. N. C. Bawcom, of Sweetwater, proposed to start the fund then and there, and he contributed five dollars to the same. Silver rained on the speaker's stand until twenty-five dollars was received, and this amount is in bank. This is the first attempt on the part of the Veterans to do their duty to the noble women of the South, and it should be prosecuted with zeal and energy until the end is accomplished.

ENTERTAINING THE U. D. C.'S IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Mrs. Alfred Hunter Voorhies, President of the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, San Francisco, sent an invitation to Louisville which happened not to be extended to the convention. It was that the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter will be "hostess Chapter" for the U. D. C. convention to be held in San Francisco beginning October 3. It is needless to say that when this splendid body of Confederate women undertake a thing success always results.

MEMORIAL DAY SERVICES IN BALTIMORE.

Prof. H. E. Shepherd, in Memorial Day address, Baltimore:

"In the course of my travels I have looked upon the finest armies of the world, but there does not exist an army with the purity of convictions and the intensity of courage which marked the armies of the men who wore the gray.

"There has been too much tendency of late to blot out the lines which make the South distinctive. Here before the women of the South I beg that we may never lose our individuality nor the distinction that has marked the Confederate Memorial Day. This is not a decoration day; it is a memorial day, a solemn memorial assembly, an all saints' day, when all the powers of the spiritual world are in peculiar activity. Let us, then, protest against an erratic world of haste ever blotting out that which is distinctive of our Southern life. Not that I would influence against the unity of our nationality, but above this there is, after all, devotion to principle.

"The vindication of the South is being shown by historical investigations, and I am glad to see that books which formerly in our schools condemned Jackson, Lee, and others in unjustifiable terms have been eliminated.

"Had the Confederacy succeeded, it would have made a wonderful success, for the South has demonstrated that its government has been a success.

"No people is so unhappy as that one without a history.



MRS. E. P. JONES,
Sponsor for Maryland Division at Louisville Reunion.

picious than now, because keen investigators in Europe are studying the history of that great conflict as it has never



MISS SARAH LEE EVANS,
Maid of Honor for Maryland Division at Louisville Reunion.

been done before and are striving to know all they can of Lee and Jackson. When I was in London a year ago, shortly after one of the great Russian reverses, I saw in one of the finely published London papers the following editorial: 'Russia's cause is hopeless unless some heaven-born ruler like Stonewall Jackson arises to lead her armies.' Not Grant nor Sheridan nor Wellington, but Stonewall Jackson."

AT MONUMENT.

The ceremonies were held at the base of the Confederate monument. There was a large attendance of Southern sympathizers, and about eighty of the members of the Confederate Soldiers' Home at Pikesville were in the procession, which marched from the main entrance to the Confederate lot, with Capt. George W. Booth, President of the Society of the Army and Navy of the Confederate States, at its head. The memorial exercises were under the direction of the society, and there was a large attendance, including Maj. Stuart Symington, William S. Ritter, John F. Hayden, F. M. Colston, James R. Wheeler, Lamar Hollyday, D. L. Thomas, Ridgely Howard, Samuel Hough, William Pegram, R. Annan, W. S. Dubel, D. Ridgely Howard, Thomas Foley Hiskey, Maj. James W. Denny, Neilson Poe, Col. David McIntosh, and James W. Jenkins.

President Booth directed the ceremonies, assisted by Mr. Wheeler. The City Park Band, C. Dorsey Waters leader, played the march to the burial ground and the concluding hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and a male chorus sang "How Sleep the Brave?" and "Abide with Me." After an address by Capt. Booth, prayer was offered by Rev. William M. Dame. Father Ryan's "How Sleep the Brave?" was recited with effect by Miss Katie McWilliams.

Upon the Southern women fell a large share of the brunt of the contest. I beg you, Southern women, to teach our history to your children. There was never a time more aus-

SPECIAL DEPARTMENT. United Sons of Confederate Veterans.

Organized July 1, 1896, in Richmond, Va.

Conducted by the Commander in Chief, to whom *all* contributions intended therefor should be addressed.

THOMAS M. OWEN, LL.D., COMMANDER IN CHIEF, } Montgomery, Ala.
WILL T. SHEEHAN, A. G. AND CHIEF OF STAFF, }
E. LESLIE SPENCE, JR., COMMANDER A. N. V. DEPT., Richmond, Va.
R. E. L. BYNUM, COMMANDER ARMY TENN. DEPT., Jackson, Tenn.
I. J. STOCKETT, COMMANDER TRANS-MISS. DEPT., Tyler, Tex.

[No. 2.]

THIS DEPARTMENT.

This department is designed to be a full repository of current news and information concerning the administrative work and business of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans. It is conducted by the Commander in Chief, and is in a certain sense official. It is very desirable that it should accomplish the greatest possible good for the organization.

It is therefore earnestly urged that all Sons subscribe for the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. The subscription price, one dollar per annum, is merely nominal. The files should be carefully preserved and bound for future use and reference. As the years go by they will be found to be of ever-increasing value.

CONFEDERATION NEWS.

The Commander in Chief has had his staff and committee assignments made up for some time. They are not published in this issue owing to a desire to include therewith, when printed, the names of the members of the staffs of the department commanders.

The first three Camps to be chartered by the present administration are as follows: July 6, Camp Sam Davis, of Mineral Wells, Tex., W. E. McConnell, Commandant, and Walter L. Norwood, Adjutant, with thirty members; July 6, Camp Morgan Coltrain, of Hillsville, Va., S. W. Tompkins, Commandant, and H. L. Franklin, Adjutant, with thirty members; July 13, Camp Justin, of Justin, Tex., Dr. W. H.

Pennington, Commandant, and T. W. Anderson, Adjutant, with forty members.

In Special Orders No. 1, dated June 16, 1905, George W. Duncan was appointed Commander of the Alabama Division to fill the vacancy caused by the election of the incumbent of that office, Thomas M. Owen, to the position of Commander in Chief. Division Commander Duncan at once took command. On July 31, in General Orders No. 14, he designated Montgomery, Ala., as Division headquarters, and appointed Albert C. Sexton Division Adjutant. The remaining members of the staff of the former Commander were retained. Dr. Charles C. Thach, President of the Alabama Polytechnic Institute, of Auburn, was named as the successor of Mr. Duncan as Commander of the First Brigade.

During the approaching fall many of the Divisions will hold their annual reunions. In some no reunions have ever been held, or, if so, they have not been regular. It is very desirable that every Division should hold a reunion. It is impossible for Camps to do their full duty to themselves or to the organization unless they take sufficient interest to come together and project work, elect officers, etc. The Commander in Chief hopes that no Division will fail in this duty. He will gladly assist in framing a programme and in making suggestions. Dates of the following have been ascertained: The Alabama Division will hold its fifth annual reunion at Huntsville October 25 and 26; Georgia, at Macon, October 24 and 25; and Virginia, at Petersburg, October 25, 26, and 27. The reunion of the Mississippi Division was held at Beauvoir June 5, and W. Calvin Wells, Jr., of Jackson, was chosen Division Commander to succeed O. L. McKays. The reunion of the Texas Division was held in Galveston July 19 and 20.

NEWSPAPER SUPPLEMENTS IN BEHALF OF THE WOMEN'S MEMORIAL.

Among other agencies employed for the purpose of arousing favorable sentiment, besides raising revenue in aid of the memorial proposed to be erected by the U. S. C. V. to the women of the Confederacy, it has been decided to issue supplements to various leading newspapers throughout the South. The general direction of the preparation of the supplements is in the hands of Gen. C. Irvine Walker, special representative of



MISS ALICE Y. COLE, FREDERICKSBURG, VA.,
Sponsor U. S. C. V., First District.



GEN. STEPHEN D. LEE REVIEWING THE PARADE AT LOUISVILLE REUNION.

the U. S. C. V. These supplements are to contain, for each State, incidents of what the women of the Confederacy did and suffered. Owing to difficulties not anticipated, these publications have been delayed.

So far, South Carolina has published such a supplement to the *News and Courier*, Charleston, S. C.; Florida, one to the *Jacksonville Times-Union*; Savannah, in the *Morning News*. These have been highly creditable issues and largely remunerative. Nine papers in North Carolina will publish such supplements, and they are now in the printers' hands and will be issued the latter part of July.

The following papers have made arrangements to publish, and the supplements will be issued by States just as soon as the advertising feature, which supplies the means, can be worked up. It would be useless to attempt to secure advertisements during the dull summer months, and work on these supplements will be postponed until the early fall. The newspapers are as follows:

Alabama: Anniston, *Hot Blast*; Huntsville, *Morning Mercury*; Mobile, *Herald*; Montgomery, *Journal*.

Arkansas: Little Rock, *Arkansas Gazette*.

Georgia: Atlanta, *Journal*; Augusta, *Chronicle*; Columbus, *Enquirer-Sun*; Macon, *Telegraph*.

Mississippi: Jackson, *Clarion-Ledger*; Vicksburg, *Herald*.

South Carolina: Columbia, *State*.

Tennessee: Chattanooga, *Times*; Knoxville, *Sentinel*; Memphis, *Commercial-Appeal*; Nashville, *American*.

Virginia: Norfolk, *Dispatch*; Petersburg, *Index-Appeal*; Richmond, *Times-Dispatch*.

CIRCULAR APPEAL FOR CO-OPERATION.

The following important circular address, outlining work and activities, and appealing to members of the organization for coöperation and encouragement, is given in full. It should be carefully read and pondered by every Confederate Veteran and every son of a Confederate Veteran. It indicates that the coming year is to be one of work and achievement, in which every loyal Son should have a part.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS UNITED SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS—CIRCULAR NO. I.

MONTGOMERY, ALA., July 4, 1905.

Comrades: Called by your generous esteem to the highest executive office in your gift, and eager to meet in the broadest and best sense the duties imposed, I come to you at the very outset with an earnest appeal for sympathy, coöperation, and encouragement. We are told that this is a critical period in our history, and that, as never before, the eyes of the whole country are upon us. There are some who even assert that our organization should never have been instituted. Some desire us to merge with the Veterans, a quite impossible condition; while others indifferently suggest that we dissolve altogether. We are on all sides confronted with the charge—too true, it must be admitted—that practically nothing has been accomplished, at least commensurate with our declared objects and our opportunities. In view of these disheartening conditions, we are indeed face to face with problems which affect our very existence. Unless we redeem ourselves in the near future, and show that we are capable of meeting the responsibilities we have assumed by more substantial achievement, it is feared that hope for the future will be in vain.

Nevertheless, I am not in the least discouraged, and in order to counsel with our members this brief address and appeal is issued. It contains a succinct statement of activities and as-

pirations projected after consultation with many comrades, to the accomplishment of which I have already set to work.

Administrative Work.

The first effort will be to put the entire Confederation machinery in good working order. It is useless to consider activities when the means for their accomplishment are inefficient or altogether wanting. From General Headquarters, down through all intermediate stages to the Camp, there will be systematic effort at reorganization, with a view to increasing effectiveness. The various objects and purposes for which we exist are to be worked out through and by Camps and their members. Camps are supreme, subject to a few constitutional limitations. Therefore the Camp, as the most important of the several constituted bodies of our organization, is to be persistently emphasized. It will be insisted that they hold regular meetings, at least once a month, except during the summer season. It will be further insisted that only competent and willing members be elected to office; for, while apparently unimportant, the position of Camp official is one of dignity and responsibility. Camps will be required to carefully preserve their records, the historical data collected, and the individual records of members and their ancestors. As far as possible Camps will be encouraged to secure permanent headquarters. In a certain sense a camp is to be regarded as a local historical society, and as such it should either accumulate funds for the erection or purchase of a building, or should unite with the local public or school library. In this way the Camp may become a permanent and useful factor in the community. A good membership roll and a comfortable place for meetings will necessarily be followed by organization for Confederation work. Plans will be devised for inducing Camps to adopt and carry on several important activities, sufficient to employ and interest the differing characteristics and tastes of members.

Attention is to be given to a reorganization of the several Divisions. Some have failed to hold reunion conventions and have otherwise fallen short in their duty. They will not only be expected to reorganize, but they will be expected to adopt some specific work. It is also hoped to secure the arrangement and publication of Division proceedings and records.

Historical Activities.

Inasmuch as the Confederation is primarily a historical organization, great attention will necessarily be given to history and kindred topics. Camp officers and members will be expected to collect from participants written accounts, narratives, memoirs, histories of battles, episodes, and occurrences of the war, also original documents, including commissions, paroles, reports, rosters, maps, diaries, journals and old letters, and also war relics and mementos, such as flags, uniforms, swords, arms, and equipment. Renewed efforts will be put forth to secure the use of unobjectionable histories and historical works in all of our schools and libraries. The members of the Historical Committees in their respective Divisions will be expected to be centers of healthy historical influence. The Commander in Chief will personally do all in his power to aid the roster commissioners in the several Southern States in the collection of original war records for the compilation of rosters now being made by the United States War Department, and he will also undertake a bibliography of current war literature, with critical notes and estimates. Further effort will be directed to encouraging the establishment of Departments of Archives and History in the Southern States as the best method of administering the duty of the State to historical work and enterprise.

Relief.

In the largest measure every individual Son and every Camp will be expected to carry out both the letter and the spirit of the provision of our constitution, which declares that we will strive (section 7) "to see that the disabled are cared for, that a helping hand is extended the needy, and that needy Confederate Veterans' widows and orphans are protected and assisted." The Veterans are rapidly passing away, and what is done for them must be done quickly. Public opinion, favorable to increase of pensions and better support of soldiers' homes, will be cultivated. Practical benevolence in other forms will be encouraged.

Attention is here directed to the successful effort of the Mississippi Division, U. S. C. V., whereby Beauvoir was secured for a soldiers' home, as an example of helpfulness worthy of emulation in every Division of the Confederation.

Monuments.

While many monuments have been erected here and there in the South, many worthy objects and individuals are yet to be commemorated. Following the recommendations contained in the report of the Monument Committee, made to the last reunion, the assistance of every member of our organization will be urged in all worthy monument effort by whomsoever undertaken. Divisions will be asked, as a specific task, to locate and identify all places or scenes within their limits, made historic by some event in Confederate history, with a view to subsequent marking or commemoration. Camps will be asked to undertake some definite monument work, particularly the task of marking with suitable headstones the graves of the Confederate dead in their vicinity heretofore neglected. All Sons will be asked to make some contribution, however small, to the Jefferson Davis Memorial and to the John B. Gordon Memorial.

Women's Memorial.

The task which the Sons set for themselves in May, 1899, to collect funds for the erection of a memorial to the heroic and noble women of the Confederacy, will, it is hoped, be pushed to a practical conclusion during the year. At the reunion of 1904, the Veterans who were engaged in a similar undertaking formally relinquished the task to the Sons. The movement is now on a thorough business footing, and Gen. C. Irvine Walker, of Charleston, S. C., the legally authorized representative of the Women's Memorial Committee, has in motion several plans, from each of which much is expected. Gen. Walker's efforts, as well as all other efforts in this behalf, must be encouraged and supported in every way.

It is desirable for many reasons that this work should be speedily concluded. It is the noblest effort which could engage us, and it should not on that account be longer delayed. Again it should be finished in order that our energies may be released for other activities. The last formal utterance of the lamented Gordon at the last reunion he ever attended (New Orleans, 1903) was on this subject; and while made to the Veterans themselves, who had not at that time given up the work, it will bear repetition here:

"I will give you my last message: 'Don't you die until you have built a monument to Southern womanhood.' Those glorious women repel the idea, but it is simply like them. They did not charge you one cent for the tears they shed while you were at the front and while their hearts were breaking with anxiety for you and the cause. They did not charge you one cent for the devotion which followed you in camp and in battle. They did not charge you one cent for the patient self-sacrifice during the black night and crucifixion of reconstruc-

tion. Don't stop until you have built them a monument, and let it tower. I know I reflect your sentiments when I say that no marble shaft, let it tower ever so high, and no marble, be it ever so white and pure, can ever express our love for the martyrdom of our glorious Southern womanhood."

Co-operation with the Veterans.

From its organization, in 1896, the United Sons of Confederate Veterans has had the cordial sympathy and encouragement of the United Confederate Veterans. It was felt by the Confederate soldiers that their descendants should be banded together for historical and benevolent purposes, and to that end they have bidden us Godspeed. The Veterans at the reunion in New Orleans, 1903, adopted formal resolutions on the subject of closer coöperation, reciting, among other things, "that the Veterans see to it that in all Confederate gatherings and celebrations the Sons shall be given prominence. They are the heirs of, and must by association with the Veterans be taught, the glorious heritage that belongs to them."

Apart from this declaration the Veterans owe a peculiar duty to the Sons, on account of which they should watch our progress with unceasing solicitude. They should ever bear in mind that the success of our Confederation is inseparably bound up with the future of the "cause" they so much venerate and love. Our failure will surely be taken as an indication that the heritage of the Confederate soldier is not sufficient to sustain a great patriotic organization.

In every way, on the part of the Sons, the spirit of coöperation will be made prominent. They will be encouraged to frequently attend the Camps of the Veterans, and to participate with them in joint session on all commemorative occasions or in Memorial Day exercises. They will also be expected to honor themselves by always having one or more Veterans present at the meetings of their Camps.

Veterans will also be asked to coöperate with General Headquarters.

Conclusion.

There are many other matters which will receive attention, not necessary to be mentioned here. Camp extension will be pushed as vigorously as in the past. Above all, the entire membership of the Confederation will be directed to high ideals of life and character.

In the work which has been projected I must have not halting help, but cheerful and enthusiastic response. If indeed the Sons are of the heroic mold of the fathers, they will labor unceasingly, as well as ungrudgingly of time and means, to meet their professed responsibilities. Will this appeal be in vain? Will your officers be left to toil on alone, or will you join with them?

With full faith in the Confederation, and actuated by the optimistic belief that much can yet be done to retrieve lost opportunity, and that by united effort the organization can ultimately be brought to the proud place designed by its patriotic founders, I have entered upon the difficult task which has been intrusted to my guidance.

Sons everywhere will receive copies of this address and appeal. *They should make prompt acknowledgment*, giving such hints and suggestions as they may wish; and at the same time should be indicated ways in which they expect to coöperate.

Correspondence with all persons interested in any way in our work and purposes is invited.

THOMAS M. OWEN, *Commander in Chief.*

Official: WILL T. SHEEHAN, *Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.*

PIONEER LIFE IN ARKANSAS.

Herewith is a sketch of Mr. James Holman, who was born in Virginia August 22, 1780, and was taken by his parents to Lexington, Ky., at the age of three years. He married Rebecca Long in 1809, and soon after moved to Madison County, Mo., where he lived until January, 1826. From Missouri he moved to Hempstead County, Ark., near Washington. While living in that new country the salt used had to be made from natural salt wells in common iron wash kettles. On one occasion a mad panther jumped out of a tree and bit the man keeping guard, also the mule he used, and both died from hydrophobia. Mr. Holman next moved to Sevier County, to what is known as Hood's Landing, on Little River. While living there he made his crops without having any fences, as there was nothing to molest except deer and other wild animals. He killed a panther in his field across the river and brought it home in a canoe. To kill alligators was a very common occurrence.

In those pioneer days the ordinary method of having corn made into meal was to carry the corn in a sack on a horse, and often go ten miles, to the nearest mill. Flour was \$20 per barrel, and the nearest point at which it could be obtained was thirty miles distant.

The six children large enough to go to school had to walk two miles through the black mud, crossing the branches on foot logs. Schools were in log houses with a chimney at each end: one for boys, the other for girls. The seats were logs split open and legs put at each end by boring holes and inserting long pegs.

While living at Hood's Landing Mr. Holman was elected to the Legislature—about 1836. About 1837 he moved to during which time his daughter, Nancy C., married R. V. R. Sevier County, near Rocky Comfort, where he lived six years,

Greene. Mr. Holman then moved to Paris, Lamar County, Tex., where he lived to the good old age of ninety-six years and three months. He was the father of seventeen children. All but two lived until grown. Two sons were at different times elected to the Legislature, and two sons were in the Confederate army. All of his descendants did credit to their honored ancestor.

The only surviving daughter, Mrs. Nancy C. Gwinn, who married first R. V. R. Greene and who is the mother of Mrs. C. A. Forney-Smith, was born March 22, 1822, while Mr. Holman lived in Missouri, and experienced all the hardships of pioneer life of the War between the States and the awful period of reconstruction. Mrs. Gwinn is still hale and hearty, and is an indefatigable worker. She has pieced thirteen patchwork quilts and given them to friends. While she lives with her daughter, Mrs. C. A. Forney-Smith, in Little Rock, she makes annual visits to old-time friends, keeping in touch with her early friends, very few of whom, however, have the blessing of as good health as she.

The daughter of Mrs. Gwinn, whose picture is in the group, is one of the best-known women in Arkansas. She was the first State President of the Arkansas Division, U. D. C. She maintains an active interest in all patriotic enterprises of her people, and she is open-handed in the cause for which she has ever been an open advocate, while she is liberal beyond the average of persons abundantly able to aid the cause of education and the prosperity of the Church with which she has long been connected.

GEN. W. R. COX MARRIED.

A special from Richmond, Va., June 21, says that one of the leading affairs of society of the year was the wedding of Gen. William Ruffin Cox, of North Carolina, and Mrs. Herbert Augustine Claiborne, of that city. The marriage was celebrated in the home of the bride, No. 609 West Grace Street. Right Rev. Joseph Blount Cheshire, Bishop of North Carolina, was the celebrant, assisted by Rev. Landon R. Mason, rector of the Grace Episcopal Church and pastor of the bride. The home was beautifully decorated, palms and other potted plants as well as pink and white roses being used.

The ribbons were held by little Miss Ethel Alston Cabell and Katherine Hamilton Cabell, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. James Alston Cabell and nieces of the bride.

Probably one hundred close friends of the distinguished groom and bride witnessed the nuptials. Following the ceremony an elegant wedding breakfast was served.

Among those present from a distance were Col. Benehan Cameron, the Right Rev. Joseph Blount Cheshire, and Mr. F. H. Busbee, of Raleigh, N. C.; Mr. Thomas H. Battle, of Rocky Mount, N. C.; Capt. Matt Manly, of Newbern, N. C. The Richmond guests included many of the most prominent ladies and gentlemen of the city.

Immediately after the breakfast General and Mrs. Cox left by a special train for Gen. Cox's home, in Edgecombe County, N. C. Later General and Mrs. Cox will make a Canadian tour through the picturesque St. Lawrence country and to Quebec, and will spend some time at Saratoga.

Mrs. Helen D. Longstreet, widow of Lieut. Gen. James Longstreet, attended the Reunion, and was worthily greeted, which she accepted with becoming modesty. She was the guest of Chairman John H. Leathers. At a formal reception by Mrs. Leathers many called to pay their respects to her.



JAMES HOLMAN.
MRS. NANCY GWINN. MRS. C. A. FORNEY-SMITH.

ARKANSAS CONFEDERATE MONUMENT.

The dedication services of the Confederate monument at Little Rock, erected jointly by private subscriptions and \$5,000 donated by the State, are to occur June 3, 1905, anniversary of the birthday of Jefferson Davis. The young ladies who are to officiate at the unveiling as sponsors and State representatives are as follows: Miss Marguerite Miller, Little Rock, Herald; Miss Alice Green, Little Rock, Color Bearer; Arkansas, Miss Varina Cook, Elmo; South Carolina, Miss Alice Green, Little Rock; North Carolina, Miss Maude Shaver, Mena; Virginia, Miss Emma Tillar, Little Rock; Alabama, Miss Adolphine Fletcher, Little Rock; Louisiana, Miss Marguerite Miller, Little Rock; Florida, Miss Hedwig Penzel, Little Rock; Mississippi, Miss Ruby Partee, Little Rock; Tennessee, Miss Jennie Pillow, Helena; Missouri, Miss Lottie Campbell, Little Rock; Georgia, Miss Bessie Rogers, Fort Smith; Texas, Miss Eulalia Benton, Pine Bluff; Kentucky, Miss Lucy Brandenburg, Newport.

The monument is the work of the eminent sculptor, F. W. Ruckstuhl, and is very much admired. It was made in Paris under his directions. The unveiling was postponed from May 5 until June 3 on account of the excessive rain on the former date.

The movement for the erection of a Confederate monument in Little Rock started in 1886 at a meeting of the Confederate Memorial Association, an association composed of women, and the first money contributed toward the enterprise was by Mrs. J. J. Martin, of that city. The five dollars contributed in 1886 has grown into \$10,000 nearly twenty years later, and the small beginning has resulted in the completion of the magnificent monument. The matter was kept alive by the Memorial Chapter until 1897, and their fund by that time had grown into \$285.35.

Contributions were few and far between, until in 1897 the Arkansas *Gazette*, which was at that time under the editorial control of the late Col. J. N. Smithee, took hold of the project and infused life into it, with the result that in eight more years the monument was a reality. Col. Smithee was a gallant Confederate soldier and a loyal Arkansan, and his brain conceived the plan by which the movement ultimately became successful.

The *Gazette* of May 30, 1897, contained the following announcement: "For a long time past the *Gazette* management has been endeavoring to discover a plan by means of which not less than \$5,000 can be raised to be used in the erection of a State monument in this the capital city of Arkansas commemorative of the deeds of valor and in honorable memory of the brave, noble, and loyal sons of Arkansas, who, during the long, sad years of the War between the States, gave up their lives for the cause—a monument that the children of the Veterans can feel proud of and say: 'This tells how my father died for his country.'"

It recited that, in order to make the movement one of the people and to secure the direct personal interest of the masses, there would be issued five thousand stock certificates of the value of one dollar each, and that no contribution of over one dollar would be received from any one individual.

Col. Smithee expressed the opinion that the monument should be of the character of the Lee monument in New Orleans and should occupy one of the most commanding corners in the city. "It should be," he said, "where all will see it: in daily view, familiar to the eyes of our people and commanding the attention of every stranger within our gates.

We can mourn our dead in the silent cemeteries and commemorate their deeds from the house tops."

Included in the article was a picture of the proposed monument, a tall, plain shaft containing only the inscription, "C. S. A.," surrounded by a wreath. Communications were published from Mrs. James R. Miller, President of the Little Rock Chapter, U. D. C., Charles F. Penzel, Commander of Omer R. Weaver Camp, Gov. Daniel W. Jones, and Mayor J. A. Woodson indorsing the plan. The movement immediately gained headway, and for several months long lists of subscribers were published daily in the *Gazette*. The first dollar was received from Col. John G. Fletcher, of this city.

Previous, however, to the starting of the *Gazette* fund Little Rock Memorial Chapter, U. D. C., had \$285.35 in its treasury as a monument fund, which was combined with the *Gazette* fund. The ladies of Memorial Chapter raised \$176.35 of the amount as the proceeds of their first annual ball in December, 1896, and \$41.50 of the amount as the proceeds of a concert given in October, 1895. By the 1st of July about \$500 had been raised, and contributions continued for about six months. When the fund was closed, approximately \$1,140 had been collected, which amount was turned over to the Treasurer of the fund, Col. John G. Fletcher.

In the meantime interest in the movement was augmented by the Daughters of the Confederacy, who raised money by means of entertainments, lectures, dances, etc., and were untiring in their efforts to make it a success.

A lecture given by Father F. P. Horan, a distinguished Catholic priest of Little Rock, on "Robert E. Lee" was given under the auspices of the Little Rock Memorial Chapter, and over \$700 raised to swell the fund. This address was one of the most eloquent ever heard in Little Rock.

The Daughters took the matter up at their State meeting in 1898. The United Confederate Veterans of the State, at their encampment in 1899, also officially took cognizance of the plan to raise a fund for the building of a monument, and called upon its members for subscriptions in any amounts. Individuals gave from one dollar to one hundred dollars. Senator James H. Berry, of Washington, D. C., went among the Arkansas delegation in Congress at that time and raised \$500.

In 1901 a bill was introduced by Representative John I. Moore, of Phillips County, asking an appropriation by the Legislature of \$10,000 to build a monument, but it failed to pass.

By 1903 nearly \$5,000 in subscriptions had been raised, which amount was loaned judiciously at a good rate of interest until it exceeded \$5,000. With this \$5,000 the Confederate Veterans and the Daughters of the Confederacy decided to ask the Legislature of 1903 to appropriate an additional \$5,000 and erect a \$10,000 monument instead of one costing half that sum, as contemplated by Col. Smithee when he started the fund. A bill was introduced in the House of Representatives of 1903 by Hon. Roy D. Campbell, of Pulaski County, at the request of Mrs. R. J. Polk; and after a hard fight, in which many of the gallant Veterans and Sons of Veterans and members of the General Assembly came to the rescue of the movement, the bill was passed and was approved by the Governor.

The \$5,000 was placed in the hands of a committee composed of Col. John G. Fletcher, Charles F. Penzel, V. Y. Cook, J. B. Trulock, B. W. Green, and J. T. W. Tillar. They were all of Little Rock except Col. V. Y. Cook, of Newport, and J. B. Trulock, of Pine Bluff. Gen. Green, at that

time Commander Arkansas Division, United Confederate Veterans, was elected Chairman, Charles F. Penzel Secretary, and John G. Fletcher Treasurer of the committee. The committee elected five members of the United Daughters of the Confederacy to assist as honorary members, and Mesdames R. J. Polk, of Little Rock, L. C. Hall, of Dardanelle, R. D. Partee, of Little Rock, B. E. Benton, of Pine Bluff, and C. H. Wilmans, of Newport, were chosen. Mrs. J. M. Keller, of Hot Springs, and Mrs. J. R. Miller, of Little Rock, were later added to the committee. After serving as Secretary for about six months, Mr. Penzel resigned, and Mrs. Polk was elected to succeed him. Mr. F. W. Ruckstuhl, who created "Gloria Victis" in Baltimore, was selected as the sculptor.

DESCRIPTION OF THE NEW MONUMENT.

The sculptor, Mr. F. W. Ruckstuhl, describes the monument:

"No better permanent site could have been found in Arkansas for the Confederate monument than the one chosen by the monument committee. . . .

"The monument is thirty feet five inches above the foundation. The first course of stone above the foundation is of Brad-dock quarry Arkansas granite left rough, so as to give the appearance of supporting power to the stone. The balance is a French imported stone, called 'Peuron Chauvigny,' from the center of France. It is the finest building stone in France; for, though only moderately hard when first quarried, it becomes so hard by exposure in a few years as to turn a steel chisel. The French government has used it in many public monuments of late.

"The pedestal is in reality a double pedestal—one low, about five feet, and one high, about twelve feet, the higher being capped by a garlanded capstone. On the lower pedestal stands a bronze figure, nearly eight feet high, of a young Arkansas soldier grasping the butt end of a flagstaff while the flag flutters back and about him. With feet firmly planted, he holds his ground in the midst of the din of battle and wreck and ruin, apparently unmindful of everything but the holding of the half-destroyed banner in the face of overpowering numbers. On his face are expressed that profound devotion to the cause of his people and that indomitable grit and courage which have immortalized the Confederate soldier. The figure is very supple in movement and instinct with life. The flag is easily recognizable as the Confederate battle flag.

"On the highest pedestal is a figure of 'Fame' just alighting from the skies on a bronze globe, which serves as a finial, and is surrounded by a laurel wreath and an acanthus leaf on each corner. The figure carries a trumpet in the left hand, and with the right hand she holds over the soldier a laurel crown in recognition of

his courage and devotion. The face and the whole form and movement of the supple figure express pride and a satisfaction as if glad to be able to crown such a hero. The wings are very well modeled, and look sufficiently large and powerful to be able to support the figure on the globe with ease.

"On the base bearing the soldier is the following inscription:

"THE CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS OF ARKANSAS—1861 TO 1865.

"On the left side of the high pedestal is inscribed:

"ARKANSAS REMEMBERS THE FAITHFULNESS OF HER SONS, AND COMMENDS THEIR EXAMPLE TO FUTURE GENERATIONS.

"On the right side is inscribed:

"OUR FURLED BANNER WREATHED WITH GLORY;

AND THOUGH CONQUERED WE ADORE IT,

WEEP FOR THOSE WHO FELL BEFORE IT,

PARDON THOSE WHO TRAILED AND TORE IT.

"On the rear of the lower base is a bronze copy of the seal of the Confederacy."

LADIES' MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION'S WORK FOR THE MONUMENT.

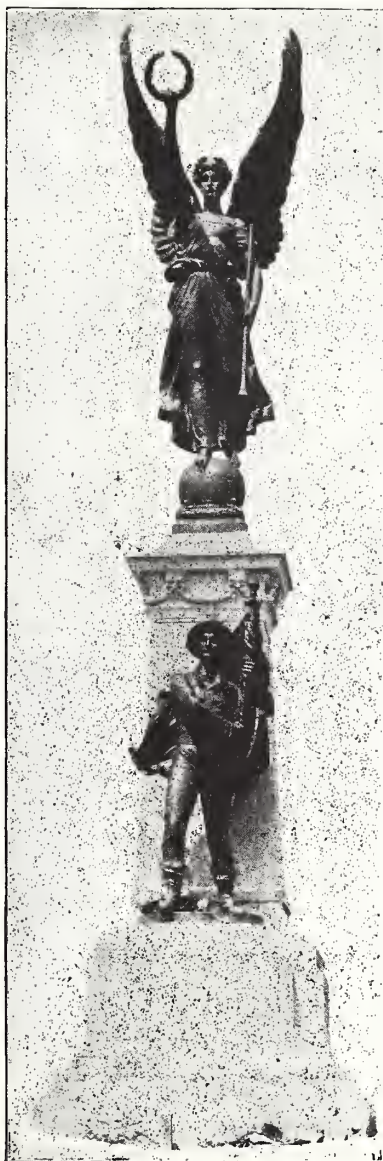
Twenty-four years after Appomattox, true to their patriotic instincts and still grieving for their husbands and sons who had laid down their lives in defense of their State, the noble women of Little Rock organized themselves into the Ladies' Memorial Association June 4, 1889. The record states: "This Memorial Association is formed for the purpose of preserving the graves of the Confederate soldiers now buried near Little Rock and of securing a suitable and permanent cemetery for the collection and interment of the remains of any Confederate soldiers and sailors who were killed or died from any cause during or since the close of the War between the States. . . ."

Here follow articles, by-laws, and sections.

The names of the founders are Mrs. E. Weaver, Mary Weaver Field, Mary E. Belding, Margaret F. Vaughan, Jennie Beauchamp, Georgine Woodruff. At the next meeting, June 4, 1889, besides the ladies named above, Messrs. John Kramer, Elbert Oliver, Albert Belding, W. E. Woodruff, and Nick Peay were present. These gentlemen were appointed to draw up the constitution and by-laws.

On June 11 the Memorial Association was declared to be a permanent organization, and the following officers were elected: Mrs. Mary W. Field, President; Mrs. Albert Belding, First Vice President; Mrs. F. T. Vaughan, Second Vice President; Mrs. Jennie Beauchamp, Third Vice President; Miss Matilda Jordan, Treasurer; Miss Georgine Woodruff, Secretary.

The association grew in numbers rapidly. The first work done by the association was securing the present Confederate cemetery, which was donated by the City



ARKANSAS MONUMENT.

Council, removing the bodies of the dead to their final resting place and inclosing the cemetery with the handsome rock wall and iron gates which now surround it.

After six years of earnest work by the association, the Confederate monument idea had become a settled determination in the minds of the members of the association. On March 26, 1895, it was determined to give a concert for the benefit of the Confederate monument fund. On the same date the first contribution was made by Mrs. J. J. Martin—fifty cents. Forty-one dollars and fifty cents was netted from the concert October 8, 1895. Then Mrs. J. J. Martin donated \$5; Mrs. John Jabine, \$5; Mrs. J. E. Biscoe, \$1—making the fund for the monument on hand October 8, 1895, \$52.50. On March 31, 1896, the name of the Memorial Association was changed to the Memorial Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. On November 18, 1896, Mrs. James R. Miller was elected President; Miss Bessie Campbell, Recording Secretary; Mrs. Jennie Beauchamp, Corresponding Secretary; and Miss A. S. Crease, Treasurer. Many entertainments were given and much work done during Mrs. Miller's incumbency for the benefit of the monument fund.

The following letter was published to the Daughters of the Confederacy, Mrs. James R. Miller, President:

"LITTLE ROCK, May 19, 1897.

"My Dear Mrs. Miller: The matter of the *Gazette* inaugurating a movement to raise by popular subscription a fund to erect a Confederate soldiers' monument in this city (a State monument), with the Daughters of the Confederacy as sponsors and patronesses, has been outlined to me by Mr. George R. Brown, in accord with his brief interview with you. I am heartily in favor of the plan, and am constrained to believe that it will result in success. We should be glad to have a letter from you indorsing the idea, in order that we can print it with other letters when we launch the movement, which we desire to do next Sunday, etc.

"GAZETTE PUBLISHING COMPANY.

"By J. N. SMITHEE, *President*."

Mrs. Miller replied as follows:

"Dear Sir: I am in receipt of your letter suggesting the creation of a Confederate monument in our city, with the U. D. C. as sponsors. I beg to assure you of my Chapter's hearty cooperation with your patriotic ideas. I am confident all the U. D. C.'s of the State will gladly aid. Truly, Colonel, all people of our State should honor their brothers who gave their lives for their country and their homes. With thanks for the assurance of your aid and knowledge of your patriotism, I am very truly yours,

MRS. J. R. MILLER."

It will be seen from the above that with Mrs. J. R. Miller, President of the Memorial Chapter, and G. R. Brown, Secretary of the Board of Trade, originated the idea of a popular subscription through the *Gazette's* columns.

Col. John G. Fletcher was the first to subscribe one dollar for this fund. From this beginning was realized \$1,140.55, one hundred dollars of which was contributed at one time by the Memorial Chapter, U. D. C.

To the credit of the *Gazette* fund was placed in the beginning the amount on hand, \$285.35, which had been previously raised by the Ladies' Memorial Association from the time it was founded up to the time the *Gazette* started its contribution fund. The Memorial Chapter was the largest individual contributor to the monument fund.

The raising of subscriptions continued until the convening of the Legislature of 1901, when a bill was introduced by

Representative John I. Moore, of Phillips County, asking for an appropriation of \$10,000 to build a monument, but without success. Here the matter rested until the Legislature of 1903 convened, when Mrs. Rufus J. Polk, who had been elected January 19, 1902, to succeed Mrs. J. R. Miller as President of the Memorial Chapter, took up the cause with much enthusiasm, her devotion and zeal having gained, with the able assistance of Hon. Roy D. Campbell, who introduced the bill at her request, from the State an appropriation of \$5,000. Mr. Penzel resigned as Secretary, and Mrs. R. J. Polk was elected to succeed him. The committee advertised for bids for a \$10,000 monument, and six competitors responded. Mrs. Rufus J. Polk wrote Mr. Frederick W. Ruckstuhl, of New York, one of the eminent American sculptors, requesting him to come to Little Rock to submit a design.



VARINA DAVIS COOK,
Sponsor for Arkansas at the Dedication of the Monument.

COL. ASA S. MORGAN'S ORATION.

My Comrades, Friends, and Fellow-Citizens: Some one has said: "One glorious hour of crowded life is worth an age without a name." This to us is an hour crowded with emotions, to which the tongue of eloquence could give no adequate utterance. As we look out on this concourse of people, representing all classes of our fellow-citizens and every vocation in life, assembled to witness the dedication of a monument that will transmit to future ages a mute but lasting record of deeds that will render the name, Confederate soldier, immortal, we are filled with gratitude for the assurance it brings: that the Confederate cause is not a lost cause, that the Confederate soldier will not be forgotten, that his marvelous deeds in arms will live in song and story, and that marble and granite, fit emblems of his constancy and endurance, will perpetuate his fame and tell to generations yet unborn the wonderful story of his life. It were needless for me to discuss the causes that on parallel lines separated and made antagonistic the sections of a common country. This occasion does not require it, and only a brief summary, by way of explanation, will suffice.

A Union of free and independent States was formed by the delegation of certain specific rights, which gave to a general government thus organized the power to exercise its functions within prescribed limits, which the enacting clause declares was to "establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity." All rights not conferred on the general government by this written constitution were reserved by the States.

The controversy which ended in disruption had its beginning in the convention which framed the constitution on a compromise that was unfortunately left for the future to interpret, and the ink was scarcely dry on the parchment upon which it was written before encroachments on these reserved rights, vital to the peace and prosperity of the people of the South, were commenced by an unscrupulous party of agitators at the North.

The executive power of the Northern States was invoked by these meddling and malevolent fanatics to prevent the execution of the plain provisions of a constitution they were sworn to support. Mr. Lincoln, elected President by a strictly sectional vote, declared the government could not exist half slave and half free; and Mr. Seward, his Secretary of State, the bitterest and perhaps the ablest political leader at the North, declared there was an irrepressible conflict between the sections.

The Southern States from the organization of the government, alike in peace and war, contributed their full share to its support, and during all this bitter controversy, by offers of compromise and concession to the utmost limit to which they were available, manifested their desire to maintain the government in its integrity. But when no longer permitted to live peaceably in the exercise of their reserved rights they adopted the only alternative left them—an alternative contemplated in the very terms of the compact—and withdrew from a Union in which they could no longer with self-respect remain as an integral part.

The general government, now dominated in all its departments by the unfriendly and aggressive influence of the North in violation of the principles on which the Union was formed and in disregard of the spirit of compromise in which the constitution was written and its adoption made possible, determined on coercion, and here the stage of argument of com-

promise and concession was passed and the last resort—"Ultima ratio regum"—was made to arms.

My comrades, we admit that the Federal soldier who wore the blue and patriotically responded to his country's call, though differing from us on questions of right, was conscientious, brave, and true in following his flag and upholding its cause. For this we honor and respect him as his manliness deserves, and he will unite with us in denouncing the "Ransey Sniffels" of high and low degree, citizens in war and soldiers invincible in peace who found their occupation in firing the Northern heart, and then, at a safe distance from the field of conflict, adding fuel to the flames. In an impartial history, yet to be written of the War between the States, they will receive their just reward—in the universal execration of mankind.

The Confederate soldier with patriotic devotion espoused his country's cause, and his heart has never by a pause as slight as one pulsation ceased to beat with constancy for the principle for which he stood amid the flame of battle which imperiled his fortune and his life. And if, as is said, without a successor he is destined to live only in history, his history will mark an epoch and transmit to the latest posterity unexampled deeds of devotion and valor as he upheld the right of self-government, the principle that has sanctified the grave of martyrs in all ages of the world. And if, as Church history teaches, the blood of those sacrificed on its altar is but the planted seed from which it springs into newness of life, the sufferings and sacrifices of those who followed the Confederate flag will equally vitalize the principle for which they fought, and

"Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
Though often lost, will yet be won."

Call the roll of all who imperiled life and all that life holds dear in the cause of the Confederacy—Davis and Lee, Sidney and Joe Johnston, Jackson and Hill, Cleburne and Stewart, Forrest and Hardee—call the roll of the men in the ranks who followed where they dared to lead, whose patriotism was as pure and whose devotion was as sincere as that of the matchless leaders whose names spring spontaneous to our lips. Who can call the roll of the men who stood in the ranks and for four long years with heroic courage beat back from their homes and firesides the serried ranks of their ruthless and overwhelming invaders? Only God's recording angel has preserved their muster roll, and it will be called in a better and purer world than this, where rewards are bestowed for honors deserved and duty faithfully performed.

"For never since the morning stars
Together sang with joyful song
Was purer, braver, nobler men
Than Southern private soldiers known.
And though on earth there's no reward
For all his sufferings, toil, and strife,
His name, thank God, in realms on high
Is written in the Book of Life."

Call to mind the long list of peerless women by whose privations, hardships, and sufferings the cause of the Confederacy was sanctified and made holy, and tell, ye who can, if a just and righteous God will permit such sufferings in the cause of right, baptized too in the blood of the brave and hallowed by the prayers of the pure, the innocent, and the good, to go for naught and return to him void. It is not

thus an all-wise God rules in the courts of heaven and among the children of men. A thousand years with him are but as yesterday. From the far-off beginning he sees, and in the council of his will ordains, the end of all things, which, with a predetermined sequence, move by divine direction to their inevitable accomplishment.

Moses lived forty years at Pharaoh's court, accomplishing himself in all the learning of the Egyptians. Moses spent forty years in the land of Midian, in preparation for the work appointed by God for him to do. Moses for forty years led the children of Israel through the wilderness, surrounded at all times with trials and difficulties unsurmountable by mere human effort. The cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night, his assurance of God's guidance and protection, and giving "Thus saith the Lord" as his shibboleth to all questionings of his authority, he enforced God's commands whenever and wherever he received them. And yet Moses, the friend of God, holding converse and communion with the Almighty as no other mere man has ever done, with his matchless faith and consecration was only permitted to see the promised land from Pisgah's distant height; and except Caleb and Joshua, a privilege accorded for their devotion and marvelous faith, not one of all the host of Israel who followed his leadership between the parted waters of the Red Sea, which, returning, overwhelmed the pursuing Egyptians, was permitted to see the end of their wanderings. Nor had they the slightest conception, as their unsanctified thoughts turned back and their selfish desires craved the fleshpots of Egypt, of the land flowing with milk and honey to which they were

being unconsciously led, of the glories the future held in store for their descendants, or that they were to become the most remarkable people that have impressed their history on the records of time.

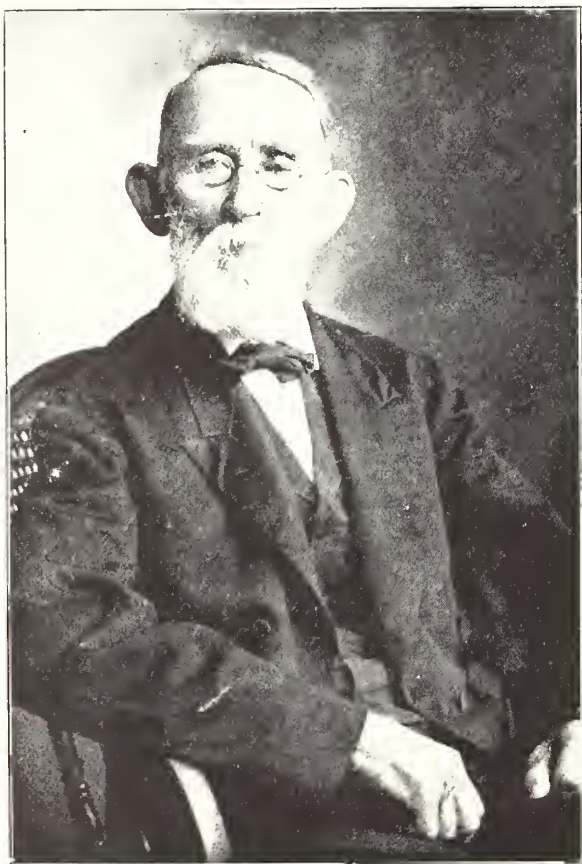
Having faithfully and conscientiously, as we saw the right, discharged the duties and obligations our situation enjoined, if not permitted like Caleb and Joshua to see the full fruition of the best years of our lives devoted to our country's service, we can with the eye of faith penetrate the veil that hides the future from our sight; and, resting our cause before that august tribunal whose judgments never err, like Simeon exclaim: "Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace."

To our finite minds Appomattox meant the death knell of constitutional liberty on earth. In the light of subsequent events we can now realize that the sufferings we as a people underwent were but chastenings to prepare for the glories the future has in store for our descendants. The principle of right, the basis of our struggle, is immutable, and will live while the throne of God endures. The hopes we entertained of success, justified by a righteous cause, so far as we are personally concerned, were dashed to earth, and like Dead Sea fruits turned to ashes on our lips.

It may be, in the councils of divine wisdom, we were not yet prepared for the political millennium our success would have brought. It may be yet more of blood and treasure were to be sacrificed on the altar of constitutional liberty to qualify and prepare us to appreciate its inestimable blessings. We are but instruments in the hands of an all-wise Being who, by a condescension as infinite as it is incomprehensible, permits us as coworkers to lend our feeble aid to accomplish the purposes of his will. But as sure as equity and justice are attributes of Deity, so purely will constitutional liberty be the foundation stone upon which the superstructure of every enlightened government will be erected on earth, as it now is the animating spirit that fires every heart and nerves every arm striking for liberty throughout the world.

The people of the late Confederate States, after emerging from a superhuman contest in which everything was lost to them but honor, purified by the struggle, and again an integral part of this government, homogeneous in origin, united in the spirit of conservatism, which gave strength and influence to their past history and can alone give permanence to a government resting on the consent of the governed, will yet in the fullness of time control the destinies of this republic. This statement may seem chimerical. A few years ago it would have been regarded as the dreamy vaporings of a distempered imagination. But, contrasting our present situation with that of only a few decades in the past, there is no escaping this inevitable conclusion. The people of the South are homogeneous in origin; they do preserve and cherish the faith and traditions of their ancestors as embodied in the Declaration of Independence, the cardinal principle of which is, "Man is capable of self-government;" and by their freedom from the spirit of radicalism (represented at the North by the admixture of its population with every known race on the earth), homogeneous and united, as a compensating influence and balance of power, they will control the destinies of this great republic.

History furnishes no other example of a government crowding into the four short years of its existence the record of glorious deeds that has rendered the name Confederate States immortal. There is in the annals of the past no record of



COL. ASA S. MORGAN.

another people in the lifetime of a generation emerging from the destitution and suffering to which we were reduced occupying the position to which we are now advanced in the councils of the State, in material prosperity, and in the estimation of mankind. Nor is there in the galaxy of the past such a constellation of names—Davis, Lee, Johnston, Jackson, Hill, Hardee, Stewart, Forrest, Taylor, Cleburne, Cheat-ham, and a host of others clustered around a cause that has given to posterity and to fame “immortal names not born to die.” These, the deeds of a short-lived government never equaled, and these, the glorious names by which it was illustrated, we bequeath as a priceless heritage to our descendants. Their pride and inspiration will be to preserve and cherish these traditions, and as the depositories of the spirit of conservatism in which a government of independent and now indestructible States was founded on a written constitution they will control its destinies.

It was not the desire of conquest, but to preserve and perpetuate inherent rights, that actuated the Confederate States in their appeal to arms. It was not to compel any one unwillingly to accept our civilization or adopt our institutions, but to transmit unimpaired to our descendants the rights and franchises which had come down to us from the founders of the republic. It was that the flag which bore the “stars and bars,” emblems of a brave people who fell—the flag which that bronze statue, the very personification of the Confederate soldier, now presses to his bosom with a grasp which only death can sever, as, standing in its defense, he defies the world in arms—should have only *justice* and *right* emblazoned on its shield. Now let it bear this blazon to the last of times:

“No nation ever rose so white and fair
Or fell so pure of crimes.”

For this we love “the cold, dead hands that bore it” as it led the toilsome march, carried it to the front to steady the wavering lines of fight, held it aloft as it tossed amid the onset in the resistless charge, waved it, the rallying point of resistance to the deadly assault, and planted it to float in triumph over many a conquered field. To protect and defend this flag, to uphold and maintain the principles it symbolized, the Confederate soldier responded to his country’s call to arms, and entered the list of its defenders, if need be, a willing sacrifice in the cause of right; and when time shall have dispelled the mists with which envy, malice, hatred, ignorance, and misrepresentation have obscured the principles for which he fought, his fame in the clear atmosphere of impartial history will grow and increase as long as the highest qualities of citizen, patriot, and soldier are known and respected by the children of men. His devotion to duty and steadfast adherence to the principles implanted in his nature and interwoven in his very life and being are best illustrated in this statement to the honor of the Confederate soldier by the “Records of the Rebellion:” The North held 220,000 Confederate prisoners; and twelve per cent, or 26,400, died in loathsome prison pens. On the walls over the entrances to these prisons might well have been written, by the Federal government’s refusal of exchange: “Whoever enters here leaves hope behind.”

These prisoners, thus hopelessly incarcerated, were offered liberty if they would swear allegiance to the Federal government; but, true to their convictions and away and beyond the reach of temptation, it is safe to say that not one in a thousand exchanged prison life with its horrors for freedom at

the price of renouncing allegiance to his country’s cause. In this act of devotion, to which the world furnishes no parallel, the private Confederate soldier “sat for a portrait to immortality.”

This is his prison record. His patience, constancy, courage, and deathless endurance in the field, in which he bore all the hardships of a long and bloody war, protracted to the point of utter exhaustion, and the good faith with which he accepted and kept the terms on which he laid down his arms, have vitalized the principle he fought for; and even in a generation we find a fast-growing change of sentiment, and realize that the Confederate cause is not a lost cause and that the Confederate soldier, as illustrating the highest type of patriotism and devotion, will not be forgotten.

However much he may have felt in the past that he was neglected and the cause he espoused sacrificed on the altar of selfishness and commercialism (and this was an inevitable condition when the world set its seal of condemnation on a principle he knew in his heart was right, but failed against overwhelming odds to establish—the God-given right to self-government), he now knows in this changing public sentiment that the world is recognizing man’s inherent right to this inestimable blessing. And this change means that

“When the drum’s sad roll shall beat

The Confederate soldier’s last tattoo,

Not honor alone, a solitary sentinel with silent tread

Will guard his last resting place, the bivouac of the dead;”

but that pilgrim feet from all lands will seek the monuments now being erected to his memory and pay willing tribute to his unexampled valor and his deeds in arms.

It means that the Daughters of the Confederacy, who grace this, as by their presence and approval they grace all like occasions, actuated by the same spirit that was a living, vital principle in the lives of their mothers, by whose sacrifices and sufferings the cause of the Confederacy was sanctified and made holy.

The same spirit that actuated the Spartan mother who sent her son to battle with the injunction to return with honor, either with or upon his shield, the spirit of woman that in all ages of the world, by precept and example, has prompted man to deeds of patriotism and devotion; the spirit that never fails to stand by man’s sinking fortune with a constancy that knows no abatement and a self-sacrificing devotion that defies dangers and difficulties—it means that this spirit, the incarnation of all that is best and purest and holiest on earth, vitalized in the lives of the women of the South, will equally with honor keep watch and ward over the Confederate soldier’s lonely grave, and transmit to their children and their children’s children the principles for which the Confederate soldier offered up his life and all that life holds dear and sacred.

It means that self-government, the inherent right in defense of which the Confederate soldier appealed to arms, now recognized in this changing public sentiment as never before in the world’s history, like

“Truth crushed to earth will rise again;”

and in spite of every opposing influence, the greed of avarice, the lust of power, the burden of oppression, and every vice of which human nature is capable that this natural and inalienable right will in the end emerge from every obscuring cloud, and like the star of destiny rise higher and still higher and shine brighter and still brighter until, culminating at the meridian, it will blaze in noontide effulgence, dispelling the

dark clouds of ignorance, prejudice, and bigotry, and shedding the light of its benign influence on the pathway of man's political emancipation in the darkest and most benighted parts of the earth.

The Confederate cause, my comrades, is not a lost cause, nor will the Confederate soldier be forgotten. It was exemplified and made glorious by the pure and consecrated life of Jefferson Davis, the vicarious representative of the South, whose name will shine in undimmed luster when the names of his detractors and calumniators are lost in obscurity and the oblivion of the past.

"Calm martyr of a noble cause
Upon his form is vain,
The dungeon shut its slimy jaws
And clanked its cankered chain."

It was exemplified in the life and character of Robert E. Lee:

"Ah, Muse, you dare not claim
A nobler name than he,
Nor nobler name hath less of blame,
Nor blameless man a purer name,
Nor purer name a grander fame,
Nor fame another Lee."

Transcendent was his ability as a soldier, and no less conspicuous his virtues as a Christian, a patriot, and citizen rising to his best and giving courage to a whole Confederacy. When other brave hearts sickened and grew faint at victory's delay, he exhibited in his pure life Christian faith and sterling integrity, a character perfect and complete, upon which the gods had set their seal to give the world assurance of a man.

Of Jackson, the most unique personality that impressed itself among the remarkable men of his generation; solitary as a hermit, silent as a recluse, almost unknown in private life; a devotee in religion, devoted to duty, before which he bowed as at the shrine of his idolatry; equipped by nature, by education, and association for any emergency—when war came and gave the opportunity to display the pent-up fires of genius that smoldered unconsciously in his bosom, like a meteor bursting forth and illuminating its pathway through the heavens he excited, the startled gaze, the wonder, and admiration of mankind, and, falling prematurely on the field of battle, left a name and a fame that will illustrate the valor and heroism of the Confederate soldier to the end of time.

Joseph E. Johnston, a soldier by heredity and educated in all the arts of war; cool, calm, and self-possessed by nature, with all the faculties of his mind trained in subordination to his controlling will; gifted with a prescience that enabled him to divine and circumvent the plans of his adversary—his outmaneuvering Patterson and opportune arrival on the battlefield of the First Manassas stamped him at once the great commander. And the consummate ability with which, with scant resources and greatly inferior numbers, he conducted the campaign and prolonged the battle from Chattanooga to Atlanta, foiling Gen. Sherman in all his efforts to discomfit him, giving battle himself only when the circumstances justified and refusing it at his own option, surpasses the world-renowned generalship of Fabius against Hannibal, and will stand forever in history without a parallel.

Of Forrest, a born soldier. Untrained in the arts of war, sleepless vigilance, tireless energy, a quick perception, and prompt execution supplied his every deficiency. Before his native genius and force of character the science of the schools and the tactics of the books dissolved like frostwork

before the sun of the tropics. Concentrating every force at his command on the object to be accomplished, no obstacle could impede his march, no resistance withstand the sudden, impetuous, and deadly energy of his assault. His guiding star was success, and he gazed at it steadfastly with the eye of the eagle and fought for it with a courage no opposition could resist. Asked how he succeeded against overwhelming numbers, he explained in an epigram the whole art of war, which Jomini, of whom Forrest may have never heard, wrote volumes to teach, he tersely said: "Get there first with the most men."

Cleburne, the perfect type of a perfect soldier, whose friends and foes alike learned to mark the special battle flag Cleburne's division bore, and knew that where that blue battle flag waved there stood Cleburne's brave division in battle line. Gen. Hardee, in whose army corps Cleburne's Division served—and no higher compliment was ever paid to a soldier's worth—said that where it defended no odds broke its lines, where it attacked no numbers could resist its onslaught—save only once. There is the grave of Cleburne and his brave division.

There are those now listening to the sound of my voice who followed that blue battle flag wherever it tossed amid the storm of battle. It has long since been laid to rest, but they can to-day drop a tear to the memory of comrades who with them followed it to victory on many a hard-fought field.

I mention these, the names of a few of the leaders, as representing in their individuality the character and class of those by whom the fortunes of the Confederacy were directed and governed. And to their everlasting honor be it said that purer, braver spirits, or more devoted, self-sacrificing patriots never guided the destinies of a nation.

But the private Confederate soldier himself in the record of his own marvelous deeds is his own best exemplar. His statue in bronze and marble, representing his personality, crowns monuments in many places; or, in a broader sense, these graceful tributes of a grateful people, erected to symbolize the principle for which he fought, will transmit his memory to posterity, and the record of his deeds will live on the brightest pages of the historian. But when statues and monuments have moldered and crumbled into dust, when every vestige of the storm period in which his life was passed has faded from the memory of man, "eternity itself will catch the glowing theme and dwell with increasing rapture on his name."

As illustrative of the changed feeling to which we have alluded and a tangible evidence that the Confederate soldier in the very impersonation of the cause for which he stood will not be forgotten, you will permit a reference to two incidents, the one occurring just after the close of the war and the other of a date so recent that its echoing sadness lingers around us still.

Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, perhaps the greatest soldier after Gen. Lee the South gave to the Confederacy, fell in the moment of victory on the first day's battle at Shiloh. After the war his remains were carried to Texas, the State of his adoption, for burial. The Federal general, Sheridan, was in command of the Department of the Gulf, with headquarters in New Orleans. When the sad cortège in charge of Gen. Johnston's family and a few friends arrived there, no demonstration was permitted; no escort, even of citizens, without the appearance or suspicion even of a military parade, was allowed to accompany it through the streets; but, by Gen. Sheridan's order, the remains of this great man and incom-

parable soldier were borne through the streets of New Orleans to their last resting place in the great State of Texas, which reverences his memory, with only the attention that would be accorded a galley slave being scourged to his dungeon.

Gen. John B. Gordon died a few months since at his winter home, in Florida, and his remains were carried to Atlanta for burial. Conspicuous among the great Confederate commanders and chief in command of the great Confederate organization, he was universally loved and respected. Each of these great men and peerless soldiers was entitled to all the honor a grateful country could bestow. Let us run a parallel between the now and then and contrast the brutal, inhuman treatment shown by the Federal authorities to the cold, lifeless remains of the one and the demonstrations of respect by the same authorities to the other. Gen. Gordon's funeral cortège was marked at every stage of its progress by evidences of sorrow and heartfelt regret, in which Federal officials and Grand Army Camps participated. A detachment of Federal soldiers from Fort McPherson was detailed as an escort, a Grand Army Camp asked for and was assigned a place in the funeral procession, President Roosevelt sent a message expressing his regrets, and Gen. Chaffee, Commander in Chief of the United States Army, a letter of sympathy and condolence.

There is a Roman adage which, as I remember it, runs thus, "Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis" (times change, and we change with them). Equally true is the adage, "Time at last sets all things even," and in this last adjustment the Confederate soldier, as marking the highest ideal of manhood, will receive complete recognition. Equally significant, but more gratifying because a more enduring evidence of this change of feeling, is found in a paper on Gen. Lee by Dr. Andrews, Chancellor of the University of Nebraska, in Lord's "Beacon Lights of History." This writer himself, an ex-officer in the Federal army, says: "Lee's campaigns and battles exhibit the triumph of profound intelligence and calculation. Considering everything, his scarcity of men and means, his success at holding Grant at bay so long, his masterful campaigns of 1862-65, not only constitute him the foremost military virtuoso of his own land, but write his name high on the scroll of the greatest captains of history. In a sense, of course, the cause for which Lee fought failed, yet a very great part of what he and his confrères sought the war actually secured and assured. His cause was not "lost" as Hannibal's was, whose country, with its institutions, in spite of his genius and devotion, utterly perished from the earth; yet Hannibal is remembered more widely than Scipio. Were Lee in the same class as Hannibal, men would magnify his name as long as history is read. Lee's case more nearly resembles Cromwell's. The régime against which Cromwell warred returned in spite of him; but it returned modified, involving all the reforms for which the chieftain had bled. So the best of what Lee drew sword for is here, in our actual America, and, please God, shall remain forever. Decisions of the Supreme Court since secession gave a sweep and certainty to the rights of States and a limit to central power in this republic as never had been done before. The wild doctrines of Thaddeus Stevens and Sumner on these points are not our law. If the Union is perpetual, equally so is each State, "an indestructible union of indestructible States." If this part of our law had in 1861 received its present definition and emphasis, and if the Southern States had then been sure, come what might, of the freedom they ac-

tually now enjoy, each to govern itself in its own way, even South Carolina might have never voted secession. And inasmuch as the war, better than aught else could have done, forced this phase of the constitution out into clear expression, Gen. Lee did not fight in vain. The essential good he wished for has come, and all Americans thus have part in Robert Lee not only as a peerless man and soldier, but the sturdy miner, sledge-hammering the rock of our liberties till it gave forth its gold. None are prouder of his record than those who fought against him, and it is likely more American hearts day by day think lovingly of Lee than of any other Civil War celebrity, save Lincoln alone; and his praise will increase."

Could commendation farther go? and this from an ex-Union soldier, now a distinguished educator, chancellor of one of the leading institutions of learning in this country, instilling principles, molding character, leading the ideas and directing the thoughts of the young!

The Confederate cause is not "lost," nor will the Confederate soldier be forgotten.

You, my friends of a younger generation, Sons and Daughters of the Confederacy, who are here to greet us and witness these interesting ceremonies, will not, I am sure, deem it an idle fancy, nor the evidence of a maudlin sensibility, when I say that this small band of old and worn Confederates are not all who are present with us on this occasion. As memory recalls comrades, long since gone, we realize that unseen witnesses are around us. Think ye that the followers of Lee, of Jackson and Johnston, Stewart, Hill, Hood and Hardee, Forrest, Cleburne, Longstreet and Taylor, Smith, Price, Walthall and Hindman, who stood by our sides in many trying scenes and on many bloody fields, are altogether absent from a scene like this?

If, as we believe, the departed dead participated in the joys, the cares and troubles, in the triumphs and disappointments of those with whom they were associated and who were dear to them in this life, then in their disembodied spirits they are present with us now, and we think we do them no wrong in counting them among the gratified witnesses of this occasion.

My friends, the Confederate soldier is fast passing away.

"His locks are not raven now
On his smooth, unfurrowed brow,
Nor is the stream of his rich young blood
Coursing through his veins in the deep, full tide
Of youthful strength and youthful pride."

His fallen cheek, his trembling hands and tottering knees that scarce sustain his wasted body, are the certificates of discharge, soon to relieve him of further service here.

It devolves on you, Sons and Daughters of the Confederacy, and those who are to come after you, to cherish his memory, to preserve and keep alive the record of his glorious deeds. Let this sacred obligation sink deep into your hearts. At the foot of this monument tell the story of the Confederacy into the listening ears of your children until it becomes part of their nature to love, cherish, and defend the principles your fathers fought for, bled for, died for. Do not you slight them, for they are sacred now. Guard, shield, protect, and defend them from detraction, misrepresentation, and abuse, no matter whence it comes, and your children and your children's children in successive generations, looking back from the far-distant future, will proudly exclaim: "I am descended from a Confederate soldier!"

GEN. R. E. LEE AS A COLLEGE PRESIDENT.

BY T. A. ASHEY, M.D., BALTIMORE, MD.

Almost every side of Gen. Lee's life's work and character has been written upon by the historian. But little can be said about him as a soldier and citizen except in the nature of a personal reminiscence. I much doubt whether Gen. Lee's ability and renown as a soldier are more deserving of praise and admiration than his simple, natural, and inspiring life as a college president. In the larger and more renowned field of action as a soldier he exhibited all the ability and manliness of the hero and warrior. In the discharge of the quiet duties of a college president he manifested that sweetness, charm, and simplicity of character which only a great and noble soul can possess. As the leader of a great army, the pride and support of a great cause, he was no greater man than when he undertook to guide the educational training of a small band of young men who gathered around him for instruction in the arts of peace.

It will be recalled that after the surrender at Appomattox Gen. Lee was left without an occupation and almost without the means of support for himself and family. His property had been almost entirely swept away by war and confiscation. He was in the fifty-ninth year of his age and without training, except as a soldier. A number of propositions came to him, offering him positions with remunerative salaries for the use of his name and influence. He promptly rejected every suggestion looking to the improvement of his fortune through business ventures.

On the 4th of August, 1865, the trustees of Washington College, located at Lexington, Va., elected him to the presidency of that institution. This college, endowed by Washington and named after him, was at that time a school with only a local reputation and a small endowment. It enjoyed an honorable name and a favorable position in the rich Valley of Virginia. The selection of Gen. Lee as its President was a happy stroke of fortune for the college, and gave great satisfaction to Gen. Lee as well. The position and the surrounding circumstances were in harmony. Gen. Lee at once saw an opportunity to round out the closing years of his life in a work which would gratify his pride and result in advantage to the youth of the South. He recognized that his influence in such a position would do more to reestablish confidence among the Southern people and to restore their pride and loyalty toward constitutional government than any course of action he could take. With that firm but quiet resolution which was the foundation of his true greatness, he entered upon the duties of President in October, 1865. He began the work of reorganizing the college in all of its departments at once, and when the college session opened students from all over the South and a few from the North and Northwest flocked to the institution. In the first class perhaps as many as twenty-five per cent of the students had been old soldiers who had carried a musket or held a commission in the Confederate army. A colonel, several majors, and a half dozen captains and lieutenants, besides numerous sergeants, corporals, and privates, made haste to enroll under President Lee as students of literature, science, and law.

Never, perhaps, in the history of any institution in the world did such classes of young men assemble for an educational training. The majority of the students who had not carried arms in the Confederate service had seen war as boys under trying circumstances. The young men of the South

under age to bear arms were for four years practically without school training. Many of them had been at work on farms and in factories, or were growing up in a training school of excitement and danger that poorly prepared them for college discipline.

When I entered Washington College, in February, 1867, I found an undisciplined and raw crowd of college classmates. Many of them, like myself, had seen war from the boy's standpoint in its most thrilling and exciting aspects. We had been in battle and on the firing line, and yet had not carried a musket or fired a shot at the enemy. We were only waiting for the age limit, when we would be better material for shot. Many of our friends and relatives, only a year or two older than ourselves, had enlisted in service, and had found soldiers' graves. As rough, uncouth, and as poorly trained as this class of young students were, they were almost without exception the sons of Southern gentlemen and boys of pride, ambition, and spirit. Many of them had made great sacrifices to obtain a college training under "Marse Robert," as he was affectionately called. They were, with few exceptions, industrious, earnest students, in each of whom Gen. Lee took the warmest personal interest. I recall many incidents which show the solicitude and anxiety of Gen. Lee over this large class of young men who had gathered around him. At times we were a wild and excitable crowd of youths. War and race prejudice still ran high, and more than once some of our number were guilty of indiscretions that brought pain to the heart of our noble President. As much as we loved and admired him, as a student body there were among our number a few individuals that the most rigid discipline could not at all times hold in check. But retributive justice was sure to overtake the offender of college authority when he came into the presence and under the piercing eye of Gen. Lee. He was at once either subdued by his benevolence and fatherly tenderness or returned to his parents at home. No student could riot long or waste his time in idleness under Gen. Lee's observation. His sins were sure to find him out, and he either yielded to the superior influences exerted over him or ceased to be a member of our student body.

Each year from October, 1865, to 1870 (the year of Gen. Lee's death) the class of students increased in number and in character. Crude and untrained boys were soon molded into educated and cultivated men. The corps of professors, associates, and instructors was enlarged to meet the requirements of the students. College buildings, laboratories, and an endowment were rapidly built up under Gen. Lee's leadership. I know of no institution in this country which began with so little that accomplished so much in four years' time. Gen. Lee's death came in the midst of this great upbuilding. He had set in motion an influence which extended far beyond the walls of the college. I refer to the influence exerted over the young men who became his students and over the people of the South, whose eyes were ever on him. He taught all the value of character, the simplicity and nobility of life, and the highest duties of citizenship.

No student could come in contact with Gen. Lee without absorbing the influence of his personality. It is safe to say that he knew nearly every student in college by name, the character of his work, and his conduct. He corresponded regularly with the parents or guardians of every student. He sought by every method to stimulate the best thought

and work, and to promote the moral as well as intellectual training of those under him.

To show his personal relations with the student, I shall mention a few incidents of a personal nature. Upon the occasion of my first meeting with him, February 2, 1867, the day after I entered college, I handed him a letter of introduction from my father. With a cordial shake of the hand and a personal reference to my family, he remarked: "I wish you to make as good a record at college as your namesake made in the army." On another occasion, a few weeks later, I carried to him a half dozen of his photographs for his autograph. He remarked: "Why did you bring these ugly pictures to me?" I replied that some young lady friends had requested me to send them his photograph with his autograph attached. "Why," said he, "did you not bring the photographs of the young ladies? I would much prefer to see them." He then turned to a cabinet and drew out his photograph with his autograph attached and presented it to me, with the remark that it was a better likeness than the one shown in the photographs I had brought to him. It is needless to say that I still value this photograph above all of my treasures. Upon other occasions when I had to call at the President's office he invariably inquired after the young ladies, and made some pleasant remarks that removed all embarrassment and made me feel his friendly interest in me.

Upon a rainy, muddy day I happened to meet him on the path leading from the college to his residence. We were alone. He halted me in the rain, inquired after my friends at home, wished to know how I was getting along with my work, and then suddenly changed the subject of the conversation with the remark: "This is a good day for ducks. Good-by." I happened to meet him on another afternoon, when it was as rainy and as wet under foot as one could imagine. My roommate and I had ridden horseback that day to the Natural Bridge and back, a distance each way of fourteen miles. The road was muddy, the horses were bad, and we were drenched in water and covered with mud. As we were returning from the livery stable in the town to our room in the college we met Gen. Lee face to face on the sidewalk. He noticed at once our mud-stained appearance, and halted us. I thought that we would be rebuked for some violation of college rules. But he pleasantly remarked: "Where have you young men been to-day?" We replied: "We have been out to see the Natural Bridge for the first time." He said: "Did you walk out or ride out?" Our reply was, "We rode out, of course, General." "Ah!" said he. "You should have walked out; it is such a fine day for marching."

I might mention numerous incidents of this character, showing his pleasant humor and friendly interest in the student. I may be pardoned for relating an anecdote, perhaps known to many, which Gen. Lee told on himself. It so fully illustrates his quiet humor that it will bear many repetitions. On one occasion when Gen. Lee was riding along the road alone he met an old Confederate soldier on foot. The old veteran addressed the General, and remarked to him that he had one request to make of him; would he grant it? Gen. Lee replied that he would gladly grant any request within his power to an old soldier. The old veteran then said: "I wish you to dismount from your horse whilst I give three cheers for Gen. Lee." Accordingly, Gen. Lee dismounted, and in the public highway, with no one present but the two, the old private gave three long and loud cheers for his chief. The conditions were complied with, to the joy of the old

soldier, and the General remounted and rode away. Could any scene be more touching and pathetic, and at the same time so full of genuine humor?

Gen. Lee's interest in the moral as well as intellectual training of the student was manifested in many ways. He was a regular attendant upon the religious services conducted in the chapel every morning, and by his example encouraged the students to attend these religious exercises. He took a deep interest in the Young Men's Christian Association, and in all the college societies that tended to promote the morals and culture of the student. Violations of college discipline, evidences of bad conduct, and neglect of study upon the part of any student were sure to call from him a reprimand or suggestion which the offender was not likely to forget.

Upon one occasion I was an innocent victim of one of his admonitions, which I have remembered since with great discomfort. One of the college rules forbade the students playing baseball during recitation hours on the college campus. This rule was frequently broken during Gen. Lee's absence from his office in the college building. The time selected was when he had gone home for his dinner. At such a time a few of the boys with ball and bat would exercise with the same. A student was usually posted to give the alarm on the appearance of Gen. Lee. On one warm day in June a few boys were batting and catching ball while the General was at dinner. The boys had failed to post a sentinel, and Gen. Lee made his appearance in an unexpected manner. As soon as his presence was known the offenders ran to hide in the college building. Gen. Lee followed them in their retreat. It happened that I had been in the rear of the building, and as I came out of the hall onto the portico I met Gen. Lee face to face. The day was exceedingly warm, and I was in my shirt sleeves. I was not aware that the boys were in hiding for breaking rules. I was at once taken by the General for one of the offenders. Calling me by name, he asked if I did not know it was a violation of college rules to play ball during recitation hours. In my embarrassment I pleaded that I had not been playing ball. The circumstantial evidence was against me. I have always felt that my answer was doubted; but the noble old gentleman simply remarked that the boys must not violate this rule, and then walked away. I was too stunned to think, and did not realize my position until some of the offenders had come from out of their hiding places and made the situation plain to me. During the remainder of my college life I was always careful when I ventured on the campus in my shirt sleeves.

Gen. Lee was one of the most modest as well as one of the most diffident of men. Notoriety and applause were not only distasteful but painful to him. On commencement or public occasions he avoided publicity, and was embarrassed by remarks which referred to him in any way in person. He disliked display and ostentation of manner and speech. Whilst his heart was said to have been broken by the results of the war, he had the faculty of concealing his feelings to a degree seldom equaled. He was less emotional than any human being I ever saw, and yet possessed the most gentle and sympathetic nature. I never saw him smile or frown. The expression of his face was as calm and placid as a child's. His features were noble, his eyes soft and benevolent, but piercing, and expressive of both thought and feeling. He could express with his eyes an authority and command which volumes of words could not convey. His voice was soft and gentle, and seldom raised above a whisper, but

with sound so clear and distinct that every word was clearly heard. His influence over those thrown in his presence was magnetic. His poise, expression, and bearing commanded respect and exercised an authority which no one dared to deny in his presence. The great secret of his character was its simplicity and manliness. He seemed to tower above the heads of every one by nobility of mind and heart, which created the feeling that greatness was personified in him.

Whether on foot or horse, he looked the soldier that he was. Except on rare occasions, he wore the Confederate gray uniform without its trimmings and brass buttons. When mounted on Traveler, his old war horse, he wore high-top boots, which gave him a military bearing never to be forgotten by those who had seen him at the head of the army. He was devotedly attached to Traveler, and the horse and the man seemed to be made for each other—the one proud of the other—and inseparable in spirit and noble bearing. Art has tried to represent these two noble specimens of the man and of the horse as they appeared in life, yet all that the genius of the artist could do was to present forms and colorings. The life and pride of spirit can never be shown on canvas as they are recalled by eyes which saw the reality. In good weather Gen. Lee rode Traveler almost daily. The exercise was beneficial to both, now growing old in years as well as in service. When death came to Gen. Lee, Traveler was not long in following his old master.

I have only touched upon a few of the many impressions made upon a student by the greatest of all college presidents. Years have rapidly passed by, and the students of Gen. Lee's day are growing fewer and fewer. Those of us who remain still recall the noble influence he exercised over our lives.

NEGRO COMMUNED AT ST. PAUL'S CHURCH.

Col. T. L. Broun, of Charleston, W. Va., writes of having been present at St. Paul's Church, Richmond, Va., just after the war when a negro marched to the communion table ahead of the congregation. His account of the event is as follows:

"Two months after the evacuation of Richmond business called me to Richmond for a few days, and on a Sunday morning in June, 1865, I attended St. Paul's Church. Dr. Minnegerode preached. It was communion day; and when the minister was ready to administer the holy communion, a negro in the church arose and advanced to the communion table. He was tall, well-dressed, and black. This was a great surprise and shock to the communicants and others present. Its effect upon the communicants was startling, and for several moments they retained their seats in solemn silence and did not move, being deeply chagrined at this attempt to inaugurate the 'new régime' to offend and humiliate them during their most devoted Church services. Dr. Minnegerode was evidently embarrassed.

"Gen. Robert E. Lee was present, and, ignoring the action and presence of the negro, arose in his usual dignified and self-possessed manner, walked up the aisle to the chancel rail, and reverently knelt down to partake of the communion, and not far from the negro. This lofty conception of duty by Gen. Lee under such provoking and irritating circumstances had a magic effect upon the other communicants (including the writer), who went forward to the communion table.

"By this action of Gen. Lee the services were conducted as if the negro had not been present. It was a grand exhibition of superiority shown by a true Christian and great soldier under the most trying and offensive circumstances."

THE RETURN OF THE FLAGS.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

They're coming back—the banners old,
That floated in the battle's van
And kissed the sunlight fold on fold
From Potomac to Rapidan.
They're coming home—the flags that waved
In triumph by the summer sea,
Where heroes often dangers braved
Beneath the glorious plume of Lee.

They mutely tell to all the world
How round them Southland's heroes fell
Ere they one April day were furled
In sorrow in Virginia's dell.
The banner of the precious bar
Hath still its story never old,
The standard of the stainless star
Hath love to mark its every fold.

They're coming back to Southland fair,
Though faded, creased, and old and torn;
Four years they floated on the air
Before the matchless legions borne.
The men who fought beneath their stars
Wreathed them with fame that ne'er will fade;
There's not a deed to-day that mars
The record that the legions made.

They sleep who saw them wave on high,
Ofttimes enwreathed with victory;
They camp beneath the summer sky
Along the winding Tennessee.
They followed where those banners led
Through storm of shot and rain of shell;
The bravest of the South lay dead
Where oft the standards rose and fell.

They're coming home to those who love
The cause for which the thousands died,
Fair as the blue that bends above
And by affection sanctified.
The violet blooms on many a plain
Where once the valorous legions trod;
The modest rose hath oped again
Above the battle's blood-drenched sod.

No longer crouch the eager foes,
No phalanx is for battle set,
And Peace hath placed a snow-white rose
Upon the cruel bayonet.
They're coming back—the flags of old,
And Southland's heart is proud to-day;
They floated grandly, fold on fold,
Above the men who wore the gray.

THE BANNER OF THE BARS.

CLARA DARGAN MACLEAN, SEWANEE, TENN.

Aloft it streamed o'er hill and dale,
O'er river, lake, and plain;
It waved above ten thousand brave
Amid the leaden rain;
At masthead floated wild and free
Beneath the midnight stars;
And morning broke upon it there—
The Banner of the Bars.

Low in the dust its folds now lie,
 And draped with deepest woe;
 But who shall dare to mock it there,
 To taunt a fallen foe!
 As woman turns to him she loves—
 Loved better for his scars—
 We now adore with tender pride
 The Banner of the Bars.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCES AT HARRISBURG, MISS.

BY HENRY EWELL HORD, TENNESSEE CONFEDERATE HOME.

The Harrisburg fight was the hardest our brigade was in during the war; at least we suffered more in proportion to the time engaged. Gen. A. J. Smith, commanding the Sixteenth Army Corps, infantry, cavalry, and artillery, amounting in all to near seventeen thousand men, started from Memphis to "clean up" Gen. Forrest, march through Alabama, and join Sherman in Georgia. We had only a few small cavalry brigades at that time in North Mississippi; and Gen. Buford's Division, consisting of Lyon's and Bell's brigades, was sent out toward La Grange to delay Smith's advance and enable Gens. Forrest and Stephen D. Lee to concentrate all the troops they could to repel Smith's force. We met them south of La Grange, and immediately commenced a kind of guerrilla warfare—capturing pickets, ambushing, night attacks, rushing in while they were on the march, killing the wagon guards, burning wagons, and out again before they could get a whack at us.

Constantly annoyed in this way, Smith's Corps could not march more than six or seven miles a day on his route. He had to be ready to fight at all hours, day or night. The road in his rear was strewn with dead mules, burnt wagons, and fresh-made graves. Our loss was almost nothing, except hard riding and lack of sleep, things we were accustomed to. We were confident we should soon wear him out, get his men demoralized, and make his raid end like Gen. Sturgis's; and we would have done it if Gens. Forrest and Buford could have had their way. All the way from La Grange to Harrisburg we acted as an invisible escort to Gen. Smith. He could not water his horses without taking his army to the creek with him, and he camped every night in line of battle, with heavy skirmish lines thrown around him.

Gen. S. D. Lee came up from the south just before Smith reached Harrisburg; and as he commanded the department, he took charge. All the available reinforcements that could be spared from other places were utilized. Our brigade commander, Gen. Lyon, was put in charge of a lot of dismounted militia and two batteries, and Col. Ed Crossland commanded our brigade. Mabrey and McCulloch, our old friends under Gen. Rucker, and Gen. Roddy, with his division from Alabama, were all up and eager for the fight. The night Gen. Smith reached Harrisburg our brigade had been worrying him all day, and when he finally went into camp we were so close to him that we thought we were in for a night attack.

We were marching in line of battle, with skirmishers out, when word came down the line to "halt, dismount, and lie down." I had been asleep only a few moments when I heard a voice in a stage whisper ask: "What's the matter with Company D?" I raised up and recognized Otey O'Bryan, a member of Company B, Third Kentucky. He had made a considerable reputation as a bold and reliable scout, and Gen. Forrest very often made use of him. When Otey wanted any

men to go with him, he would come to Company D and ask for volunteers. Generally the boys were eager to go; but that night every one was tired and sleepy, and no one had volunteered. As soon as I found out what was wanted, I told him I would go; then another one of the boys, Bob —, also volunteered to go. "That's all I want. Leave your horses and guns with No. 4. Bring one pistol if you want to; we are going afoot." He took us to where he had two suits of clothes, one a citizen's and the other a United States uniform. I had to take the uniform, as Bob could not get it on over his gray clothes. He then told us that Gen. Forrest was anxious to find out all he could about Gen. Smith's army, as he expected to fight him early next day, and wanted us to go inside his lines and get all the information we could. He said it was not really necessary for three to go, as each man would go alone and use his own judgment as to his movements; but it was a dangerous mission, and meant death sure and swift if we were caught, so he thought it better to have three, as some of us might never get back.

We shook hands and separated, never to meet any more in this world. Bob never got back, and Otey was killed next day on the breastworks. I never heard his report or saw him any more. Gen. Smith was on the same ground his battle line fought on next day, and we were in the field just in front of him. As soon as we separated I went to where I was certain the enemy's skirmish line would be, and managed to locate it without being heard or seen. I then crawled up close to the sentinel and waited till the relief came around. The weeds were about as high as oats. When the guard was changed, I heard the countersign given, then I slipped back and went to another sentry, was challenged, gave the countersign, "Grant," bold as brass, told the fellow I had been outside scouting for Gen. Smith, and then, just for devilment, told him the Rebs were out there in the weeds, and he had better keep his eyes "peeled."

I made my way to where I thought Gen. Smith's main line was, and by good luck struck one end of it. They had thrown up breastworks about four feet high, stacked arms, and were all sleeping soundly around the guns. I did not see any guards at all except one sentry in front of a new tent, with a light burning in it; and as that was the only tent I saw, I supposed that it was Gen. Smith's headquarters. I went from one end of the line to the other, got the exact position of each battery, the number of guns, where the negro brigade was, etc.

I got out about daylight by doing some of the fastest running a boy ever did. I found that while I was gone my command had retired to the woods in front of Gen. Smith about a mile, and in plain view. I made my report to Gen. Forrest and several of his officers, who seemed to be holding a council, Gen. Buford among them. I told them that if they attacked from that side they would have to cross that old field a mile wide and take the raking fire of those batteries. As far as I could tell from their faces, they all seemed to agree with me. I heard afterwards that Gens. Forrest and Buford were very much opposed to making the attack from that side. I don't think Gen. Lee knew how strongly the enemy were posted. While in the Yankee camp I had stolen a fine new haversack. After I got back to my company, I found that it contained a package of roasted coffee and hard-tack. I concluded to make me some coffee, but had only an old Confederate canteen to boil it in. I had just made the coffee when we were ordered to "fall in." So I hung it up

in a tree till the fight was over, as I did not want to be bothered carrying a canteen of boiling coffee into a battle.

In the meantime word had passed around that we were going to attack. Roddy's Division had formed on our right and Mabrey on our left, with Bell supporting Mabrey. Two of Morton's batteries were with us and two with Bell. But few of Lyon's infantry had gotten up. When we were ordered to advance, our brigade moved promptly, and Roddy moved on a line with us for some five hundred yards, then halted; the other brigades, for some cause, did not move with us. As soon as we emerged from the woods we were in plain view of the Yanks, and they opened on us with all their batteries. Our two batteries responded. Gen. Smith's line was formed in the shape of a crescent, with batteries on both points and in the center, and we were nearly in front of the center battery. We started in quick time, and halfway across the field changed to double-quick. Five hundred yards or so from the Yankee lines a shell burst just as it passed between John Duke's head and my own. We were in the front rank, and the concussion knocked us both down, the fragments killing the two men in the rear rank. I was the first to come to, with my face turned toward the woods from which we had come. My first impression was that the fight was over, as I could see nothing of the command and could hear no firing. I happened to turn around and look the other way, and saw them about two hundred yards off, going as regular as clockwork on to the Yankee line. The concussion of the exploding shell had destroyed my hearing. John Duke raised up about then, and we raced to catch up with the command. They had halted one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards from the breastworks and "dressed up" as we got in our places. The Yankees were concentrating their fire on us from twenty-four guns and a heavy line of infantry behind breastworks. It was awful. The two end batteries could enfilade our entire line. I was stone-deaf myself, but I have heard the boys say that the bones breaking sounded like grinding coffee.

We had not fired a shot as yet; and when Col. Crossland gave the command to charge, the whole line swept forward like one company. Some went over the works and were killed in the ditch, scores of them were killed on the works; but they stopped us. Again and again we made a rush for the works, only to be hurled back. Finally we made a lodgment on our side of the breastworks and fired across, with our guns almost touching the enemy's. Aleck Cowan (one of Company D), sitting on the ground just behind me with his leg broken, handed me his Spencer. I pitched him my empty gun to load, and did firing for both. Wounds did not count; nothing but death could keep a man from fighting. Such reckless courage and desperate fighting was never seen before by our regiment, though they were in the charge that broke up the "Hornet's Nest" at Shiloh.

One of the Yankee officers jumped up on the works, waving his sword. I was standing a little to the right of him. He caught me with an empty gun; but I struck him over the head with it, and he tumbled off on our side. His company rose *en masse* to rescue him. As I struck him something hit me in the side. I lost my balance, and fell on our side of the works. Glancing back to see what it was that had pushed me off, I saw a Yank with his throat cut from ear to ear. He had dropped his gun and had both hands clasped around his throat, trying in vain to check the blood that was gushing through his fingers. They were crowding over the works, and no one had time to load; it was clubbed gun against

bayonet. Lieut. John Jarrett was close beside me, and I never have forgotten how he seemed to be in half a dozen places at once. He was a stout, broad-shouldered man, and could do more things with a saber than most men ever dreamed of. Our captain, Milt Kinkead, was shot through the arms; but he did not give up the command of the company, and did all he could to hold the boys to their work. Old Col. Crossland saw the break, and rushed into it fighting like a wild man, and yelling, "Die in your tracks; don't give an inch;" but, in spite of all that we could do, they crowded us back step by step. Fortunately for us, they had broken over only in front of our company, and the boys to the left and right of us who had time to load concentrated their fire on them, killing everything that crossed over, and we regained our position alongside the works. I looked around to see if Aleck had a loaded gun for me; but he had caught another ball, and was dead. The officer I knocked off the works fell with his head in Aleck's lap, and they were lying side by side. Aleck evidently had grabbed him by the throat with both hands and was choking him when death overtook him, for the fellow's face was as blue as his uniform, and even in death he held on to him. I kicked his wrist and broke his hold, but don't know whether the officer ever came to or not.

Col. Crossland, seeing that no reinforcements were coming to him, ordered a retreat. The brigade closed up and retired slowly, "front rank fire and fall back." The Yankees showed a disposition to follow us at first, but we kept such a bold and steady front that they gave it up. Some of the men helped the wounded to get off—all that were able to be moved. Two or three hundred yards from the breastworks we "ceased firing," and retired on "quick time" to where we started from, halted, and waited for reinforcements. I happened to think of the canteen, of coffee I left hanging on the tree, and went for it. I found it was just about the right temperature to drink. I felt as if we had been fighting for hours. Nearly two-thirds of our command had been killed or wounded, yet it all had happened while a canteen of coffee was cooling. Lieut. Jarrett came to me after we halted and examined my jacket. He said he was just behind me when I jumped upon the works, and saw a Yankee lunge at me with his bayonet. He found two holes in my jacket where the bayonet had gone through from one side to the other, barely missing my breast. I asked him about the Yank I had seen with his throat cut, and he admitted that he had reached across the works and slashed at the fellow with his saber, but was not certain that he got him, as his attention was called to another place. That is the kind of man he was. He would do all kinds of gallant deeds, and then try to forget them. I am pretty sure his own brother never knew half he did. He has long since "passed over the river" and gone where the good soldiers go.

Majs. Turk and Charlie Jarrett volunteered to go with us on that charge "just for fun," but they got more than they bargained for. Jarrett was knocked off his horse by the concussion of a shell, and lost his horse besides. Turk also lost his horse. I am not sure at this distant day, but I don't think a single horse that went in with us got back. Our loss was particularly heavy in officers; some companies did not have an officer left. Bell and Mabrey were ordered forward, and made a gallant charge, but were repulsed with heavy loss. Had we all gone together, with Morton's guns rushed close up, the result might have been different. Gen.

Lyon got his batteries up in time to engage the Yankee guns, and they let us go. We were not engaged any more that day, but moved around on another road and attacked next day and drove them about a mile. It was very warm, and more than eighty men were carried from the field with sunstroke.

Gen. Smith concluded that he would not go to Alabama. Memphis was a very good town, so he began the next morning to pull his freight for that place. Gens. Forrest and Buford, thinking they could turn his retreat into a route, commenced crowding him with artillery. Smith turned on them at Town Creek, and came very near capturing four of Morton's guns. Gen. Buford had only part of our brigade supporting him at the time, and Maj. Turk came flying back after us. We went forward on the run, dismounted, and wheeled into line not a moment too soon. Morton had lost all of his horses, and, like Uncle Remus's rabbit, "he just had to climb" (fight). Gen. Buford was down on the ground helping the battery boys, and yelling: "Give 'em h—l, boys!" The Yanks were charging in a long line at double-quick, and were only thirty steps or so from the battery when we got into line. We fired in their faces, which stopped them, and then we charged. They did not wait for us, but skedaddled back. We chased them across an old field, and ran up on another line, which brought us to a halt. While we were fighting that line at close range Gen. Forrest got up with McCulloch's brigade, charged, and drove them back. In that fight Forrest got the worst wound he received during the war—in the foot. We came very near losing our flag there. The color bearer was killed, and Lieut. Jarrett took the colors in falling back, closely followed by the Yanks. Jarrett fell down. He knew he would not have time to get up and away, the Yanks were so close; so he gathered the flag under him and played dead. The Yanks passed over him. We immediately made a counter charge and drove them back, and were much pleased to see Jarrett jump up and wave the old flag. Our brigade had suffered so heavily that we were excused from any more fighting on the retreat. We went back, buried the dead, and took care of the wounded. All of our Harrisburg wounded, as well as the enemy's, had fallen in our hands. The Yanks had never given their wounded any attention, and the poor fellows suffered fearfully. Their wounds were flyblown, and many of them died under the surgeon's knife.

[The writer of the above, Comrade Hord, is an inmate of the Tennessee Soldiers' Home, and is still as "dead as a post" from the effects of that shell at Harrisburg.—ED.]

COMFORTING WAR REMINISCENCE.

BY COL. J. STODDARD JOHNSTON, LOUISVILLE, KY.

Two years ago I attended the fiftieth anniversary of my graduation at Yale College, where I met in pleasant reunion thirty of the forty-three survivors of the class of 1853, which numbered at graduation one hundred and eight. In the exchange of reminiscences I gave an account of my meeting with my classmate, Maj. Charles H. Whittlesey, of the Federal army, just at the close of the war. It was published in the memorial volume after the class meeting.

In the summer of 1864 we both took part in the Shenandoah Valley campaign, and were in the opposing armies in at least one battle, that of Winchester, Va., September 19, though at the time neither knew of the presence of the other. Whittlesey was major and adjutant general on the staff of Gen. H. G. Wright, commanding the Sixth Corps, and I was

major and chief of staff to Gen. John C. Breckinridge, commanding a corps in Gen. Jubal Early's army. Shortly after this battle we both went to other fields, and when the close drew near I was in North Carolina, and took my parole under the terms of capitulation made by Gen. Joseph E. Johnston to Gen. W. T. Sherman, at Greensboro, N. C., May 1, 1865. Thence with other Confederates I went on horseback to Danville, Va., several days' ride north of Greensboro. We reached there at dark, and found that Wright's Corps occupied the place. With Gen. Echols I was hospitably entertained at the house of Maj. W. T. Sutherland, a Confederate officer, and for the first time after I entered the army I slept within the Federal lines. There was some speculation as to how we would fare on the morrow, and some apprehension was felt as to restrictions which would be placed upon our further movements. Next morning after breakfast I was seated alone in the parlor reading, when the servant announced that a Federal officer wished to see me. The idea occurred to me at once that it was a domiciliary visit foreboding no good, and I told the servant to show the officer in, prepared to take whatever was in store for me. In a few moments the officer appeared in full uniform, paused a moment upon entering, and before I knew it embraced me in his arms. It was Whittlesey, and if I had been a brother he could not have shown more affection and joy in meeting me. He then told me that in the campaign of the preceding summer an order signed by me had been picked up after the battle, and by this means he had learned of my presence there. He had ever since feared I might have been killed, and had never heard of me since until a few moments before, when he learned of my presence at Maj. Sutherland's and had come immediately.

You may well infer what a happy meeting this was to both of us, and how it lit up the gloom which enshrouded me in the sting of defeat and uncertainty of the future. Life took on a new interest, and through the despair so lately dominant I seemed at once to foresee the prospect of the delightful reunion which afterwards came about, typified by that we then enjoyed. After a happy hour, I promised to call at his headquarters, which were on pleasant grounds just across the street. I went at noon, and there an elegant tent with floors, folding chairs, and other luxurious fittings in marked contrast to the accommodations I had been used to, I was introduced to Gen. Wright and six or eight of the principal members of his staff. This reception was most cordial, and a pleasant hour was passed in conversation. Refreshments were served, embracing viands to which I had long been a stranger, and healths were drunk appropriate to the occasion.

When we were left alone together, Whittlesey sought in various ways to see how he could serve me. His pocketbook was at my command; but I had lately sold a horse to J. P. Benjamin, Confederate Secretary of State, for one hundred and fifty dollars in gold, and startled my friend by display of the coin. I then told him he might serve me by sending over the military lines a dispatch to my family in Kentucky, which he did, and it was the first news they received of my safety. Then, learning that I wished to go to Richmond, he gave me an order for transportation for myself and two friends in a passenger car, or otherwise I might have had to go in a box car. After the dear fellow had done everything which friendly affection could suggest, we parted, never to meet again. When I heard a few years later of his death, it was with unspeakable sorrow, and the memory of his friendship will never fade.

GEN. GRANT AS FRIEND TO MAJ. GEN. M'LAWS.

Two of the strongest characteristics of Gen. Grant as a public man were his stubborn fighting qualities and his unswerving loyalty to his friends. The world is familiar with the first, while innumerable instances of the latter could be cited showing that he was equally as persistent in his friendship. One of the strongest and most interesting illustrations of the latter was shown for his friend, Maj. Gen. McLaws, of the Confederate army.

Immediately after the war the commerce of Savannah, Ga., Gen. McLaws's native State, was almost ruined by the obstructions our forces had placed in the Savannah River to protect the city from the Federal vessels. The city and State were too poor to have them removed, so a delegation from the board of aldermen was appointed to go to Washington and make every effort to have the government assist in clearing the river. Among other influences sought, the delegation called on President Grant to solicit his very powerful aid. After making its appeal to the President, Gen. Grant turned to Capt. McArthur, of the committee, and asked him if he could tell him anything about Gen. McLaws. Capt. McArthur replied: "Yes, Mr. President, he is living about forty-five miles above Savannah, trying to make a living out of a farm. I understand his success is not what you might call flattering." Gen. Grant then said: "I feel kindly disposed toward McLaws. We were close friends in the old army, and I am now in a position to do him a friendly turn, and have written him to that effect, but he has not answered my letter."

A short time after this Gen. McLaws happened to be in Washington and met Gen. Grant unexpectedly on the Avenue, who saluted him with: "Hello, McLaws; where did you come from?" After exchange of greetings, Gen. Grant said: "Old fellow, why did you not answer my letter?" Gen. McLaws gave some weak excuse, which Gen. Grant refused. "Now," he said, "I want you to come up to the White House."

"When?" queried McLaws.

"Any time you select," replied the President.

"No, that won't do; your time is too precious for me to make the appointment. I would rather leave that with you," said Gen. McLaws.

"All right," returned the President; "come to lunch to-morrow." The next day the President was very busy, but when Gen. McLaws's card was brought in he told the usher: "Show Gen. McLaws to our private parlor and let Mrs. Grant know he is here."

As soon as the President could dismiss the delegation with whom he was engaged he joined Mrs. Grant and Gen. McLaws. There came up the question of appointment, and again Gen. Grant chided McLaws for not replying to his letter. He then told McLaws: "I know all about you. Some of your friends were here seeking government aid in clearing the Savannah River of obstruction, and from them I have learned just how you are situated. I am in a position to help you, and I am going to do it."

Aside from his friendship, Gen. Grant remembered a special kindness Gen. McLaws had shown him in the "long ago," so he sent McLaws's nomination to the Senate for collector of internal revenue. When the nomination came up in executive session of the Senate, it was held up by the Senate, who directed a committee to call upon President Grant and request its withdrawal. The committee interviewed the President, but to no effect. "Do you know," volunteered the spokesman, "that McLaws is an unrepentant Rebel? Has he

shown any regret or repentance for his rebellion against the government that educated him? No, Mr. President, we cannot advocate his confirmation by the Senate."

Gen. Grant coolly turned to the spokesman and said: "Who is making this nomination? I know exactly what I am doing."

"Well," said the Senator, "the appointment won't be confirmed."

The President replied: "Here are a number of indorsements by you gentlemen of applicants for appointment by me, and I desire to say that none of these will receive executive attention until the Senate acts upon the nomination of Gen. McLaws."

There was much kicking in the Senate, but Grant's bulldog stubbornness won the fight and Gen. McLaws got the appointment. When his term as collector of revenue expired, Gen. Grant appointed him to the position of postmaster at Savannah, and by his influence kept Gen. McLaws in that position until Arthur succeeded to the Presidency.

THE OLD CONFEDERATE GRAY.

BY MRS. FLORENCE J. HARPER, NASHVILLE, TENN.

[Suggested by parade of Veterans at Nashville, 1904.]

The red and white with the blue unite
In decoration gay,
While through them all, like a silvery stream,
Runs the old Confederate gray.

But, though the hues of all the flowers
Co-mingle in bright array,
Not one appeals to Southern hearts
Like the old Confederate gray.

The failing ranks of a noble throng
Are in our midst to-day,
And our hearts expand in greetings warm
To the wearers of the gray.

So that all our hands can find to do
And all we think or say
Will given be in service free
To the wearers of the gray.

They fought beneath the Southern cross,
While the loved at home did pray
For triumph for the stars and bars
And the boys who wore the gray.

Many there were to our hearts so dear
Who sleep where the south winds play;
Their graves as sacred as home and heaven—
Those heroes of the gray.

In a few brief years, as through falling tears,
We glance adown the way;
We will view the last of the army vast
Who wore this selfsame gray.

When life's battles close on the plains of peace
They will marshal forever and aye,
While a rose of white and a crown of light
Supplant the Rebel gray.

Then a victor's song will float along
Where the river of life's bright spray
Perfumes the air of that country fair,
The home of the boys in gray.

ALLEGHANY ROUGHS, OR CARPENTER'S BATTERY.

BY W. M. M'ALISTER, WARM SPRINGS, VA.

[Company A, of the 27th Regiment Virginia Volunteers, Stonewall Brigade, was known as the "Alleghany Light Infantry," by the boys as the "Alleghany Roughs," and later as "Carpenter's Battery."]

The following muster roll is as constituted on July 21, 1861, at the first battle of Manassas:

Captain: Thompson McAllister.

Lieutenants: Joseph Carpenter, George B. McKendree, and Henry H. Dunott.

Sergeants: Robert I. Anthony, Benami Karnes, Littleton T. Dickey, John G. Rixey, and Charles O. Jordan.

Corporals: Philip D. Vowels, James M. Hammond, Samuel S. Carpenter, and J. H. Thompson.

The privates were:

Marion Alford.

Stephen W. P. Bacon, James T. Baker, Jr., Van R. Banker, James W. Branham, William W. Baggage, George T. Byrd, Joseph M. Boswell.

Patrick Canty, John C. Carpenter, James P. Clark, Patrick Corr.

Joseph S. Dressler.

Hopkins B. Foster, William C. Fudge, Joseph T. Fudge, Timothy Flinn, Clarence A. Fonerden.

James Glenn, James Grady.

James P. Holmes, William Humphries, Thomas Hastings, William B. Hite.

James A. Jordan, Edwin W. Jordan, Peter Jones.

Patrick Kearnes, John Karnes, Francis L. Karnes, John King, Joseph Kimberlin, John M. Knight, B. H. Kupp.

Samuel Low, William T. Lambie, Charles Lafferty, John Lampkins.

William Moran, James R. Montague, John Milligan, William W. Murrell, John W. Matheney, William M. McAllister, Gabriel McDonald, Andrew McGowan, Patrick McMahan, Thomas McCarnan, John McCulloch, George R. McKnight, Jacob L. Moyers.

Virginius B. Otey.

Peter M. Pence, William D. W. Pitzer.

Michael Quinlin.

James E. Rose, Thomas W. Rosser, Henry B. Ray, James A. Rogers, Alexander H. Read, James Riley, James W. Read.

John S. Sawyers, Kyle C. Scott, John W. Stewart, Benjamin P. Stewart, William Steele, Patrick Smith, John Smith.

Their average age was about twenty-five years. The original company were nearly all from Covington, Va. This company was enrolled on the 22d of April, 1861, and entered the service of the State of Virginia on the same day at Staunton, Va. On the following day it received orders from Gov. John Letcher to return to Covington, Va., for drill and to uniform, and was soon ordered to Harper's Ferry, Va., and assigned to the 27th Virginia Regiment of Infantry as Company A, Gen. (then Col.) Thomas J. Jackson's Brigade, afterwards known as the "Stonewall Brigade." It continued to serve as an infantry company until the 12th of November, 1861, when it was, by a special order from Gen. Jackson, converted into an artillery company, and served during the war in that branch of the service, being known first as the "Alleghany Roughs' Battery" and later as "Carpenter's Battery," but always attached to the "Stonewall Brigade."

In the fall of 1862 the "Jackson Artillery" (known as "Cutshaw's Battery," of which Col. W. E. Cutshaw, now of Rich-

mond, Va., had been commander), having become so depleted in numbers, was merged into this battery, and the name, "Carpenter's Battery," retained.

RECRUITED BY VIRGINIANS.

This company was from time to time recruited as follows:

From Alleghany County, Va.: J. M. Carpenter, J. H. A. Boswell, George Crawford, Thomas M. Jordan, Samuel Matheney, Archibald A. Fudge, James P. Payne, Charles S. J. Skeen, Ledford A. Sively, Robert A. Fudge, and Samuel Matheny.

From Augusta County, Va.: William S. Arey, George F. Arey, Benjamin Caricoff, Samuel M. Woodward, Thomas D. Woodward, Chesley Woodward, C. C. Via, Booker Hunter, and H. L. Evans.

From Nelson County, Va.: W. Barnes.

From Rockbridge County, Va.: F. W. Figgatt, J. F. Lotts, James Leppard, J. M. Mackey, Reuben L. Martin, James Walker, William J. Winn, and David Syren.

From Wythe County, Va.: J. Sprecker, S. Sprecker, and J. Swindle. To this add the remnant of the "Cutshaw Battery," consisting of the following: Lieut. D. R. Barton, J. W. Willey, Jacob Willey, Fred Willey, G. A. Williams, J. W. Hoffman, W. F. Cobourn, John W. Miller, E. W. Piper, J. M. Wilkinson, H. Ridenour, Fred Ridings, A. W. Staff, W. W. Reid, W. F. Hicks, A. McCarty, George Keeler, Daniel W. Cline, Charles Kayser, James Beeler, E. P. Blake, Joseph Ccoley, N. Clemm, A. Ridenour, T. T. Hyte, George E. Everett, John McCarty, W. J. V. Jones, H. Lauch, A. J. Barrow, W. S. Bradford, J. W. Edmondson, Joseph Manuel, W. J. Dempsey, Joseph Allemong, James C. Reid, R. N. St. John, William St. John, — St. John, — Fitzgerald, W. K. Newcomer, and John O'Neil.

It will thus appear that the recruits numbered sixty-three, making the total enrollment of the company, from first to last, one hundred and forty-five. Of these, forty-five were killed in battle and more than two hundred wounded in battle (which includes all such as were wounded in more battles than one). At First Manassas six were killed and seventeen wounded; at Gettysburg ten were killed and twenty-three wounded; at Wade's Depot four were killed and five wounded; at Winchester, September 19, 1864, ten were killed and twenty-one wounded; besides smaller numbers killed and wounded in other battles and skirmishes. Only eight died from disease during the entire period of the war.

The company took part in twenty-six pitched battles, besides numerous skirmishes. These include First and Second Manassas, Kernstown, three at Winchester, Charlestown, Port Republic, Malvern Hill, Cedar Mountain, surrender at Harper's Ferry, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Spottsylvania, Monocacy, Md., Wade's Depot, Fisher's Hill, and Cedar Creek.

At the enrollment of the company of eighty-eight men, rank and file, thirty-seven were twenty-two years of age and under, and at the first battle of Manassas nearly one-third of the company were killed or wounded. Again at Gettysburg and at Winchester more than one-third of the men in battle were killed or wounded.

A short time since the writer had the good fortune to procure a clipping from the *Lexington Gazette and Banner* of January 30, 1867, from which I quote:

"This company was organized as infantry in the county of Alleghany. It acted with distinguished gallantry in the first battle of Manassas, and Lieut. Dunott captured with his own

hands the beautiful battle flag of the 1st Michigan Regiment. When Gen. Jackson was promoted and ordered back to the valley, it was transferred to the artillery branch of the service by his order. Officers and men were delighted with the change, and by the time that Gen. Jackson commenced his expedition to Bath and Hancock (January 1, 1862) had nearly mastered the drill. It was not long before their efficiency in their new arm of service was tested by their actions in the memorable battle of Kernstown. Their cool courage in this action won the approval of the commanding general, and they were permitted to reorganize as artillery, while two other companies that had been detached at the same time were returned to infantry.

"From this time until early in 1863 they remained with the 'Stonewall Brigade,' actively participating in all of its marches, battles, and skirmishes, shared in the honors of the memorable valley campaign, in the seven days' fights around Richmond, and in the disastrous repulse of Burnside at Fredericksburg.

"In December, 1862, when the batteries of the division were ordered back to Bowling Green to go into winter quarters, this battery was left to do picket duty at Buckner's Neck, on the Rappahannock, for four months continuously, the sections of the company doing duty alternately; and, though but scantily provided with tents, they were not permitted to build huts for shelter against the storms.

"Upon the reorganization of the artillery into battalions the battery was assigned to the 3d Battalion, A. N. V., commanded by Maj. R. Snowden Andrews, afterwards by Maj. Carter M. Braxton.

"In common with their gallant comrades, they shared and suffered in the first Maryland campaign and in the bloody battles of Second Manassas and Sharpsburg. At Second Fredericksburg it operated with Gen. Early's command against Sedgwick, passed through the Pennsylvania campaign, and under the command of the gallant Latimer at Gettysburg had ten men killed and twenty-three wounded. It participated in all the battles of Grant's celebrated campaign from the Wilderness to Cold Harbor, from thence was ordered to the Valley with Gen. Early, and was present on every battlefield from Monocacy to Fisher's Hill, where its guns were captured by the enemy."

At Fishersville they went into winter quarters. Soon thereafter a portion of the company was sent to Petersburg to help man the guns in the fortifications, and about thirty of the men were sent back to Alleghany County with the artillery horses, in charge of Capt. John C. Carpenter, with orders to be prepared to return to the command at a moment's warning. These men were ordered to return about the time of the fall of Richmond, and had reached Lexington, Va., when they received information of the surrender of Gen. Lee. They immediately started from Lexington to join Gen. Johnston, Army of Tennessee; and when they had gone as far as Hollins Institute, they learned of the surrender of Gen. Johnston and returned to Covington, Va., and never surrendered. The rest of the company surrendered with Gen. Lee. After the company was transferred to artillery, it was commanded by Capt. Joseph Carpenter, a graduate of the Virginia Military Institute, a gallant and efficient officer, who died from a wound received at Cedar Run (Slaughter Mountain). His brother, John C. Carpenter, succeeded him—a highly meritorious officer, who retained the command until the close of the war, and who lost an arm in a cavalry fight under Gen. Rosser.

No company in the Confederate service won a more honorable and deserved distinction than Carpenter's Battery, and none that we have heard of lost more heavily in killed and wounded in proportion to numbers.

The officers of this company, from first to last, were as follows: Captains, Thompson McAllister, Joseph Carpenter, and John C. Carpenter; Lieutenants, George B. McKendree, Henry H. Dunott, William T. Lambie, D. R. Barton, Samuel S. Carpenter, and Charles O. Jordan.

At the first battle of Manassas this company, as infantry, was led by Capt. McAllister. It captured, near the famous Henry house, two of the guns of Ricket's Battery and recaptured one of the guns of Amboden's Battery, which had been captured by the Federals earlier in the day, and captured also Capt. Ricket and the battle flag of the 1st Michigan and quite a large number of prisoners. The three guns were turned on the enemy, and contributed largely to his final rout from about the Henry house. An incident worthy of mention here is the fact that Maj. Gen. (then Col.) Robert McAllister, of the 1st New Jersey Regiment (a brother of Capt. Thompson McAllister, C. S. A., who was fighting him), with his own and the 2d New Jersey Regiment, formed a hollow square immediately across the public road from the Henry house, and in the direct front of his brother's company and these captured guns, to attempt to check the rout of the Federals, then becoming general, when this company, with the aid of these guns and the help of other fragmentary commands, by well-directed aim dislodged this hollow square, and sent these two magnificent New Jersey regiments hurriedly to the rear along with the other Federal troops in their front, and pursued them across the stone bridge and thence until ordered to desist.

Capt. McAllister was the oldest and his son, William M., the youngest man in this company. They were both present at the First Manassas, and each received a wound in this first great battle of the war.

Of the original eighty-two men enrolled in this company, it seems to the writer quite remarkable that, after nearly forty-four years, there are still living twenty-eight, as follows: Capt. John C. Carpenter; Lieuts. George B. McKendree, William T. Lambie, Samuel S. Carpenter, Charles O. Jordan; noncommissioned officers and privates, James T. Baker, Jr., Joseph M. Boswell, George T. Byrd, Littleton T. Dickey, Clarence A. Fonerden, William C. Fudge, Joseph T. Fudge, James Grady, James Glenn, James M. Hammond, Peter Jones, Charles Lafferty, John W. Matheney, James R. Montague, William Moran, William M. McAllister, Virginius B. Otey, William D. W. Pitzer, Henry B. Ray, James M. Rose, James A. Rogers, Thomas W. Rosser, and John S. Sawyers. Of these survivors, Capt. John C. Carpenter, John W. Matheney, and John S. Sawyers each lost an arm and Lieut. W. T. Lambie an eye in battle; while nearly every other survivor was wounded more or less severely at least once, and many of them several times, in battle. Most of these survivors have proven in civil as well as in military life their true and unfaltering heroism and patriotism, for they have made reputations for themselves and been self-supporting and successful in their respective callings and occupations since the war, as they were brave and unfaltering in every duty during those trying times from 1861 to 1865, the times "that tried men's souls."

LA BATAILLE DES MOUCHOIR.

THE "GREATEST VICTORY OF THE WAR," FOUGHT FEB. 20, 1863.

Of all the battles, modern or old,
By poet sung or historian told;
Of all the routs that ever were seen
From the days of Saladin to Marshal Turenne,
Or all the victories later yet won,
From Waterloo's field to that of Bull Run—
All, all must hide their fading light
In the radiant glow of the handkerchief fight,
And a pæan of joy must thrill the land
When they hear of the deeds of Banks's band.

'Twas on the levee where the tide
Of "Father Mississippi" flows
Our gallant lads, their country's pride,
Won this great victory o'er her foes.
Four hundred Rebels were to leave
That morning for Secessia's shades,
When down there came—you'd scarce believe—
A troop of children, wives, and maids
To wave farewell, to bid Godspeed,
To shed for them the parting tear,
To waft them kisses as the meed
Of praise, to soldiers' hearts most dear.
They came in hundreds; thousands lined
The streets, the roofs, the shipping, too,
Their ribbons dancing in the wind,
Their bright eyes flashing love's adieu.

'Twas then to danger we awoke,
But nobly faced the unarmed throng
And beat them back with hearty stroke
'Till reinforcements came along.
We waited long; our anxious sight
Was strained in eager, earnest gaze.
At last we saw the bayonets bright
Flash in the sunlight's welcome blaze;
The cannons' dull and heavy roll
Fell greeting on our gladdened ear;
Then fired each eye, then glowed each soul,
For well we knew the fight was near.

"Charge!" rang the cry, and on we dashed
Upon our female foes,
As seas in stormy fury lashed
Whene'er the tempest blows.
Like chaff their parasols went down
As on our gallants rushed,
And many a bonnet, robe, and gown
Was torn to shreds or crushed.
Though well we plied the bayonet,
Still some our efforts braved;
Defiant both of blow and thrust,
Their handkerchiefs still waved.
Thick grew the fight, loud rose the din,
When "Charge!" rang out again;
And then the cannon thundered in
And scoured o'er the plain.
Down 'neath the un pitying iron heel
Of horses children sank,
While through the crowd the cannon wheel
Mowed roads on either flank.
One startled shriek, one hollow groan,
One headlong rush, and then

Huzza! the field was all our own,
For we were Banks's men.
That night, released from all our toils,
Our danger passed and gone,
We gladly gathered up the spoil
Our chivalry had won!
Four hundred kerchiefs we had snatched
From Rebel ladies' hands,
Ten parasols, two shoes not matched,
Some ribbons, belts, and bands,
And other things that I forget;
But then you'll find them all
As trophies in that hallowed spot,
The cradle—Faneuil Hall.

And long on Massachusetts' shore
And on Green Mountain's side,
Or where Long Island's breakers roar,
And by the Hudson's tide,
In times to come and lamps are lit,
And fires brightly blaze,
While round the knees of heroes sit
The youth of happier days,
Who listen to their storied deeds
To them sublimely grand—
Then Glory shall award its meed
Of praise to Banks's band,
And Fame proclaim that they alone,
In triumph's loudest note,
May wear henceforth, for valor shown,
A woman's petticoat!

FRAGMENTS.

"A broken song"—it had dropped apart
Just as it left the singer's heart,
And was never whispered upon the air—
Only breathed into the vague "Somewhere."

"A broken prayer"—only half said
By a tired child at his trundle bed;
While, asking Jesus his soul to keep,
With parted lips he fell asleep.

"A broken life"—hardly half told
When it dropped the burden it could not hold;
Of these lives and songs and prayers half done
God gathers the fragments, every one.

"MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME."

The following story is vouched for as reliable. The famous song, it is stated, was written by Mr. Stephen Collins Foster, a New Yorker, who in the early part of the forties, together with his sister, came to Kentucky on a visit to their uncle, Judge John Rowan. Judge Roman lived about half a mile from Bardstown, in Nelson County, on a large plantation, where his father settled on emigrating from Pennsylvania in 1783. The large brick house that was built about 1810 is still standing in a good state of preservation, and is now owned and occupied by some of the Rowan heirs, who also own the adjacent plantation.

This lovely home, as its *name* implies, is on a hill overlooking the city of Bardstown. The house is built on the colonial style, with a large hall running through the center,

and is two stories high. The walls are of brick and very thick, while the windows and doors are very large and high. These massive walls are covered with ivy and other vines, which give the old building a very stately aspect. The whole place has the air of grandeur and colonial beauty. The hillock is covered with many trees of different species—maple, locust, evergreens, and a few sumac—with here and there a stately old poplar standing as sentinels on duty. A gravel driveway winds its way under their leafy bowers up to the old mansion on the hill. A great many noted men of the Northern army there were who found shelter and food under this palatial old roof as they were coming and going. This beautiful old colonial home has been the dispenser of true Kentucky hospitality for over one hundred years, and some of Kentucky's noble sons and beautiful daughters have sat around its festal board.

Halfway between the old mansion and the Bardstown and Springfield Turnpike is a massive stone spring house, covered over with ivy and moss. From under the hill, through the crevasses of mighty gray stones, flows a clear, cool spring, which never runs dry. To the right of this old spring house may be seen the ruins of an old cabin, where the darkies sang and played in days gone by their old-time melodies. It was in the latter part of October that Stephen Foster and his sister were sitting on an old bench near this spring house watching the little darkies play about the cabin door. Across the lot could be seen the ripe corn tops waving in the cool breeze as the blades rasped and rustled together, while still farther on in the meadow could be seen the golden-rods bowing and nodding in the autumn sun. A more opportune moment could not have come to any author. Young Foster seized his pencil and paper and began to write:

"The sun shines bright on my old Kentucky home;
'Tis summer, the darkies are all gay;
The corn top's ripe and the meadow's in bloom,
While the birds make music all the day;
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
All merry, all happy, all bright;
By'm-by hard times comes a-knockin' at the door—
Then, my old Kentucky home, good-night!"

Young Foster handed the lines to his sister, who was still sitting by his side, and, after she had read them over, she sang them in a sweet, clear voice to the tune that they have to this day. By the time she was through he gave her the next stanza, together with the chorus:

Chorus.

"Weep no more, my lady; O, weep no more to-day!
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,
For our old Kentucky home far away."

"They hunt no more for the possum and the coon
On the meadow, the hill, and the shore;
They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,
On the bench, by the old cabin door;
The day goes like a shadow o'er the heart,
With sorrow where all was delight.
The time has come when the darkies have to part,
Then, my old Kentucky home, good-night!"

By the time Miss Foster had finished these lines all of the darkies and "white folks" had come to the old spring house,

and were standing around in perfect amazement. When she was through singing this stanza and the chorus her brother gave her the third stanza:

"The head must bow and the back will have to bend
Wherever the darkies may go;
A few more days and the trouble all will end
In the field where the sugar canes grow.
A few more days to 'tote' the weary load—
No matter, it will never be light;
A few more days still we totter on the road,
Then, my old Kentucky home, good-night."

Miss Foster finished singing this stanza as the sun was going down in the west, painting the sky a deep crimson with his blazing rays. The darkies slowly marched back to their domestic duties, and the birds seemed to cease their chirping in the golden bowers of the maple. A deep stillness settled down over "Federal Hill" that evening, while the goddess of nature slept in the leafy bowers of the primeval forest after hearing these sacred words of "My Old Kentucky Home."

The song is printed in the May number. Note the difference between this and the other version, which is far more acceptable to those who truly cherish their old Kentucky homes.

PEABODY COLLEGE FOR TEACHERS.

[The Peabody Educational Fund is for whites in the South. Ex-Gov. James D. Porter, who was adjutant general on Cheatham's staff, is Chancellor.]

One of the most notable events of the year and one which promises to exercise a marked influence on the history of education in the South was the appropriation by the trustees of the Peabody Education Fund of one million dollars as a partial endowment for the Peabody College for Teachers at Nashville, Tenn., and the permanent and final location of the college in this city.

The Peabody Board made its gift on condition that the University of Nashville should contribute the grounds and buildings, which it has placed at the service of the college since 1874, and that an additional fund to the amount of \$550,000 should be raised from the State, city, and county in which the college is situated, all of which has been secured. The property which the university has conveyed to the college as now reorganized contains sixteen acres of ground in the city of Nashville, with some half dozen picturesque and historical buildings. Part of the money the college has now acquired will be used for the erection of modern buildings for recitation, dormitories, etc. The Teachers' College will be placed under the control of a Board of Trustees, on which all the Southern States will have representation, as it is the intention of the Board to make the college one for the whole South and in which graduates of normal schools throughout the country will be enabled to take the higher courses which teachers sooner or later need. The course of instruction will be much enlarged, new professors selected, and the college will be conducted on a higher and broader scale than heretofore.

The institution has been in successful operation, during which time it has sent out many bright men and women to the schoolrooms of the South. Every one interested in the cause of education of white people in the South will be glad to know of the promising field now offered to this Peabody College and how much its capacity for doing good will be increased and enlarged.

SENIOR CHAPLAIN C. S. A. AND COOK.

A letter received from Camp Rest, Buena Vista, Va., July 17, 1905, states that the accompanying photograph is that of the Rev. James Battle Avirett, chaplain of the 7th Virginia Cavalry, Army of Northern Virginia, C. S. A., and that of



REV. DR. J. B. AVIRETT AND "BLACK HAWK."

John, the colored cook of the mess connected with Chew's Battery of Horse Artillery, belonging to the Ashby Brigade of Cavalry, at the head of which the brilliant cavalry officer, Gen. Turner Ashby, was killed June 6, 1862, in the very wonderful campaign of "Stonewall" Jackson in the historic Shenandoah Valley.

This old chaplain, by virtue of the date of his commission (June 17, 1861), is the oldest chaplain of the Confederate service, and now lives in his old age at Buena Vista, Va., a retired clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church. He is the author of the life of his general, entitled "Ashby and His Compeers," as well as the author of a monograph, "Who Is the Traitor, the Trans-Susquehanna Man or the Cis-Susquehanna Man?" His last book, entitled "The Old Plantation," is richly descriptive of Southern life before the War between the States. The old cook of the mess, commonly called "Black Hawk," was the faithful depository of the officers' watches and money when the fight was on. Highly respected and as trustworthy as he was during that fearful struggle, "Black Hawk" still ministers as a trusted servant in the family of the late Gen. James H. Williams, of Woodstock, Va.

Dr. Avirett preaches and lectures with surprising vigor, and is as jolly with the "boys" as of old. Tennesseans hope to see and hear him next winter.

THE OLD MILITARY ACADEMY, LAGRANGE, ALA.—Dr. John A. Wyeth, No. 19 West Thirtieth Street, New York, is writing a history of the LaGrange Military Academy, which was situated in Franklin (now Colbert) County, Ala. It was destroyed by the Federals in April, 1863. He desires a sketch of the career of every young man who was there as a student while it was a military institution. Dr. Wyeth will undertake to make this work thorough, but he must have the aid of cadets, the small remnant of whom are widely separated now.

NOTICE TO PRESIDENT DAVIS OF HIS ELECTION.

The Victoria (Tex.) *Advocate* gives an account by Maj. L. S. Daniel, of that place, of his sending notice to Col. Jefferson Davis at his plantation, Brierfield, in Mississippi, of his election as President of the Confederate States. Maj. Daniel, quite young at the time, was manager of the telegraph office in Vicksburg. His account of the event is as follows:

"After the ordinance of secession of the several Southern States had been passed, their representatives hurried to Montgomery, Ala., to form a government and select a leader. If I remember the date correctly, it was on Monday, February 4, 1861, about five o'clock in the afternoon, when I received a telegram from Montgomery addressed to Hon. Jefferson Davis at Vicksburg, in substance: 'Honored sir, you have been unanimously chosen President of the Southern Confederacy. Please promptly advise your acceptance and when we may expect your presence at the capital.'

"Col. Davis was then residing on his plantation, Brierfield, some eighteen miles below Vicksburg by land and about thirty-five miles by river. Fully realizing the immediate importance of the dispatch, I sent for my best friend, Maj. James Roach, a prominent banker and an intimate friend and staunch supporter of Col. Davis. He came at once to the office, accompanied by several other leading citizens, to whom I showed the dispatch, and, after consultation, it was decided that there must be no delay in delivery. I employed a discreet messenger with horse and started him with the dispatch, with instructions to deliver the document, await reply, and return without loss of time, as the office would be held open for the transmission of the answer. He did his duty well, as a little after midnight he came in a gallop and handed me the important reply, also a little personal note of thanks for prompt action. The reply of acceptance of the presidency was flashed through to the waiting assembly at Montgomery by one o'clock in the morning. The news created widespread excitement and rejoicing that our fellow-citizen, Jefferson Davis, had been placed at the helm—the right man in the right place.'

"On Thursday following, February 7, Col. Davis came up to Vicksburg on the palatial steamboat Natchez, commanded by Capt. Tom Leathers. The Vicksburg artillery, a young volunteer company, of which the writer was orderly sergeant, received Col. Davis with a becoming salute. We assembled on the bluffs near the railroad depot, in the southern portion of the city, and on the approach of the magnificent steamboat, carrying the President elect, the salute of one hundred guns was fired from our three fine brass 12-pounders, and with sufficient proficiency as to elicit compliment from Col. Davis. After holding a reception, in which nearly all of Vicksburg and Warren County participated, Col. Davis departed for Montgomery by railroad, carrying the well-wishes and prayers of his devoted people."



THE FACE OF MY DEAD.

(Obit: Fitzhugh Lee, April 28, 1905.)

'Twas the call of May, as the joy of spring
 Made the joy of the world!
 And the heavenly twain would tribute bring,
 Even Memory and Love as they wept above
 Where our flags were furled
 O'er Lee at rest. The golden spears
 Of the glorious sun
 Crossed and defied the lance of Death;
 While a veiled form, with sob and sigh
 And her muffled tears,
 Her haloed brow and bated breath
 And pleading glance and heavenly eye,
 Whispered low to the twain as one
 She bade them pass; and we knew while she spake
 'Twas the beautiful South, the mother of Lee,
 Though she only said
 To love and to all: "For his dear sake
 Let me look alone on the face of my dead,
 'Twill glow as a star to the uttermost sea."
 —Lillian Rozell Messenger, in the Washington Post.

JOHN W. WHITE.

[L. D. McMeekin, Commander of Camp 8, U. C. V., Chicago, pays tribute to Comrade White.]

Swiftly to its close was John White's life hastened, and how untimely, how regretfully! for he was so full of that "good will" toward his fellow-men that makes living such a present joy and happiness so enduring. In the great war he was "one of Morgan's men."

When the old pass away after a life of usefulness, when the palsy of age and feebleness is upon those we love, we can bear to speak a tearful farewell and reconcile ourselves to their loss with the thought that with the end of usefulness may well come the end of life. But when the genial, the true-hearted, and the noble are struck down and gathered like the unripened sheaf; when the veil must be drawn before the portals that open the future, where the eye of prophecy saw painted in brilliant colors the picture of realized ambitions, the pain is not so easily soothed nor the sorrow so quickly assuaged.

Bright in every attribute, ambitious, honorable, brave, his memory is rich in noble and loving recollections. Let us mourn for our comrade as a good man gone to enjoy the everlasting peace his genial nature, while spanning life's short, troubled journey, so well fitted his spirit to inherit and enjoy. To his sorrowing wife we tender such consolations as may be given to those who "knew him best and loved him most."

A committee of the Camp (8, U. C. V.) passed the following resolutions:

"Whereas the angel of death has passed over the threshold

of our comrade, John W. White, and removed from our midst a devoted and beloved associate, leaving only the reflection of a life once and always beautiful and happy and transplanting it to a higher sphere for the perfecting and finishing of a character so nobly begun here on earth; therefore

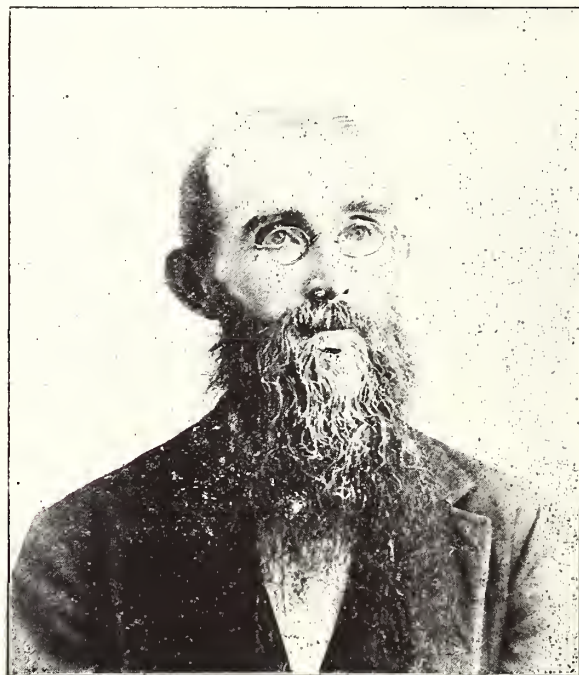
"Resolved: 1. That we see in it all the hand of the God of love and recognize in it a part of a divine plan; that in the death of our friend, companion, and comrade we as a Camp of ex-Confederate soldiers have sustained a grievous and irreparable loss. In the glory of the early summer, with the splendid blossoms of the maiden season blooming and shedding their perfume and all nature alive in the advance of the magnificent year, he fell asleep with the sunshine of life around and about him, to be awakened in the splendor of light which comes from the great white throne.

"2. That we extend to Mrs. White the sympathy of our Camp, and hope that it may be to her an assurance of that deep and tender feeling which can find expression only in the warm and affectionate grasp of the hand in times of bitter grief and deep distress.

"3. That we transmit a copy of these resolutions to Mrs. White, and also that they be embodied in the minutes of this meeting and inscribed on a page suitably memorialized of our records, a copy sent to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for publication, and that the members of Camp 8, U. C. V., of Chicago, wear the usual badge of mourning for a departed comrade."

Signed: L. D. McMeekin (Commander), B. F. Jenkins, Samuel J. Sullivan, J. C. Slaughter, George Forrester, George W. Smith, George T. Bradley, Michael C. Hayes, and Harry Lee (Adjutant).

DR. A. C. McFALL.—From resolutions passed by Mayfield Camp in honor of this comrade, the following notes are taken: A. C. McFall was born in Tennessee in 1842; and died March 28, 1905. In May of 1861, when nineteen years of age,

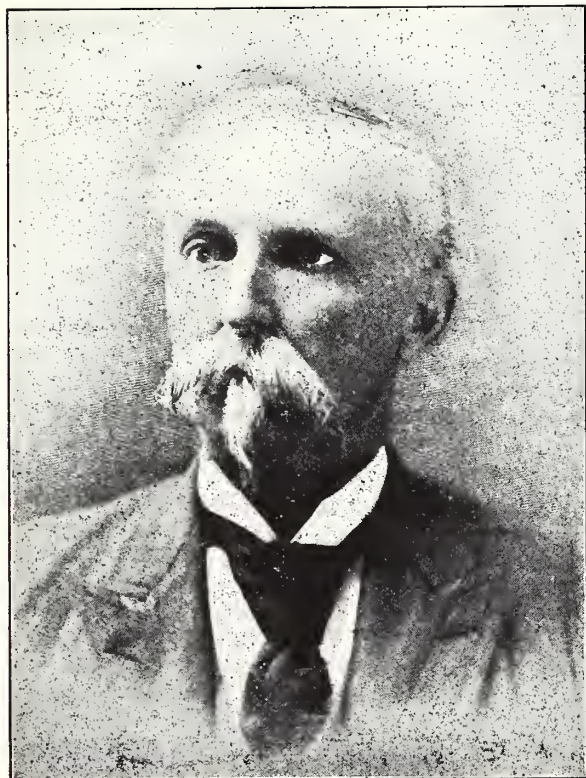


DR. A. C. McFALL.

he enlisted in Company E, 4th Tennessee Infantry, where he served as a valorous soldier for four years. He was in many hard-fought battles—Shiloh, Perryville, Missionary Ridge, and others—and always in the line of duty. Since the war he was engaged in civic pursuits, and won the confidence and esteem of all. He was one of the first to become a member of the Camp at Mayfield, Ky.

J. W. MOORES.

J. W. Moores was born July 25, 1837, at Fayetteville, Tenn. He was reared in that community, but moved to Memphis a few years before the War between the States. He entered the Confederate service in 1861 as a member of



J. W. MOORES.

the Shelby Grays, and left a sick bed at Memphis for Corinth just before the advent of the Federal troops, where he received an indefinite furlough to await convalescence from inflammatory rheumatism. He remained with the army, rendering the best service he could as assistant quartermaster with Hood and most of the time with Gen. Pat Cleburne, with whose command he was at the battle of Franklin. He surrendered at Greensboro, N. C. After the war Comrade Moores engaged in business in Memphis as commission merchant and cotton factor until 1880, since when his life had been spent in Kentucky, where he operated a coal mine until his health failed. He was married to Miss Virginia Molloy, of Memphis, in 1870. His death occurred on May 13, 1905. A noble, unselfish life thus ended. A devoted Christian, he bore without reproach the "grand old name of gentleman."

W. C. KENT.—When the war came on, W. C. Kent was attending the Kentucky Military Institute, at Lexington, but

returned immediately to his home, in Louisiana, and enlisted in the East Feliciana Guards, a company then commanded by Capt. J. O. Fuqua—Company A, of the 16th Regiment of Louisiana Infantry, Army of Tennessee, of which Comrade Kent was lieutenant. He was in prison at Johnson's Island when the war closed. He returned home after the war to Clinton, La., where his death occurred on the 29th of October, 1904. A wife and seven children survive him.

CAPT. W. L. GAY.

[The following tribute comes from W. B. Denson, Lieutenant Colonel of the 6th Louisiana Cavalry, Gainesville, Tex.]

Another of our bravest and best veterans has grounded arms forever. The last days of that knightly little captain of the 22d Mississippi were such that he was ready for the summons when the "long roll" was beaten. Capt. W. L. Gay, late of Greenville, Miss., died at Frankfort, Ky., March 25, 1905. Covered with glorious scars received at the front in his country's defense and bearing in his body one Minie ball that had been his companion for more than forty years, he has laid his burden down and is gone to the reward of the fearless soldier and humble Christian. No man gave more loyal service to the Confederacy. No man loved the memories of our splendid achievements of the War between the States more ardently than did he. He read every book he could find upon its events, he devoured every page of the *VETERAN*, and was the best-posted man upon the history of that mighty struggle with whom it has been my fortune to be associated.

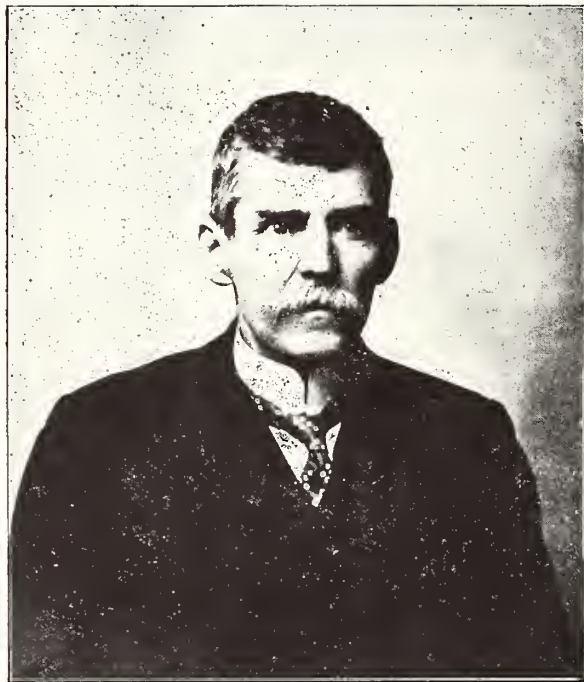
Modest and unpretentious, you had to get by leading questions the part he took in that bloody drama. At the first blast of the tocsin of war he enlisted in the "Swamp Rangers," of which William Percy was elected captain, L. B. Valliant first lieutenant, and W. L. Gay second lieutenant. This company was first mustered into the State service in the 1st Mississippi Regiment of Volunteers and afterwards organized into the 22d Mississippi of Confederate forces. It served successively in Bowen's, then Statim's, and, lastly, in Featherstone's Brigade.

Capt. Percy was early promoted, Lieut. Valliant resigned, and Lieut. Gay was elected captain of the company. At Shiloh, their first battle, Capt. Gay won golden opinions from his comrades, which clung to him ever afterwards. He was seriously wounded in the second day's fight, after having seemed to bear a charmed life through the first day. At Baton Rouge, around Vicksburg, in the celebrated Georgia campaign he was ever foremost in the fighting and happiest around the camp fires. When Gen. Hood made that desperate assault upon Sherman's works at Atlanta, the 22d Mississippi, already decimated, left three hundred dead upon the field. There Capt. Gay was dangerously wounded, and Capt. Gwinn bore him upon his back from the field. From the wounds received there he was ever afterwards a great sufferer.

While his command, then with Loring's Division, was near beleaguered Vicksburg, volunteers were called for to carry percussion caps through the Federal lines to Gen. Pemberton's army. Thirty volunteered, among them Capt. Gay. Nearly all were killed or captured. Only two reached Vicksburg. Capt. Gay, after remaining ten days inside the Federal lines, subsisting upon blackberries, was forced to return to his command without reaching Gen. Pemberton's lines.

Whether fighting Admiral Porter's gunboats on Deer Creek with his company or driving back the raiders from his home

country when he was no longer able to take the field, his comrades and neighbors will recognize the same glittering sword and unconquerable spirit. On occasions when shot and shell had plowed the ranks of his gallant regiment and killed or disabled the regimental officers the command of the regiment devolved upon him as senior captain. How well he led



CAPT. W. L. GAY.

them on, his comrades will remember. Like every other loyal Confederate, to him the cause grew holier and higher as the star of our country began to go down in blood.

Capt. Gay was the only son of wealthy parents, and was a typical Southern gentleman of that lofty strain which made them loyal among all the races of men. In 1869 he married Miss Kate Blackburn, of Lake Providence, La., who beautified and made happy every after year of his life. He was an ideal man in the home, a loving, confiding husband, an indulgent father, a humble, trusting Christian, an unfaltering friend, a proud American. He leaves to his country and friends the heritage of a knightly soldier, a lofty citizen, a stainless character. The passage across the dark river had no terrors for him. Comrades, he has joined the ranks of our battalions tented on the other shore. His faithful wife, who watched and waited and hoped and feared through his long months of suffering and sorrow, will keep vigil over tender memories and years that are gone. His broken-hearted daughter will long listen for the footstep that will return no more. Comrades, these are ours to love and honor.

THOMAS HARRISON CUMMINGS.

A committee, comprised of George F. Hager, W. T. Hardison, W. G. Bush, Frank Anderson, and Ed Reese, has prepared a memorial on the life and character of Thomas H. Cummings, of Nashville, setting forth that he was born May 6, 1841, in Lebanon, Tenn., on the spot where the Cumberland University now stands. His father, George D. Cummings, came from Guilford County, N. C., to Tennessee in

1804 and settled in Wilson County on a tract of land which had been granted him by the State of North Carolina for meritorious services as a soldier in the War of the Revolution. He married Miss Martha D. Foster in 1823. Thomas was the youngest of the nine children of this union. The only survivor of the family now is Miss Jane Cummings, a most estimable lady, who resides in Nashville.

In the year 1847 the father of Thomas moved with his family to Nashville, where his children were reared and educated. In 1854 the family moved to Clarksville, Tenn., and Thomas went to Stewart College, graduating in 1861. He secured a clerkship in the post office at Memphis, and was serving in this capacity at the beginning of the war. He resigned this position on the first call for troops; and in January, 1862, enlisted in Company H, 9th Mississippi Cavalry. He afterwards served in the Memphis Light Dragoons, a company raised by Capt. Thomas Logwood under a charter act of the Legislature of 1860. This latter company was first assigned to duty under Brig. Gen. John L. T. Sneed at Randolph, on the Mississippi a short distance above Memphis. It subsequently served under Gen. Gideon Pillow at New Madrid, Mo., and with the rest of the Army of West Tennessee in the fall of 1861 rendezvoused at Columbus, Ky., under the command of Gen. Leonidas Polk. At this time the Dragoons, together with five other companies, constituted the Sixth Battalion of Tennessee Cavalry. Capt. Logwood was elected lieutenant colonel; and Charles Hill, of Tipton County, was elected major. The battalion in its service of that period made a raid upon the enemy's post at Paducah, Ky., attacking and driving in several companies of infantry and cavalry and developed in a satisfactory manner the strength of the garrison at that place. It was also engaged in the battles of Elliott's Mills, Ky., and Belmont, Mo. But the service and exposure of these campaigns were severe upon Cummings's delicate constitution, causing rheumatism and other maladies incident to active duties in the field, and he was transferred to the supply department of the army. He served with his brother James under their cousin, James F. Cummings, in the commissary and quartermaster branches of the service until the close of the war, being paroled in May, 1865.

After the war Thomas Cummings engaged extensively in farming, his favorite pursuit. For eight years he farmed in Mississippi, two years near Paducah, Ky., two years in Smith County, Tenn., and for several years at Maplewood, near Nashville. Subsequently he was bookkeeper at the State prison. He afterwards held a position with the N., C., and St. Louis Railroad, but resigned to enlist in the 2d Regiment of Tennessee Volunteers for the Spanish-American War, at the close of which he entered the office of the Register of Davidson County as one of his clerical deputies.

He made an honorable record as a member of the State Militia; he organized and put in splendid shape the artillery branch of the service. Its present condition and effectiveness are owing in a great measure to his industry, skill, experience, and information which he brought to bear in its mobilization. He was a fine disciplinarian, and had the tact to enforce obedience to his commands by those acting as militiamen under him.

In 1893 Comrade Cummings married Miss Martha Myers, of Mississippi. He left no children. After the death of his brother, James Cummings, he assumed the guardianship and care of his children. He died in Nashville, and was buried by Frank Cheatham Bivouac in Mount Olivet Cemetery.

MAYOR J. THOMPSON BAIRD.

After an enviable record of twenty-three years in office, the venerable Mayor of Portsmouth, Va., J. Thompson Baird, died on May 9, 1905. Loved and respected by all, his record both in war and peace was worthy. He was elected to the office of Mayor for the twelfth time last spring, and he had but entered upon the term of four years when a higher power called for that service which all must render at last.

J. Thompson Baird entered the service of the Confederacy as a private in Company C, 61st Virginia Regiment, Mahone's Brigade, A. N. V. He participated in all the engagements of his command until he lost his left leg at the battle of Davis's Farm, near Petersburg, on the 19th of August, 1864. From the ranks he was promoted to second sergeant, second lieutenant, then to first lieutenant. After the war he returned to Portsmouth and engaged in business until elected to the office of Mayor. In early life he was married to Miss Revia Jordan, who survives him with their three children.

R. H. NETTLES.—Another Confederate comrade has answered the last roll in the passing of R. H. Nettles at his home, in Hot Springs, Ark., on March 15. He enlisted in the army from Trenton, Tenn., when a mere boy as a member of Company G, 47th Tennessee Regiment, and was in some of the bloodiest battles of the war—Shiloh, Chickamauga, and Franklin—was in the battle of Richmond, with Kirby Smith in the Kentucky campaign, and was in the campaign from Dalton to Atlanta, when he was captured, and was in prison when the war ended. Confederate comrades tenderly laid him to rest at his old home, Trenton, Tenn. A wife and daughter survive him.

LIEUT. J. A. SPENCER.

J. A. Spencer was born in Randolph County, N. C., December 25, 1840; and died in January, 1905. In his veins flowed the blood of those heroes in America who were the first to resist the tyranny of Great Britain, and who under Herman Husbands fought the battle of Alamance, May 16, 1771, and changed Cornwallis's victorious advance to a hasty retreat at Guilford C. H. This soil enriched by martyrs' blood produced brave men, worthy sons of noble sires,



J. A. SPENCER

and in the gage of battle between the North and South these sons were early marshaled beneath the folds of the stars and bars. Comrade Spencer served with Company F, 46th North Carolina Regiment, from its organization, in March, 1862, to the end at Appomattox. He attained the rank of first lieutenant. Endowed with a bright mind, a cheerful disposition, unfailing humor, and a courageous soul, he was a universal favorite with his comrades, and by his exalted sense of duty and devotion he attracted their attention and commanded their respect and confidence. He was in many of Gen. Lee's great battles except Gettysburg, Cook's Brigade being held to protect Richmond. No regiment went beyond the 46th on the battlefield, and its flag was never lowered until the curtain went down on the last act of that great drama on the 9th of April, 1865. He bore bravely the agony of defeat, and with tears for the friends left on numberless battlefields he turned his face to the future, trusting in the God who had brought him safely through the dangers of those years of war, and with his surviving comrades began to build up the impoverished South. He engaged in merchandising, in which he was very successful.

For forty-eight years Comrade Spencer was a member of the Church, and at his death there passed one who had lived not for this life alone.

ISRAEL JONES.—Closing a life full of years, usefulness, and honor, Israel Jones passed to his reward on January 24, aged seventy-four years. As a young man he had been a member of the military company known as Letcher's Brocks Gap Rifles; and when the War between the States began, he immediately espoused the Southern cause and enlisted in Company B, 7th Virginia Cavalry, C. S. A., under the noted Ashby, and served till the end. He was in the battle of Gettysburg and in most of the noted battles fought in Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania. He was twice wounded, and from the last wound, a saber cut across the head, came near bleeding to death. Comrades of the Neff Rice Camp, U. C. V., at Newmarket, Va., mourn the loss of this valued member.

MAJ. W. M. ROBBINS.

A committee composed of P. T. Vaughan, R. D. Berry, and George Burns say of Maj. Robbins and his family:

"In the stormy times of 1861, when the Governor of Alabama called for volunteers for the Confederate army, among the first who presented themselves for service were five brothers who came from North Carolina to Alabama to make this State their home. These brothers were born on a little farm in North Carolina. Their parents were respectable people of moderate means who appreciated the value of education, and at considerable privation to themselves sent each of their sons through college, and they instilled into their hearts the principles of correct life and of devotion to duty.

"One of these young men became a school-teacher, while four of them took the profession of law. One entered the cavalry service in the Western Army, and in the command of the gallant leader, John H. Morgan, lost his life in battle in Kentucky. He was the father of the late Hon. Gaston A. Robbins, who represented the Fourth District of Alabama for several terms in Congress. Four of them joined the 4th Alabama Regiment of Infantry and served in the Army of Northern Virginia. One of these four was killed at the battle of Gaines's Mill in the seven days' fighting around Richmond. Another was killed at Sharpsburg, in Maryland. The

remaining two were several times wounded, but survived the war to be of service to their State and country.

"There was a striking similarity in the composition, character, and temperament of these men. They were physically robust, sinewy, and tough. They were earnest and sincere; they were brave and determined; they were serious and godly men. It is said that during the period of their entire service, under all the trials, hardships, and annoyances of the Confederate soldier's life, not an unchaste sentence was ever known to fall from the lips of any one of these men. It is certainly true that not one of them ever failed to meet the full requirements of his duty as a Confederate soldier.

"William M. Robbins, of whom we are to speak particularly, was the eldest of these brothers. He left Selma in April, 1861, as first lieutenant in the 'Marion Light Infantry,' known afterwards as Company G, 4th Alabama Regiment. At the reorganization of the regiment, twelve months afterwards at Yorktown, Va., he was elected captain of his company, and later in the war became by promotion major of his regiment, in which capacity he served through the war. Owing to the absence, at times, of other officers (from sickness or wounds), Maj. Robbins was often in command of his regiment, and in every engagement he displayed conspicuous gallantry. It was his custom when in command to hold a brief regimental prayer immediately before entering into battle. We doubt if there was a regimental officer in the Confederate army who had so much influence with his men or more power to hold them steadfast in the midst of danger.

"At the close of the war Maj. Robbins returned to his old home in North Carolina to begin life anew and to look after the welfare of his aged parents. He took an active part in redeeming his State from the blight of 'reconstruction,' for which he was rewarded by three terms in the Federal Congress. When the United States government created the Gettysburg Battlefield Commission, Maj. Robbins was appointed on that Board as the Southern representative, and this made it necessary for him to reside at Gettysburg, Pa., a large part of his time; but his home was in North Carolina, where, at Salisbury, he died in the seventy-seventh year of his age. He was buried there.

"It is proper that we should pay our tribute of respect to the memory of this man, who gave his military services and his example to our State. The life of such a man is not fruitless. It inspires faith; it checks discouragement; it strengthens a race. It presents to us a type of sturdy and intrepid manhood, which in times of stress, whether enlisted in fortunate or unfortunate causes, has always been furnished by the Anglo-Saxon race.

"It is a pleasant thought to those who endured the hard privations of four years of service in the Confederate army to know that the pay of this old soldier as Battlefield Commissioner was provision for the comfortable support of himself and his family, and that it was his fortune to live to a good old age and to see his children grow up around him and happily established in life. The surviving members of the 4th Alabama Regiment feel a just pride in the privilege of saying that they were his comrades."

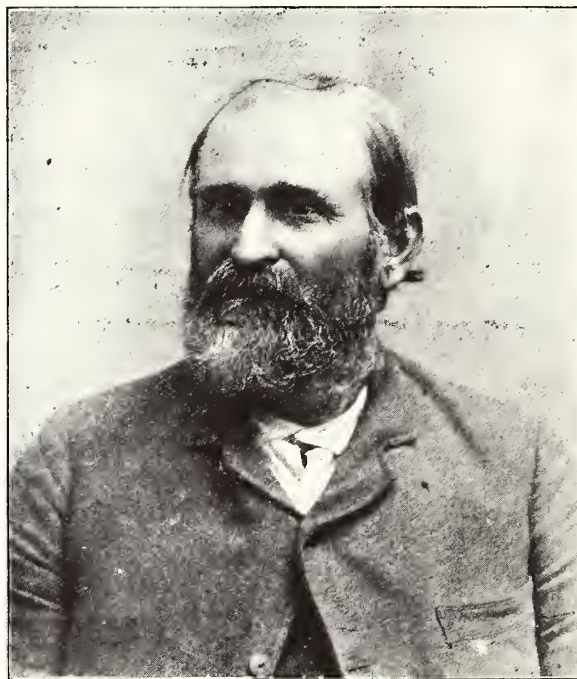
THOMAS RANDOLPH BOWLING.—This comrade of Company C, 3d Georgia Regiment, was accidentally killed at Los Angeles, Cal., recently by falling down a stairway. Confederate comrades there took charge of the burial, and effort has been made to reach his daughter, Ella L. Bowling, whose address

was 2007 First Avenue, Birmingham, Ala., but telegrams failed to find her.

Dr. W. C. Harrison, 807 Jake Street, Los Angeles, sent the above note in the hope that some one knowing the daughter may bring it to her notice, and enable her to secure the insurance on which she has been paying premiums.

JAMES J. SCOTT.

Comrade J. J. Scott answered the last call at his home, in Tarrant County, ten miles south of Fort Worth, on June 17, 1905, where he had lived forty-nine years. He was born at Raleigh, Tenn., November 4, 1832, and hence was nearing seventy-three years of age at his demise. In 1847 his parents came with him to Panola County, Eastern Texas, and nine years later he moved to the place of his death. At the beginning of the War between the States his neighbor, Capt. Sam Evans, organized a company for the war, and Comrade Scott left wife and children for the defense of his home and



J. J. SCOTT.

fireside. This command was first enlisted in Griffin's Battalion, but was soon consolidated with Spaight's Battalion, Col. Spaight commanding, and his company became Company C of the 21st Texas Infantry, in which he served till the close of the war. He participated in several notable battles, including the celebrated victory at Sabine Pass and the successful battle at Galveston under Gen. Magruder.

Comrade Scott was a successful farmer and stock raiser, and was a model of his calling in all the appurtenances of the craft. In 1888 he was elected commissioner of his precinct, and served in the legislative branch of county affairs for two terms. This was a time in the history of Tarrant County when it needed the wisest counsel in county government, and this service with his fellow-commissioners is now seen in the advanced position of this county in the affairs of the State. His old captain, Evans, preceded him to the mystic shore by only a few weeks; and now, after life's fitful fever, they sleep well as men who did their duty in every station of life.

J. A. LOVETT.

John A. Lovett, of the Stonewall Camp, Portsmouth, Va., died there July 13, 1905, aged seventy-seven years. Adj. Thomas Shannon reports that he entered the service in June, 1861, as a gunner in the Confederate States navy, serving in the James River fleet; also at Fort Fisher and Plymouth, N. C. He returned to Richmond, where he remained until the evacuation and was paroled at Appomattox.

J. W. PTOMEY.

John W. Ptomey died near Pine Apple, Ala., June 4, 1905, aged seventy years. He was born in Wilcox County, Ala., March 27, 1835, and always lived in the same neighborhood. He was twice married, and leaves a large family to mourn his death. He was firm in his convictions for the right. He was a good neighbor. J. F. Fore, of Pine Apple, writes that when the war broke out between the States Mr. Ptomey was one of the first men in his section to volunteer. He left Pine Apple September 3, 1861, marched to Montgomery, Ala., under Capt. Harper, and was mustered into the Confederate service there on September 15, 1861. Soon afterwards he was ordered to Memphis, Tenn., where he met Col. N. Bedford Forrest, who had orders from the Governor of Tennessee to raise a regiment of cavalry. He joined Capt. W. C. Bacot's company, which was Company B of that regiment. Mr. Ptomey was made a sergeant. He was with Forrest at Fort Donelson and in many other dangerous conflicts.

His funeral was largely attended, conducted by his pastor, Dr. David Adams, assisted by Rev. P. M. Jones.

GEN. WILL S. GREEN.

A telegram from Colusa, Cal., on July 4 reported the death of Gen. Will S. Green, and stated that the funeral was largely attended. Prominent men were there from other sections of the State to pay their last respects to a great and good man. His long association with the different organizations looking toward the development of the Sacramento Valley and his life work as editor of the Colusa *Sun* had endeared him to the masses. The floral tributes were beautiful and numerous. Besides the active pallbearers, composed of employees of the Colusa *Sun*, there were nearly forty honorary pallbearers, one of whom was James Yates, who went to California with Gen. Green in 1849. Every public building has had its flags at half-mast since the news came announcing the death, and the town has been in deep mourning. Every place of business in Colusa was closed during the afternoon.

In September, 1891, Gen. Green married Sallie B. Morgan, whose Confederate zeal is well known to VETERAN readers. Gen. Green was a Kentuckian—a nephew of Gen. Duff Green, a well-known historic character. He went to California at seventeen years of age. He was an ardent Southerner, and owned and managed his own paper for forty-six years.

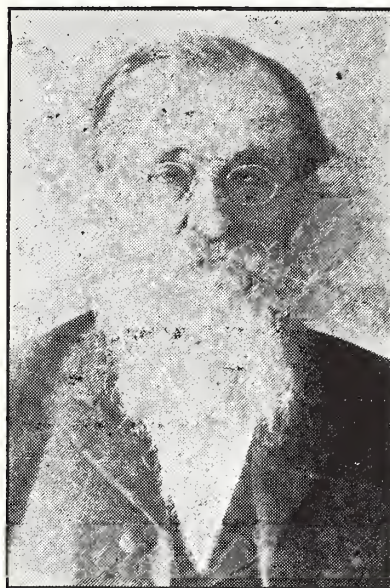
Bishop O. P. Fitzgerald, of Nashville, contributes the following note: "In the recent death of Will S. Green another journalistic landmark has been removed. He was one of the 'Old Guard' of California journalism. As editor and publisher of the Colusa *Sun*, he was well known and much esteemed by his fellow-journalists of all persuasions and of no particular persuasion, so they exhibited a genuine *esprit de corps* as newspaper men. In the old days of early California he printed many a kindly allusion to the writer of this

friendly note of remembrance. I feel as if I should be pleased to drop a flower upon his grave and to follow him with good wishes to that invisible sphere whither the old Californians are gathering so rapidly."

The Sacramento Union stated in connection with a memorial service held in honor of Gen. Will S. Green that it was "a duty that the Sacramento Valley owed to itself as much as to the memory of the man who has passed out of our sight. It was a service of which every detail was worthy of the occasion, a service that was made additionally beautiful and forever memorable by its utter sincerity. A note of sadness is inseparable from such tributes as this, but it almost seemed as though the gathering in the Senate chamber was not unmindful of the exhortation of Socrates to be of good cheer about death and

to know of a truth that no evil can happen to a good man, either in life or after dissolution.

"Whatever may be the individual standpoint, the life of Will S. Green is a wholesome one to remember, a life that we ourselves and our children after us will do well to emulate and to copy; for this man was a good citizen in days when good citizenship was not always the road to place and power. In the activities with which his long life was crowded the love of self had neither part



WM. SEMPLE GREEN.

Born Dec. 26, 1832; Died July 2, 1905.

nor lot. . . . The story of Will S. Green is the story of California, for he was the first white man who ever set foot upon Colusa County, and his was the hand that piloted the first steamer that ever plowed the water of the Sacramento River above the mouth of the Feather. Through every vicissitude of California's fortune, through storm and stress and sunshine, the figure of this man stands out clear-cut, morally and physically straight, and now at last we fully realize that his strong mind never ceased to make ideals of what he would have the State to be, and that his hands never ceased to labor that his ideals might become facts. The Colusa *Sun*, of which he was editor from the start, became in his hands an engine of right-doing and of State growth, a great moral force in our midst. And to this position it was raised, not by intellect nor by brilliant writing nor by any of the arts and graces of modern journalism, but because it reflected the fidelity, the public honor, the strong and saving sense of the mind of its editor. No word ever entered its editorial columns except his own. If he was away, then there was no editorial. His was the triumph of character. Here is a man who was all that he seemed to be, a character that was based upon eternal right and wrong. To a character so strong as this, intellect is merely a circumstance and brilliance and wit are simply superfluities."

CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

REPORT BY GEN. EVANS, PRESIDENT.

Gen. S. D. Lee, Commander U. C. V.: In compliance with the provisions of our charter, we make and present herewith the last report of the Executive Committee and that of the Secretary and Superintendent of the Confederate Memorial Association.

We are under the painful necessity of reporting the death of another of the members of our Board, Col. R. H. Cunningham, of Henderson, Ky., whose gallant record as a soldier and useful life as a citizen make his loss keenly felt, not only in Kentucky, but throughout his wide circle of comrades and friends.

In our report last year we expressed gratification that we were at last "in sight" of the completion of our cherished plans, that we had secured the \$100,000 to be raised by us to meet the condition of the contribution of the same amount by Comrade Charles B. Rouss, and that we hoped very soon to go forward in the actual building of our Memorial Hall, "Battle Abbey," as it is popularly called.

We confidently hoped that we could at this meeting report our building at least commenced. But we then reported that the only obstacle in our way was that the \$40,000 balance due from the Rouss estate was hung up by an attachment gotten out by the former Secretary and Superintendent, J. C. Underwood, in the suit he had instituted against the C. M. A. in the United States court at Brooklyn, N. Y., for alleged commissions due him. We regret to have to report now that this same obstacle still exists.

Despite our earnest efforts to get a trial of this suit, we were not able to do so until February last, and then, to our great surprise and that of our able counsel, the jury gave a verdict for about \$16,000 against us. Regarding this verdict as very unjust, our counsel took an appeal to a higher court, and are very confident that they will be able to set the verdict aside. But we have to encounter once more "the law's delays," and meantime the Rouss estate is inhibited by the attachment proceedings from paying us the balance of \$40,000 due or any part of it.

We could have proceeded to build with the money on hand, and many of our friends were in favor of our doing so, and members of the Board, impatient at this long delay, were inclined to take this same view. But, as by the terms of Comrade Rouss's gift, the \$100,000 cannot, as we think, be used until the whole \$200,000 is in hand. We need the use of an additional fund to secure the balance of the Rouss subscription.

If some liberal friend or friends would raise us the \$16,000 to meet the Underwood verdict if it should finally be confirmed, our obstacle would be removed. Our Secretary has been very diligently trying to secure this amount, and to this end has written hundreds of personal letters to those able to help. It is confidently hoped, however, that this sum will be raised, and we appeal to our friends to help us.

The report of our Treasurer, Judge George L. Christian, herewith submitted, shows that he has in hand invested and drawing interest \$106,343.13 and the note of the city of Richmond for \$50,000, which is equivalent to cash. We have in addition reliable subscriptions payable on call for \$10,000, so when we can realize the balance of the Rouss subscription we will have in hand over \$300,000. We have also an additional subscription payable when our building is begun, and every confidence that when we begin to build considerable funds will flow into the treasury of a successful enterprise.

It is proper to add, what ought to be generally understood, that the trustees are prosecuting this work not only without any pecuniary compensation, but also at some sacrifice of time and money, and that they are as anxious as any of our friends can possibly be to complete our enterprise. We do not hesitate to ask, but appeal for help of friends of the Confederacy everywhere.

We repeat what we said in our report last year: that contributions to this fund now go into our treasury without deduction of a cent for salaries, commissions, or expenses of any kind whatever, these being met out of the interest on our invested funds. Make your checks payable to the order of George L. Christian, Treasurer, and send them to J. William Jones, Secretary and Superintendent, 109 North Twenty-Ninth Street, Richmond, Va., and you will have full credit for every dollar you may contribute.

Surely an enterprise which will erect in the old capital of the Confederacy a beautiful building in which shall be gathered a great library, portraits, and statues in a "Hall of Fame," and which will be really a monument to our Confederate leaders, our heroes of the rank and file, and our noble women, and which shall tell to future generations the true story of our great struggle for constitutional freedom, should command the warm sympathy and support of all lovers of the truth.

By order of the Board of Trustees, respectfully submitted,
CLEMENT A. EVANS, *President*.

June 13, 1905

REPORT OF EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

To the Board of Trustees of C. M. A.

Gentlemen: Your Executive Committee beg leave to report that the suit instituted in the name of Shaughnessy, assignee of J. C. Underwood, against us in the United States court in Brooklyn, N. Y., and in which the \$40,000 owing to us from the Rouss subscription was attached and held, was tried in said court in Brooklyn before a Brooklyn jury in the month of February last, and that, under the instructions of the Federal judge then presiding, the jury rendered a verdict against us, and upon said verdict said judge rendered a judgment. During the trial numerous exceptions were taken by our counsel.

Very soon after the adjournment of the court our counsel obtained an appeal upon said judgment, and have assured us that they have no doubt that said judgment will be reversed by the Appellate Court.

During the pendency of this litigation your committee has thought it best not to endeavor to expend the money under its control, deeming it wise not to take any action which might possibly be claimed to affect our right to the whole money due us from the Rouss estate.

The report of our Secretary and Treasurer will fully show the amount of money in cash now under our control. The Secretary's report will show the work he has accomplished.

Had it not been for the litigation referred to, we should long ere this have commenced the building in the city of Richmond of that memorial which is due to the memory of the Confederate soldiers and to the history of our Southland. We earnestly hope that in the end we may defeat the claims of this man Underwood and eventually receive from Rouss's estate the balance due us. If, however, we should be disappointed in this, we hope and expect to make such arrangements that whatever judgment Underwood may finally obtain will be fully settled and the Rouss money paid over to us in full. We deem it well to say to the people of the

South that it seems strange to us that they will not raise enough money to place \$200,000 in cash in our hands at once and before the litigation referred to is ended.

Monuments have been erected all over the South, yet no testimony of our people by way of a monument has yet been erected in testimony of the courage and heroism of the Confederate soldiers as a whole, in which could not only be gathered relics of their great conflict, but which would also contain the history of the war as well as the history of the entire Southland and would be a Mecca for posterity.

May 27, 1905.

ROBERT WHITE, *Chairman.*

CONCERNING SUIT AGAINST THE TRUSTEES.

The Underwood suit against the Trustees of the Confederate Memorial Association was set forth in the *VETERAN* for October, 1902, pages 460-463, making the sum of \$65,047.30. The "balance due" of \$17,779.19 is misleading in the fact that it is merely a balance of the \$65,047.30, after deducting the amount admitted to be in his hands. The trustees have never admitted his right to retain the \$47,268.11, as it includes \$25,000 of the princely gift of \$100,000 subscribed by the late Charles B. Rouss, together with many other large amounts as stubbornly resisted. The Marcus Daly subscription figures next largest in the transactions. Mr. Daly gave the Secretary originally \$5,000 in cash, and it is understood that he volunteered the promise to have his rich friends in Montana increase the amount to \$50,000. Before having the opportunity to do so, he sickened and died. Then, after many legal conferences, the managers of the Daly estate paid \$20,000. The Daly contribution by himself and his estate of \$25,000 is applied by the superintendent as follows:

Commission on Daly's cash donation.....	\$ 1,250
Twenty-five per cent on the other \$20,000.....	5,000
Cash account draft order on Treasurer paid from Daly compromise money.....	2,000
Cash applied to expenses incurred.....	500
Paid attorneys' fees account Daly compromise money..	2,500
Cash reserved out of Daly collection.....	10,000
	<u>\$21,250</u>

The last item in the account is a charge of \$348.66 by Underwood "in connection with the portrait of Gen. R. E. Lee." This is the portrait donated by Professor Andrews, the artist, to the association, and should be remembered as belonging to its assets.

The foregoing figures are compiled from the official papers in suit as supplied to the *VETERAN* and published in the October issue for 1902. By referring to that report any error that may herein be made by honest endeavor to state the facts may be verified or controverted.

It is a matter of so much interest to Confederates that brief explanation is made. It is evidently not understood by many, as is apparent from the following paragraph in proceedings at the Louisville Reunion:

"We have been coming to these conventions for a number of years and have done nothing for the building of the Memorial Hall," said a delegate from Georgia. "I want to say that I will be one of one hundred and sixty Confederate Veterans who will give \$100 to pay off the judgment of Underwood right now, and I believe that it can all be raised. My name is E. P. Dismukes, of Columbia, Ga."

"That is the way to talk," said Dr. Jones, who had offered the reports of the Memorial Association. "If there are any others who want to give us money, we are glad to get it."

The contract with Underwood allowing so large a commission, together with so much salary, incidental expenses, etc., it may be remembered, was signed by only one member of the Executive Committee—W. D. Chipley—and his right to act for the entire committee may not have been legal.

CLEVEREST WAR STORIES EVER WRITTEN.

The *VETERAN* volunteers the assertion that no book by any author treating of war and reconstruction, as these two unhappy terms are remembered in this country, is as positive for the convictions of the author, while yet so free from partisan bitterness, as that of "Two Wars," by Maj. Gen. S. G. French, whose fame as a Confederate commander will ever be an important feature in that eventful history. This splendid volume was issued by the *VETERAN*, and it has received many comments, but never a word except in praise of the work. The exceedingly pleasant style of the writer suggests that, trained in literature, he is telling the story of what others experienced, when in fact the author is relating what he knows by his personal experiences, intensified by his official knowledge and the military training received at West Point in his youth, the discipline of which is manifest in every feature of the book. Every copy of the limited edition should be purchased by patrons of the *VETERAN*. It will be a standard history of the war with Mexico and that between the States while record is kept.

C. E. Sears, in an elaborate review of the work, states:

"Gen. French commences his narrative with an account of his childhood and his admission to West Point, where he graduated in 1843. Among his co-cadets were Grant, Reynolds, Anger, Ingalls, Thomas, Pope, and others who became more or less famous during the conflict. He gives an account of his participation in the Mexican War, where he was badly wounded and twice promoted. But the most attractive and important feature of the work bears on the War between the States and the part he took in it.

"Much has been written in regard to the misconception of the Southern people, even of some of the most prominent Southern leaders, both as to the character and duration of the conflict in which they were about to engage and of the preparations necessary to meet even on approximately equal terms so powerful an adversary as the North, with its navy already constructed and equipped, in full possession of the sea, with ports that could not be blockaded, with numerous manufacturing plants for the making of arms and munitions, and with the resources of the entire outside world to draw from at will. To this fatal ignorance of the enemy's incalculable advantages and of the South's utter destitution of not only the sinews but of every other weapon of war, to say nothing of the disparagement in numbers, Gen. French adds a striking and illustrative chapter. Though born in New Jersey, when the conflict came it found him a large cotton planter in Mississippi, to which he had retired after resigning his old commission in the old army, and the owner of one or two hundred slaves.

"In February, 1861, Gen. French received a summons from Gov. Pettus, with the information that he had been appointed 'lieutenant colonel and chief of ordnance in the army of the State of Mississippi,' quite an imposing title it would seem to a civilian. But to separate the sound from the substance let us quote the General's own account of the situation. It serves also as a sample of the style of the book: 'On assum-

ing the duties of the office I found the State destitute of all military supplies and without arms. Investigation showed that a mercantile firm in New Orleans had offered immediately after the act of secession to furnish arms from England or Belgium, but it was declined. Weeks after the Governor sent an agent to Europe to purchase arms, but it was too late to get any in England; but in Belgium he obtained some muskets, and shipped them on a vessel that reached the mouth of the Mississippi River just as the blockading ships arrived there. Discovering the blockade, the vessel bore away for Havana, and stored the arms there. From Havana they were afterwards brought over and landed in small quantities. I built a powder house, and asked permission to go to St. Louis and purchase powder, but it was refused on the ground or belief that I would be arrested there and that he, the Governor, would have to arrest a person as a hostage in my place. Afterwards I wrote to a friend in St. Louis and obtained two hundred kegs (I think that was the number) of powder and fifty-four sets of artillery harness, and this was done after the town of Cairo, Ill., was garrisoned by Gen. Grant.'

"Gen. French was soon summoned by President Davis to Richmond, offered the rank of brigadier general in the Confederate army, and assigned to duty in Virginia and North Carolina. He added to and strengthened the works at Fort Fisher and other points on the coast of the latter State and commenced the construction of the fortifications of Petersburg. Now in command of the Department of Southeastern Virginia and Northeastern North Carolina, he participated under Longstreet in the ill-starred operations of that general about Suffolk, where a small fort, two of his guns, and a company of artillery in an isolated position were surprised and captured. He shows that the blame for the loss, unjustly attached to him, belonged to his superior officer.

"In the spring of 1863 Gen. French was ordered to report to Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, and was put in command of one of the best, though smallest, divisions of his army. He participated in the movements of that commander from Jackson, Miss., to Atlanta; and when Hood succeeded him, followed the latter through his Alabama and Tennessee campaign. He indulges in some sharp criticisms of Polk and comments upon Hood's campaign with some severity, yet with generally conceded justice, for though that officer had probably no superior as a division commander, he was unsuited in every essential particular except dash and courage for commander in chief of an army or even an independent movement of importance."

Mr. Sears writes at length concerning the fight at Allatoona, but further extracts are deferred at present. There is not a more fascinating book, doubtless, which was intended by the author to be absolutely reliable in any sense. The VETERAN takes pride in its commendation. The VETERAN guarantees delight with the book to all persons who may buy it. Price, \$2, or with a year's subscription to the VETERAN, \$2.50.

ATLANTA CONSTITUTION'S MAIL CIRCULATION.

According to statistics recently published, the official record of the Atlanta post office for the fiscal year ending June 30 shows that a total of \$70,743.46 was paid to the post office for newspaper postage by all of the publications mailed through the Atlanta post office, and that of this total, the *Constitution* paid \$37,227.88, one-half the total. There are in Atlanta fifty-seven publications. This list includes the daily papers, the trade, fraternal, religious, and secular periodicals,

counting the morning, afternoon, Sunday, weekly, triweekly, semiweekly, monthly, and quarterly periodicals entitled to this second-class rate. The *Constitution* comments: "These figures tell their own story, and they tell it eloquently." Indeed they do!

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Mrs. Selph, the author, has received from Gen. Stephen D. Lee, Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veterans, the following splendid indorsement of this book:

"COLUMBUS, MISS., July 3, 1905.

"I have read with the greatest interest and pride 'Texas; or, The Broken Link,' by Mrs. Fannie Eoline Selph, which depicts with marvelous accuracy to life a picture of the South, its heroism and chivalry, and pathos of its passing away in the War between the States period. The scenes and incidents about Vicksburg are vividly drawn, showing the war conditions of the times. Texas is a splendid character of the glorious Southern and patriotic womanhood, and not overdrawn; for no women were ever truer, braver, or more devoted to a cause and displayed more fortitude and sacrifice than the women of the South. Interest in the story is invoked in the first chapter and grows to the close of the book—a splendid novel.

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The editor of the VETERAN has visited Carr-Burdette College, and he can conscientiously testify that it is an ideal combination of the elegant home and the solid college for girls and young women.

A valuable souvenir distributed at the Louisville Reunion was a booklet issued by the Cotton Belt Railroad, in which were reproduced in colors many of the Confederate flags recently returned by the United States government to their respective States, in addition to which a record of the troops of each State was given in alphabetical order. This is a valuable compilation of data as well as a pleasing presentation of these long-lost but never-forgotten emblems of a great cause, and tenderest sentiments are aroused by sight of them again. Credit is due to Mr. E. W. LaBeaume, General Passenger Agent of the Cotton Belt, for this publication.

Mr. T. J. Anderson, General Passenger Agent of the Southern Pacific Railroad, Houston, Tex., has sent out an attractive booklet in which are given in facsimile the autographs of many prominent Confederates. Those of President Jefferson Davis, Gen. R. E. Lee, and many others high in Confederate history make this an especially valuable book to any one interested in such collections.



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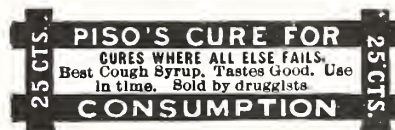
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A recent inquiry from the Secretary of the Numismatic Society of New York City aroused interest in the subject of badges and medals peculiar to the different Confederate organizations, and request is made that their secretaries or some member well posted will inform the VETERAN fully as to the badge worn as a special insignia and of any medal which has been presented to or by the organization. It is hoped thus to secure a complete history of Confederate organizations, origin and objects, that have been formed since the war. It is also desired that any who can will tell us of any secret societies which flourished in the South during the war, formed for the purpose of protection and assistance to the cause.

The Mobile and Ohio Railroad, through their Passenger Agent, Mr. John M. Beall, of St. Louis, presented a Confederate flag poster that was most acceptable as a reunion souvenir. Upon a green ground a number of the returned flags are shown to fine advantage in their proper colors. This poster framed will make a highly appreciated picture for many Southern homes.

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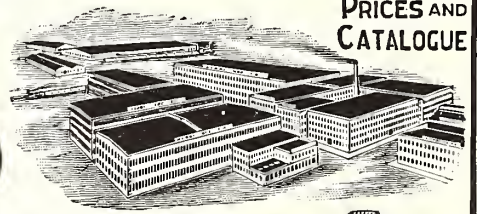
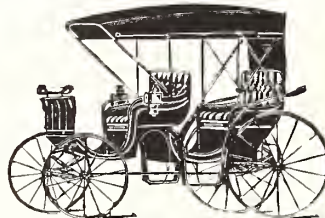
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From a Visitor to the Mine.

NASHVILLE, TENN., July 26, 1905.

MR. W. H. CRAWFORD,

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Dear Sir: On the 8th of July, 1905, in the interest of several stockholders, I visited Silver Plume, Colo., for the purpose of making an inspection of the mine of the Southern Mining, Milling & Development Company. I was gratified to find the property and the stage of development as you have represented in the frequent conversations we have had, and in the advertisements you have published in the magazines during the past year.

Silver Plume is a mining town of the better class, situated at the terminus of the Georgetown branch of the Colorado & Southern Railway, fifty-two miles west of Denver. It has a population of 1,500 or 2,000, and nearly all of the men are engaged in mining. In the town and within a radius of five or six miles are the following mines, nearly all being in operation and in a prosperous condition: Ajax, Ashby Tunnel, Burleigh, Baxter, Baltimore, Backbone, Caledonia, Cyclone, Cory City Mines, Central Colorado, Diamond, Daisy, Hazelton-Santiago, Josephine, Indiana, Lebanon, Mendota, Mary Etta, Robert E. Lee, Peek-a-Boo, Pulaski, Seven-Thirty, Dives-Pelican, Silver Plume, Terrible, Waldorf-Astoria, and Stevens. This is only a partial list, and is inserted to show the magnitude of the operations. The products of these mines are gold, silver, lead,

copper, and zinc. The mining claims of the Southern Mining, Milling & Development Company, comprising 172 acres, are six miles from Silver Plume, on McClellan Mountain. A good wagon road from Silver Plume crosses the property, leading to the Stevens Mine, about half a mile up the Quayle Creek Canyon from the Robert E. Lee Tunnel. An electric power company has a line supplying power to the Stevens, while Quayle Creek has water to spare for any number of mining plants.

The Robert E. Lee Tunnel is about 500 yards from the road, up the mountain, and runs back about 450 feet. The vein is clearly outlined the entire length of the tunnel, and sections of several cross veins show distinctly. One cross vein, 25 or 30 feet from the mouth of the tunnel, has been followed ten or fifteen feet, and Mr. Babcock told me that he would make further explorations in that direction in a few days. The work in the mine is being carried on continuously, and a large amount of low-grade ore is on the dump.

From the investigations I was able to make, I am convinced that the Robert E. Lee is a splendid mining prospect, and that it will eventually become a great paying property. The Stevens Mine is operating in the same mountain, and one can scarcely think that it has the only rich vein there.

Mr. F. A. Babcock, the superintendent, and Mr. C. H. Dyer, one of your directors, afforded me every opportunity to make this investigation. These gentlemen are prominent in the affairs of Silver Plume, and stand high in the community. They are practical miners of more than twenty years' experience and have confidence in the future of the Robert E. Lee Tunnel.

W. H. FITZGERALD.

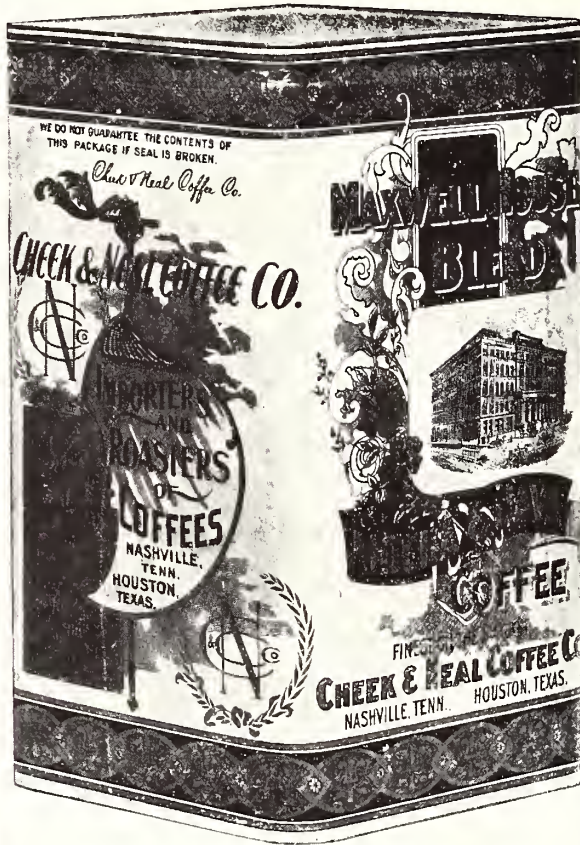
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Vol. 13


NASHVILLE, TENN., SEPTEMBER, 1905

No. 9

Confederate Veteran.



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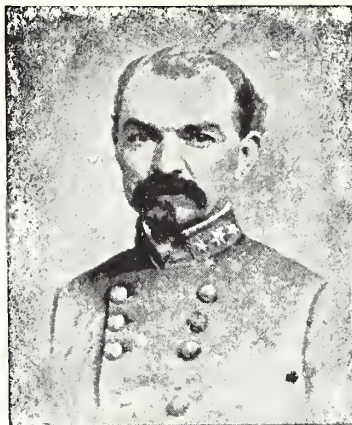
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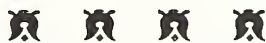
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The *civil* war was too long ago to be called the *late* war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.

The terms "new South" and "lost Cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

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VOL. XIII.

NASHVILLE, TENN., SEPTEMBER, 1905.

No. 9. S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
PROPRIETOR.

MONUMENT TO GEN. N. B. FORREST.

In Forrest Park, Memphis, Tenn., surrounded by fifteen thousand spectators, at 2:30 P.M. on May 16 little Miss Kathleen Bradley pulled the cord that released the veil from the magnificent equestrian statue of her illustrious great-grandfather, Lieut. Gen. Nathan Bedford Forrest. There was a momentary silence as the imposing grandeur of this colossal bronze figure of the great "Wizard of the Saddle" and his steed met the gaze of the expectant crowd, then a wild cheer broke from hundreds of his old surviving followers clustered around the base and was enthusiastically taken up by the vast multitude.

The idea of erecting a monument to Gen. Forrest was first projected in 1886, but it was not until 1891 that it took definite shape and a monument association was organized for this purpose. On November 18, 1900, the design was accepted and the order was given to the sculptor, Charles H. Niehaus. The designer of the base was Mr. B. C. Alsop, and it is built of Tennessee marble. The statue, which was made in Europe, arrived in Memphis on April 16, and was placed on its base a day or two later. The height of the entire monument is twenty-two feet. The height of the bronze figure is nine feet, and it weighs ninety-five hundred pounds. The cost of the structure approximates twenty-five thousand dollars.

The unveiling of the monument was attended with elaborate ceremonies. In the big parade were most of the surviving staff officers of Gen. Forrest, his general officers, and many of his old veterans who rode with him from 1861 to 1865. Judge J. P. Young, who was one of Forrest's old troopers, was master of ceremonies. In opening the proceedings he said in part: "No one who did not ride with Forrest can have so keen an appreciation of the personal qualities of the man as those who were actually under his direct command, and who, from daily, hourly observation, witnessed his fertility of resource, his vehemence in battle, and his soulful tenderness toward the stricken soldier, whether friend or foe. But it was no holiday parade. It cost something to ride with Forrest. It meant days and nights of sleepless toil and motion. It meant countless miles under a burning sun in the choking dust. It meant limitless leagues across icy wastes, with a blanket of snow at night for a covering. It meant to run down and destroy miles of freighted supply trains, to burn depots of stores, to scale the parapets of redoubts, and to plunge, mounted, into the seeming vortex of hell, lighted with the fires of a myriad rifles and scores of belching guns.

It meant to meet death face to face like a drillmaster, to look into his dread eyes, to toy with the horrid trappings of his trade, to scorn the deadly chill of his breath, and to turn away unscathed or sink into the oblivion of his eternal embrace."

Judge Young then introduced Rt. Rev. Thomas F. Gailor, S.T.D., Episcopal Bishop of Tennessee, who offered the invocation. Gen. S. T. Carnes, next introduced, gave an interesting history of the monument from the organization of the association, in 1887, to its final success, in 1905.

Gen. George W. Gordon delivered the dedicatory address. He reviewed the life of Gen. Forrest from infancy to his death, and spoke eloquently of his brilliant military record. The full text of his oration may appear later.

Of the many earnest and eloquent tributes paid the great soldier, one that was most significant was that paid by Col. C. A. Stanton, of the 3d Iowa Cavalry, U. S. A., from 1861-65, and who for two years was directly opposed to Gen. Forrest. He realized Forrest's methods of war at Brice's Cross Roads, Ripley, Harrisburg, Old Town Creek, Tallahatchie, and Hurricane Creek, and was with Gen. Wilson at Montevallo, Ebenezer Church, Bogler's Creek, Selma, Montgomery, Columbus, and Macon. The spectacle of an officer who had fought in the Federal army delivering an address at the unveiling of a monument to a Confederate soldier was an interesting one, and when Col. Stanton was introduced the applause was most generous. Col. Stanton said in part:

"It is an honor which I cannot fitly acknowledge to be invited to take part in the exercises of this memorable day, and I thank the committee for giving me this opportunity to pay my tribute of respect to the memory of Tennessee's great soldier. I come before you with diffidence; but, honored by your invitation and encouraged by your greeting, I shall venture to express briefly a Northern soldier's estimate of the famous Southern leader and the brave men who followed him.

"During the War between the States I served four years in the Federal army, and what I learned then prompts what I now shall say. My knowledge of Gen. Forrest's military career was acquired while serving for a part of two years with the Federal forces that were directly opposed to him and his command. Gen. Forrest possessed the characteristic traits of the successful soldier; his personal bravery was without limit; his resources seemed to be endless, and his decisions, like Napoleon's, were instantaneous; he was ag-

gressive, masterful, resolute, and self-reliant in the most perilous emergency; he was comprehensive in his grasp of every situation, supremely confident in himself and in his men, and inspired by his presence and example his soldiers fought as desperately as did Hannibal's fierce cavalry at Canne or the trained veterans of Cæsar's Tenth Legion at Pharsalia. I think the battle at Brice's Cross Roads in June, 1864, was one of the best illustrations of Gen. Forrest's daring courage, his ability in a critical moment to decide swiftly, his relentless vigor of action, and his intuitive perception of the time and place to strike fierce, stunning blows which fell like thunderbolts upon his enemy and won for him in this battle an overwhelming victory over an opposing force which greatly outnumbered his command.

"Impartial history has given Gen. Forrest high rank as one of the greatest cavalry leaders of modern times. No American, North or South, now seeks to lessen the measure of his fame, and no one can speak of him without remembrance of the men who served with him and whose soldierly qualities made it possible for him to win his wonderful victories. No military leader was ever supported by more faithful, gallant, and daring subordinate officers. It has been truly said that 'the spirit of the cavalier which was found in the Southern armies was combined with the steadfastness of Cromwell's Ironsides,' and it is equally true that no soldiers ever met more promptly every demand made upon them; no soldiers ever faced the enemies' blazing guns more fearlessly or performed greater feats of valor than did the veterans of Forrest's regiments in battles which were as hard-fought as Marathon or Philippi.

"The men who wore the gray from 1861 to 1865 still treasure the memories of those heroic days; but through all the years since that time they have contributed their full share to the advancement and prosperity of our common country, and to-day the nation has no truer friends than the ex-Confederate soldiers of the South.

"The war of 1861-65 was a mighty conflict which stands without a parallel in the annals of time. Shiloh, Stone's River, Franklin, Chickamauga, and Gettysburg are names made sacred by the deeds done there and by the dead who lie there side by side in common graves, where the gray cloth and the blue have faded into dust alike.

"This monument is history in bronze; it illustrates an eventful era in our national history; it commemorates Gen. Forrest's fame and it represents all the gallant soldiers of his command; it attests the splendid courage which won triumphant victories and did not fail when reverses came; it stands for heroic deeds which are now the proud heritage of all American citizens. It is eminently fitting that this figure should stand here within the borders of the Volunteer State, whose soldiers have marched and fought 'from valley's depth to mountain height and from inland rivers to the sea,' in every war in the history of our republic, with a valor which has helped to make the name and fame of the American soldier immortal."

Hon. Thomas B. Turley, in behalf of the Monument Association and of the various Chapters of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, then turned the monument over to the city of Memphis. It was accepted by Mayor Williams in a few well-chosen remarks, and the ceremonies were closed with a benediction by Rev. D. C. Kelley.

The women's part in this extraordinary achievement deserves record, and one woman in particular, Mrs. T. J. Latham, will be remembered in connection with it while the present

generation lives. The United Daughters of the Confederacy will not forget the chorus to her song, "The Forrest Monu-



MRS. T. J. LATHAM.

ment," at several conventions. She is a happy combination of amiability and unceasing courage in whatever she may undertake, and, while not a student of nor a stickler for parliamentary law, as presiding officer of Chapter or State organization (she has been also of the general officers) she never neglected her theme, "The Forrest Monument."

Her work was not confined to the women in their meetings, but on the highways and aboard railway trains. Proud of the enterprise in hand, she would give men and women the opportunity to contribute. Even before the U. C. V.'s in convention at Memphis in 1901 she made an appeal, asking Veterans to give her what they could spare, and in this way \$118 was received, mainly in small coins. A Memphis paper, after mention of this, stated: "This is but one instance of the personal endeavor Mrs. Latham put in the work. All the members of the Sarah Law Chapter feel that Mrs. Latham is deserving of 'the lion's share' of credit for the work done by that Chapter for the Forrest monument, though she herself insists that her work would have been for naught had it not been for the assistance rendered her during the five years by the members of the Sarah Law Chapter. In its completed beauty, the work of Mr. Niehaus, the sculptor, the monument now stands on the most conspicuous knoll of Forrest Park a notable adornment, an object of admiration to the inhabitants of the city as well as the stranger within its gates, a new feature of interest in its development and beautification, a source of unbounded pride to all Confederate Veterans, and

an inspiration to valor, courage, and patriotism for future generations."

MRS. MARGARET JOHNSTON PRICHARD.

In the June number of the *VETERAN* there appeared an interesting personal reminiscence of Gen. R. E. Lee by Mrs. William B. Prichard, of San Francisco, a daughter of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston. It was intended to accompany the article with a portrait of Mrs. Prichard, but it was not available at the time, and it is now presented to our readers. With it the following data is supplied by Col. J. Stoddard Johnston, a nephew of Albert Sidney Johnston:

"Mrs. Prichard, whose name before marriage was Margaret Strother Johnston, was the fourth child of Gen. Albert Sidney and Eliza Griffin Johnston, and was born in Austin, Tex., December 11, 1851, when her father was stationed as paymaster in the regular army. In 1855 he was appointed colonel of the 2d Cavalry Regiment, of which Gen. R. E. Lee was lieutenant colonel and Gen. W. J. Hardee major. In 1860 Gen. Johnston was assigned to the command of the Department of the Pacific, and with his family took up his residence in San Francisco. Upon the inception of the War between the States in the spring of 1861 he resigned his position in the army and, making his way overland to Texas, entered the Confederate service and fell at Shiloh. His family remained in California, and it is still the home of its survivors, Mrs. Johnston having resided in Los Angeles under the protection of her brother, Dr. John S. Griffin, until her death, September 25, 1896.

"In 1876 Margaret Johnston was united in marriage to Capt. William B. Prichard, a native of Virginia, who served with distinction in the Confederate army as captain of Company B, 38th Virginia Infantry, Armistead's Brigade, and

was one of the fortunate survivors of Pickett's famous charge at Gettysburg. For a time after the war he was an assistant professor at the Virginia Military Institute. Later he became a civil engineer, and removed to California. For ten or twelve years after their marriage Capt. and Mrs. Prichard resided in Los Angeles, but since then have made their home in San Francisco. Mrs. Prichard inherits many of the characteristics of her father and mother. Like the latter, she has a marked talent for music, which is also inherited by her only child, Miss Eliza Griffin (Elsie) Prichard."

"OLD FIRST" VIRGINIA INFANTRY.

In an article on the 3d North Carolina Infantry in the August *VETERAN* it appears that North Carolina claims to have been first to organize after the war, but "there are others." The Old First Virginia Infantry Association was organized in 1867 or nine years before, as claimed by the 3d North Carolina. The Old First holds its annual reunions each year on the 18th of July. Its officers are: Col. W. H. Palmer, President (formerly adjutant general of A. P. Hill's Corps); Capt. B. F. Howard, Lieuts. L. S. Robins and E. W. Martin, Vice Presidents; Sergt. Charles T. Loehr, Secretary and Treasurer. The 1st Virginia Infantry was a part of Kemper's Brigade, Pickett's Division, and served throughout the war.

In a beautiful bronzed sheet there are around the Old First Virginia Infantry the historic names: Bull Run, Manassas, Williamsburg, Seven Pines, Gaines's Mill, Frazer's Farm, Second Manassas, South Mountain, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Suffolk, Gettysburg, Plymouth, Drewry's Bluff, Howlett House, Millford, Cold Harbor, Clay House, Dinwiddie C. H., Five Forks, Sailor's Creek, Appomattox C. H. The report is signed by Charles T. Loehr, Secretary.

The Third North Carolina organization antedates the "Old First Virginia Infantry" organization in a sense, as may be seen by reference to files of the *VETERAN*. Away back in 1898 (June issue, page 265) there is an account of a meeting of the officers of the Third North Carolina Infantry as reported by James I. Metts, Secretary, in which it is stated that the officers met to receive the remains of Col. William M. Parsley on February 2, 1866, and that at that meeting "it was resolved that the surviving officers of the Third North Carolina Infantry, in good standing, form themselves into an association," etc, and that they meet every year on May 16 "to celebrate the anniversary of their regiment as long as one member is left." In October, 1888, according to that record, the constitution and by-laws were so changed as to admit enlisted men. The commander of the regiment in service, Col. William L. De Rosset, who has ever been faithful and zealous, was made President of the Association.

Comrades complain occasionally that too much space is given to the sponsors, etc., in the *VETERAN*. Do they not realize the importance of enlisting that class? Span a decade or twice that of the future and meditate on who would be left of their comrades to furnish reports of what they did in the sixties. Surely such men are far-sighted enough to realize that they should encourage with diligence every method whereby the maintenance of their principles should be perpetuated. There never has been a time in the history of the "men who wore the gray" when they should be more diligent than now in zeal to establish methods whereby their highest principles of life may be maintained until all the world will justify them in all they have done.



MRS. WILLIAM B. PRICHARD.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

PURPOSES OF CONFEDERATE ORGANIZATIONS.

If any class of people on the earth should be harmonious and labor incessantly for the few essential causes for which they were organized—viz., benevolence in the care of afflicted and unfortunate Veterans and the families of such and the vindication of the Southern people in all of their political actions—it should be the Confederate organizations. The good already accomplished by them in these things is incalculable. Think of Georgia, for instance, in having given to Confederate causes \$9,913,748.80! Nearly all of the Southern States are doing well, but no other equals the "Empire State of the South." True, the aggregate amounts should not be the test for a State, yet Georgia has done best of all.

In matters of truthful history more has been accomplished than is readily conceivable, and yet it is all a mere beginning of what should be done and we have been a long time about it. Inspiration has been even given many Veterans and to mothers by the younger generations in such examples as that of Mary Morris, of Tennessee, as a young girl positively refusing to study vile history and Laura Galt, of Kentucky, who has caused thousands to investigate what "Marching through Georgia" meant through her determination not to join in the song by that name.

These important matters should induce every patriot to forget all selfish aggrandizement and to cooperate with those who are like-minded in achieving the greatest possible results. The benevolent feature appeals to all good men and women, to all who honor the brave and unselfish in undergoing the greatest possible privations for their convictions, while the historic should enlist every devotee to truth and every patriot who wishes the South to maintain her dignity and the correct record of the patriotism that characterized their fathers in the sixties.

Every man and woman who has the honor to be a member of these great Confederate organizations should regard their sacred duties whereby they share the distinction so high as to be ever on guard to subserve the cause rather than the securing of any benefits in any way to themselves. Then the Veterans and the Mothers will soon be silent, and they should set examples speedily for the Sons and the Daughters, to which the better of them would refer with pride and with gratitude in their maintenance of these worthy objects.

This discipline should begin in the Camps and in the Chapters. It would be well for every such organization to have a committee of say three members whose sole duties should be to investigate sources of friction, and wherever a man or woman be found guilty of mischief-making a reprimand should be pronounced before the body. It is not only a discredit that wrangling should occur among members, but it should be designated a disgrace. These matters should be viewed from a conservative standpoint. It should be emphasized as a principle that friends are not altogether as good nor enemies quite as bad as they seem.

STATEMENTS TO VETERAN SUBSCRIBERS.

During the past month or so the following letter was sent to all subscribers whose times had expired previous to this year: "The VETERAN treats subscribers in an impersonal way. The poorest is supplied just as is the millionaire; it is sent to any person who requests it, and notices of sums due (not 'duns') are sent to all alike. In many instances when these notices are answered the reply is that the VETERAN 'was not ordered,' and payment is refused. The sending of notices is expensive, and friends will oblige by prompt response. Surely no one should be offended. The VETERAN takes no advantage of any subscriber; and when an error occurs, it is corrected, with gratitude for the information."

Many persons fail to answer and others decline to pay for one reason or another. It is presumed that no name appears on the subscription list of any one unfriendly to the VETERAN; therefore each one is reminded that every copy is a positive expense. Even the postage for an issue is sixty to seventy-five dollars. Thousands of dollars are required for the plain paper each year, so that when the VETERAN is sent and no reimbursement is made it cripples the enterprise to that extent. Patriotic Southerners should realize what the VETERAN is doing for the cause; and even if they failed to get every copy, they should exercise a liberal spirit in its perpetuity. For every name on its list with a date pay is expected.

PRACTICAL WORDS AND DEEDS.

Mr. W. L. Smith sends twenty-eight subscriptions taken at a reunion in Auxvasse, Mo., and writes that he could have procured them more easily if he had gotten a package of sample copies in time. It would be an easy thing to secure a hundred thousand subscribers to the VETERAN. Now that the quarantine so cuts down the work of agents, won't every sincere friend of the VETERAN make a little effort to see what he or she can do for new subscribers?

Dr. T. A. Ashley, of Baltimore, who wrote the beautiful sketch of Gen. R. E. Lee as college president, writes as follows: "In a recent visit to Virginia I met a number of old soldiers who I was surprised to find were not subscribers to the VETERAN. Several expressed a wish to subscribe. I also know a number of old soldiers in this city who would take your publication if it was presented to them. I suggest that you employ some one here to solicit subscriptions. If you have no one, I will try to find a good canvasser for you. I am sure you can get from three to five hundred subscribers in this State if a proper effort is made to solicit subscriptions. The good work you are doing is too important to let languish. The ground you are cultivating will yield rich material for years to come, for as long as the cause you are representing lives in the hearts of the Southern people there will be matter of interest for your publication. You cannot exhaust this material, for it will grow with each new generation and will live through the centuries in some form. My children are more interested in the cause, if possible, than I am. Many subscribers should come from this generation which is springing up as the older generation passes away. I should like to see your work prosper, for I have the greatest love for that cause for which so many of my kindred made the greatest of all sacrifices—the sacrifice of blood."

THE U. D. C.'S ARE REQUESTED TO TAKE TREES FROM EACH STATE TO CALIFORNIA.—The Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter of San Francisco is the "Hostess Chapter" for the Convention that will meet from the 3d to the 7th of October, and its

President, Mrs. A. H. Voorhies, has written to all the Presidents of the State Divisions, U. D. C., begging them to bring or send a tree to be planted in the "Confederate Grove" that shall be created near San Francisco. There is a very interesting "Confederate Grove" in the Yosemite Valley. One of the largest trees is named for Gen. Lee. Fearing some letters might not have reached their destination, this request is emphasized here. Mrs. Voorhies is anxious that every State having a U. D. C. Chapter be represented, and from each State is desired a tree that will be distinctively peculiar to that State—such, for instance, as the Palmetto from South Carolina. If there are any changes in the Presidents of Chapters since the publication of minutes of the last Convention, the outgoing President is asked to pass Mrs. Voorhies's letter to the incoming officer. All ladies, it is hoped, who go will be prepared to attend the grand ball on the 6th.

The Chairman of the Transportation Committee for the U. D. C. Convention gives notice that tickets issued on account of the Lewis and Clark Exposition at Portland, Oregon, are suitable for delegates to their Convention at San Francisco in October. There are certain sale dates for these tickets, and they are good for return until November 30.

SALARIES FOR U. D. C. OFFICERS.

BY MRS. FLORA M'DONALD WILLIAMS,

Second Vice President Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, Louisville, Ky.

That some of the general officers of the U. D. C. organization should be willing to accept salaries for their services is, I think, a matter of regret to a majority of the Daughters, and it is to be hoped that at our next general convention the action authorizing it will be rescinded, as well as some of the other hasty and unwise measures "railroaded" through at St. Louis in almost the closing hours.

It is all right that the Secretary should be reimbursed for money actually expended in securing necessary assistance in the preparation of the minutes of the convention, etc., and that the Custodian of the Crosses of Honor should have refunded to her all money paid out for work she cannot do herself; but I am sure that in our organization of nearly fifty thousand earnest women workers there can be found plenty of intelligent, competent women who will gladly give their own services for the love of the cause and consider the honor attached as full compensation.

I do not believe that we always realize what a unique and sacred organization ours is. That from a defeated people, forty years after their surrender to an overpowering foe, should be recruited an army of fifty thousand earnest women bent on preserving the records of that people and caring for the victims of that war is little short of miraculous! But when the feature of salaries enters into our society, and we thereby put it on a commercial basis, it will at once descend from the high plane where it should be the aim of every true Daughter to keep it, and our offices, which should be the reward of earnest interest and meritorious work, will become attractive for other reasons.

From the fact that our Treasurer was voted a salary of \$500 at St. Louis, it might naturally be inferred that the duties of her office were very onerous and that the Daughters were blessed with a somewhat redundant treasury. If we are casting about for suitable objects upon which to bestow our superabundance, we would suggest that the cross of honor, which symbolizes so much and which should be of most enduring workmanship, might very appropriately be improved and

strengthened in its construction. It is manufactured now at the pitiful cost of nine cents, and I have heard of numerous instances where it was lost on account of its inferior construction. My Chapter has adopted the plan of reinforcing at its own expense all crosses bestowed by it.

This is a matter which I think the convention at its meeting in San Francisco should certainly consider. Instead of paying a salary to some one to care for and distribute it, let more money be spent in its manufacture. An iron one would cost little more and be infinitely more enduring, and, like the one bestowed by the German government, would be proudly transmitted from one generation to another. As now planned and executed, however, our cross of honor, which means so much, is frequently lost by the recipient soon after receiving it unless he has it strengthened himself, and as an heirloom will prove a dismal failure.

CHILDREN OF CONFEDERACY IN NEW YORK.

There was formed in New York City in January, 1903, a Chapter of Children of the Confederacy, which has prospered. This Chapter is called the "Stonewall Jackson Chapter of Manhattan," and is named for that great man who fought for the cause he loved and for which he gave his life.

The young members enter into the spirit of this organization with great zest, and prove themselves true children of the Southland. Its officers have proved themselves both efficient and businesslike, acting in true parliamentary style.

The President of this Chapter, Miss Mildred Lee Clark (namesake of the late Miss Mildred Lee), has done much to promote the interests of the Chapter and enters heart and soul into the work, presiding with great dignity and grace at the meetings.

Mrs. Robins A. Lau, of Louisville, Ky., has been a prominent worker in this cause, forming Chapters in New York and other cities. These Children of the Confederacy have much to thank her for, and heartily appreciate her unflinching interest and zeal.

The "Children" have been working to raise a sum toward the Stonewall Jackson Memorial Hospital, in Lexington, Va. A very pretty and effective little scene took place after a successful social tea, in which Mrs. James Henry Parker, the well-known and charming President of the New York Chapter, U. D. C., presented the "Children" with a beautiful Confederate flag, which was received by Miss Mildred Lee Clark, President, who accepted it in a most graceful manner. The proceeds of a bazaar held successfully sometime ago will go to the Stonewall Jackson Memorial Hospital in Lexington, Va.

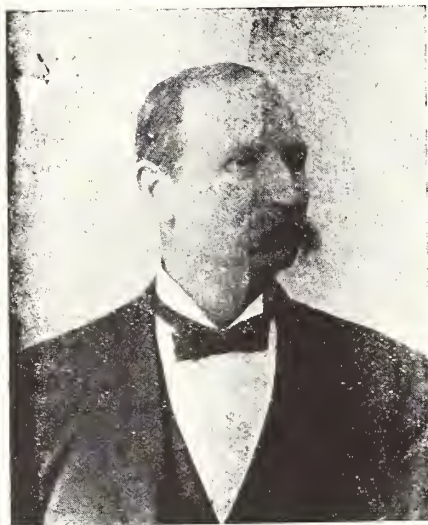
A contributor for the VETERAN writes: "I know the people of the South will be glad to know of this loyal spirit in the hearts of the Southern children living in the North, who hold in veneration and loving remembrance those great heroes who fought so bravely for their beloved Southland."



MILDRED LEE CLARK.

RECORD OF N. B. FORREST CAMP, NO. 4, U. C. V.

This report in full as sent to the VETERAN by J. W. Wingham, Sergeant Major of the Camp, was supplied the VETERAN upon request of the editor without thought of any matter being offered to influence comrades or the public concern-



BRIG. GEN. J. F. SHIPP.

ing a movement to which the report refers near the close of the article as to a resolution adopted in December, 1903. It comes at a time when the motive for its use might be misconstrued. The editor confesses that he was in sympathy with the committee who regretted it could not accept the Camp as a Bivouac under its constitution and by-laws. The request was made for a report

through consideration of its zeal in many Confederate achievements and the fact that it was specifically honored by the Camp away back in 1893 and the zealous patronage of its members throughout its history of over a dozen years.

It is fair and just to state herein—since there will be no opportunity by the Bivouac officials to reply before a convention assemblies, members of which will be influenced by this report—that the State Association sought earnestly to receive the Forrest Camp on terms consistent with its constitution and by-laws—just such conditions as those by which the Tennessee Historical Association was received. The editor of the VETERAN has been threatened with suit for libel for publishing action of the latter in connection with this new movement. See June issue, page 346.

On September 1, 1885, the R. E. Lee Camp, No. 1, Confederate Veterans, in accordance with the terms and provisions of an act of the General Assembly of Virginia issued a charter to N. B. Forrest Camp, No. 3, of Chattanooga, Tenn., the charter members of Forrest Camp being T. J. Dement, L. B. Headrick, Summerfield A. Key, W. L. Eakin, M. H. Clift, E. M. Dodson, N. H. Burt, Thomas Cowart, J. B. Smartt, R. L. Rock, B. P. Key, A. M. Johnson, J. W. Butler, D. B. Rankin, Harry Dungey, James F. Bourges, R. C. McRee, J. W. Bachman, J. A. Caldwell, Tomlinson Fort, J. L. McCollum, T. M. McConnell, R. M. Tankesley, N. C. Ford, W. O. Peebles, R. H. Woodward, Joseph F. Shipp, and Garnett Andrews.

On September 15, 1885, a meeting of ex-Confederate soldiers was called at the courthouse in Chattanooga. The meeting was called to order by S. A. Key. Rev. J. W. Bachman was made temporary Chairman and S. P. Breckinridge Secretary. The following committee was appointed to draft constitution and by-laws: J. F. Shipp, E. M. Dodson, S. A. Key, R. L. Watkins, C. S. Peak, I. D. Allen, Garnett Andrews, J. L. McCollum, L. T. Dickinson, John Bankston, and J. W. Thornton.

On September 22 a meeting was held in the courthouse, when the committee presented the constitution and by-laws of N. B. Forrest Camp, No. 3, which were adopted. The following officers were elected: Garnett Andrews and J. F. Shipp, Commanders; S. A. Key and R. L. Watkins, Lieutenant Commanders; L. T. Dickinson, Adjutant; T. J. Dement, Quartermaster; S. P. Breckinridge, Surgeon; A. W. Palmer, Assistant Surgeon; J. W. Bachman, Chaplain; J. H. Bankston, Officer of Day; J. W. Thornton, Treasurer; J. M. Toler, Vidette; W. W. Harkins, Color Sergeant; J. L. McCollum and W. E. Florence, Color Guards.

The following Commanders have served with the very efficient and genial Comrade L. T. Dickinson, the Adjutant through all these years except the period that he served as Commander—1894-95—when T. P. Wells was the Adjutant [This compliment to Adj. Dickinson is by the editor of the VETERAN]: 1885-86, Garnett Andrews, Commander; 1887 to 1893, J. F. Shipp; 1894-95, L. T. Dickinson; 1896, W. P. McClatchey; 1897, J. F. Shipp; 1898-99, Thomas Fort; 1900,



L. T. DICKINSON.

J. L. Price; 1901, M. H. Clift; 1902, J. P. Smartt; 1903, Milton Russell; 1904, S. J. A. Frazier; 1905, B. L. Goulding.

Up to August 1, 1905, 394 Veterans have been enrolled, 75 deaths have occurred, and 62 sons of Confederate Veterans have been enrolled as associate members.

The Camp held its meetings in Phoenix Hall, Market Street, until November, 1886, when they moved to Room 15, Lee Block, Ninth and Carter Streets, which it occupied until May, 1887, when new quarters were secured in Adams Block, Eighth and Georgia Avenue. In August, 1892, the quarters were moved to Vandeman Building (third floor), which quarters are still occupied.

April 19-23, 1887, the Camp held the most successful bazaar in the history of Chattanooga. The old skating rink running through from Broad and Chestnut Streets was used. Miss Winnie Davis graced the occasion with her presence, which event added largely to the attendance and receipts. The Camp presented her with a handsome gold badge, which she treasured to the day of her death.

On November 1, 1887, Col. J. E. Fenn, of U. S. Grant Post, G. A. R., of Elizabeth, N. J., presented the Camp with a bronze badge of unique design made from the cannon surrendered at Appomattox. Col. Fenn came to Chattanooga expressly for this purpose.

On May 7, 1889, the Camp passed resolutions approving the efforts being made to make Chickamauga a national park. Gen. H. V. Boynton was presented with a valuable relic of the battlefield of Chickamauga by Col. Fort in the name of the Camp. Gen. Boynton valued this relic highly; and when on his deathbed, in May, 1905, he wrote to the Camp that he would present the relic to the Loyal Legion of Cincinnati, and hoped the Camp would approve of his action.

In June, 1889, \$100 was sent sufferers of the Johnstown, Pa., flood.

In June, 1889, the United Confederate Veterans was organized in New Orleans.

In July, 1889, N. B. Forrest Camp was admitted as Camp No. 4. Forrest Camp invited the U. C. V.'s to hold their first convention in Chattanooga.

In September, 1889, the Camp joined with the Army of the Cumberland in giving one of the most extensive barbecues ever given on the battlefield of Chickamauga at Crawfish Spring. Gens. Gordon and Rosecrans were present. The feast was participated in by twelve thousand old soldiers, gray and blue. This was the first instance in the South where an organization of Confederate Veterans joined with the Federal Veterans in a public demonstration of such a fraternal character.

In January, 1890, the Camp appointed a committee to devise means of raising money for a monument to Jefferson Davis, the monument to be in the form of a grand memorial building in which the prominent figure should be a marble or bronze statue of President Davis, the building to be used as a museum of the relics of the war, a sketch of every company and regiment in the Confederate army, and portraits of all the prominent Confederate soldiers.

The first Reunion of the United Confederate Veterans was held in Chattanooga in July, 1890, at which time a Forrest Festival was held and yielded a fund of \$679.75, which was placed in bank on interest as a nucleus to a fund for the erection of a monument to Gen. Forrest. This fund is still drawing four per cent interest.

Annual Memorial Service was inaugurated to be held the first Sunday after the first Tuesday in October.

In February, 1891, the Camp entertained the Veteran Zouaves of Elizabeth, N. J., Gen. Drake commanding.

In August, 1891, on invitation from the President of the State Association, C. V., the Camp appointed a delegation to attend the convention at Winchester under the following resolution: "That the delegates from Forrest Camp to the State Association of C. V., to assemble at Winchester, Tenn., September 9, 1891, be and are hereby instructed to bear the fraternal salutations of this Camp to the brethren of the State Association and to assure the Association that Forrest Camp is not only willing but anxious to become a member of the State Association on the following conditions: (1) That N. B. Forrest Camp be allowed to retain its name and personality; (2) to retain its form of organization intact; (3) Forrest Camp to file with the Secretary of the State Association a complete roster of its members; (4) the eligibility of present membership in Forrest Camp, having been fixed by existing law, is not to be disturbed or inquired into."

The delegates attended the convention, and Forrest Camp was elected a member of the State Association; but subsequently the Executive Committee of the State Association set aside the action of the convention in admitting Forrest Camp to the State Association.

This report was signed by T. H. Smith, President; John P. Hickman, Secretary; J. B. Cowan, James D. Stillman, R. G. Rothrock, and James H. Lewis.

James J. Turner, of Gallatin, was the only member of the Executive Committee who declined to indorse the action of the committee and stand by the action of the Convention. This action was taken, notwithstanding the fact that Forrest Camp was the first one in the State of Tennessee to be ad-

mitted to the United Confederate Veterans two years before this date when the roster of the Camp passed the scrutiny of the officers of the U. C. V.

A Past Commander of the Camp (Gen. Joseph F. Shipp) has occupied a place on the staff of the commanding general since the second year of the organization of the U. C. V. until the present date.

Upon receipt of this official action of the Executive Committee of the State Association, on the motion of W. P. McClatchey, one of the delegates to the Convention, the Camp passed the following resolutions:

"Whereas a communication has been received from the Executive Committee of the State Association of Confederate Veterans of Tennessee, setting forth constitutional reasons why the action of the State Convention, held at Winchester, Tenn., September 9, 1891, admitting N. B. Forrest Camp, No. 3, into said State organization was unconstitutional; and whereas the record has been made up and we have no power to alter or amend the same; therefore be it

Resolved, That it is the sense of N. B. Forrest Camp, No. 3, if we are not a member of the State Association in accordance with the conditions contained in the resolutions passed by the State Association in convention assembled at Winchester, Tenn., September 9, 1891, and cannot become a member under the constitution and by-laws now existing in accordance with the terms and conditions contained in the resolutions passed by this Camp August 4, 1891, and filed with the Secretary of the State Association, we assure our comrades throughout the State that, while we may not be a member of their State Association, we pledge ourselves to heartily cooperate with them in every good word and work.

Resolved, That the Adjutant of this Camp be and is hereby instructed to send copies of these resolutions to the Executive Committee and the Secretary of the State Association at Nashville, Tenn."

In September, 1892, the delegates of Forrest Camp were completely ignored at the Convention of the State Association held at Franklin, Tenn.

On February 19, 1893, a handsomely framed picture of Gen. Forrest was received from George A. Reeves, of Altoona, Pa., and comrades of the Army of the Cumberland in appreciation of courtesies shown them by the Camp during their Reunion in Chattanooga.

In March, 1893, the Camp memorialized the Legislature to increase appropriation to care for Soldiers' Home. Gov. Turney was urged to appoint a representation from the Camp on the commission to mark the battlefield of Chickamauga.

In April, 1893, the committee appointed in January, 1890, to raise funds to be applied to a fund for the erection of a monument to Jefferson Davis reported that they had deposited in the Third National Bank at four per cent interest \$308.03, to be known as the Jefferson Davis Monument Fund. This fund now amounts to \$520.38 (August, 1905). At the same time the Forrest Camp Monument Fund, which was started in July, 1890, was also placed in the Third National Bank on four per cent interest-bearing certificate, the amount having been increased to \$721.20. At the present time, August, 1905, this fund amounts to \$889.91. Joseph F. Shipp is the custodian of both of these funds.

In August, 1893, the CONFEDERATE VETERAN was officially recognized by the Camp.

In Jun., 1894, the Camp replied to Gen. John T. Reynolds Post, No. 51, G. A. R., Alexandria, Minn., commending the government for paying pensions to its deserving soldiers,

but only to those who were injured in their line of duty as enlisted soldiers. We hold that it would be a breach of faith for the Federal government to withhold reasonable pensions for those needing help who became disabled in the service in the line of duty.

In August, 1894, the by-laws were amended so as to admit sons of Confederate Veterans as associate members of the Camp. A Testament found on the battlefield of Shiloh, which had belonged to John Duckworth, Company F, 16th Wisconsin Volunteers, who was wounded at that battle, fell into the hands of the Camp, and was returned to Duckworth's son at New Lisbon, Wis.

In October, 1894, a telegram was sent to the Society of the Army of Tennessee, in convention at Council Bluffs, Iowa, inviting them to hold their next convention in Chattanooga.

In May, 1895, preamble and resolutions were passed, urging the Legislature of Tennessee to appropriate \$100,000 to be expended in the erection of monuments to "mark the spots hallowed by the best blood in America" on the battlefield of Chickamauga.

In June, 1895, roses blooming in pots, grown on Missionary Ridge, near Bragg's headquarters, were sent to the Confederate Camp at Chicago, Ill., upon the occasion of the unveiling of the Confederate monument on the site of Camp Douglas, the roses to be planted about the monument.

In July, 1895, Gen. Longstreet was invited to be a guest of the Camp at the dedication of Chickamauga, Chattanooga National Military Park. Resolutions were passed expressing regret that the State Legislature appropriated only the paltry sum of \$10,000 to erect monuments to our dead at Chickamauga, requesting the Mayor and Aldermen of Chattanooga to appropriate \$2,500 for the purpose of entertaining our guests, inviting the State government to participate in the dedication ceremonies of the park, and demanding that the \$10,000 now appropriated by the State be increased to \$100,000 for monuments to the soldier dead of Tennessee.

In August, 1895, the Confederate Cemetery was beautifully remodeled.

In December, 1897, the Camp attended the dedication of Pennsylvania monuments in Chickamauga Park, and kept open house for the visitors.

In April, 1898, the Camp joined with the G. A. R. Posts of Chattanooga in indorsing Col. Alfred Gupton to Gov. Taylor for a commission in Tennessee troops to be engaged in hostilities with Spain. Congress was memorialized to print muster rolls of Federal and Confederate armies and distribute them among the public libraries.

In May, 1898, resolutions were adopted in conjunction with G. A. R. Posts of Chattanooga congratulating the people of the United States upon the location of Chickamauga Park; indorsing the statesmanship and patriotism of the President of the United States in his efforts to avoid war with Spain, the time having arrived, since war has been declared, to pledge the government our united support; indorsing the appointment of Gens. Wilson, Lee, and Wheeler and others from civil life who have illustrated American valor on the bloody fields of the late war; indorsing the selection of Chickamauga Park as the point for mobilization of troops; requesting our Senators and Representatives in Congress to pass laws and the President to execute them to raise troops enough and navy large enough to insure a speedy and successful end to the present war; requesting our local authorities to preserve files of all newspapers published in Tennessee during

the pending war, that the city and county keep a history of each man who enlists from Hamilton County and of each company going out of it, that our city and county complete our city and county hospital and tender it to the government; and directing that a copy of the resolutions be sent to the President of the United States, the Governor of Tennessee, the Mayor and Aldermen of Chattanooga, to Congress, and be published in city papers.

In September, 1898, the Camp telegraphed President McKinley that it united with the people of Chattanooga in inviting him to review the troops at Chickamauga Park.

On October 4 the Camp participated in the dedication of the monument erected by Knapp's Pennsylvania Battery at Orchard Knob.

In September, 1899, upon invitation of the Wilder Monument Association, the Camp attended the dedication of the Wilder Monument in Chickamauga Park. The Camp marched in uniform as escort to the G. A. R. Post. Speeches were made from both sides. Col. Fort spoke for the Confederate Veterans. This was the first occasion known in the South where the Confederate Veterans marched in their uniform in joint meeting with the Federal Veterans.

In October, 1899, delegates were sent to represent the Camp at the National Reunion of the blue and gray at Evansville, Ind., under the auspices of Farragut Post, G. A. R.

In October, 1900, the Camp passed a resolution indorsing the reunion of the blue and gray, citing the fact that this Camp had inaugurated the movement in September, 1899, out of which grew the "Chickamauga Memorial Association."

In January, 1901, Congress was memorialized, urging our Representatives to lend their aid in the project to erect a memorial gateway to Chickamauga Park, upon which is to be expended \$300,000. Our State Legislature was also requested to aid in the matter.

In February, 1901, the Legislature of Tennessee was earnestly requested to appropriate \$20,000 to be used in erecting a monument to Gen. N. B. Forrest. Col. Garnett Andrews suggested the erection of a monument to the noble women of the South, who so heroically aided the Southern cause during the war.

In March, 1901, the by-laws were amended, on motion of J. F. Shipp, providing as an order of business the taking up of a voluntary collection at every business meeting to provide a fund to be used in aiding the erection of a monument at some point in the South to the heroic women of the Southern Confederacy, this order of business to be known as a memorial to the heroic women of the South. This action of the Camp will be reported to the general commanding and request that the same be promulgated to all the Camps of the U. C. V., urging all Camps of C. V. to make like provisions for raising and accumulating funds for this purpose.

In April, 1901, the Legislature of Tennessee was memorialized to appropriate a liberal sum for the purpose of enlarging and maintaining a hospital at the Soldiers' Home.

On September 15, 1901, resolutions of condolence and sympathy upon the tragic death of President McKinley were adopted at a meeting called for that purpose.

On May 21, 1901, the corner stone of the arch at the Confederate Cemetery was laid.

On June 3, 1902, resolutions were adopted appreciative of the motive that prompted Capt. Gahagan, of Post 45, G. A. R., in his speech on Decoration Day of the Federal dead at Knoxville suggesting that the Federal government take charge

of the Confederate dead as the nation's dead, but expressing our unwillingness to it unless it be done at the request of the survivors of the Federal army and with the consent of that grand and glorious army of women, the Daughters of the Confederacy. Resolutions were adopted requesting the government committee on pensions to deviate from their rule and grant a pension to Mrs. Susan S. Rayner, of Mineral Wells, Tex., sister of Gen. Leonidas Polk, copy of resolutions to be sent to our representatives in Congress, with the request that they be presented to both Houses of Congress.

On June 12, 1902, the grand arch and gateway erected at Confederate Cemetery by the Daughters of the Confederacy was dedicated.

In December, 1902, resolutions were adopted, urging the Legislature to increase the appropriations for pensions to Confederate Veterans.

In May, 1903, the Camp adopted resolutions of thanks to Mission Ridge Post, No. 45, G. A. R., and Lookout Post, No. 2, for the resolutions they adopted and sent to our representatives in the State Legislature joining with us in urging an increase of pensions for Confederate Veterans.

In September, 1903, a resolution was adopted suggesting a better order of business and a reduction of delegates at our Reunions.

In December, 1903, a resolution was adopted offering to co-operate in any manner that has for its object the consolidation of all Confederate Veterans' organizations in the State into one Tennessee Division of United Confederate Veterans, subject to the constitution and by-laws of the general organization of the U. C. V. Association.

In November, 1904, the Legislature of Tennessee was furnished with resolutions adopted by the Camp in regard to the Soldiers' Home established in Tennessee, giving as our opinion that "no soldier should be disfranchised by becoming the guest of the United States or this State," and making the

request that the Legislature "amend our statutes so that any Veteran who resides in this State as long as the law now requires as a qualification to vote be allowed to vote if otherwise qualified, and that residence in a Soldiers' Home constitute such residence as now required by law."

In January, 1905, the following resolutions were adopted and sent to representatives of the Legislature and to the various Camps in the State:

"Resolved: 1. That the time has come in the great prosperity of this State when she can afford to pay the debt she owes by giving every worthy and deserving Confederate soldier, who is without subsistence and unable to work, a pension.

"2. That the present law requiring disability be traced to the war is unjust and a temptation to perjury, and ought to be changed.

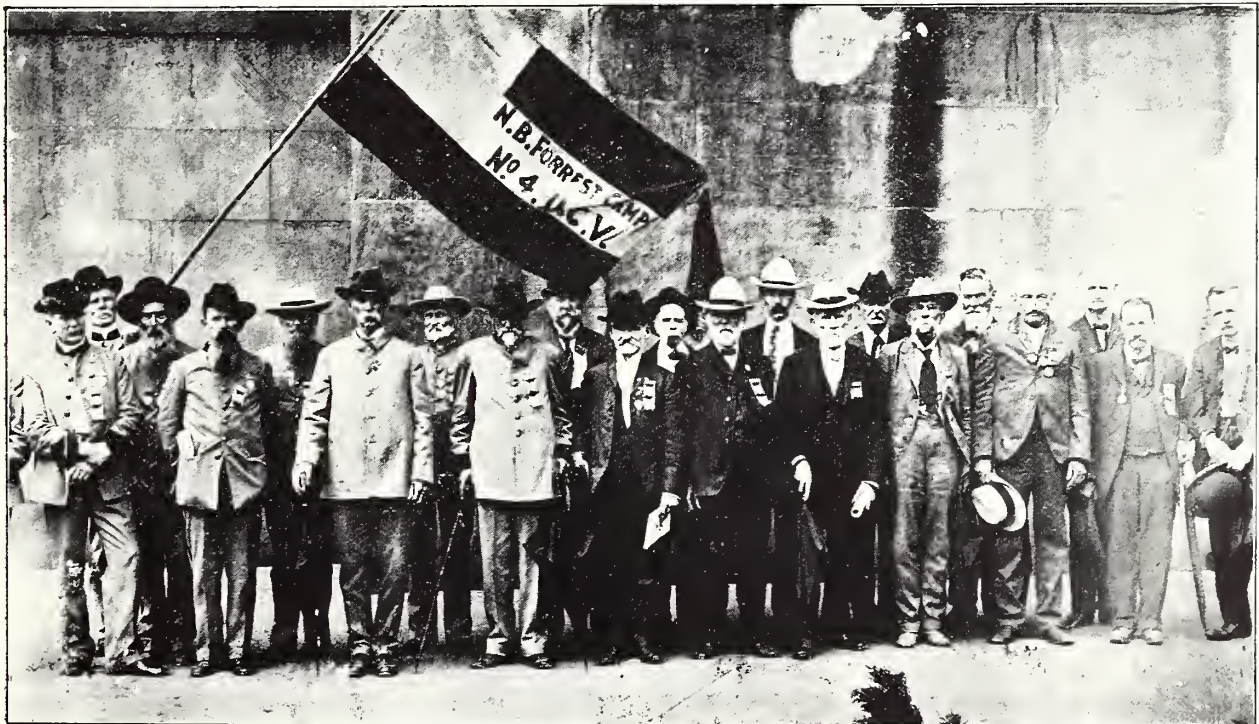
"3. That the pension business has grown in importance so that the examiner should be separate and distinct from the Board who sit in judgment on his reports."

In March, 1905, the movement inaugurated by which to gather historic information from the women of the South of incidences that occurred during the war publish them in newspaper supplements, the proceeds from same to go to the fund for the erection of a monument to the women of the South.

On April 28, 1905, two members of Forrest Camp attended the organization of the Tennessee Division, U. C. V., at Nashville.

On May 2, 1905, the Camp applied for membership in Tennessee Division of U. C. V.

The Camp is now (August, 1905) making preparations in conjunction with the G. A. R. Posts of Chattanooga to entertain the Wilder Brigade Association, Society of the Army of the Cumberland, and other Federal organizations at a Reunion in this city next month.



MEMBERS OF THE N. B. FORREST CAMP AT THE LOUISVILLE REUNION.

SPECIAL DEPARTMENT. United Sons of Confederate Veterans.

Organized July 1, 1896, in Richmond, Va.

Conducted by the Commander in Chief, to whom all contributions intended therefor should be addressed.

THOMAS M. OWEN, LL.D., COMMANDER IN CHIEF, } Montgomery, Ala.
WILL T. SHEEHAN, A. G. AND CHIEF OF STAFF, }
E. LESLIE SPENCE, JR., COMMANDER A. N. V. DEPT., Richmond, Va.
R. E. L. BYNUM, COMMANDER ARMY TENN. DEPT., Jackson, Tenn.
I. J. STOCKETT, COMMANDER TRANS-MISS. DEPT., Tyler, Tex.

VIEWS OF SONS UPON THE ISSUES.

In addresses for the Sons of Confederate Veterans at Louisville two were noticeable. One by W. P. Lane, of Fort Worth, which had been prepared with great care, was so approved by the convention that he was urged to "go on" when more than his allotted time had been occupied. More of that address hereafter.

Mr. Harry B. Hawes, of St. Louis, spoke also at length in reply to the address of welcome. Extracts from his address:

"If our fathers have buried their resentments, their sons cannot do less by remembering the good and forgetting the mean things of that historic conflict. But there is one duty that the Southern son owes to his father as well as to his nation, and that is to insist persistently at all times and upon all occasions that the history of the war shall be truly written, that its causes shall be asserted, and that we may proclaim and posterity know that the soldiers of the South fought for principle and honor and the preservation of that construction of the Constitution which was given by the men who made it.

"The preservation of facts and actual experiences in the memory of the living is of immediate necessity that there may be proper material for the writing of this true account. There was enough of glory for both, enough of heroic acts and noble sacrifices to satisfy the zeal of the bitterest partisan, and there can be no excuse for a Southerner writing a history which does not deal truly with the situation. Certainly the Northern historian should be sufficiently gratified with the victory of the Northern armies not to feel compelled to make false record of the causes that led to the unhappy conflict. If, in preserving history, it becomes necessary to speak the bold truth, there should be no complaint, and there will be none except by those who have something to conceal. The South has nothing to hide, and asks the printing of unvarnished facts, nothing more.

"While Appomattox settled all disputes on the State Rights Doctrine as well as the slavery question, it should not prevent the story of what came before being truly told. The dispassionate historian of the future will write that slavery was not introduced in America at the solicitation of the men who settled the South. The first American slave ship was fitted out by the Pilgrim Colony, and the first statute establishing slavery was enacted in Massachusetts.

"The War between the States was not started for the emancipation of slaves, nor did Lincoln and Grant go into it for that purpose, but to preserve the Union of States. Lincoln said, in his inaugural address of March 4, 1861: 'I have no purpose directly or indirectly to interfere with the institution of slavery in the States where it now exists. I believe I have no lawful right to do so, and I have no inclination to

do so.' And again: 'I did not at any time say that I was in favor of negro suffrage. I declared against it. I am not in favor of negro citizenship.' Emancipation came as an incident of war.

"The first American Confederacy to recognize slavery by law was the United Colonies of New England. Its original disappearance from the North was due less to morals than to climate. Jefferson protested against it before Lincoln and Davis were born. Southern States, by legislative enactment, stopped its growth before the Federal enactments of 1808. The North did as much as the South to put the black curse upon our land, and then made the South pay the entire cost for the sins of both.

"Massachusetts, not South Carolina, first proposed to secede from the Union of States when the War of 1812 began and again when Texas was admitted to the Union. The consistent Davis, who fought through the war with Mexico, personally favored the annexation of Texas, and its admission into the Union did not then dispute but acknowledge the right of Massachusetts to secede. This historian will tell that the South believed that States were nations. The general government was their agent, holding certain powers that were subject to recall. The Union, under the Constitution, was an agreement by consent for certain express purposes only. This was the doctrine of State rights, learned by the Southern people in childhood's early hour, from the debates of the Constitutional Convention taught to them at school and in college, and they held no other theory of the national Union.

"The War between the States was not one of conquest but the defense of principle. The Southern States left the Union, which they had helped to build, with regret and sorrow. Under their interpretation of the Constitution, they believed they had the right to go, but went reluctantly, feeling that it would be wrong to remain. The fundamental distinction between the man of the North and the man of the South was that the Northerner loved the nation better than his State and the Southerner loved his State better than his nation, just as he loved his own fireside best of all. A hundred thousand men gave their lives and the rest all they had in defense of what they believed to be their rights. Half-clothed, half-starved, living on less than mortal men ever subsisted on before, with constantly thinning ranks, ammunition gone, until starvation and disease exhausted their last efforts at resistance, they fought against a splendid army, well-fed, well-clothed, and equipped until human endurance could no longer stand the strain, and they surrendered only when further resistance would have been madness.

"Washington, Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe, men of the South, with their colleagues, breathed life into the infant nation. Jefferson wrote its Declaration of Independence and Washington commanded its armies. Jefferson brought all that vast territory lying west of the Mississippi River into the Union by the Louisiana Purchase. Virginia presented as a gift to the Union the northwest territory, out of which are carved Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and the great middle States of the North. The rifles of Southerners drove back the British of 1812 and went to the assistance of Texas and helped secure her independence. Southern soldiers and Southern generals defeated the army of Santa Ana and planted the stars and stripes over the ancient home of the Montezumas. All the territory added to the original thirteen States, with the exception of Alaska and the Philippines,

came into and was made part of the American Union by the statecraft of Southern men, upheld in the main by Southern soldiers. So it is no wonder that the people of the South claimed as much right as the people of the North to enjoy and colonize these territories with their people and their property. It was the refusal to recognize this right which brought on the war.

"Before that war the South was strictly an agricultural community. She relied upon the North for the manufactured article, just as the latter relied upon the South for its raw material. The black man's presence had directed the emigration of skilled artisans and mechanics to the North. The South did not have the machinery or skilled labor for manufacturing. So that when the war came it was only necessary to close the ports of the South to prevent her from securing modern facilities for its successful conduct. The cause of this condition was slavery. And no man who loves the Southland, its people, or is ambitious for its future could wish it back.

"After Appomattox came years of hardships and privations, of sorrow and suffering. When the martial music of war had ended and fathers and sons returned, they found but the ruins of homes. Money gone, deeply in debt, without financial credit, and unaccustomed to manual labor, they had nothing left but the love and inspiration of their brave women; and the Southern women, while hiding their own tears, cheered the spirits and, by their courage and Christian love, encouraged the men to battles of industry, firing their ambitions for the rebuilding of the Old South.

"As time goes on and wealth comes, we will cover the Southland as well as the West with the statues of our generals, monuments to the love and fortitude of our women, and nothing will be left undone that you would have us do to commemorate a valiantly fought war. And as you would have us bury, so we will bury thoughts of animosities, hide away the unpleasant and disagreeable, and teach our children only those bright things that treat of courage, of self-sacrifice, and fortitude in defense of principle and right."

In his entertaining address, W. P. Lane, of Texas, said:

"My dear Confederate Fathers, I have the honor of being the chairman of a committee of Sons of Confederate Veterans, appointed by the Commander in Chief of our Confederation, on closer relationship with that of yours. Gen. C. I. Walker occupies a similar position by appointment in your organization; and if I interpret the duties of this joint committee aright, it is to devise ways and means of bringing these two great organizations into a closer and more filial relationship to each other. In order to successfully accomplish the important mission with which we have been so earnestly intrusted, it is necessary for us to determine what relationship now exists between these two patriotic organizations and what relationship should exist between them. You are our fathers and we are your sons, and the ties of blood know but one relationship closer than that of father and son, and the good book tells us that only for one other relationship will a man forsake his parental ties, and that is the holy and God-given relationship of man and wife. It is an old, trite, but no less true, saying that differences sometimes arise in the very best of regulated families; and as it can be appropriately said of our great Confederations that they together comprise one big family, we cannot reasonably expect to be exempted from the rule. An affectionate and judicious father will not disinherit or disown his son; and

neither do I believe that you, my Confederate fathers, will disinherit, disown, or discard the Sons of Confederate Veterans if, perchance, some of them in their unbounded enthusiasm for the common cause we all so much love parade out in too gorgeous uniforms.

"My dear Confederate Veterans, if you see one of these young fellows dressed up in a new gray uniform, gold braid all over his sleeves, the letters U. S. C. V. on his shoulders, brass buttons on each side of his breast, stars shining on his collar, and a plume in his hat, don't condemn or criticize him until you look up his pedigree, and you will find that there is good stuff in that boy. I venture the assertion that in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred you will find that his father was as brave a soldier as ever trod the battlefield, and it may be for more than forty years he has been peacefully sleeping upon the consecrated field of honor. Before you criticize that young man too harshly you look up his father's record, and again I venture the assertion that you will find that he unflinchingly stood in the front ranks of many of the bloody battles that marked the progress of the Confederate army from Manassas to Appomattox C. H.; and if through the providence of a merciful God his life was spared through all the dangers and vicissitudes of four long years of war, it may be that you will find him leaning upon an old wooden leg or dangling an empty sleeve by his side, mute trophies of his devotion to his country's cause.

"If you find a boy with patriotism enough in him to dress up in a new gray uniform as I have already described—and, my friends, it is only a boy imbued with this spirit that will devote the time and incur the expense of providing a uniform—you can unequivocally and unerringly put it down that he has inherited so much Confederate enthusiasm that he has simply boiled over. I well know that the criticism is sometimes made, and often justly, that the Sons do not always take the interest in Confederate affairs that they should take, and I repeat that if you will investigate where this state of indifference exists you will find that the fault is not so much with the boy himself as it is with his pedigree.

"So, my friends, when I find one of these young fellows in a town or community who takes no interest and finds no patriotic inspiration in the daring and chivalrous deeds of the Confederate soldier, who is indifferent toward the preservation of the organization of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans, and who is ashamed to come out and attach his name to our Camp rolls, I look at his ears and then say to myself, 'Poor, unfortunate fellow! it is no fault of his that he is not a thoroughbred.'

"In conclusion, my younger friends, Sons and Daughters of the Confederacy, I need not remind you, because you are well aware, that in determining the great questions of history that brought on and grew out of that mighty conflict from 1861 to 1865 we will not always have the presence and the counsel of the Confederate soldier. Then how very essential it is that we avail ourselves of every favorable opportunity to learn from them the true causes of that great War between the States that we may be enabled to transmit the truth to our coming posterity!"

C. S. M. A. AT LOUISVILLE.

The Confederate Southern Memorial Association sends the VETERAN official copy of its thanks to the pastor and congregation of the Broadway Baptist Church, Louisville, for the use of their church building, in which was held the Jefferson

Davis Memorial Service; to Rev. C. W. Hemphill, who so ably conducted the service; to the Rev. J. R. Deering, of Lexington, for his invocation at the opening of the business session and subsequent address; to Mr. Bartholemew, President of the Girls' High School, and its trustees for the use of the school building in which to hold the business sessions.

In addition, they state: "We highly appreciate and hereby extend our thanks to Gen. Bennett H. Young and Capt. W. T. Ellis for their addresses of welcome on behalf of the Kentucky Division of the United Confederate Veterans, to the Hon. Thomas W. Bullitt for his address on behalf of the United Confederate Reunion Committee, and to Mrs. A. N. Sea, of the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter of the U. D. C., for the welcome extended to the Association on behalf of the Daughters of the Confederacy of Louisville. We desire to express our very high appreciation of the many social courtesies extended to the delegates by the members of the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, U. D. C., and assure them that their efforts, which have been so successful, will ever be treasured in our memories with pleasure and delight."

Further they express profound gratitude to the good people of Louisville for their united and successful effort to make their stay there an occasion of pleasure and happiness.

The committee was composed of Mrs. E. P. Dismukes (Chairman), Mrs. W. A. Collier, and Mrs. H. H. Marks.

JAMES K. P. HARRIS, OF FIFTH TEXAS INFANTRY.

BY MRS. JANET H. WEAVER RANDOLPH, RICHMOND, VA.

Looking over some old papers of my mother, dead many years ago, I found eaten by the moths all that remained of a brown curl, and on the envelope "Died Sept. 17th, 1862, James K. P. Harris, 5th Texas Reg., aged 18." How this curl brought trooping through my mind the incidents of those stormy days of 1861 to 1865!

I was only a child of fourteen summers, but I remember as if only yesterday, and tell the story hoping it may reach the eye of some relative in far-away Texas.

After the second battle of Manassas, our little town of Warrenton was filled with the wounded Confederates. My mother's home was thrown open to entertain all that could be accommodated. My father had died in the May of that year from fever contracted on the Chickahominy, and as our town was in the hands of the Yankees he was buried in Richmond. After that, my mother devoted her life to the care of the Confederate soldiers. About dark the second day after the fight, borne on a litter, this boy was brought to our home, as the men who brought him said, "only to die," as he was mortally wounded and was bleeding, so they said, to death.

Our house was then full, but mother put a cot in the dining room and moved into the parlor. I can remember his beautiful brown eyes and curly hair and his pathetic appeal to my mother to keep him, as his life was ebbing away. A surgeon came and tied up the artery, and we hoped he was going to get well. His comrades told of his hand-to-hand encounter

with the enemy, the flag bearer of a Pennsylvania regiment, and the capture of the magnificent Pennsylvania flag, which he brought off the field. He asked that it be placed where he could see it.

He seemed to rally for a day or two; and the house being full of wounded, I and my sister were placed by his bed to keep off the flies and give him water to drink. He told my mother of a girl who had known him in Baltimore. I think he had been captured and exchanged just before the battle of Manassas. He had a little picture of her and fancied that I looked like her, and was always asking to have me by him. How tenderly my mother nursed him, hoping against hope! but in ten days the artery broke again, and hope was gone. Mother told him that he could not live. He was not suffering, only the lifeblood ebbing slowly away. He asked that I might sit near him, only a little girl, and my heart was broken to see the death of a soldier boy.

He was tenderly laid to rest in my mother's section, where he now lies in the little graveyard in Warrenton. My mother, the last of my family, is dead. Each year a wreath of flowers is placed on the grave, but no stone marks his resting place. The flag was treasured by my mother, hoping some day to place it in the hands of his family.

We were soon again in the enemy's lines, and the flag was in constant danger of being stolen, as whenever the Yankees came to the village our house was searched. At last my mother had it sewed between two skirts, and her niece wore it to Petersburg, where it was either stolen or fell into the hands of the Yankees. I remember hearing my mother read a letter, saying that Mr. Harris's father started to Virginia, and in his sleep walked out of a second-story window at a hotel in Houston, I think, and was either killed or badly hurt, and I have no recollection of hearing anything else. The little picture of the girl he loved was taken by me to Baltimore after the war and placed in the hands of the original. This is only one true story of the many tragedies of the war told in my imperfect way after forty years.

VETERANS OF SOUTHWEST ARKANSAS.

The Southwest Arkansas Confederate Veterans' Association held its annual reunion at Magnesia Springs on August 10 and 11, 1905. A large and appreciative audience greeted the Veterans. The exercises on the first day were opened with the song of the "Bonnie Blue Flag," rendered by twenty-one beautiful girls clothed in spotless white, each bearing a Confederate flag save one girl, who is the daughter and granddaughter of a Confederate soldier and who carried a "blue flag with a single star." Addresses were made by Col. J. R. Thornton, Col. A. S. Morgan, Dr. C. M. Norwood, Hon. S. Q. Sevier, and others. Among the many important resolutions adopted was one calling the attention of the Veterans to the great work that has been accomplished and is still being accomplished by the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, published at Nashville, Tenn., and recommended that every Veteran and every other person interested in the defense of "constitutional liberty" subscribe and give it place in their families.

The following officers were elected: Dr. C. M. Norwood, Commander; Col. J. R. Thornton, First Lieutenant Commander; R. D. Smith, Second Lieutenant Commander; C. T. Boggs, Adjutant; C. M. Fombey, Quartermaster; Dr. G. M. Hudson, Surgeon; J. A. McCall, Officer of the Day; Rev. J. F. Nesbit, Chaplain.

The next meeting will be held in July, 1906.



TREATMENT OF PRISONERS DURING THE WAR.

BY DR. J. WILLIAM JONES, RICHMOND, VA.

There is no occasion and no space in this report to discuss in full the question of the treatment of prisoners in the great War between the States, since the official records on both sides are now accessible in "The War Records of the Rebellion," and there are a number of books, pamphlets, etc., which abundantly set forth the facts. But we will give only a brief summary and refer readers interested to such books as Dr. R. R. Stevenson's "Southern Side;" Dr. I. W. K. Handy's "United States Bonds;" Hon. A. M. Keiley's "In Vinculis;" Henry Clay Dean's (of Iowa) "Crimes of the Civil War;" the compilation of authorities on the treatment of prisoners in "Southern Historical Society Papers" (Vol. 1, pp. 113-325), by J. William Jones; the report of the History Committee of the Grand Camp of Virginia, U. C. V. (presented October 23, 1902, by Judge George L. Christian), on the "Treatment and Exchange of Prisoners;" Hon. B. H. Hill's reply to Hon. James G. Blaine in the United States House of Representatives; and the four large volumes in the "Rebellion Records" which give the official reports and the correspondence on both sides in reference to this question.

We may be pardoned for quoting several passages from our own discussion of the question, in the "Southern Historical Society Papers" for March and April, 1876. After citing various authorities to prove the utterly untrue slanders against the Confederate authorities in reference to the treatment of prisoners, we say:

"It appears, then, from the foregoing statements that the prison at Andersonville was established with a view to healthfulness of location, and that the great mortality which ensued resulted chiefly from the crowded condition of the stockade, the use of corn bread (to which the prisoners had not been accustomed), the want of variety in the rations furnished, and the want of medicines and hospital stores to enable our surgeons to properly treat the sick. As to the first point, the reply is at hand. The stockade at Andersonville was originally designed for a much smaller number of prisoners than were afterwards crowded into it. But prisoners accumulated, after the stoppage of exchange, in Richmond and at other points. The Dahlgren raid, which had for its avowed object the liberation of prisoners, the assassination of President Davis and his Cabinet, and the sacking of Richmond, warned our authorities against allowing large numbers of prisoners to remain in Richmond, even if the difficulty of feeding them there was removed; and the only alternative was to rush them down to Andersonville, as enough men to guard them elsewhere could not be spared from the ranks of our armies, which were now everywhere fighting overwhelming odds.

"We have a statement from an entirely trustworthy source that the reason prisoners were not detailed to cut timber with which to enlarge the stockade and build shelters is that this privilege was granted to a large number of them when the prison was first established, they giving their parole of honor not to attempt to escape; and that they violated their paroles, threw away their axes, and spread dismay throughout the whole region by creating the impression that all of the prisoners had broken loose. This experiment could not, of course, be repeated, and the rest had to suffer for the bad faith of these, who not only prevented the detail of any number of other prisoners for this work, but made way with axes which could not be replaced.

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"In reference to feeding the prisoners on corn bread, there has been the loudest complaint and the bitterest denunciations. They had not been accustomed to such hard fare as 'hog and hominy,' and the poor fellows did suffer fearfully from it. *But the Confederate soldiers had the same rations.* Our soldiers had the advantage of buying supplies and of receiving occasional boxes from home, which the prisoners at Andersonville could have enjoyed to an even greater extent had the United States authorities been willing to accept the humane proposition of our Commissioner of Exchange, to allow each side to send supplies to their prisoners. But why did not the Confederacy furnish better rations to both our own soldiers and our prisoners, and why were the prisoners at Andersonville not supplied with *wheat* bread instead of *corn* bread? Answers to these questions may be abundantly found by referring to the orders of Major General John Pope, directing his men 'to live on the country;' the orders of General Sherman, in fulfilling his avowed purpose to 'make Georgia howl' as he 'smashed things generally' in that 'great march,' which left smoking and blackened ruins and desolated fields to mark his progress; the orders of General Grant to his lieutenant to desolate the rich wheat-growing valley of Virginia; or the reports of General Sheridan, boasting of the number of barns he had burned, the mills he had destroyed, and the large amount of wheat he had given to the flames, until there was really more truth than poetry in the boast that he had made the Shenandoah Valley 'such a waste that even a crow flying over would be compelled to carry his own rations.' We have these and other similar orders of Federal generals in our archives (we propose to give hereafter a few choice extracts from them), and we respectfully submit that for the South to be abused for not furnishing Federal prisoners with better rations, when our own soldiers and people had been brought painfully near the starvation point by the mode of warfare which the Federal government adopted, is even more unreasonable than the course of the old Egyptian taskmasters, who required their captives to 'make brick without straw.' And to the complaints that the sick did not have proper medical attention, we reply that the hospital at Andersonville was placed on *precisely the same footing as the hospitals for the treatment of our own soldiers.* We have the law of the Confederate Congress enjoining this, and the orders of the surgeon general enforcing it. Besides, we have in our archives a large budget of original orders, telegrams, letters, etc., which passed between the officers on duty at Andersonville and their superiors. We have carefully looked through this large mass of papers, and we have been unable to discover a *single sentence* indicating that the prisoners were to be treated otherwise than kindly, or that the hospital was to receive a smaller supply of medicines or stores than the hospitals for Confederate soldiers. On the contrary, the whole of these papers go to show that the prison hospital at Andersonville was *on the same footing precisely* with every hospital for sick or wounded Confederates, and that the scarcity of medicines and hospital stores, of which there was such constant complaint, proceeded from causes which our authorities could not control.

"But we can make the case still stronger. Whose fault was it that the Confederacy was utterly unable to supply medicines for the hospitals of either friend or foe? Most unquestionably the responsibility rests with the Federal authorities. They not only declared medicines 'contraband of war'—even arresting ladies coming South for concealing a little quinine under their skirts—but they sanctioned the custom of

their soldiers to sack every drug store in the Confederacy which they could reach, and to destroy even the little stock of medicines which the private physician might chance to have on hand.

"When Gen. Milroy banished from Winchester, Va., the family of Mr. Lloyd Logan, because the General (and his wife) fancied his elegantly furnished mansion for headquarters, he not only forbade their carrying with them a change of raiment and refused to allow Mrs. Logan to take one of her spoons with which to administer medicine to a sick child, but he *most emphatically prohibited their carrying a small medicine chest, or even a few phials of medicine which the physician had prescribed for immediate use.* Possibly some ingenious casuist may defend this policy; but who will defend at the bar of history the refusal of the Federal authorities to accept Judge Ould's several propositions to allow surgeons from either side to visit and minister to their own men in prison, to allow each to furnish medicines, etc., to their prisoners in the hands of the other, and finally to *purchase in the North, for gold, cotton, or tobacco,* medicines for the exclusive use of Federal prisoners in the South? Well might General Lee have said to President Davis, in response to expressions of bitter disappointment when he reported the failure of his efforts to bring about an exchange of prisoners: *'We have done everything in our power to mitigate the suffering of prisoners, and there is no just cause for a sense of further responsibility on our part.'*"

At the close of our full discussion of the various phases of the prison question, we said:

"And now it only remains that we make a brief summing up of this whole question of the treatment of prisoners during the war. We think that we have established the following points:

"1. The laws of the Confederate Congress, the orders of the War Department, the regulations of the surgeon general, the action of our generals in the field, and the orders of those who had the immediate charge of the prisoners all provided that prisoners in the hands of the Confederates should be kindly treated, supplied with the same rations which our soldiers had, and cared for when sick in hospitals placed on precisely the same footing as the hospitals for Confederate soldiers.

"2. If these regulations were violated in individual instances, and if subordinates were sometimes cruel to prisoners, it was without the knowledge or consent of the Confederate government, which always took prompt action on any case reported to them.

"3. If the prisoners failed to get their full rations and had those of inferior quality, the Confederate soldiers suffered in precisely the same way and to the same extent, and it resulted from that system of warfare adopted by the Federal authorities, which carried desolation and ruin to every part of the South they could reach, and which, in starving the Confederates into submission, brought the same evils upon their own men in Southern prisons.

"4. The mortality in Southern prisons (fearfully large, although over three per cent less than the mortality in Northern prisons) resulted from causes beyond the control of our authorities—from epidemics, etc., which might have been avoided or greatly mitigated had not the Federal government declared medicines 'contraband of war,' refused the proposition of Judge Ould that each government should send its own surgeons, with medicines, hospital stores, etc., to minister to soldiers in prison; declined his proposition to send medicines to its own men in Southern prisons without being

required to allow the Confederates the same privilege; refused to allow the Confederate government to buy medicines for gold, tobacco, or cotton, which it offered to pledge its honor should be used only for Federal prisoners in its hands; refused to exchange sick and wounded; and neglected from August to December, 1864, to accede to Judge Ould's proposition for them to send transportation to Savannah and receive without equivalent ten to fifteen thousand Federal prisoners, notwithstanding the fact that this offer was accompanied with a statement of the utter inability of the Confederacy to provide for these prisoners and with a detailed report of the monthly mortality at Andersonville, and that Judge Ould again and again urged compliance with this humane proposal.

"5. We have proven, by the most unimpeachable testimony, that the sufferings of Confederate prisoners in Northern 'prison pens' were terrible beyond description; that they were starved in a land of plenty; that they were frozen where fuel and clothing were abundant; that they suffered untold horrors for want of medicines, hospital stores, and proper medical attention; that they were shot by sentinels, beaten by officers, and subjected to the most cruel punishment upon the slightest pretexts; that friends at the North were refused the privilege of clothing their nakedness, or feeding them when starving; and that these outrages were perpetrated not only with the full knowledge of, but under the orders of, E. M. Stanton, United States Secretary of War. We have proven these things by Federal as well as Confederate testimony.

"6. We have shown that most of the suffering of prisoners on both sides could have been avoided by simply carrying out the terms of the cartel, and that for the failure to do this the Federal authorities alone were responsible; that the Confederate government originally proposed the cartel, and were always ready to carry it out in both letter and spirit; that the Federal authorities observed its terms only so long as it was to their interest to do so, and then repudiated their plighted faith, and proposed other terms, which were greatly to the disadvantage of the Confederates; that when the government at Richmond agreed to accept the hard terms of exchange offered them these were at once repudiated by the Federal authorities; that when Judge Ould agreed upon a new cartel with Gen. Butler Gen. Grant refused to approve it and Mr. Stanton repudiated it; and that the policy of the Federal government was to refuse all exchanges, while they 'fired the Northern heart' by placing the whole blame on the 'Rebels,' and by circulating the most heartrending stories of 'Rebel barbarities' to prisoners.

"If either of the above points has not been made clear to any sincere seeker after truth, we would be most happy to produce further testimony. And we hold ourselves prepared to maintain against all comers the truth of every proposition we have laid down in this discussion. Let the calm verdict of history decide between the Confederate government and their calumniators."

We had this summary of the discussion struck off and sent it to all of the leading papers and magazines of the North, accompanied by a personal letter in which we asked for a correction of any mistake that might be seen, and that any replies might be sent us. There were a few flippant and ill-natured flings at the author; but if any serious effort was made to refute any of our points, we have never seen or heard of it.

Several years after *The Nation* did make a quasi reply to portions of our paper, but we promptly copied their entire

article, made, we think, a triumphant reply, and proposed to *The Nation* that we have a courteous discussion of the whole question, we copying their articles and they ours. They replied that "want of space compelled their declination of the courteous offer." We asked to be excused for the suggestion that, "instead of lack of space, it was want of facts and arguments to put in the space," and thus "the incident closed."

Frequently since there have been repetitions of the old slander that the Confederates were cruel to prisoners, but the facts and figures are overwhelming against this charge, which was made first during the bitter animosities of the war in order to "fire the Northern hearts" and injure the Confederate cause in the eyes of the world, but which should be abandoned now that it has been proven to be false, while we are seeking to cultivate fraternal relations between all sections of our common country.

Here we would rest this whole question but for recent attempts to deny the authenticity of the report of Surgeon General Barnes and the statement made in the surgeon general's office, at the War Department, and at the "War Records" office to the effect that no such report is in existence and that Dr. Barnes never made such a report.

The reply to this is conclusive. Let us calmly examine the facts. Hon. B. H. Hill, of Georgia, in his able and triumphant reply to Mr. Blaine on the floor of the House of Representatives, thus put the figures as to the relative mortality of Federal prisoners in Confederate and Confederate prisoners in Federal hands:

"Now, will the gentleman believe testimony from the dead? The Bible says: 'The tree is known by its fruit.' And, after all, what is the test of suffering of these prisoners North and South? The test is the result. Now, I call the attention of gentlemen to this fact, that the report of Mr. Stanton, the Secretary of War (you will believe him, will you not?) on the 19th of July, 1866 (send to the library and get it), exhibits the fact that of the Federal prisoners in Confederate hands during the war only 22,576 died, while of the Confederate prisoners in Federal hands 26,346 died. And Surgeon General Barnes reports in an official report (I suppose you will believe him) that in round numbers the Confederate prisoners in Federal hands amounted to 220,000, while the Federal prisoners in Confederate hands amounted to 270,000. Out of the 270,000 in Confederate hands 22,000 died, while of the 220,000 in Federal hands 26,000 died. The ratio is this: More than twelve per cent of the Confederates in Federal hands died, and less than nine per cent of the Federals in Confederate hands died. What is the logic of these facts according to the gentleman from Maine? I scorn to charge murder upon the officials of Northern prisons, as the gentleman has done upon Confederate prison officials. I labor to demonstrate that such miseries are inevitable in prison life, no matter how humane the regulations."

Mr. Blaine had twenty-four hours in which to prepare his reply, and all of the clerks of the departments at his beck and call, and yet he did not dare to deny the correctness of Mr. Hill's figures, but made the following very lame explanation. He said:

"Now, in regard to the relative number of prisoners that died in the North and the South respectively, the gentleman undertook to show that a great many more prisoners died in the hands of the Union authorities than in the hands of the Rebels. I have had conversations with surgeons of the army about that, and they say that there were a large number of deaths of Rebel prisoners, but that during the latter period

of the war they came into our hands very much exhausted, ill-fed, diseased, so that they died in our prisons of disease that they brought with them. And one eminent surgeon said, without wishing to be quoted in this debate, that the question was not only what was the condition of the prisoners when they came to us, but what it was when they were sent back. Our men were taken in full health and strength; they came back wasted and worn—mere skeletons. The Rebel prisoners, in large numbers, were, when taken, emaciated and reduced; and Gen. Grant says that at the time such superhuman efforts were made for exchange there were 30,000 men that would have reinforced the Confederate armies the next day, prisoners in our hands who were in good health and ready for fight. This condition sheds a great deal of light on what the gentleman said."

Of course this cuts up by the roots his whole contention and refutes his whole argument. If the Confederates could take no better care of their own soldiers, so that they were starved, emaciated, and diseased when captured, how could they be expected to take better care of the prisoners they captured? And what can the friends of Gen. Grant say if it be admitted that in the campaign from the Rapidan to Petersburg, in 1864, less than one-fourth of his numbers of these emaciated, diseased skeletons not only withstood his splendidly equipped, hale, hearty troops, but whipped them in every battle, and rendered *hors de combat* a larger number of his men than they could muster?

President Davis, in a letter to the Hon. James Lyons, of Richmond, soon after Mr. Blaine's virulent attack on him, used these figures, as follows:

"To the bold allegations of ill treatment of prisoners by our side, and the humane treatment and adequate supplies by our opponents, it is only necessary to offer two facts: First, it appears from the reports of the United States War Department that, though we had sixty thousand more Federal prisoners than they had of Confederates, six thousand more of Confederates died in Northern prisons than died of Federals in Southern prisons; secondly, the want and suffering of men in Northern prisons caused me to ask for permission to send out cotton and buy supplies for them. The request was finally granted, but only on condition that the cotton should be sent to New York and the supplies bought there. General Beale, now of St. Louis, was authorized to purchase and distribute the needful supplies."

In his "War between the States" (Vol. II., pp. 507-510) Hon. A. H. Stephens, Vice President of the Confederacy, says: "It now appears that a larger number of Confederates died in Northern than of Federals in Southern prisons or stockades. The report of Mr. Stanton as Secretary of War on the 19th of July, 1866, exhibits the fact that of the Federal prisoners in Confederate hands during the war only 22,576 died, while of the Confederate prisoners in Federal hands 26,436 died. This report does not set forth the exact number of prisoners held by each side respectively. These facts were given more in detail in a subsequent report by Surgeon General Barnes, of the United States army. His report I have not seen, but, according to a statement editorially in the *National Intelligencer* (very high authority), it appears from the surgeon general's report that the whole number of Federal prisoners captured by the Confederates and held in Southern prisons, from first to last during the war, was, in round numbers, 270,000; while the whole number of Confederates captured and held in prisons by the Federals was, in like round numbers, only 220,000. From these two reports it appears that

with 50,000 more prisoners in Southern stockades, or other modes of confinement, the deaths were nearly 4,000 less! According to these figures, the percentum of Federal deaths in Southern prisons was under nine, while the percentum of Confederate deaths in Northern prisons was over twelve. These mortality statistics are of no small weight in determining on which side was the most cruelty and inhumanity."

In the discussion of the prison question in the March and April (1876) numbers of the "Southern Historical Society Papers," these figures were used, and they were very widely published in the papers North and South. Some years after, a minister from Pennsylvania was so much stirred up by their logical teachings, so different from what he had always believed and taught, that he had them republished in the principal papers of the North, and urged that for the sake of the United States government and "the fair name of the Union" they be refuted. We wrote at once to this gentleman, and begged him to send us any replies that he might get, and he promised to do so; but *no reply ever came*.

If Surgeon General Barnes had made no such report, and if these figures of relative mortality were incorrect, why was it not shown at the time? Why did not Dr. Barnes, who was then living, deny the authenticity of the report attributed to him? Why did not some diligent searcher in the "War Records" office, or in the surgeon general's office, deny the existence of such a report?

It is simply morally certain that there *was* such a report in existence at the time; that Hon. B. H. Hill, Mr. Davis, and Mr. Stephens did not manufacture these figures; and that if no such report can now be found in the departments in Washington *it has been destroyed or stolen* by some overzealous partisan who was unwilling for the Confederates to have the benefit of the lesson they so clearly teach, and show to the world that, after all of the abuse that has been heaped upon them, *over three per cent more Confederates perished in Northern prisons than of Federals in Southern prisons*.

Most diligent search has been made for this report; and while the search has not been successful in finding the report itself, yet the proof that such a report *was* made is simply overwhelming.

We give first the following editorial in the *National Intelligencer* of June 3, 1869, page 2, volume 1, the correctness of our copy being certified to in a sworn affidavit by Mr. G. T. Ritchie, made in the Library of Congress. Remember that this editorial appeared during the lifetime of Surgeon General Barnes and his contemporaries in the office, that it was very extensively copied in the papers of the country, and that, as no denial of its authenticity was made at the time, it is simply a moral impossibility that it could have been spurious. We copy the editorial in full as follows:

"MORE FALSEHOOD UPON SYSTEM.

"On Monday next the committee of the Union War Prisoners' Association will have an interview with the President concerning the proposed erection of the grand national monument to the memory of the 35,000 prisoners who died in Southern prisons during the war. The association contemplate asking from Congress the grant of a public square on Pennsylvania Avenue on which to erect the proposed monument."

"Such is the extract we cull from a Radical sheet. Here is the exciting falsehood that thirty-five thousand prisoners died in 'Southern prisons during the war.' What is the official evidence that we have, as laid before the country, of a fact that we now assert? It is this: Surgeon General Barnes, of the

United States Army and War Office, year before last made a full report on this subject, showing these startling statistics: that from first to last, during the war, the Confederates captured of Union soldiers and held in Southern prisons, in round numbers, 270,000 men, and that the Unionists captured of Confederate soldiers and held, in round numbers, 220,000 men; yet that there died in Northern prisons, in round numbers, 28,000 Southern soldiers, and in Southern prisons, in round numbers, 22,000.

"Although the Confederates captured and held fifty thousand more men than the Union armies captured and held, yet in Northern prisons six thousand more men died from alleged ill usage, exposure, and deprivation than died from the same causes in Southern prisons. It is a striking fact in this regard that the average percentage of mortality in Northern prisons was greater because Southern prisoners were mostly taken toward the close of the war, and were therefore the shortest time in confinement. But who is there now in the land who does not know, if Gen. Butler is to be believed, that Gen. Grant and Edwin Stanton are directly, personally responsible in large part for the deaths of Union men in Southern prisons, and particularly for most of the suffering and harrowing misery at Andersonville?

"Gen. Butler has stated on the floor of Congress, in view of all and every official responsibility attaching to his position as a Representative, as well as in view of every responsibility attaching to his assertion as a man, that after he had arranged with the Confederate authorities for the exchange of the Union prisoners upon the fairest terms—indeed, upon the most exacting Union terms—the whole arrangement was defeated by the direct interposition of Gen. Grant and Mr. Stanton, upon the ground that the 'exchange would give Gen. Lee thirty thousand fresh troops,' which, it is plain, they thought would hazard the safety of Grant's army upon the Petersburg line, as indeed it would have done, though not probably with much prospect of ultimate success. Yet the best military officers of the South desired, so they say, only one additional full army corps at the back of Lee to have cut in two Grant's great army, and thus prolonged the war indefinitely.

"We thus cut the head of this systematic Radical hydra off again, as we had repeatedly done heretofore.

"In connection with the well-known fact of the cold-blooded neglect of Secretary Stanton and Gen. Grant to send vessels to carry off Andersonville prisoners, as desired by the Rebel authorities, without stipulation of any sort as to exchange, and their refusal also to provide medicines for them, as also asked by Gen. Ould at Richmond, it must be borne in mind that a resolution which was introduced in Congress to ascertain officially as to facts of deprivation and suffering by Rebels in Northern prisons was deliberately voted down.

"We would simply say to the rancorous and revengeful element of politicians that infest the executive presence and promise to raise monuments and do one and several other things to prolong the hates of the war, provided that they can get office, that a vast number of the very best men in the Republican party are disgusted at their efforts to tear open wounds that come of civil war. They say: 'Let us have peace.'"

The report of Congressman Shanks on "The Treatment of Prisoners of War by Rebel Authorities," made to the House July 10, 1867, is very voluminous, and some of it very vindictive and slanderous of "the Rebels," but it confirms the figures of Surgeon General Barnes's report.

There is quoted in this report one signed by Assistant Surgeon J. J. Woodward and furnished by the surgeon gen-

eral's office, which gives the following figures as to the number of Confederate prisoners who died in Federal prisons and hospitals:

Died of disease.....	23,591
Died of wounds.....	5,569
Causes not reported.....	1,556

Total30,716

Gen. H. V. Boynton, who was not only a gallant Federal soldier, but one of the fairest men we have known, and whose recent death has been sincerely lamented in the South as well as in the North, gave the above figures, and added:

"This total exceeds the figures given by Mr. Hill, and the excess is accounted for by the fact that this statement includes also all deaths of individual soldiers under treatment for wounds or disease reported from any of the general hospitals, which were not connected with the prisons in which Confederate soldiers were confined.

"These figures appear in more direct details as to the deaths of Confederate prisoners in Union prisons in tables prepared in the adjutant general's office. This statement was made up from an examination of muster rolls, surgeon general's statement, and quartermaster general's statement as to records of burials, and the figures thus obtained agree with those quoted by Mr. Hill in his debate. These tables give the total number of Confederate prisoners of war who died in the hands of Federal authorities as 26,177. You will notice that Mr. Hill states this in round numbers as 26,000. You will notice also that he states the death of Federal soldiers as given in Mr. Stanton's report, in round numbers, as 22,000. Mr. Stanton's report shows 22,576."

Other details might be given, but we think the above will be sufficient to show beyond all controversy *that over three per cent more Confederates died in Federal prisons than of Federals in Confederate prisons.*

We will only add the following as definitely fixing the real responsibility for the stoppage of the exchange of prisoners and the consequent suffering which ensued, which we clip from a Northern paper published not long after the close of the war:

"Gen. Butler said at Hamilton, Ohio, the other day that, while he never answered anonymous newspaper attacks, he felt it his duty here at Hamilton to refute a slander which had been circulated from this platform a few days ago by a gentleman of standing in advocating the election of the Democratic candidate.

"We had 60,000 or thereabout of their prisoners. They had 30,000 of ours, or thereabout. I don't give the exact numbers, as I quote from memory, but these are the approximate numbers.

"I proposed to go on and exchange with the Rebels, man for man, officer for officer, until I got 30,000 of our men, and then I would still have had 30,000 of theirs left on my hands. And then I promised to twist these 30,000 until I got the negroes out of the Rebels. [Applause.] I made this arrangement with the Confederate Commissioner. This was on the 1st of April, before we commenced to move on that campaign of 1864, from the Rapidan to the James, around Richmond. At that time the lieutenant general visited my headquarters, and I told him what I had done. He gave me certain verbal directions. What they were I shall not say, because I have his instructions in writing. But I sent my proposition for exchange to the government of the United States.

It was referred to the lieutenant general. He ordered me not to give the Confederates another man in exchange. I telegraphed back to him in these words: "Your order shall be obeyed, but I assume you do not mean to interfere with the exchange of the sick and wounded?" He replied: "Take all the sick and wounded you can get, but don't give them another man."

"You can see that even with sick and wounded men this system would soon cause all exchange to stop. It did stop. It stopped right there, in April, 1864, and was not resumed until August, 1864, when Mr. Ould, the Rebel Commissioner, again wrote me, "We will exchange man for man, officer for officer," and saying nothing about colored troops.

"I laid this dispatch before the lieutenant general. His answer in writing was substantially: "If you give the Rebels the 30,000 men whom we hold, it will insure the defeat of Gen. Sherman and endanger our safety here around Richmond." I wrote an argument, offensively put, to the Confederate Commissioners, so that they could stop all further offers of exchange.

"I say nothing about the policy of this course; I offer no criticism of it whatever. I only say that, whether it be good or bad policy, it was not mine, and that my part in it was wholly obedience to orders from my commanding officer, the lieutenant general."

We claim, then, and we have clearly proved, that the Federal, and not the Confederate, government was responsible for the sufferings and the death among the prisoners on both sides; and Prof. Worsley, of England, put it exactly right when in his beautiful poem to Lee he said:

"Thy Troy is fallen, thy dear land
Is marred beneath the spoiler's heel;
I cannot trust my trembling hand
To write the things I feel.

"Ah, realm of tombs! but let her bear
This blazon to the end of times:
No nation rose so white and fair,
Or fell so pure of crimes."

The foregoing was introduced in the *Richmond Times-Dispatch* by a note from Hon. John W. Daniel:

"At a meeting of the United Confederate Veteran Association at Nashville, in June, 1904, a committee was appointed to prepare a paper on 'The Treatment of Prisoners during the War between the States.' Dr. S. E. Lewis, Judge George L. Christian, and Chaplain J. William Jones were named as that committee, and the following paper, prepared by Chaplain Jones and approved by the other members of the committee, is the result of their labors.

"The question is one that so deeply concerns the pride of character of our people and, on the other hand, has been so distorted and misrepresented by inconsiderate publications, that this careful paper from such a capable author and worthy sponsor deserves to be given full publicity and circulation. Mr. Jones has sifted this subject with great patience and diligence, and his statements, approved by his associates, who are likewise gentlemen of high consideration, carry with them facts and views which force conviction."

A VETERAN OF THE FORTY-FIRST VIRGINIA INFANTRY.—A. H. D. Moore, of Company A, 41st Virginia Regiment, Mahone's Brigade, now of Bryan, Tex., desires to get in the Soldiers' Home, and it is important for some testimony in his behalf. Will comrades who know him respond?

WORK OF THE DAUGHTERS AT CAMDEN, ARK.

The Hiram L. Grinstead Chapter, of the United Daughters of the Confederacy of Camden, Ark., is a thriving organization of loyal-hearted women. It has a membership of between sixty and seventy. It is composed of women of the true Southern type, who possess loyalty to the Southern cause and the fervor and zeal to memorialize the deeds of valor done in the historic sixties. Shortly after the organization of this body, in 1902, the work of caring for the graves of the honored Confederate dead was assumed.

The first monument in the State placed in memory of the Confederate soldiers was erected in Greenwood Cemetery of Camden. This is evidence that the patriotism of her women is but the reflex of the spirit of the community. The graves of the soldiers and the beautiful grounds surrounding them have received at the hands of these Daughters of the Confederacy the attention and care they so richly deserve. Memorial Day is faithfully observed, and all that loving hearts can devise and willing hands can execute is done to perpetuate the honored memory of departed heroes. Their pictures in various uniforms have been placed by them in the public schools, that the coming generation may be reminded of these who possessed a noble purpose and pride in its fulfillment. The last work of this Chapter has been the erection of a monument over the grave of the gallant soldier for whom it was named.

Hiram L. Grinstead was a son of Arkansas by adoption only, but was bound to the people of this State by cords of love far more binding than those of mere accident of birth. His splendid talents and attractive personality made him easily a leader of men. When the call of duty came, he went forward in defense of his country, and it was deemed a fitting honor that he should be chosen colonel of the 33d Arkansas Regiment. So nobly did he fulfill his duties that in April, 1864, he was promoted to the rank of brigadier general. It is a sad fact that before the commission reached him his noble life was ended on the bloody field of Jenkins Ferry. He was laid to rest on the hillside of the Greenwood Cemetery of Camden.

The monument, which was erected in June, 1904, is of the finest imported Italian marble of the most durable character. It is exquisite in design and finish. The work was executed by Morris Bros., of Memphis, Tenn. The design is an original one, and was drawn especially for the use of this Chapter. A soldier's shield, skillfully carved, forms a background for a Confederate flag, which gracefully falls unfurled. The inscription is as follows: "Col. Hiram Grinstead, born in Lexington, Ky., in 1829; fell at Jenkins Ferry, Ark., April 30, 1864."

A handsome chain inclosure surrounds the burial lot, and there the pure, uplifted faces of blooming flowers tell the story of the resurrection morn.

May 6, 1905, was selected for the regular exercises of Memorial Day, and upon this occasion the handsome monument to Col. Grinstead was unveiled. Col. W. K. Ramsey was master of ceremonies for the day. A solemn invocation was offered by Rev. W. F. Evans. An edifying address was then delivered by Col. H. S. Bunn in his characteristic manner of thought and humor combined. Impromptu remarks, reminiscent in their nature, were made by Col. J. R. Thornton. The children of the public school, under the leadership of their teacher, Mr. Cannon, sang the national air, "America." The master of ceremonies then asked the crowd to adjourn to meet

at the grave of Col. Grinstead, which was in a separate lot in the cemetery, stating that the best part of the programme would be completed there. This proved to be an address made at the unveiling of the monument and delivered in a happy, graceful style by Mrs. T. J. Sifford, daughter of the late lamented Col. T. D. Thomson, who succeeded Col. Grinstead in command. When this was done, each grave, which had previously been designated as a Southern soldier's by having a flag of the Confederacy placed upon it, was garlanded with flowers. Thus was finished one more tender observance of the memory of the beloved dead.

In an address at the unveiling, Mrs. John T. Sifford said:

"It is universal with men, whether civilized or savage, to admire those who have distinguished themselves in war. In following out this impulse of the human heart, we have met to-day to unveil this monument, erected to the memory of that brave and gallant soldier, Col. H. L. Grinstead. This has been the loving work of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, the Chapter named in honor of him whose ashes rest here.

"Hiram L. Grinstead was born in Virginia in the year 1829. Left an orphan at an early age, he was educated by an uncle, Hiram Lane (for whom he was named), of Lexington, Ky. He graduated from a law school there, and when quite a young man began practicing in Jefferson, Tex. He was elected district judge and also a member of the Legislature while yet in his twenties. He met Miss Kate A. Goodwin, of New Orleans, in 1853, and was married to her that same year. They came to Camden, Ark., early in 1858, and Mr. Grinstead was licensed to practice law in this State under Judge Christopher C. Scott, of the Supreme Court of Arkansas. Col. Grinstead was brave and gallant as a soldier, tender and loving as a husband and father. In the last letter written to his beloved wife, just before the battle of Jenkins Ferry (in which he lost his life), he sends this message to his little ones: 'Tell the children to be good and that I love them the whole world full.' The life of Col. Grinstead is a part of the history of South Arkansas. He was a literary man, an orator, a true and devoted friend, a gentleman and a Christian.

"Of him Dr. Junius Bragg wrote, as follows:

"IN CAMP NEAR LISBON, ARK., May 26, 1864.

"Our regiment looks odd without Col. Grinstead and Hugh McCollum. Col. Grinstead did not get cold in his grave be-



MONUMENT TO H. L. GRINSTEAD.

fore three stars flashed from the collar of his successor, and now all traces of him in the regiment are as effectually obliterated as if he had never lived. His death is looked upon as one of the incidents of war, and no more is attached to his death nor the manner of it than if he had died calmly and quietly at home in bed. Such is life, such is death, and such is the world! They are dead to their friends, lost to their country, and well-nigh forgotten by those among whom they had an existence. It is well, then, that we may indulge in the hope that they are resting in a "cool, shady arbor," where no sound of strife nor tidings of disaster may disturb them more.'

"In Dr. Bragg's account of the battle of Jenkins Ferry, he said: 'There was nothing of the romance of war or battle here. No waving of banners nor martial music, no thronging of women and children and gray-haired men to the battlements of a beautiful city to witness the efforts put forth in their defense. No sentiment about this. The rain pattered down steadily. The men stood in the ranks cold and wet and hungry and gazed down into that dismal, cheerless swamp. The ground being too soft to ride, the officers dismounted and took their places on foot, and the regiment moved down across the little field as though it was on drill. The men did not jostle each other. By some oversight there were no skirmishes in front of the regiment, and as a consequence it marched up to within thirty paces of the Federal line of battle, where Steel's entire army was waiting to be attacked. Two hundred and twenty men could not last long before an army corps; and after a few minutes' trial, with a loss of ninety-two killed and wounded, including Col. Grinstead (shot dead), the regiment fell back in disorder. A portion of it, however, rallied under Lieut. Col. Tom D. Thomson and went in with every successive commander until the battle was ended.'

"Thus fell Hiram L. Grinstead, colonel of the 33d Regiment of Arkansas Infantry. This regiment was raised by him in May, 1862. He commanded it at Prairie Grove with honor to himself and good to his country. At Pleasant Hill he commanded the brigade to which his regiment belonged, and at Jenkins Ferry he was not found wanting. The memory of the 30th of April will exist as long as time itself. When the last shot had been fired, the sun looked down upon the field rich with offerings upon the shrine of liberty, and one was Col. Grinstead. He fell with those nearest the enemy. Death, in kindness, touched him without pain. . . .

"I offer no apology for the tribute which I shall pay the memory of my father. When he whose dust we honor to-day had fallen, he rallied the dear old 33d Arkansas and went on to the end. He sleeps now out there in beautiful Greenwood. I have stood beside him on Decoration Day as he placed a flower on this grave and heard him express the wish to see a monument to the honor of the brave men he knew and loved. In every relation of life he stands a giant on memory's page; but that in which in my vision he grows sublimely grand is the rôle of the Confederate soldier, one who wore the gray.

"It is a sorrow renewed by this occasion that Mrs. Maria Ritchie who, as President of the Chapter, started this work cannot see the completion."

pays a grateful tribute to the way in which he was received by his past foes, and makes special mention of the cordial hospitality extended to him by Capt. John C. Grimm, the Post Commander at Winchester, Ind., and by his family. The contrast between the present at the handsome home of Capt. Grimm and the past of forty years ago, spent at Johnson's Island as a "guest of Uncle Sam," made a strong impression on Comrade Douthet. Some thrilling recollections of the charge at Gettysburg are also mentioned in Mr. Douthet's interesting communication, and in conclusion he says: "No monument can be too broad or high to fitly illustrate the patriotism and courage of the gallant souls that bore aloft their country's flag, and none of these in generations past can higher honor claim or nobler name and fame than Indiana's sturdy sons."

COMMANDERS OF THE TEXAS BRIGADE.

BY CHARLES H. MILLS, CORSICANA, TEX.

The article in the *VETERAN* for July, pages 308 and 309, by William W. Gibson, Company D, 5th and 6th Arkansas Consolidated, under the caption "Various Mistakes Corrected," says: "If we are going to help out the historians, let us be careful to give facts."

In referring to the battle of Chickamauga, Mr. Gibson says: "Gen. Deshler was killed and the Texas Brigade was commanded by Gen. Smith," etc.

The report of Maj. Gen. Patrick R. Cleburne of the battle of Chickamauga, dated October 18, 1863 ("Rebellion Records," Volume XXX., Part II., page 156), contains the following: "Col. Mills also is entitled to be remembered. Leading his men through the battle until the fall of his brigadier (the lamented Deshler), he was then called by seniority to command the brigade, which he did with gallantry and intelligence."

Again, in Maj. Gen. Cleburne's report of the battle of Missionary Ridge ("Rebellion Records," Volume XXXI., Part II., page 752), he says: "At a critical moment of the battle I lost two of the bravest officers of my division, Brig. Gen. J. A. Smith, commanding the Texas Brigade, and Col. R. Q. Mills, the same officer who commanded it in the battle of Chickamauga after Gen. Deshler fell."

While it is in no way connected with this correction, I beg leave to mention another incident in Gen. Cleburne's report of the battle of Missionary Ridge, same volume and page as above indicated, in which he states: "Out of the eight stands of colors shown by me to have been captured, four were presented to me by Mills's (Texas) Regiment," etc.

I trust that I may be pardoned for the pride which I take in my father's record as a Confederate soldier and for my desire to have the facts stated correctly in so far as his service is concerned. I heartily agree with Mr. Gibson that if we are going to help out the historians we should be careful to give facts, and hence I ask space to correct a mistake which he himself unwittingly made and in order that simple justice may be done Col. Mills, who did command Deshler's Brigade in the battle of Chickamauga after Gen. Deshler's death and who Gen. Cleburne says succeeded to the command and commanded the brigade "with gallantry and intelligence."

CONFEDERATE LECTURING IN INDIANA.—R. W. Douthet, of Morgantown, Ill., has just completed a successful lecturing tour in Indiana, and on two occasions addressed the local Posts of the G. A. R. In writing the *VETERAN* recently, he

STORIES OF THE GREAT WAR TO CHILDREN.

BY MARGARET CHESNEY CLEVELAND.

"How the time has flown!" said Mrs. Fisher as she laid aside a book in which she had been very much interested. "The children will be coming in a few minutes for their story. I am rather sorry I adopted the plan of having them around here every week—well, I don't know, either, for it gives them so much pleasure."

She arose and made ready for the children, and in a few minutes the door bell rang, and each little girl came in with a bunch of flowers for the "story-teller."

"Well," said Mrs. Fisher as she entered the little parlor where the children were seated, "what shall the story be about this time?"

"O give us one of your nice fairy tales," said Lottie, a bright-faced little girl; "I want to hear a ghost tale," said Marie; and so on, until it seemed that each child wanted something different.

"I think you would all like a story about the War between the States, would you not? It is a true story, and I want you all to remember it. The city of Spartanburg was then a small town and was filled with Union soldiers. Some of them went to a house and ordered the cook, Aunt Louisa, to cook them a breakfast. Aunt Louisa and Malinda were the house servants—Aunt Louisa the cook and Malinda the house girl. 'Miss Pollie,' who kept the house, put all confidence in these two servants, and had gone to Greenville to make a visit, leaving the house in their charge."

"Did the soldiers kill the poor old negroes and burn the house?" asked Marie, who seemed to be much interested in the story.

"No, they hardly did that; but keep still, and I will tell you what happened. When the soldiers told Aunt Louisa to get them a breakfast, Malinda, the house girl, went upstairs and, in a very excited way and almost out of breath, told Mr. Jesse, a young Confederate soldier, that the Yankee soldiers were down in the kitchen tellin' Aunt Louisa to fix them a breakfast. Malinda was not the only one excited, for the whole town was. Malinda had heard 'white folks' say that the Yankees took the silver, so that was the reason she went up to tell the young soldier that he must come down. As soon as the young man came down the soldiers captured him. They took him over to the courthouse, where they paroled him, making him swear never to take arms against the United States again; while she took the silver and hid it under some loose bricks in the kitchen fireplace. After he was paroled, the soldiers turned him loose, and he went back to his home."

"Wasn't that nice? I thought the Yankees would kill him."

"But just listen a moment; they did do something awfully bad. The young doctor did not think about the soldiers taking the horses; and when he went down to the barn to feed them, they were not to be found."

"I would have called a policeman to arrest the soldiers," said Elizabeth, the youngest of the party.

"O, my dear," said Mrs. Fisher, "nothing could prevent the soldiers at that time of the war from taking our men or doing what they wanted to do with us."

"Go on, Mrs. Fisher, and finish the story. Don't talk," said Annie to the other children.

"Well, where did I leave off? O yes, it has been nearly forty years since that great war closed, and the young Confederate soldier, who is now an old doctor, heard that the

government was paying the people for their horses that the Union soldiers took after they were paroled, so he sent the government a proved statement of the stolen horses witnessed by Aunt Malinda. Congressman Johnson said that the doctor's proved statement was the best that had been sent them."

"O what a nice story! They seem to get better every week."

"We want another story about the war next time," was the echo of all the children as the front door closed.

[The foregoing was written by a little South Carolina girl and sent to a Northern magazine, which declined it because they "want the Northern and Southern children to love each other."]

WAR NEWS—PAST AND PRESENT.

There is, perhaps, no other illustration of the progress in giving to the world information both accurate and full as by contrasting the methods of circulating war news in the sixties and war news to-day.

Now we are kept in almost hourly touch with the most minute happenings in the Far East; the contest between Japan and Russia is known in every detail, and we are familiar with every phase of the great conflict while it rages thousands of miles away.

This was especially true, also, of our Spanish-American War, and long before personal communications could possibly be made to the anxious friends at home the enterprising press had chronicled even minor events to the world at large, rivaling the mythical *Puck* in ability to "put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes."

But such conditions did not always exist. No longer ago than during the famous and absorbing contest between the North and South war news came in slowly and in most meager fashion, with often glaring inaccuracies of statements. Appended is a sample, copied literally, as published in New Orleans. These bulletins consist of flimsy strips of paper printed in the form of newspaper "proof," and they were sold on the streets of New Orleans for twenty-five cents.

THE DAILY DELTA EXTRA.

Wednesday, Aug. 14, 1861—5 P.M.

THE GREAT BATTLE IN MISSOURI.

The Particulars by an Eyewitness.

Eight Hours' Hard Fighting.

Gen. Lyon Among the First Killed.

Siegel in Full Retreat, Followed by the Enemy.

List of Distinguished Federals Killed and Wounded.

ROLLA, Mo., Aug. 13.—The following narrative is furnished by an eyewitness, who left the city of Springfield on Sunday morning:

He states that the fight commenced at six o'clock Saturday morning, and raged till two in the evening.

The Southerners charged Potter's Battery three times.

Gen. Lyon fell early in the action.

Gen. Siegel had a severe struggle, and left three of his four guns on the field—spiking them.

The Southern camp took fire, and was destroyed.

The Federal loss is: Capt. Cratz, killed; Gen. Sweeny, wounded in the leg; Col. Mitchell, seriously; Maj. Shepherd, slightly; regular Capt. Plummer, seriously; Capt. Miller, Capt. Cavender, Capt. Buck, Col. Ditzler, and Capt. McFarland, seriously; five lieutenants were killed.

Gen. Price, of the Southern army, is not killed, as has been erroneously reported.

A rumor prevailed on the battlefield to the effect that Gen. Ben McCulloch was killed, but this is denied.

On Saturday night Dr. Mencher left Springfield with ambulances to see about the wounded. Gen. Lyon's body had been treated with great respect.

GEN. FREMONT CALLS FOR ASSISTANCE.

INDIANAPOLIS, August 14.—Gen. Fremont has telegraphed the Governor of this State, saying that Lyon was killed and that Siegel was in full retreat, followed by the enemy. He urges the Governor to send forward every available man to support and defend the flag of the Union.

FALSE DISPATCHES TO MISLEAD THE PEOPLE.

LOUISVILLE, Aug. 14.—A gentleman from St. Louis says that Gen. Fremont, in order to check the dangerous enthusiasm, was compelled to consent to the publication of falsehoods regarding affairs in Southwestern Missouri. The rout there is regarded to-day as an annihilation.

After blowing up the powder and destroying other property, Siegel left, and on Sunday night camped thirty miles this side of Springfield.

The city and county of St. Louis are under martial law. Maj. J. McKinney is provost.

John A. Brownlee, President of the Board of Police, has been arrested, and Basil Duke has been appointed in his stead.

It is reported that Gen. Hardee, with 12,000 men, is marching on Pilot Knob, where 5,000 Federals are stationed with five cannon.

FROM RICHMOND.

RICHMOND, August 19.—George B. Crittenden, of Kentucky, has been appointed brigadier general in the Confederate army.

PATHETIC INCIDENT IN A G. A. R. MEETING.—A pathetic note was read to a convention of Grand Army men held a short while before the last Decoration Day, May 30. It is generally known that the New York Confederate Camp accepted the invitation of the U. S. Grant Post to parade with them on that day and that other Posts were severe in their protests. It seemed more in opposition to the Grant Post for presuming upon its own authority than of objection to the participation of Confederates. A New York paper concluded its account of the event as follows: "However, so strong was the wish of the Camp to take part with their Northern Veterans that they had decided to join the Grant Post at the boat after the parade and go with it to Riverside, there to assist in doing honors to the memory of Gen. Grant. Dr. Simmons [chief marshal of the parade] read this offer with marks of evident feeling. Several times his voice

choked as he read the fervid Southern language. After finishing, he said it was one of the most beautiful and manly letters he had ever seen. Others rose and said the same thing, while some said that the men of the South had taught them a lesson in self-respect."

MAJ. S. A. JONAS.

[A letter from Maj. S. A. Jonas, who wrote those memorable lines on the back of a Confederate note (see June VETERAN, page 246), is interesting throughout.]

I was born in Williamstown, Ky. At the age of sixteen I entered a civil engineering corps as rodman on a railroad survey. A few years later I was appointed leveler in the engineering corps organized under Col. Slidell to make the survey of the Tehauntepec railroad, across the Isthmus, in Mexico. The failure of the company brought the outfit back to New Orleans, where a corps was organized for the locating survey of the New Orleans, Jackson, and Great Northern Railroad from Canton to Aberdeen under Mr. John Schermerhorn, to which I was appointed.

Aberdeen was headquarters for this division, and here the outbreak of the war found me. I enlisted with a company that subsequently became Company I, of the 11th Mississippi Regiment, organized at Corinth by the election of William H. Moore as colonel and mustered in at Lynchburg. By temporary appointment of the colonel, I held in succession several staff positions, and at Harper's Ferry was detailed to assist Maj. W. H. C. Whiting, Chief of Engineers, in the work of removing guns and destroying defensive works incident to evacuation. At the battle of Manassas our brigade commander, Gen. Barnard E. Bee, was killed and Maj. Whiting appointed to succeed him. He at once tendered me a position upon his staff, with the rank of major, and I was with him on the field in every engagement until he was detached. At Seven Pines I was at his side when Gen. Joe Johnston was wounded, and was the officer sent by him across the open field to notify G. W. Smith that he was in command. I was also at his side at Malvern Hill when his horse was shot. I served successively on the staffs of Hood as division and corps commander and Stephen D. Lee, his successor, until the end of the war. I was with my commanders, as near as I can remember, in every battle in which they were engaged.

After the war I entered upon journalism in Aberdeen, and established the Aberdeen *Examiner*, which is the oldest paper in the United States under the continuous control and editorship of its founder. I served as clerk of the Senate committees of Lamar and of a House committee of Congressman Muldrow, and during the first administration of Cleveland was secretary to Col. Muldrow, First Assistant Secretary of the Interior, and was for some time acting chief clerk of the Interior Department. In 1883 I was commissioned in getting up and making Mississippi's exhibit at the New Orleans Exposition. For seven years I served in an important position upon the staff of Col. R. J. Bright, Sergeant at Arms of the United States Senate, and have served in many minor civil, military, and official positions.

From this hastily thrown together mass, the first "personal aggregation" ever attempted by me, there may be something worth using. As to my literary efforts, they are comprised of hundreds of poems and essays and thousands of editorials of greater or lesser merit.

ECHOES FROM THE BATTLE OF MURFREESBORO.

BY KATHARINE HUBBELL CUMMING, AUGUSTA, GA.

It was in December, 1862, that I left Georgia to join my husband, then a captain in the Confederate army and on the staff of Brig. Gen. John K. Jackson, whose brigade was stationed at Bridgeport, Ala. The troops were guarding a bridge about completed, which was to take the place of one recently burned by the Federal forces. No town, village, or settlement was there—simply a house, and a rough one at that, which the brigade commander had taken for his headquarters; and it was to one room in that dwelling that I so gladly went with my ten-months-old child and old colored "mammy." Better any sort of abode together, even with hardships and discomforts, than separation in those war times, with their daily uncertainties and anxieties. To one of twenty or thereabouts no such serious views of the situation were taken as those of older and wiser heads.

This journey, now an easy and quick one, was then quite formidable. It was a prolonged and by no means a continuous one, but I was not to be deterred. So with the light-heartedness of youth I made the trip, preparing my baby with a bag of camphor and asafetida around his neck. In the dirty cars and on the irregular trains of those demoralized times, crowded with troops and no sanitary precautions taken, all sorts of contagious diseases were abroad in the land. No one thought of germs or microbes then. I made many similar journeys during the four years of the war, and never boiled any water or sterilized any milk, yet I and my child live to tell the tale.

In March before the time of which I write, I was in Chattanooga a little while, for I "followed the drum" whenever I had the chance. My stay there was cut short, as the troops were ordered from there to Mississippi, where early in April was fought the battle of Shiloh. The baby was then but two months old, and we arrived in Chattanooga during some bitter weather, with snow and ice on the ground. At the little hotel—poor in the best of times, and now crowded with troops and the accommodations totally inadequate—we managed to obtain a very small room. In reply to a request for a fire, word was sent from the office that one could not be furnished that evening. Then our resourceful manservant—faithful to his young master throughout the war—took a coal scuttle and walked the streets of Chattanooga till, by his pitiful tale of a freezing young mother and child, he touched some hearts in the express office, where the scuttle was generously filled for him. My baby slept in the tray of my trunk, and his sleep was as peaceful as if in a silk-lined crib. In the next room, separated by a board partition only, with cracks wide enough for the light to shine through, was the body of a little child who had just died from measles. But in those momentous times it made little impression. These were some of the episodes in my career as a Confederate soldier's wife.

After this digression, I return to my Bridgeport visit. Reaching my destination after by no means an uninterrupted journey, and in my delight at greeting my captain, I did not take in at once the rough looks of our house and its surroundings; but old "Aunt Betsy" was heard giving her opinion pretty freely: "What Marse Joe made of to bring Miss Kate and dis yer chile to sich a place—not fitten for white folks?"

That same dingy old house, however, will always be associated with a happy period; for in my unhappiness during the succeeding years of privation and sadness I often looked back at that month of bright winter days on the banks of the Tennessee as the most serene and satisfactory of all those of the three dreadful years that followed. I had only one room. A bare floor, a stove with the pipe through a window pane, one mattress about two inches thick on a pine bedstead, a box on legs with a pillow in it (brought in my trunk) for baby's crib, a hand glass the only mirror, a table with wash-stand appointments, nails about the unplastered walls for clothes—such were my quarters, for which I was most thankful. I must not forget the cow we hired for my little boy's benefit. But then there was fine weather, horseback rides every day, pleasant officers in our mess, and a companion in the wife of our brigade commander. So I lived from day to day, shutting out the future.

This peaceful life was suddenly and rudely broken up. We had enjoyed our Christmas dinner, such as it was, two days before. Like a thunderclap out of a clear sky came the orders to move at once and join Gen. Bragg's army, as Rosecrans was threatening to attack it near Murfreesboro, Tenn. What should I do now? Where should I go? I was very much alone, so it was a great relief when Mrs. Jackson said, "I've decided to go with the troops as far as Wartrace, where I have relatives," and, turning to me, "you must come too, for they are such loyal Confederates. I know they will cheerfully take in any one whose husband is in the army."

I gladly accepted the offer. Then such a hurried packing up and getting off—officers, men, horses, tents, camp furniture, cannon, ammunition, two lone women, a baby, and nurse. It was Sunday, too, for no time could be lost. Well, we took a hastily improvised train, and about four o'clock that wintry afternoon it stopped at a small, desolate station, about eighteen miles from Murfreesboro, and deposited our forlorn little party and trunks on the platform, minus a waiting room, where there were no signs of life. The train sped on its way, dwindling to a speck in the distance, while with heavy hearts and tear-dimmed eyes we watched those nearest and dearest to us borne swiftly away to certain battle and not improbable death.

Those were times that tried men's souls and women's hearts. It might have been some comfort to me if I could have impressed on that impetuous young soldier of mine the words:

"Remember, caution is not fear, nor rashness valor's test;

If he who fights and dies does well, who fights and lives does best."

But no, I knew he would dash into the thickest of the fray. Surely our situation was dreary. Night was coming on, and we did not know exactly which way to turn. Mrs. Jackson bestirred herself to find conveyance for ourselves and belongings to our destination, several miles distant, the home of her relatives, where, unannounced, we expected to take refuge.

The early-setting December sun disappeared, and it was quite cold. Seeing a bright fire through the open door of a little one-story house across the wide country road, I took my baby over there for some warmth. Hesitating at the threshold, I saw a woman with a child stretched out on her lap apparently ill. She looked up and said: "You're welcome to come in out of the cold, but my child has scarlet fever."

Any mother will understand my hasty retreat to the wind-swept platform.

In the meantime a vehicle had appeared—a one-horse affair without a top—so we jogged along, mostly through the woods, with night upon us, to an unknown place and to people unknown to me. On reaching the residence and before we alighted, Col. Erwin and his wife opened their door as well as their hearts to us. I received as warm a welcome as if I were a dear child returning after an absence, and from that moment I felt at home among them. And how inviting that comfortable library and big, crackling wood fire looked after my rough quarters of the past month! In this lovely home were assembled various people, for no one was turned away who asked shelter. It was hard to tell who were the family proper, as refugee relatives and soldiers on the way to and from "the front" became unexpected guests like ourselves. Of course the dining table was taxed to its utmost capacity. Those dear people, who showed such boundless hospitality, were afterwards forced to leave their home through the exigencies of war, and died soon after the close of hostilities impoverished and broken in body and spirit.

Daily under those beautiful but leafless trees of Beechwood how I wandered, waiting, yet dreading, the news from "the front." And then the suspense after the battle began! It was December 31. We were too far off to hear the firing of small arms. But O the booming of those cannon, the bursting of those shells, which broke upon the stillness of our peaceful abode! And every dull boom and every exploding shell represented so many lives gone, so many hearts broken, in all parts of our distracted land.

"Ah! if beside the dead slumbered the pain!

Ah! if the hearts that bled slept with the slain;

If the grief died! But no;

Death will not have it so."

As we were within earshot, our hearts almost stood still, such was the tension. But I received a number of communications direct from the field of battle during those days of conflict (and preserved to this time). They were scraps of soiled paper, minus envelopes, brought or sent by soldiers going to the rear, with just a few penciled lines; but O how I prized them! It was a marvel that they all reached me safely and without delay.

Herewith are copies of extracts:

"LEBANON PIKE, DECEMBER 29, 1862.—. . . We have at last settled down in position to await the enemy. We are ready for him, and everybody is in good spirits and confident. . . ."

"DECEMBER 29, 1862.—. . . I hope you have not been uneasy to-day and that you received my scratch written this morning. It is now too late to expect a battle to-day, and if we have one to-morrow you will hear the sound of it. Keep your courage up. . . . I slept last night on pretty wet ground, but am quite well. I hope you had no trouble in getting to Beechwood yesterday. . . ."

"DECEMBER 30, 1862.—. . . We have a very honorable place assigned us in line of battle in Hardee's wing. The enemy has not advanced since Saturday. . . ."

"MURFREESBORO, FIELD OF BATTLE, JANUARY 1, 1863.—. . . Our brigade lost more than half its number yesterday. The general and staff safe. My horse shot and killed under me. We hold the battlefield. I don't know whether there will be any more fighting. . . ."

"FIELD OF BATTLE, JANUARY 2, 1863.—. . . We were not

in any fighting yesterday. The enemy are behind the railroad, to which we drove them. Col. W. T. Black, commanding the 5th Georgia Regiment, was killed day before yesterday. Ed Ansley killed. Ed Hall has died of his wounds. . . ."

"FIELD OF BATTLE, JANUARY 3, 1863.—. . . No serious fighting since Wednesday. Enemy intrenched. Gen. Breckinridge attacked them and was repulsed. If things continue this uncertain many days, you had better go home. Keep your trunk ready to move at a moment's notice. Notwithstanding the bitter cold, inclement weather, and no shelter, we are well. . . ."

History puts down Murfreesboro, or Stone's River, as a drawn battle and as one of the biggest and bloodiest of the great war. The fourth day after the battle had begun I was wandering, as usual, aimlessly and restlessly about the grounds when I saw a horseman approaching the house, and, hoping he might have some tidings of interest to me, I hastened to intercept him. Then I saw a gaunt and travel-stained-looking soldier who wearily dismounted, and not till he spoke did I recognize my own husband. How rejoiced I was, one can well imagine, to see him alive, literally just "out of the jaws of death," even though he told me he had but a few hours to stay. How I wished he could tell of a wound severe enough to keep him from "the front" for a while; but not so. Although he had been down in the "valley of death," "stormed at with shot and shell," sleeping on the wet ground, clothes soaked with rain and not changed for a week, little food and less sleep, yet he was whole and well.

The Confederate army was in orderly retreat, not being followed by Rosecrans, so he had made a detour from the main column to reach Beechwood and see us and hurry us off southward by the next train. The cars might stop running at any moment; the country was full of stragglers; it was a lawless time, and then we ran the risk of falling within the enemy's lines. To be "within the enemy's lines!" How much that meant to me! for I was a Northern daughter, though a Southern wife. To stay where I then was meant that I soon might go, without let or hindrance, to an Eastern home, where loving hearts were eagerly waiting to welcome me and my baby whenever I could reach there. No other way of getting to them but by special "pass," flag of truce, or blockade runner. But my native land was now alien; and after a little hesitation and conflicting emotions, I felt that I must stand by the land of my adoption and share its fortunes. As this part of the country has always been my home, how wise was my decision, for to suffer with a people makes you one of them.

Well, no train went till the next morning. After much persuasion, we prevailed upon our worn and weary and wet and hungry soldier to stay and dry his clothes, partake of a good meal, have a night's rest from off the ground, and re-join his command in the morning. By yielding to our entreaties he had to make such speed the next day to overtake the troops that his poor horse died from the effects of it. We went back to Georgia to watch and wait, to possess our souls in patience, and strive to keep up a brave front and a cheerful spirit.

SOLDIER OF THE BLUE AT THE REUNION.

Theodore F. Allen, of Cincinnati, writes the *National Tribune* of the Louisville Reunion. He quotes a telegram from the 4th Kentucky Cavalry, C. S. A., inviting him to attend and to take the horse that he escaped upon when they had

him prisoner in the sixties. He wore the badge of his regiment, 7th Ohio Cavalry, which attracted the attention of many Confederates. Replying to inquiry, he said he was a "scout looking for Confederates," and was told that Louisville was full of them and if he didn't get away he would be captured. He took the chances, and finally found the 4th Kentucky Cavalry—members of the regiment whom he had not seen since the night he escaped as their prisoner in 1863.

"One of the officers of the 4th Kentucky Cavalry, whom I did not know, came up to me, looked me over and over two or three times, and asked if I had formerly been the adjutant of the 7th Ohio Cavalry, and if I was taken prisoner at Rogersville, Tenn., November 6, 1863. To all of his questions I answered in the affirmative, not knowing what his object was. After I had replied, he said: 'I was the officer of the guard in charge of the prisoners when you made your escape, and I would like to have you tell me how you did it and what you did with the horse you took from us.'

"I explained the matter to him fully, whereupon he replied: 'Well, Allen, I was very sorry to learn that you had gotten away, but now I am glad you escaped.'

"During the course of the reunion there was a call for a report from the historian of the regiment. It was explained that his comrade was absent, owing to illness, and would not be able to make a report at this meeting. A few minutes later I was called upon to address the 4th Kentucky Cavalry, being introduced by the President of the Association, Col. Will Crabb, who stated that I was an honorary member of the regiment and at one time was a prisoner, but had escaped on one of their horses. He stated that he felt it desirable to the members that I should pay for that horse now, whereupon every member of the regiment claimed that it was his horse. If I had accepted all those statements, I would have had to pay for that horse about two hundred times.

"In my address to the members of the regiment, I told them that I had learned that their regimental historian was absent, and with their permission I would take his place for the day; thereupon I gave a history of their regiment. I may state here that I was quite familiar with the history of this regiment, as we had met it many, many times, and we almost knew one another personally. As I was progressing with this historical sketch one of the old Confederate soldiers, who had some doubts as to my being able to take the place of their regimental historian, leaned forward, brought his fist down in the palm of his other hand, and said: 'By gosh, he does know us!' After the meeting was dismissed, the men of the regiment crowded around me. If I had accepted as many invitations as were extended to me to take a drink, I would have been intoxicated the rest of my life; or if I had accepted all the invitations to spend a few weeks at the home of each member of the regiment, I could have spent several years in visiting.

"At this meeting I saw Capt. George Dallas Mosgrove, the well-known contributor to the *National Tribune*. He is a chipper boy of about sixty years and an enthusiastic Veteran of the 4th Kentucky Cavalry.

"The old soldiers who are readers of the *National Tribune* are familiar with the appearance of the Veterans of the Union army as they appear at their national encampments, and the only object of this communication is to set before the old soldiers of the Union army a fair and truthful representation of the ghosts of the Confederate army as they now appear. Of course during the War between the States we were familiar with the appearance and knew how the Confederate

soldier looked; but I dare say there are many Union soldiers who live far away from the Southland who would like to know how they look now. Many of these old fellows are nowadays men of large affairs, and upon the whole they are as handsome a set of men as you will find in a year's travel."

HENRY WATKINS ALLEN.

The following beautiful and appropriate tribute to the memory of Henry Watkins Allen is from the pen of John Dimitry, Esq., a gentleman whose modest merit is only equaled by his learning and genius:

This Monument
Is sacred to the Memory
of

Henry Watkins Allen,
A Governor of the Commonwealth of Louisiana
From — 1865, to April —, 1865.

In Ambition, moderate; in Honor, stainless;
In Intellect, acute, brilliant, suggestive;
In the statement of great truths, earnest; in
their assertion, fearless;

In his impulses, pure and ardent; in his aims,
unselfish;

In Mold, Heroic—

He combined, in proportions harmonious,
Those qualities of head and heart which, nobly
exerted,

Fit a man for the highest honors which may
crown

The Citizen of a Free State.

The power of Administration, the dignity of the
Statesman,

The skill of the practiced Captain, the courage
of the tried Soldier,

In him were Native.

Charged with the guidance of troops in a war of
vast compass,

He showed himself in Discretion equal to the
most skillful,

In Valor to the Bravest.

Intrusted with the maintenance of a great Commonwealth,
In a Season of Extremity,

He wielded its authority with rare Ability.
He aimed to vindicate the Law, to strengthen
Justice,

To prop the Public Credit, and, e'en in the clash
of Armies,

To elevate the moral and intellectual welfare
Of the People committed to his charge.

The Commonwealth whose dignity he maintained,

The People whose Interests he defended,
Cherish, with equal Gratitude and Veneration,

The Memory of the Just Man

And the Impartial Ruler

Who filled honorably every station of public and
private Trust,

And who, cast in a Historic Age, proved not unworthy
of its Grandeur.

NOTICE TO MEMBERS OF BIFFLE'S CAVALRY.—Mrs. A. C. Combs, of Adamsville, Tenn., inquires for addresses of any who were in Capt. Fletcher Barnes's company, G, Biffle's Regiment, 9th Tennessee Cavalry. Such will be gratefully appreciated.

THAT FORT GILMER FIGHT.

BY J. A. H. GRANBERRY, SERGEANT MAJOR TWENTIETH GEORGIA INFANTRY, PARK, TEX.

I am surprised that so few important facts have been brought out concerning the fight at Fort Gilmer through the letters by Gen. Reese, of Florida, and Dr. May, of Texas, in their accounts of the battle as published in the *VETERAN*.

The battle was not fought early in the spring of 1864, for Field's entire division had gone early in the spring of 1864 from East Tennessee to meet Grant's army at the Wilderness, which battle was fought on May 5 and 6, 1864, and the division was in front of the Federal army closing in around Petersburg and Richmond. On the occasion referred to Gen. Field, with a small portion of his division—the Texas Brigade, Benning's Brigade, and a small detachment of Virginia militia—held the outer line of our works, nine or ten miles from Richmond on the north side of James River. The other brigades of his division, Perry's (formerly McLaw's), Bratton's (formerly Jenkins's), and Anderson's, were south of the river near Petersburg.

On the night preceding the Fort Gilmer fight we could distinctly hear the Federals crossing the James River to the north side, and we knew it meant warm work for Gen. Field's small command the next day. At daylight, sure enough, we heard firing in front of the Texas Brigade on our left; we also heard it on our right and very much in our rear. We were hurried to the right to hold, if possible, Fort Harrison; but when we reached the fort, it was already in the possession of the Federals. The head of my regiment, the 20th Georgia, went square against the head of a Federal column, the earthworks hiding each other from view, until we found ourselves in a few steps of a large force of the enemy. Thirty-seven of the regiment, constituting a large part of the front of it, surrendered. Most of it escaped by retreating the way they came. A few attempted to gain the next line of works, a few hundred yards to our rear, by retreating across the hill. Many of these were shot down, among the number James Huguley, orderly sergeant of Company B, a gallant soldier and a splendid man.

An attempt to recapture Fort Harrison was made a few days later, Colquitt's and Anderson's Brigades, with some other troops, forming the attacking force. The attack failed. Gen. Lee viewed the assault with glasses in hand from Fort Gilmer. I was standing in a few feet of him as he witnessed the vain effort to retake the fort.

When our forces left the exterior line on which Fort Harrison was located, they fell back to the next line of works. The Federals, flushed with success, rushed on to a little fort on that line, which was afterwards called Fort Field; but they were repulsed, and probably a hundred surrendered to the force in the fort, which was composed of men from various regiments, as there had been no time for reorganization after their dispersion from the outer works. These events all occurred in the early part of the day. The Federals made no further effort to advance until the middle of the afternoon. Our men had all returned to their commands. The 20th Georgia was quietly occupying the line of works extending north from Fort Gilmer, its right wing reaching nearly to the fort. We were flanked on each side by other regiments of the brigade. It numbered at that time not more than six or seven hundred muskets.

All at once from the northeast came a brigade of the enemy. They paid no attention to us who opened fire upon their left

flank, but rushed toward Fort Gilmer. Our fire was too hot for them. They broke ranks and scattered when in about one hundred and fifty yards of the fort. Another brigade took its place, came over the same ground, but got no nearer than seventy-five yards of the fort, when it too was fired into from the front, and both flanks broke into a retreat.

We knew our force was small, consisting of only two small brigades; and had the command been assailed in almost any other way, our defeat would have been inevitable. At this juncture how great was our delight as we saw Law's (now Perry's) Brigade running to our relief! They filed into our works in and around the fort. Soon a third brigade of the enemy appeared in sight. It was composed of negroes officered by white men. Though for a hundred or more yards their flank was within a few steps of our line, and we poured volley after volley into their solid lines, many of them dashed on and disappeared in the moat, eight or ten feet deep, which was around the fort, leaving the ground behind them strewn with their dead and wounded. I do not think a gun was fired by the assaulting column. For a while there was no firing. Soon the men in the ditch began to lift one another up to the parapet of the fort; but those in the fort stood at a ready, and not a head appeared but that it was quickly perforated with one or more balls. Then the cannoners in the fort began to throw shells with short fuses lighted into the solid ranks of the dusky warriors in the ditch. A few explosions were sufficient to draw forth a cry of surrender. Seventy-five or a hundred marched out of the ditch unarmed into our lines. The coast being clear, many of our men rushed out in front, where the wounded and dead of the enemy lay thick. As is frequently the case, many lying on the ground were unhurt, and, seeing our men approaching, made a dash to escape; but of the many who attempted it we saw only two or three who succeeded.

Now the above is a description of the fight at Fort Gilmer as it was. I was sergeant major of the 20th Georgia Infantry and was there and saw what I have written. A day or two after the battle we received orders to leave, but before doing so to bury the dead, composed almost entirely of negroes. Before leaving Gen. Benning was asked if an old well near by could be used as a receptacle for the dead negroes. He replied that his orders were to have the dead buried, and he would leave the men detailed for that purpose to do as they pleased; thereupon thirty-six negroes were thrown into the old well, and over them two or three feet of dirt was thrown, which filled the well up on a level with the surface.

The negroes we captured expressed surprise when they came into our lines that they were not in Richmond. They said their officers had told them that if they went over our lines, they would be in the city. Doubtless visions of loot, rapine, and murder were as strongly impressed on their minds when they charged as it ever was in the minds of the mercenary hirelings that followed Sherman in his brutal march to the sea.

ASSAULT ON FORT GILMER.

BY H. H. PERRY, ADJT. GEN., SALUDA, N. C.

I've read the various accounts in the *VETERAN* of the fall of Fort Harrison and the assault on Fort Gilmer and the repulse of the Federals in their daring attempt. Fort Gilmer was on a different line of the defenses which enveloped the Confederate capital from that on which Fort Harrison was situated. As I now recollect, it was quite a formidable struc-

ture, with a large moat next the enemy, flanked by heavy earthworks, and perhaps three-fourths of a mile nearer Richmond. Fort Harrison was on the outmost line, looking nearly, if not directly, south on a rise commanding a large area. It was an important defense in our system of defenses, but, as the sequel proved, was not fatal if lost. It lay southeast of the city on the east side of the James River, and I think was a kind of offset to Beast Butler Canal intended to cut off Drewry's Bluff and the river obstructions.

There were many attacks on our line made by Grant's enormous army, at which this writer, then the assistant adjutant general and inspector of Benning's Brigade, was not present. However, it so happened that I know much about the capture of Fort Harrison and the fight and defense of Fort Gilmer. So intimately was I connected with these two events that each has left an indelible impression on my memory. They occurred on the same day.

Of the reports that the VETERAN gives, I am gratified to find that my own memory accords with that of Capt. Martin, of Company G, 17th Georgia Regiment, Benning's Brigade. Though forty years intervene since last I inspected the incomparable old 17th Georgia (Benning's regiment), he may remember the writer. What I record here is done in deference to the truths of Confederate history, which the VETERAN and all true soldiers of the Confederacy desire to establish before they forever pass away. Other comrades have written as they remember. So will I. If I differ at any point, it is an honest divergence of memory.

As Comrade Martin states the dates I agree with him. When we went to Chickamauga, he is correct. Our stay in East Tennessee is correct also, wintering as we did so fearfully at Morristown after Longstreet's defeat at Knoxville. On the morning of the fall of Fort Harrison I was sent by our brigade commander down the breastworks toward that fort to ascertain where we were to be placed in the works. I got to the fort just about sunrise. I heard the firing behind me which was the attack on Gregg's line that turned out to be a division, for the enemy had planned to take Fort Harrison by surprise. The stratagem succeeded. If our brigade had not been hindered, it would have reached Fort Harrison in time to have met the enemy's advance, which I will relate. When I reached Fort Henry, there were no soldiers there. The defense was eighteen raw young artillerymen in charge of a sergeant. This officer told me that they had hardly drilled any at all and knew nothing of the fort. While I was dumfounded at this, imagine my consternation when one of them reported a column of the enemy advancing less than three hundred yards away. It was too true. Our brigade was out of sight, and not even a company of infantry at hand. I asked the sergeant, who seemed much confused, to load the guns and fire on them. After a little, one of the heavy guns was loaded. The enemy had gotten in two hundred yards. The sergeant aimed it himself at the center of the advancing line and pulled the lanyard. It raked it fearfully. The heavy grape tore through it, and it seemed to surprise and paralyze the enemy. All of them fell and lay flat on the ground. Our men left the fort in a hurry. I remounted my horse and also fled back to the brigade. Before we had gotten out of sight, the enemy had reached the fort and were sending bullets after us. I've never heard if the enemy lost any men from that one discharge of the siege gun, but none of us were hurt by bullets.

Fort Harrison having fallen, Benning's Brigade was with-

drawn from the outer line and put in the breastworks flanking Fort Gilmer along with the other troops also withdrawn. I remember how thin the lines were, but the men were veterans that could not well be demoralized. The change was rapidly made. It is my recollection that the 2d Georgia occupied the right flank on the works at the fort, two companies of the 17th on its right, and the 15th Georgia and 20th Georgia on the left breastworks. This brigade had been fearfully decimated. The fort faced to the east. Fort Harrison and its flanking works, as said, faced south. This second line of works, which we now occupied, ran toward Fort Harrison and bent westward within three or four hundred yards of Fort Harrison. I've never seen these works since, but time has hardly defaced them so much that even now their great scars on dear old Virginia's soil might not be traced.

Fort Gilmer was about the center of our (Benning's) brigade. At least the brigade was disposed about it for its defense. Gregg's men, I think, were nearer Fort Harrison. In front of Fort Gilmer there was a wide clearing containing some of the limbs and brush that had not been burned by the troops from time to time. But these were hardly an obstruction to advancing forces. About four hundred yards off was a woods in which the enemy formed directly facing Fort Gilmer. I have no memory of any cornfields mentioned by Capt. Martin, though there might have been one. If so, it was unimportant, as it did not at any time prevent a full view of the enemy after advancing from the woods to the attack. From the fort to the woods was almost a dead level. Being on the staff, I helped place the troops. Some of them were inside the fort. I was inside the fort until the enemy's forces were driven back or captured. My remembrance is that only three pieces of artillery were on the works, ran up into the fort that morning, and manned by the men of the battery. I've forgotten what battery it was. They were splendid, brass Napoleons, and were superbly served. For short range, they were the best guns in our service. A charge of grape from one of these twelve-pounders fired point-blank at a range of two hundred and fifty yards would at times make a whole regiment quail. Three of them, worked as they were, had the enemy's line in this attack utterly demoralized, notwithstanding the brute courage of drunkenness. It required a rear line of whites to force the negroes forward.

About ten o'clock we saw the first evidence of an advance. A group of officers appeared on horseback just at the edge of the woods, but plainly to be seen. They seemed to be reconnoitering the ground. One of the gunners said he could scatter the bunch, and aimed a shrapnel at it. After aiming it, he stood directly behind the piece to watch the shot. For the first time in my life I learned that by standing behind the piece the shot could be seen in its flight. I was standing near, and he beckoned me to come and watch it. The ball rose high in the air, making the parabola, and then descended quickly over the group. It grew to a speck as it descended, and in about five seconds exploded over the mounted party. They scattered and disappeared in the woods. It was a very close shot. In a few minutes a regiment of soldiers came out of the woods in line of battle. At once our guns were loaded with shrapnel and sighted. While the enemy paused to reform and rectify the attacking column, our artillery opened. The very first shot struck the ground in front of the colors and exploded in a cloud of smoke and dust. The other shots

followed, bursting just above the line, creating the greatest confusion.

It was some time before the line could be re-formed. The guns gave it no rest. Then supporting lines came forward, and the column started briskly for the fort. The enemy used no artillery, and the advancing infantry had no time to fire as they made straight for us in the face of the guns. There were three lines in column of regiments, as well as I remember, that made up the attacking force, a negro regiment in the lead. The shots from the artillery broke through the lines often, and so demoralized the front line that it was hard for the half drunken officers to force them forward. It became almost a panic when our guns substituted grape and canister for the shrapnel, and the infantry also in the breastworks began a deadly rain of bullets. By dint of using bayonets of file closers the negroes were forced forward, but at almost every step the lines were thinned. What were left of the front line finally broke into a run for the fort, and some hundred or more got into the moat. None attempted to mount the wall of the fort that I saw. What became of the white regiments that started with the negroes, no one in the excitement of the fight saw. As the shot raked and tore through the whole attacking column, it is quite certain the rear regiments broke and fled, leaving the blacks finally to do the storming.

Those huddled up in the moat were ordered to surrender; but, not responding, some of the artillerymen cut the fuses short of a few shrapnel shells, lighted them, and tossed them into the big ditch. In a few seconds the explosions followed, and a fearful howl came up. These missiles killed or wounded a great many of the poor negroes. How many were taken out, I do not remember. I don't think any of the wounded were butchered or any of the negro prisoners were harmed after surrendering.

Among the prisoners brought into the fort was a Federal white lieutenant. He was an officer of the negro regiment and had a leg badly broken. He was stupidly drunk and cursed us roundly. No one got angry with him, but our Confederate soldiers guyed him into great fury. One of them took his canteen half full of rotgut whisky and poured it out. He seemed to regret the loss of the whisky more than his defeat.

This is what I remember of the attack on Fort Gilmer and the loss of Fort Harrison. I am as sure of my recollection of the attack made on the almost empty Fort Harrison as I am of my existence. I was sent forward by our brigade commander to be sure of the place we were to occupy, and ran almost into the lines of the enemy. I begged the artillerymen to load and fire the cannon to give notice to our troops to hurry. I thought it would check the enemy, who seemed to have learned (from spies, perhaps) that no troops were in the fort. When I saw the first line approaching, it seemed to be about a full brigade marching in double ranks line of battle and about two hundred and seventy-five yards from the fort. I shall never forget my consternation, for it rushed over me instantly that we had no troops between the advancing enemy and Richmond, and it would be taken. I rushed back to relate the fall of the fort and turn our troops across for the other line. A bold enemy would have pushed the advantage and rushed in behind Gilmer, cutting off our brigades east of Fort Harrison and severing Gen. Lee from Hood's Division and other troops east of the river. As it

happened, it proved an advantage, for it shortened our lines very much.

The next day after this attack on Fort Gilmer, late in the afternoon, an attempt was made to retake Fort Harrison, but it signally failed. The saying, "Dar, now, da' done kill'd Corp'l Dick," originated at Fort Gilmer after the explosion of the bombs thrown in the moat. He must have been an important person with the new negro recruits. I did not hear it, but the brigade was laughing over the expression next day, and it became a byword in the army. I guess Capt. Martin remembers this and that we met negroes here for the first time.

A few days after this memorable event—rather events—I was ordered by the War Department to report to Gen. G. M. Sorrel, lately commissioned brigadier general and assigned to Wright's Georgia Brigade to be its assistant adjutant general, stationed at Petersburg. There I remained until Appomattox, and saw our old brigade no more.

STORY OF A BOY CAPTAIN.

BY G. W. BRECKINRIDGE, FINECASTLE, VA.

Comrades Reese, of Florida, May, of Texas, and Martin, of Georgia, have given the readers of the *VETERAN* interesting accounts of the battle of Fort Gilmer. In most things they agree; on some material points they differ. It may be that a brief account of what I saw on that memorable twenty-ninth day of September, 1864, will throw some light on the disputed questions, as I was close to the three writers most of the day and had my company in Fort Gilmer when it was assaulted by the enemy. I was captain of Company E, 2d Battalion Virginia Reserves (so called because they were always in front), the youngest of a company of boys between the ages of seventeen and eighteen, the battalion erroneously referred to by Comrade Martin as "The City Battalion."

The morning of the above date found us stationed something less than a mile east of Fort Harrison and on the same line of fortifications. Like Comrade Martin, I had spent the night of the 27th on Signal Hill, a few miles in front of Fort Harrison, digging intrenchments, having a detail of ninety men from our battalion. Early on the morning of the 29th we heard fighting on our left, and just as we were ready to cook our mutton chops and waffles a courier came dashing down the line—his horse kicking our fire in our faces—and ordered us to double-quick to Fort Harrison. Leaving breakfast and everything else we had, we seized our arms, "fell in," and started down the line at a lively trot. For some reason—probably a better speedway—we took a road in front of our works. As we came in sight of Fort Harrison and filed right to reach the line of fortifications, I had to stop for a moment to gaze spellbound on the grandest spectacle I had ever imagined. The mile or more of open country in front of the fort was blue with Yankees advancing in column. The big guns of the fort were belching forth their fires of shot and shell. Puffs of white smoke from the muskets, the steady dress parade step of twenty thousand Yankees as they marched up "e'en in the cannon's mouth"—my! what a sight it was!

We were halted a hundred yards or so short of the fort and went to work with our muskets. In a short while, though, the enemy had the fort and opened an enfilading fire down our line. Our men began breaking at the fort, the break continuing along the line till it reached us. I will never forget how old Capt. Winston, of our battalion, strove

to hold his Goochland company to their work. When all on their right had stampeded, the Goochland men started at a run too. The gallant old Captain rushed to the front of them, crying at the top of his voice, "Rally around me, men, rally around me," at the same time starting back toward the breastworks; but the tide of retreat had set in, and it bore the Captain and his company away with it. My company was next. All on my right had gone. I cast a hasty glance to our left. All gone. For at least a half minute gallant Company E held that line of works against Grant's whole army. In another minute we would have all been killed or captured. Feeling that there was yet work for us to do for the Confederacy, we concluded to go, "and we stood not upon the order of our going, but went at once." Having made about sixty or seventy-five paces, I turned to take a last look at Fort Harrison. As I did so a Yankee sharpshooter jumped on the breastworks we had just left and looked at me as who should say: "Is I got you?" I never once thought of the big six-shooter I had at my side, but with a look of defiance at the murderous Yankee I turned and started in rapid but dignified pursuit of my company. His bullet whizzed by my left ear and cut up the dust fifteen paces in front of me. After a jog of something like a mile, with flying colors, we entered Fort Gilmer amid such a screaming and bursting of shells as I have never heard. Just then Col. Guy, who commanded our battalion, turned to have a look at his men. "Well, Captain," he said to me, looking rather sorrowfully at my little bunch of twelve or fifteen boys, "you seem to be about all I have left." Capt. Winston's company had borne him to some other part of the line, and so it was with the other four companies of the 2d Battalion. It was a complete rout.

The famous individuality of the Confederate soldier never showed up better. Without orders or organization, as far as I could see, this routed army fell back to another line of works and held it against odds of ten to one.

Company E took position in the extreme left wing of the fort, and went to loading and firing right away, for the Yankees were close behind us. We were so preoccupied with the several assaults made on our side by the white troops that I knew nothing about the negroes till I saw three of them jump from the moat and make a break for liberty. Two of them fell almost instantly; the third, a big copper-colored nigger, with a thousand bullets—two from my own pistol—whizzing after him, made his escape. What a sprinter he was! How the cornstalks rattled as he sped through that field!

As soon as the smoke cleared away in our front I went around to see what Comrade May and his friends had been doing. I was just behind the big stationary gun when it was fired, I think, the last time that day. I don't expect to live long enough to forget the jar it gave me. It may have been Comrade May with whom I got into conversation, for he told me about the fight with the negroes early in the morning on our right, where they had it hand-to-hand with them, sticking them with their bayonets, etc. He then gave me an account of the fight just ended, how the negroes had tried to push each other over the parapet, how the musket ball would meet each nappy head as it appeared over the wall, how when one of them fell with a little hole in his forehead they heard a shout of despair: "Dar God! done killed Corporal Dick, bess officer we had."

About two hundred negroes were brought up from the moat. I went down at once to have a look at baldheaded

Dick and the other forty odd dead lying in the trench; some torn to pieces by the hand grenades, but a number of them with the hole in the forehead. I was standing looking wistfully at a brass medallion attached to Corporal Dick's cartridge box belt when an old soldier, reading my mind and sizing me up as a tenderfoot, said: "You want that thing?" I nodded, and he stooped down and jerked it off and handed it to me. I wouldn't have touched the dead nigger for a gold medallion set with diamonds.

I have lately talked with some half dozen of the boys who were with me in Fort Gilmer. None of them can recall any other body of troops inside of the fort, nor can I remember more than the few men whom I met and talked with there at the big gun. But it is nearly forty-one years ago, and, while my memory is clear as to the incidents I have related and many others in which I took part, I would not undertake to say positively that there were no other troops in Fort Gilmer than my own company and the five men spoken of by Comrades Reese and May. My best impression, though, is that Comrade May will have to divide the honor of holding Fort Gilmer on the 29th of September, 1864, with bloody Company E alone, and Company E had no hand in repulsing the attack of the negro soldiers.

I remember distinctly that one of our gunners was killed by a sharpshooter after the fight was over—shot in the head too—and probably another was wounded before one of our men located the gentlemen behind a stump in the cornfield and gave him a dose of his own medicine. Does Comrade May remember this? Comrade Martin, from his account, must have been within a few paces of my company when we were receiving the assaults of the white troops. I came very near shooting at some of his men who made a dash across the fields before the retreating Yankees were out of sight. I thought they were deserting, but they were only going out to get a pair of shoes or trousers or something of that sort left on the field by the Yankees. How it shocked my youthful sensibilities to see a dead man's wearing apparel jerked off of him before he was cold!

Though seldom and rather slightly referred to by historians, as far as my knowledge goes, this was surely one of the most important of the many battles around Richmond, for had the white troops fought with the intrepidity of the negroes (had they been as well loaded with whisky and gunpowder) Fort Gilmer would have fallen and Grant would have dined in Richmond that day.

TWO BOYS OF THE FIFTH TEXAS REGIMENT.

Jess B. Lott, of Navasota, Tex., says:

"Judge Martin satisfactorily fixes the date, September 29, 1864, of the Fort Gilmer fight. The Texas Brigade, with other troops, assaulted the enemy's works on the 8th of October, when Gen. Gregg was killed. W. H. Snell, Company B, 5th Texas Regiment, and I were in Fort Gilmer when the negroes rolled over in the ditch in front. We were on picket duty the night before the fight, and during the night we could hear the enemy giving commands distinctly, information of which was sent back to the rear. There was unusual commotion among the enemy's troops, but we supposed Gen. Lee understood it as a feint. The next morning revealed the fact that they were all negroes. We fought negro troops all day. Our picket force fell back to the works between where the Texas Brigade was fighting and Fort Harrison, on our right. We repulsed them with heavy loss;

but when Fort Harrison fell, we were cut off and fell back again to Fort Gilmer. We found forty or fifty men with two pieces of the heavy artillery. We repulsed two or three charges before the fight was over. Snell and I had an understanding that in the event we were overpowered we were to jump up on top of the parapet and run down to where the stockade joined the works and jump on the inside.

"When we landed in the fort, we found a very few old soldiers, and were told that it was a company of Virginia militia. . . . We had been fighting from the time we could see; and when we landed in the fort, the excitement was pretty well all gone. . . . We were shooting with deadly aim; and when they surrendered and crawled through the culvert, it was the only time during the war that I felt like shooting prisoners, as the officers (white men) wore red caps and sashes. We could plainly see the race for the works to our left between our troops and the enemy, which Gen. Reese speaks of; and when we saw our troops' triumph, the tension on our part of the line was happily relieved. I don't remember seeing an officer in the fort, so each one fought for himself; for while we were fighting we would run to different angles in the fort and take aim, rise up, and fire at the same time. This was kept up for quite a while, when hand grenades were thrown over among them and they ran up the white flag. Snell and I did not remain in the fort long after the last repulse. It was my impression that there were eighty or one hundred surrendered and sixty or seventy killed in the ditch and just on the outside. We went down the line to another fort between Fort Gilmer and Fort Harrison (Judge Martin calls it Fort 'Gregg').

"Now I cannot understand Gen. Reese to say there were only five or six men in Fort Gilmer at this time, but that there were five or six conspicuous men—men that were running from one angle of the fort to the other to keep the negroes from scaling the walls. At no time did they command the fort where we were (on the right), because we rose right over their heads and gave them such volleys as held them back. I have been sorry that we didn't remain in the fort longer after the surrender, but we were fagged out; hence there was no interest in the prisoners or number of dead to us. I would be glad to meet Dr. May or any one else to talk over this fight."

JUDGE MARTIN'S REPORT APPROVED.

Capt. J. R. Winder writes from Fort Smith, Ark.:

"I have read several accounts of the Federal assault on Fort Gilmer September 29, 1864, in front of Richmond, Va. Your June number of the *VETERAN* contains an account by Judge Martin, of Hawkinsville, Ga., which I believe to be very near correct.

"Gen. Ord's forces moved out from near Petersburg, Va., on September 28, 1864, and crossed the north side of the James River that night and appeared in our front the next morning. They attempted to penetrate our lines at several points, but were repulsed. I was stationed at the Darbytown road, not far from Fort Gilmer, having charge of several heavy guns and using them with good effect on September 29. Having subsequently made reconnoissance, I saw the result. I had occasion also to go over to Fort Gilmer after the attack, and found that many negroes had been killed in front and around the fort. As they had gotten in the ditch and were attempting to scale the parapet they were shot in the head. Many evidently were drunk, as liquor was found in all their canteens. A 'Corporal Dick' among their killed

I supposed to be a preacher and popular, as they would exclaim: 'Poor "Corporal Dick" is killed!' The Federals held Fort Harrison two miles away and reënforced it with guns and mortars. We had rifle pits just below the fort under the hill, and were subject to their incessant fire. Prior to this attack I had command of Long Tom, a heavy gun mounted on an ironclad car with engine attached, and ran up and down the railroad to Chickahominy swamp to stir up the Yankees."

In a personal note Capt. Winder states: "Fort Gilmer was near Richmond. Gilmer and Gregg, however, were practically redoubts with small force and two or three guns, while Fort Harrison was larger."

Judge John H. Martin corrects an error as to his official command at Fort Gilmer. He was captain of Company D and not of Company C, of the 17th Regiment, Georgia Volunteers, as stated in the June *VETERAN*, page 268, in which regiment he was mustered into the Confederate service at Lynchburg, Va., in August, 1861. He is now believed to be the senior surviving officer of that regiment. He writes that Maj. J. B. Moore, who removed from Georgia to Texas after the war, may still be alive. Jesse A. Johnson, a member of the company, was captured at Fort Harrison on the 29th of September, 1864.

WHO STOLE THE FIRST CHICKEN, C. S. A.?—That genial gentleman, the late J. K. Miller, of Gallatin, Tenn., sent the *VETERAN* a bit of humor that was temporarily pigeonholed. ". . . While other commands claim distinction as having the oldest and youngest soldier in the army, the old 7th Tennessee Regiment that served in Virginia holds undisputed sway in its claim for the first chicken thief. The deed was committed by Lieut. William M. McCall, of Humboldt, at Camp Trousdale, Tenn., in May, 1861. Jesse Cage, of Nashville, can testify to the correctness of this claim, as he helped to eat the 'yellow hen.'"

The following "war waif" was copied for the *VETERAN* by the late J. K. Miller, of Gallatin, Tenn.:

"Lives by Miss Mary Kelly Morton, aged eleven years, over the remains of a Federal colonel who was killed in her mother's yard, near Decatur, Ga.

"Fold his pale hands upon his breast
And wipe his clammy brow.
This stiffening form is now at rest;
He cannot harm us now.

Forgotten be his dark misdeeds;
He came we care not how.
A mother's heart already bleeds;
He's not a foeman now.

Arrange these softly clustering curls
And close this glazing eye.
For his mother take this dark-brown lock;
She did not see him die.

His grave is made in stranger sod;
His feet no more will roam;
His soul stands at the bar of God,
And he is missed at home."

Just as Miss Morton wrote, without a change.—K. M.

FIGHT AT CHAFFIN'S FARM, OR FORT HARRISON.
BY CAPT. C. T. ALLEN (COMMANDER OF ARTILLERY), MEXICO, MO.

In the *JULIE VETERAN*, page 266, Mr. A. O. Wright, of Jacksonville, Fla., speaks of holding Gen. Lee's horse while the "battle of Chaffin's Farm, or Fort Harrison," was going on and of having witnessed it "from the little battery just in the rear of the bluff on the skirt of the woods that fringed the river;" that Field's and Pickett's divisions defended Fort Harrison; that Gen. Lee "came over from Petersburg to conduct the defense in person," etc.

Comrade Wright was a "master in the Confederate navy," as he says in the letter referred to, and was on the "Nausemond in James River, off Chaffin's Bluff, in March, 1865;" but he is mistaken in some of his statements quoted.

The writer commanded the Iron Battery at Chaffin's Bluff, and knew every square yard of ground on Chaffin's Farm, and especially along the line of intrenchment from the river to Fort Harrison, and knew personally every officer and many of the men who, from time to time, encamped on the old farm. In the first place, the "battle of Chaffin's Farm, or Fort Harrison," did not take place in March, 1865. It was on September 29, 1864, and I commanded the "little battery" just in rear of the bluff (Chaffin's Bluff, just one mile below Drewry's Bluff, he means). I can't be mistaken about these things. I was wounded about eight o'clock in the morning by three Minie balls, one breaking my right hand, another slightly cutting my left arm, and a third one just touching the 24-pound siege piece, which I was sighting at the time, and, glancing, striking me on the left breast and partly burying itself therein. I have that ball now pinned to my old and faded coat, and will keep it as a souvenir of the "long ago."

Lieut. Col. John Minor Maury (deceased) and Maj. Richard C. Taylor, now living at Norfolk, Va., commanded at Fort Harrison. They had a few men only, possibly not over forty with them, though the fort mounted many big guns. They fought their guns to the last, but were overpowered and captured. The Federal troops took Fort Harrison and turned our own guns upon our "handful" of men. The loss of Col. Maury and Maj. Taylor left me the senior captain in command of the fifty to one hundred men (possibly a few more) between Fort Harrison and the James River; and, though my men were few and the enemy's forces numbered thousands, I knew that between us and Richmond there were but few troops at that time and that a brave stand must be made to give Gen. Richard S. Ewell time to rally the scattered forces about Richmond to save it. So at Fort Maury, about halfway between Fort Harrison and the river, I rallied some seventy-five to one hundred men and held the fort until Pickett came to our relief about midday. The "little battery" Comrade Wright refers to must have been Fort Maury, and it was a little one too, but it made a "h— of a racket" that day. I had a 24-pound rifle piece, one brass howitzer, and two 6-pound field pieces.

After receiving the wounds referred to, I was carried off the field to the bluff; but before leaving the field I directed Lieut. Jugurtha Laffoon to hold his guns to the last minute and the last man, that there were no troops between us and the doomed city that I knew of, and that if the Federals got possession of the turnpike they would turn Col. Hardaway's rear, who was possibly a couple of miles north of Fort Harrison and at or near Fort Gregg. Laffoon and his brave men did hold the "little battery" in the face of tremendous odds, and the Confederates held it to the end of the war.

Pickett's Division came in a run from some point between Richmond and Petersburg, crossed James River on the military bridge just above Drewry's Bluff, and about two o'clock in the evening attempted by two charges to dislodge the Federals and drive them from Fort Harrison, but failed after heavy losses. The Federals held Fort Harrison to the end of the war.

Gen. Lee did not conduct the defense of Fort Harrison. He was not on the north side of James River that day that I ever heard of. Gen. Ewell was present a part of the time, but not at the time the "little battery" was doing its awful work with shell, grape, and canister. During the night of September 28, 1864, Gen. Benjamin F. Butler crossed the river at or near Aiken's Landing and about sunrise appeared before Fort Harrison, and in a half hour they had it.

No other battle was ever fought on Chaffin's Farm or at Fort Harrison. My wounds healed, and in January, 1865, I returned to Chaffin's Bluff, and remained in command of the Iron Battery until Richmond was evacuated, April 2, 1865.

THE ATTACK OF FORT HARRISON.

BY MAJ. JAMES B. MOORE, CAMERON, TEX.

Having been solicited to give an account of the action of my command in the battle of Fort Harrison, I send a description of the occurrence, which, for the number engaged and results achieved, proved to be one of the most remarkable engagements of our great war.

It will be remembered that during the summer and fall of 1864 Gen. Lee was most actively engaged in the defense of Petersburg, and to successfully resist Gen. Grant's repeated efforts to capture that city he had withdrawn all the troops from the front of Richmond on the north side of the James River except one small brigade of Tennessee troops, Gen. Benning's brigade of Georgia troops, a few Virginia militia, and about three hundred cavalry, in all numbering not more than twelve hundred men, under the command of Gen. Gregg, of Texas.

On the 28th of September, 1864, the Tennessee Brigade occupied a line of rifle pits extending from Drewry's Bluff, on the James River, to Fort Harrison, situated on the hill, overlooking James River bottom, and distant about three-quarters of a mile.

Fort Harrison was a large earthen fort commanding the approach by land to Drewry's Bluff as well as the heights in its front and for some distance to its left. It was armed with several pieces of field artillery and one thirty-two-pound Columbiad and was of sufficient size to accommodate a garrison of some five hundred men, but was manned only by a few militia, who were armed with smooth-bore muskets, with only ten rounds of cartridges each, while the artillery was served by raw troops with only a few rounds of ammunition.

Benning's Brigade, consisting of the 2d, 15th, 17th, and 20th Georgia Regiments, was stationed at Newmarket, about three miles lower down the James River, in front of and watching the command of Gen. Butler (spoons). Being in command of the 17th Georgia, I was ordered to Fort Harrison, and with some two hundred penitentiary convicts and three hundred negroes, then at Fort Harrison, to proceed to strengthen the works. With seven companies, three companies being left on picket duty, I arrived at the fort late in the evening of the 28th of September, leaving orders for the

three companies to rejoin the regiment as soon as relieved from picket duty.

Early on the morning of the 29th of September Butler made a demonstration against our little force at Newmarket, having during the evening and night of the 28th thrown a large force, estimated at fifteen thousand men, across the river from the south side by means of a pontoon bridge. Between our forces and Newmarket and Drewry's Bluff he undertook to march into Richmond, which was wholly unprotected save by the Tennessee Brigade, the militia before mentioned, and my seven companies of the 17th Georgia. About seven o'clock in the morning skirmish firing commenced immediately in my front.

About this time I received orders from Gen. Gregg, then at or near Newmarket, to turn over the convicts to a company of militia detailed for that purpose and report back to the commander as soon as practicable. Soon afterwards one of my men, returning from Fort Harrison, reported to me that the enemy was immediately in its front and would soon be in the works. I immediately sent the prisoners to the rear in charge of two of my companies, and with the remaining five companies, numbering about seventy-three muskets, hurried into the fort and at once opened fire on the enemy, who was about four hundred yards distant and steadily advancing in four double columns of about six hundred men each, thus arraying the unequal number of about twenty-four hundred men against my companies of only seventy-three men. Our fire, being so very effective, soon threw them in some confusion and brought them to a halt. By this time the militia and artillery in the fort had exhausted their ammunition and retired rather precipitately to safer quarters. The enemy took advantage of a slight depression in the ground some three hundred yards in our front to re-form their lines, at the same time keeping up a brisk skirmish fire from their skirmishers, some sixty yards or more in their front, who were concealed behind weeds and bushes. Our ammunition had by this time run very low, and consequently our firing had almost ceased. This was, however, only the calm preceding the gathering storm about to burst upon us. I had, in the meantime, by Gen. Gregg's aid-de-camp and couriers, reported to him my situation and requested reinforcements.

Gen. Gregg, realizing the importance of the situation, at once started with the remainder of the brigade to my assistance; and when within some five or six hundred yards, they were espied by the enemy, who raised and came with a rush for our works. My little command had made every preparation to give him a warm reception, having loaded our small arms and double shot with grape the 32-pounder; and when their four double columns had come within about two hundred yards, I gave the command to fire. This shot was exceedingly destructive, tearing a lane of some thirty feet or more through the entire four columns. Owing to the unfortunate circumstances of our being short of ammunition, we were unable to do much execution with our rifles. It took but a few moments for them to clear the intervening space and reach the ditch, some five feet deep, in front of our works, into which they piled pellmell. They immediately began to scale the embankment and pour over the works into the fort. Seeing the hopelessness of further efforts to save the fort, although our brigade was only some three hundred yards from us and coming in a full run to our assistance, I gave orders to get out in the best manner possible and re-form on the next line of works, about one

mile in our rear. After throwing several bunches of cartridges which had just been brought into the fort at them, I, with Capt. D. H. Wilmot, Adj. Sam Robinson, and Lieut. William Landee, were the last to leave that portion of the fort. The men on the right flank, following the line of works, were thrown with the 2d Tennessee Regiment, while those on the left were thrown with the 2d Georgia Regiment, just arriving to our assistance. On my leaving the fort I saw that the 32-pounder had been dismounted by the recoil and was standing up nearly perpendicular, firmly imbedded in the hard clay. Private (afterwards Captain) A. P. McCord was on top of the transverse embankment firing right down into the midst of the enemy not more than fifteen feet distant. He even remained in this perilous position until the blue-coats became as thick within the works as blackbirds upon a millet stack.

In my hasty retreat from these uncomfortably warm quarters I dropped a very fine sword, which was left to the enemy's care. In our retreat from the fort we were exposed to the galling fire of more than one thousand of the enemy's small arms, which sent numerous bullets in uncomfortably close proximity to us. My purpose was to rally as many of our men as possible at the next line of works and detain the enemy until the remainder of the command could succeed in getting in their front. The 2d Georgia Regiment, under the command of the gallant Col. W. S. Shepherd, being pressed by the enemy from Fort Harrison, now in their possession, took position in a small redoubt on the line of works about one-half a mile to the left of Fort Harrison. His command, numbering less than one hundred men, made a most gallant fight. Running short of ammunition and being hard pressed by the enemy, he sent word to some of my command for ammunition and help or that he would be compelled to give up the fort.

A. P. McCord and John Lindsey, both of my old command, volunteered to return near the cabins in the rear of Fort Harrison, occupied by the enemy, where stood an abandoned ordnance wagon, which they had passed in their retreat from the fort. Protected by a line of skirmishers, under the command, I think, of Lieut. Landee, and under a heavy fire of musketry and artillery, they succeeded in securing each a box of cartridges, and, carrying the same under a heavy fire some half a mile to Col. Shepherd's men and throwing the boxes upon a dismounted gun and bursting them open, the cartridges were eagerly gathered up by the brave soldiers to renew the firing, which had almost ceased.

Rallying a few men who had escaped with me from Fort Harrison, I hurried to the assistance of the 2d Georgia. Upon my arrival in the fort, finding that Col. Shepherd had been severely wounded, I assumed command. Finding the enemy from sixty to one hundred yards in our front and partly concealed behind weeds and bushes and our ammunition running low, I had the men to withhold their fire until a small force, I think under Lieut. Hines, of the 2d Georgia, led by John Lindsey and A. P. McCord, of the 17th Georgia, and James DuBosc, of the 2d Georgia, could deploy as skirmishers down the breastworks toward Fort Harrison. At a preconcerted signal the skirmishers crossed the works with that much-dreaded Rebel yell, firing into the flank of the enemy, while our little band in the fort poured destructive fire into his front, which caused about three hundred of them to throw down their arms and surrender, while some broke and ran back to their main command in the woods, some twelve hun-

dred yards to our front. We sent the prisoners to the rear in charge of a small detail, while others brought into the fort all the guns and ammunition abandoned by the enemy in his retreat.

The enemy then brought a 14-gun battery to bear upon our little fort, and for the next thirty minutes or more no command was perhaps ever exposed to a more terrific shower of iron hail in the form of shell and shrapnel than was poured upon that little band of defenders of the capital of the Southern Confederacy.

After dismounting and silencing all of our guns by their fire, the enemy again advanced a regiment, some five or six hundred strong, for another assault. They advanced in splendid order under an incessant fire from our rifles until within three hundred yards, when our men began to make use of their extra guns, captured from the enemy, and poured into their ranks such a galling fire as to drive them back under the protection of their guns. Meanwhile a flanking column had been sent farther to our left, and in their attack on Fort Gilmer, a stockade fort, were readily repulsed by the 15th and 20th Georgia, arriving in a full run just in time to participate in their repulse. Just after this repulse of the enemy, which was four o'clock in the afternoon, the balance of our division (Hood's), consisting of Robertson's Texas, Law's Alabama, and Jenkins's South Carolina Brigades, arrived from Petersburg, from which time we felt assured of the safety of Richmond from any further attacks of Butler.

Our entire force confronting Butler's army previous to the arrival of our reinforcement of Petersburg did not exceed twelve hundred men, which was extended over a line of four miles in length when the fighting began, and in no instance was more than one-half of our force engaged at a time. The New York *Herald*, several days after the fight, giving an account of Butler's attack upon Fort Harrison, admitted a loss of three hundred men in killed and wounded, while his loss upon other parts of the line was very heavy. We captured nearly five hundred prisoners in the day's engagements.

Where all acted their part so well, as did our men on that occasion, it would be useless for me to attempt to name them for any special deeds of valor, other than those before mentioned whose acts attracted my special attention at the time. If there were any other than brave men in our command on that memorable day, they fell out of the fight in their long run from Newmarket back to Fort Harrison.

ENGLISH TRIBUTE TO PRESIDENT DAVIS.

The London *Herald* is quoted in regard to President Davis during the war, which is a merited compliment to his inaugural address and to the bravery and endurance of the Southern troops: "If a great man struggling with adversity is a spectacle for the gods, Mr. President Davis, delivering his inaugural address almost on the morrow of the signal disaster at Fort Donelson, may, perhaps, claim something of our sympathy. In the speech there is no sign of hesitation nor recreant craving for terms with a triumphant enemy. It is such an address as Washington himself might have penned—strong in the belief of the unanimous feeling of his countrymen, firm in the faith of the success of what he believed to be the right. These brave yet temperate words will resound through both hemispheres and convince those who yet may

doubt that the men of the Confederate States are not made of metal that gives in at the first shock."

"The last public words of the chief of the Confederacy," writes another, "were delivered in a convention of young men gathered near his home, on the shore of the Gulf. He made an appeal replete with wisdom and good sense. He stood before them after a life rich in political successes, but hallowed with memories of a cause near and dear to him, and every word he uttered was to one purpose—stand by the country. The past," he said, "is dead; let it bury its dead, its hopes, its aspirations; before you lies the future, a future full of recompense for honorable endeavor, a future of expanding national glory, before which all the world shall stand amazed. Let me beseech you to lay aside all rancor, all bitter sectional feeling, and to take your places in the ranks of those who will bring a consummation devoutly to be wished—a reunited country."

THE FIRST MARTYR.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

You remember the first man we lost? 'Twas on picket;

The river flowed dark 'neath the cedars and pines,
And just in the rear of the ghost-haunted thicket
Silent and grim lay the enemy's lines.

A foeman was hid at the edge of the bushes,
And forth from his rifle the messenger sped,
And down where the river still mournfully rushes
The first of our comrades to leave us lay dead.

Grief filled every heart as we thought of his mother;

We thought of the sister who waited afar;
And some comrade spoke in soft tones of another,
A dearer one yet in the light of love's star.
How tenderly, loving, and gently we bore him
To where the wild roses grew thick on the hill!
How harsh seemed the volleys his comrades fired o'er him
Ere they left him alone in the forest so still!

We wrote to his mother and told her the story

How he was the first of the hundred to fall;
We wrote to his sweetheart and spoke of the glory,
The name, and the fame he had left to us all.
We said that he slept by the beautiful river
That sang through the pines on its way to the sea;
We told them his mem'ry would be with us ever,
And we carved his proud name on the monument tree.

Ah, he was the first one! but what of the others

Who speedily fell in the roar and the rout?
O think of the burial we gave them, my brothers—
By tens and by twenties were they mustered out.
No prayer by the trenches red in which we laid them,
No volley for them when the battle was done:
We left them alone, with no one to upbraid them,
And marched on the foe at the rise of the sun.

But back fly my thoughts to that mild summer even

With the wind of the South in the sentinel tree,
When tenderly under the starlight of heaven
We laid Joe to rest by the old Tennessee.
Yes, he was the first one. He fell by the river,
So young and so gentle, so trusting and brave;
And the red roses bloom where we left him forever
To fill in his youthtime a chevalier's grave.

WHITE PEOPLE AND NEGROES.

The VETERAN for September has much about the "old-time darkies." There ought to be a lesson in it for young negroes. Their aspirations for social equality will ever be their calamity. If they will observe the situation as it really exists, they will see that not an old-time negro lives in the South to-day faithful to white people who has not among them sustaining friends. Devotion between them and those whose slaves they were is steadfast. It will continue until the last white-haired "Uncle" or "Auntie" is laid away, often in the family lot, by those they served in their youth.

The younger generation sees this condition and should profit by it. Northern people cannot comprehend it, and they are at grievous fault, maybe unwittingly, for having done so much to cause it. Those who yield graciously to the inevitable—such, for instance, as specified places in the street cars of Tennessee—will soon find that the kindest sentiment of white people will manifest itself.

Successful negroes, however much wealth they may accumulate, will find that most indigent whites, who are fitly mentioned as "poor white trash," will no more defer to them than did white masters to their slaves. This line of demarcation is of healthy moral character. The only solution of this matter is for negroes to accept the situation, treat the whites with deference, and they will soon realize the best they need ever hope to exist between the races.

A paper following this is from a source they should respect. Let white and black, North and South, read it.

A REPUBLICAN ON THE RACE PROBLEM.

James F. Fowlkes, of Tennessee (Waverly), who has been prominent in the politics of his State as a Republican, has written to the Springfield (Mass.) *Republican* upon the race question. Brief extracts are taken from the paper:

"Every individual and every section of every country is wise upon some question and ignorant upon others. It reminds us of the college professor who, having a barefoot country lad to row him across the river, was quizzing the boy about his knowledge and was telling him how much of his life he had lost by not understanding geometry, astronomy, etc., when the boat struck a snag and upset; and as the professor came to the top he yelled to the boy, 'Save me, I can't swim!' and the boy yelled back, 'Yer oughter l'arned how to swim; yer's lost all yer life by not knowin' how.'

"It is the fellow who rubs against a problem that learns it. While the New England States have been studying astronomy and the higher branches of science, the Southern people have been learning to swim muddy waters of practical and confronting problems. . . .

"Tennessee, Alabama, the Carolinas, Mississippi, Louisiana, and every other Southern State invite Massachusetts to come and open her court and take evidence and watch the demeanor of witnesses and weigh the proof, and take into consideration, if she will, the environments of racial prejudices, if she finds them to exist, and render her verdict as she would have other States do to her under similar conditions.

"The South, a people who are proud, brave, and haughty, has passed through the period of subjugation and humiliation that tasted deep and strong of the nasty realities of human affairs practiced in inhuman ways by the members of a like and kindred race—blood of blood and bone of bone. There is no intelligent voice in the South to censure or condemn the negro for what he has done or failed to do, but

every cultured heart opens wide its portals of sympathy for the race in the past and with a bleeding interest in its future. The North after the war lived in an atmosphere of cold, abstract, imaginary philanthropy, while the South was grappling with the stern realities. The North stood as the crowned victor of prosperity, while the South stood in the pauperism of desolation and defeat, worn to a frazzle, foot-tired, and bleeding. She surrendered upon terms of honor and came back into the Union upon terms of equality and as a part and parcel of a common country. Did the North keep her terms of victory in good faith in her subjugation and humiliation of the brave and spirited people of the South to the savage wantonness of a slavish race?

"The strife is past and gone, and the son of the South who can stand upon her soil without pride and fidelity to her sincerity, courage, bravery, and endurance is unworthy the respect of a brave and an honorable North. The race question should be stripped of all sectionalism, sentimentality, bias, race selfishness or prejudice, and considered in all its phases by the deep-thinking people of both races. . . . Are the races equal? and if not, can the law make them equal? Does not a forced equality of inequalities produce a greater inequality?

"There is no power on earth except an overpowering military domination that can subject the white to negro rule. The charity of State and race socialism produces dependence, not independence; it produces idleness, not energy; immorality, not morality; the source of crime, not its prevention. The upward climb of every race must be the result of the stern, real, innate stuff within that race. Life in all its phases, among all the races, and in all the animal world is but a war of opposing forces. You may seize the depending power and hold it; you may lift it; you may feel it with the hand of sustenance; but when your strength is called to another source, the rapidity of the fall will depend upon the distance you have carried it.

"The purse of the North has been opened with magnanimous liberality to the negro race and with the very best of motives and desires. A poverty-stricken South, made desolate by war, repudiated her debts to raise taxes that she might give it as a charity to the colored race of the South. [The "repudiated debt" was largely created by carpetbaggers.—ED. VET.] The white people of the South, without sympathy and without help, depopulated and maimed, have struggled from the ashes of burned homes and ruined fortunes, carrying each step upon their back the colored people until to-day it stands upon its feet in the possession of a vigorous manhood worth more than all the slaves of all the past, and it is the product of struggle, not charity. The overprejudice of the whites in some localities and the overzealous in the negro race may think and say that the white people of the South have ridden back to the station of prosperity upon the backs of the black race; but this could not have been, for the negro had nothing to give in worldly goods, in counsel, or in culture. The negro race succeeding the war did his part in the field of labor with a fidelity that is seldom found. We know of no writer upon ethnological economy but admits that the negro race possesses only about one-half the economic force of the white race, and from an economic standpoint is more a hindrance than a help. The cultured, thinking white people (if the North will give us credit of having such) in the South have no ill desires for or animosities toward the negro, but crave that which is the very best for his future welfare.

"Let Congress provide an ethnological and political economic commission, free from partisan taint, to thoroughly investigate and examine into all the economic bearings of the races and causes and effects of conditions, and, if need be, give it two years or longer in which to obtain data and information. This could do neither race any harm, and any member of any political party could consistently be its author, but more appropriate from a Republican, for he would more likely be free from the charge of prejudice. The Federal supreme court should be free from party influence, and it might be well for it, under authority, to appoint such a commission."

MONUMENTS TO FAITHFUL SERVANTS.

The New York *Sun* of July 22 copies the article by Mrs. Kate W. Moore, of Oakland, Miss., in regard to a monument to former slaves. A. R. Banks, of Lancaster, S. C., commends the spirit to build such monuments, but he demurs to the oversight by persons who write on this subject in ignoring the work performed in this respect several years ago. The *VERERAN* for May, 1899, contained an account—and a picture—described as follows:

Monument to Faithful Slaves.

Four steps of masonry support a marble pedesdal, on which is a square shaft for inscriptions.

On the south side is inscribed:

1860.

Dedicated to
the faithful Slaves
who, loyal to a sacred trust,
toiled for the support
of the army with matchless
devotion, and with sterling
fidelity guarded our defenseless
homes, women, and children during
the struggle for the principles
of our Confederate States of America.

1865.

On the east side, in a receding panel, appears a log under a shade tree, whereon rests one of the faithful slaves, his hat on the ground, shirt open in front, with a scythe and at rest. Before him are shocks of grain.

On the north side is the following:

1895.

Erected by Samuel E. White,
in grateful memory of earlier
days, with the approval of the
Jefferson Davis Memorial Association.

There are added names of some faithful slaves.

On the west side, in a receding panel, appears a farmer's mansion, and on the front steps sits an "old black mammy" with a white child in her arms, both of whom are in loving embrace, while in the foreground are the baby's wagon and other playthings. Above this square shaft is a tall obelisk of pure white marble.

"UNCLE" JERRY PERKINS.

Charles Perkins enlisted at Brownsville, Tenn., under Capt. H. S. Bradford, who was afterwards Col. Bradford, of the 31st Tennessee Infantry. He was killed in the battle near Atlanta July 22, 1864. The boy Jerry went with him as a body servant. Before leaving, Charley's mother told Jerry that he must bring his "Marse Charley" back to her, and he

promised that he would do it; that he would take him back alive or dead.

On that fateful July 22 young Perkins was killed; and when the regiment fell back to bivouac for the night, Jerry was alarmed not to see Marse Charley, and, upon being told that he was dead, said, "Here's your supper. I'm going to find Marse Charley," and away in the darkness he went.



"UNCLE" JERRY PERKINS.

In a short while he returned, carrying the dead body of his young master on his back. He carried it a mile or so farther to a farmhouse, got some plank, borrowed a saw, hatchet, and nails, made a box, dug a grave, and buried him in the farmer's yard. He walked from Atlanta to Brownsville, Tenn., and reported the sad news. He was supplied with a farm wagon and a metallic coffin, went back to Georgia, disinterred the body of Charley Perkins, and hauled it home to Brownsville.

Jerry is a favorite with the Hiram S. Bradford Bivouac, and attends all of their Reunions. The foregoing data comes from J. W. McClish, of Brownsville.

CASE OF A NEGRO BOY DURING THE WAR.

W. H. Strange, Gift, Tenn., June 23, 1900:

"While at Holly Springs Vandorn's Cavalry went to the enemy's rear and captured that place one morning about daybreak. A negro boy was making his way out, and, being dressed in blue and in the early twilight, I took him to be a Federal and halted him. After finding that he was only a negro boy, I would have let him go on, but he wanted to go with me for protection, and, picking up an old mule, I put him on it and let him go with us. He said he was thirteen

years old and was waiting on an artillery officer, Maj. Mudd, I think. The boy said he lived near Huntsville, Ala., and went with the Federals from there to Memphis.

"After taking Holly Springs, our command continued to go north, and, crossing Little Hatchie at Davis's Bridge, we had quite a skirmish with the enemy in getting across the river. The lame horse crowd being in the rear and one of my neighbor friends being the crowd, I let the little negro stay with him. They got cut off from the command and went home, in Tipton County, Tenn., and the boy went with him. After getting home, the boy went to my father's and remained there during the war. Although the Federals were frequently at my father's after that, he never wanted to go with them, but stayed at home and would help to hide the stock. On one occasion he got one horse back from them after they had it in their possession. After I got home from the war, he lived with me for several years.

"He was a bright boy, and I taught him to read and write. He took a great interest in learning and progressed rapidly, finally becoming a Methodist preacher. He got a country circuit, and after three or four years was made presiding elder. Since that time I have not known much of him, but think he has quit preaching and is running a large farm in Arkansas. He was always Democratic in politics, and would sometimes take an active part in trying to get the negroes to vote for some of his white friends. He has always gone by the name of Jim Battery. I do not remember who he belonged to before emancipation."

JERRY MAY GOT HIS OLD MISTRESS A PENSION.

An interesting figure at the Louisville reunion was Jerry W. May, colored. Jerry is a mail carrier at Macon, and has been in the service for over twenty years. Each year when the time for the Confederate Reunion rolls around Jerry asks for his vacation and accompanies Camp Smith to the rendezvous of the old Confederates. This is the fourteenth Reunion he has attended.

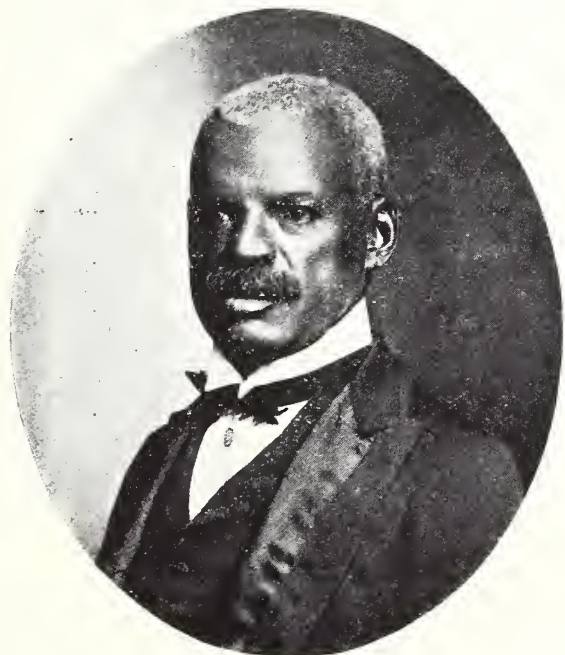
During the war Jerry was the body servant of William

Wynn, of Georgia, who enlisted and served throughout the long contest as a private. His master was a member of the 7th Georgia Regiment of Harrison's Brigade. After the war, his master, who had lost everything by the ravages of the Federal army, moved to Prescott, Ark., leaving Jerry in Macon. A few years later he died, and his widow was left alone with nothing on which she might rely for a support. Jerry began the task of securing a pension for her, and after several years of hard work he was successful. Through his efforts she was enabled to live comfortably.

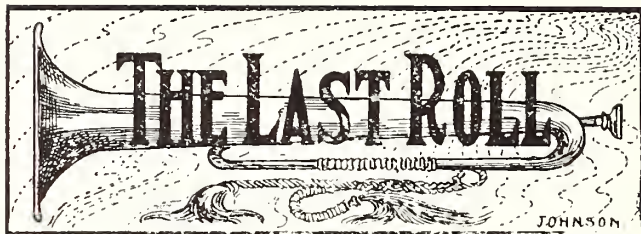
The VETERAN wrote to Jerry in regard to the above, and he responded promptly, stating: "My old master, William Wynn, was born and reared in Monroe County, Ga. He enlisted in the 7th Georgia Regiment, as stated, Company D. He took me as body servant; and after the war, everything was lost to him—even I myself came near being lost to him, but not quite. After the war, he moved to Prescott, Ark., and began farming; but he was quite old and feeble, so he could do but little at it. Later he wrote me that he could get a pension under the Arkansas laws, but he was too feeble mentally and physically, and he wanted me to do it for him. I replied that I would do anything in my power on earth for him and his wife as long as they lived. I went at once to Gen. C. M. Wyley, the Ordinary for Bibb County, got application blanks, took one to every member of the old company that I could find, got them signed with affidavits before proper officers, made oath myself, and had seals put on where seals could be found. Sad but true, he died just before I got the papers ready. I then went back and got other blanks, and did the same work for his widow. I paid every cent of money necessary without any cost to her. I sent all the papers for him and her both, and the committee put her on the pension list. She wrote me her sincere thanks for what I did, and said she was all the more grateful because I had been one of her slaves."

These are sincere suggestions to young negroes as to how they may ingratiate themselves into the good will of white people. It would be well for them to consider how they can best advance their highest interests. Those of the South should not forget that the element of their color at the North are no credit to the race as a class, and that the result is fast creating far bitterer prejudices against them in that section than has ever existed in the South. If young negroes at the South would accept conditions that cannot be overcome and steadfastly avoid impolite, not to say impudent, methods, they would speedily find friendships among them that would be as lasting as it is with their parents. It is for the good of all and more for the inferior race that general friendly relations exist. Let any of them try it, and they will not regret it. The Southern people remember the amiable dispositions of the race, and will be diligent to aid them if they will adopt the only method possible for friendly relations. This advice is in as friendly spirit as it is possible to write, and it is meant to emphasize the advice to negroes. If they will maintain the rule of due politeness to white people, they will find among them staunch friends who will see that they are justly treated under all circumstances.

A MISSING COMRADE.—Notice has been sent to the Mayor of Nashville that James Dillon, of Alexandria, La., left home two or three days before the Louisville Reunion and has not been heard from since. If any comrade or friend knows of Mr. Dillon, they will confer a favor by sending information to Mrs. J. L. Darragh, Centerville, La.



JERRY W. MAY, MACON, GA.



ANTONIO M. COOKE died April 27 at Portsmouth, Va. He was one of the young heroes who enlisted in the army, being only sixteen years of age when he joined Company H, 61st Virginia Infantry, Mahone's Brigade. He participated in all the battles of his regiment excepting Chancellorsville. He surrendered at Appomattox.

MRS. S. S. PARK.

A committee of the Terry's Texas Rangers Chapter, U. D. C., at Chapel Hill, Tex., comprised of Miss Annie Lide, Miss Bertha Brandt, and Mrs. Bettie Chapel, submitted resolutions to the memory of Mrs. S. S. Park, in which they emphasize her long service in good works. In the cause of missions she furnished an example worthy of emulation, and "to her" they say: "The Master's 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant' has appropriate meaning." They conclude with the statement that "she is through keeping records, her own record on God's great book having come to completion. Her works do follow her."

W. C. BLAINE.

William C. Blaine died at his home, near Charleston, W. Va., February 15, 1905. He was born in March, 1823, and died in the home of his birth. In 1853 his buoyant spirit was stirred with the desire to visit the gold fields of California, so with a number of friends he set out to cross the plains. After six months' toil and tramping, they reached their destination. He spent two years in that region, and met with moderate success in the search for gold. At the solicitation of an invalid sister, he returned to his home.

At the breaking out of the war Comrade Blaine enlisted in the Confederate army, Kanawha Riflemen, 22d Virginia Regiment, and served till the surrender. He then returned to his farm, near Charleston, and devoted himself to repairing his shattered home. He was married in 1866 to Miss Elizabeth Jane Champe, who survives with an adopted daughter, the wife of Dr. Ira P. Champe.

Comrade Blaine was a man with many friends. His religious convictions were deep and his charities broad. He was the last of his generation. On the maternal side he was related to Patrick Henry; was also a first cousin of James G. Blaine, of Maine.

GEN. E. M. HENRY.

One of the best-loved citizens of Norfolk, Va., passed away in the death of Gen. E. M. Henry on the 20th of June. His illness was of short duration, and the end came suddenly. He was in his seventy-fourth year. His wife and three children survive him.

Gen. Henry began his residence in Norfolk in 1870, and held numerous responsible positions of prominence in that city—Mayor, Assistant Postmaster, President Business Men's Association, and Commander of Pickett-Buchanan Camp. No

resident was ever held in more universal esteem; he was popular with all classes. He assisted in the organization of the Grand Camp of Virginia and was made brigadier general on the staff of Gen. John B. Gordon. Comrade Henry served most gallantly through the war, and none did greater credit to the Confederate gray nor more proudly followed the stars and bars.

WILLIAM D. PETTUS, M.D.

Rev. A. T. Goodloe writes of Comrade Pettus: "This splendid Confederate soldier died at his home, near Huntsville, Ala., August 13, 1905. He was with us at the Louisville Reunion, and returned home with a severe cold, followed quickly by pneumonia. This caused aggravation of an old stomach trouble so that he could take no nourishment, and he literally starved to death. William Pettus was born April 12, 1843. He served as a private in Company D, 35th Alabama Regiment, and was a courageous and loyal soldier in full measure. On October 28, 1864, while engaging the enemy in front of Decatur, Ala., he was severely wounded, one of his leg bones being fractured. From this gangrene set in, and he was at death's door for a long time. His leg was saved, but it was seriously and permanently disabled. Comrade Pettus was also a devout soldier of the cross till death, with membership in the Southern Methodist Church. At the close of the war he studied medicine in the University of Nashville; graduating in 1866, and that was henceforward his life work. He was married in 1869 to Miss Anna D. Brown, who survives him with their son and four daughters. A devoted and exemplary husband and father he was at all times, and ever conscientious in his dealings and associations with his fellow-men. The CONFEDERATE VETERAN had no better friend."

GEN. B. M. THOMAS.

On the afternoon of July 16, 1905, the soul of Gen. Bryan M. Thomas, of Dalton, Ga., "passed over the river to rest under the shade of the trees" in the realms of the eternal camping ground.

Gen. Thomas was born in Milledgeville, Ga., May 8, 1836. Being of a patriotic nature and inheriting from a long line of ancestors a courageous spirit, he early evinced a desire for a military life. Leaving Oglethorpe College in his junior year, he entered the United States Military Academy, at West Point, N. Y., in 1854, graduating in 1858. After serving as instructor at his *Alma Mater* for a season and after a period at Governor's Island, he was assigned to the 5th Infantry, U. S. A., in the far West. Lieut. Thomas, under the afterwards famous Albert Sidney Johnston, was engaged in various campaigns in Utah, New Mexico, and Arizona against the Navajos and Apaches, often braving the greatest danger in charge of scouts.

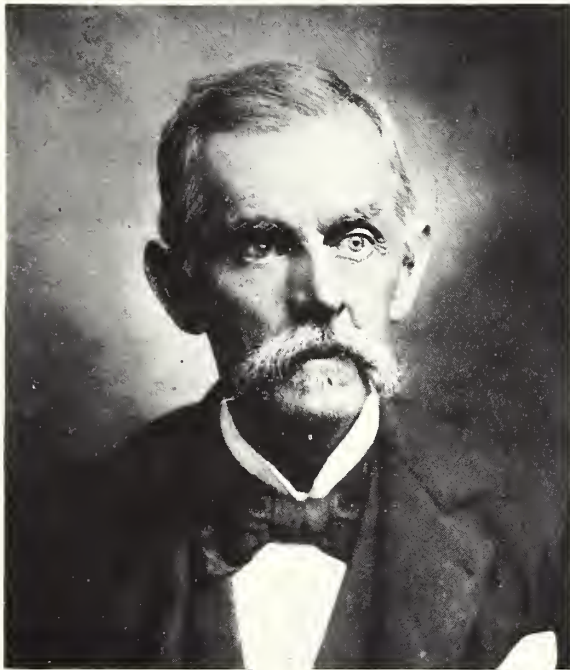
When Georgia joined her sister States in secession against the Union, Lieut. Thomas resigned his commission and took up arms for the Southland that he loved so well. Going to Montgomery, Ala., then the capital of the Confederacy, he offered his services to the President, Jefferson Davis. He was first commissioned first lieutenant in the Confederate service and stationed at Fort Gaines, Ala., as drillmaster. Soon afterwards he was appointed staff officer as inspector general of Gen. J. M. Withers's Division, Polk's Corps, of the Western Army, serving with distinction in the Tennessee-Kentucky campaigns. He was in the terrible conflicts of Shiloh, Perryville, and Murfreesboro, and was recommended

for promotion for distinguished gallantry on the field of Shiloh by both Gens. Bragg and Hardee. After the Tennessee campaign, Gen. Withers was transferred to the Department of the Gulf.

On August 4, 1864, Gen. Thomas was commissioned brigadier general and assigned to the command of a brigade composed of the 1st, 2d, and 3d Regiments Alabama Reserves, afterwards known as the 61st, 62d, and 63d Alabama Regiments. His brigade was assigned to duty at Blakely and Spanish Fort, near Mobile. After a heroic defense of several months, he surrendered to Gen. Canby in April, 1865, almost simultaneously with Lee's surrender to Grant at Appomattox.

With the failure of the Confederacy, Gen. Thomas, giving up the sword of war, took up the reaper hook of peace and engaged in planting in Southern Georgia for a number of years. Endowed with a superior mentality, however, he, like Gen. Lee and many others, found more congenial employment in teaching; and for nearly fifteen years prior to his death he was superintendent of the public schools of Dalton, Ga. Gen. Thomas is survived by his wife (a daughter of Gen. J. M. Withers) and three children: a son (John S. Thomas, a merchant of Dalton) and two daughters (Miss Hattie Thomas, of Dalton, and Mrs. Guy Hamilton, of Mobile).

Both in public and private life the love of a great and warm heart found expression in words and deeds that bound others to him as with "hoops of steel." His chivalry was supreme. His impress upon the characters of the young who came under his tuition will be lasting. Many there are who, owing to his guidance, have risen "on stepping stones of their dead selves to higher things." When the message went forth that his great heart had ceased to beat, sorrow was universal.



GEN. B. M. THOMAS.

As he lay in his casket, clad in his uniform of gray and surrounded by beautiful flowers, many people, including the hoary-headed veteran with his iron cross, the youngest school child, the business man wearing his insignia of Masonry, and

the humblest negro, paid tribute to his worthy memory. As the sun was sinking in splendor over the wooded crest of Rocky Face the cortège wound its way to the heights of West Hill Cemetery. As little children, one by one, dropped a rose or lily on his casket some one said reverently: "He was the most beloved man in Dalton." Softly the darkness fell like a mantle upon the sorrowing town, while a single star shone gloriously in the eastern sky—a star bright and beautiful like the redeemed soul that had answered "Here" to the roll call of the heavenly hosts.

"Till the future dares

Forget the past, his fate and fame shall be
An echo and a light unto eternity."

LIEUT. O. B. NORVELL.

Four years and one month of honorable service in the C. S. A., nineteen months of which were spent in Federal prisons and twenty-three years of patient suffering afterwards as a paralytic in bed, surely entitles mention on your Last Roll. This noble soldier, Lieut. O. B. Norvell, was born in Lynchburg, Va. He died in the Kentucky Confederate Home, in Pewee Valley, in June, 1905.

With his father, Samuel Norvell, Lieut. Norvell came in early childhood to Covington, Ky. Two days before Virginia seceded he joined the Rifle Grays of Lynchburg. This company was later a part of the 11th Virginia, Company B. Young Norvell fought in the battles of Bull Run and Manassas. In September following he was transferred to the 1st Kentucky Infantry, and served with them at Yorktown, Dam No. 1, and the Lower Redoubt. His term of enlistment having expired, he was mustered out on May 1, 1862. Reaching Richmond, he was made first lieutenant and adjutant of the 12th Tennessee Cavalry, and had part in the Kentucky campaign under Bragg and Kirby Smith. He was engaged at Perryville and Big Hill on the retreat.

In December, 1862, he resigned to join his own home people, battling with Gen. John H. Morgan, and with that daring raider he fought in Tennessee at many places. After burning their boats behind them at Brandenburg, Ky., they invaded the Northland. On July 19, 1863, he was captured near Marietta, Ohio, a few days before his gallant leader surrendered. Their first confinement was at Camp Morton, Ind., but in a short while they were removed to Camp Douglas, Ill. He here assisted in the organization of a conspiracy to escape from the prison. The work was well done, and it embraced hundreds of faithful men, but some untoward event caused them to abandon the enterprise.

Being exchanged on February 21, 1865, Lieut. Norvell was sent upon his arrival in Richmond to the command of Gen. Early, who was facing Gen. Hunter in the valley. Later he reported to his old commander, Gen. Basil Duke, who was reorganizing his cavalry. After Gen. Lee's surrender, Lieut. Norvell went to Gen. Johnston in North Carolina, and was one of President Davis's bodyguard in the last retreat. At Washington, Ga., he surrendered on May 8, 1865. He walked back to the ruins of the capital city and began a heroic struggle with adverse fortune. His hopefulness and energy were very remarkable.

A stroke of paralysis twenty-three years ago made him very, very helpless to the end, yet to the last he was comforted and cheered by the loving, faithful wife. His death resulted from pneumonia. Conscious of its approach, he was undismayed. He received the holy supper from Dr. Gran-

ville Waller, and died after declaring his reliance upon our Saviour. He lies in the Confederate lot in beautiful Cave Hill among the men with whom he marched and fought and suffered.

One who knew him well says: "He illustrated truth, courage, steadfastness, and devotion to duty in all his life and in the amplest way. Within the narrow limits of his opportunity, his time, and his associates he made a strong impression."

Otway's mind was superior and his attainments excellent, yet so very modest was he that few men knew his varied abilities. A very striking trait perceptible to all was his generosity. He valued nothing that he might not share with others. A true Southron, a brave soldier, a silent sufferer, a fond husband, a guileless Christian has been called to rest. We shall join him again in the land of the dead.

[The foregoing tribute comes from Rev. J. R. Deering.]

JOHN L. PARCHMAN.

Comrade John L. Parchman died at his home, in Mount Vernon, Tex., June 26, 1905, aged sixty-one years. He was born in Harrison County, Tex., January 30, 1844, and had always lived in Texas. Comrade Parchman was a devoted member of Ben McCulloch Camp, No. 300, U. C. V., of Mount Vernon, Tex. He entered the Confederate service in 1862 as a member of Company D, 11th Texas Infantry, Randall's Brigade, Walker's Division. He served in the Trans-Mississippi Department, was in the battles of Pleasant Hill, Mansfield, and Jenkins Ferry, and was paroled at Hempstead, Tex., in June, 1865.

He was married to Miss Narvin Justice on November 17, 1868, who, together with three sons and two daughters, survives him. Our Camp has lost a zealous worker and a true friend, the Church an ardent and devoted member, and the community a good citizen.

W. P. COOPER.

William P. Cooper, of Hansonville, Va., died June 17, 1905, aged about seventy years. Comrade Cooper enlisted in 1861 in Company C, 37th Regiment of Virginia Infantry, and served to the end in Stonewall Jackson's old division. He was severely wounded at the battle of Chancellorsville by the explosion of a shell destroying his right eye, a fragment entering his shoulder, which he carried to the end. C. B. Price writes: "He was loyal to the cause of the South, a brave and faithful soldier, an active member of McElhaney Camp, No. 835, U. C. V., a good citizen, and a true man."

CAPT. EVAN P. HOWELL.

In sincerest condolence the VETERAN voices its sorrow with a multitude of good people throughout and beyond the border lines of Georgia in the death of Capt. Evan P. Howell, who was perhaps longer a more potent influence for good than has been any other man of the South. He was senior to, and survived for many years, the gifted Henry W. Grady, with whom he was intimately associated, both being conspicuous in Southern journalism through the *Atlanta Constitution*. Capt. Howell was not only able with his pen, but he was distinguished for his judgment of values as well as of men. It was a high tribute to the sunset of his years to be chosen Mayor of Atlanta at a time when the Council and the people realized the need of the most capable and vigorous mentality possible to secure.

In formal action upon his death, the City Council that had

so recently served with him for the continued upbuilding and thrift of Atlanta said:

"Evan P. Howell was one of those rare characters that touch every phase of human activity in the circle in which they move, and thus did he for half a century mark high his name upon the list of those who labored in all that has pertained to the activities of every class of our people in public



CAPT. EVAN P. HOWELL.

and in private station, in war and in peace. In early youth he learned upon the farm the priceless and indispensable lesson of the value of labor. In early manhood as typical of the quality of speedily projecting his thought to the remotest bound of his environment he learned to operate the electric telegraph.

"A young lawyer of bright promise, he laid down Blackstone to grasp the sword, and upon the field of battle was a shining type of those, whether of the North or the South, who in the War between the States illustrated the undaunted courage and chivalry of American arms. When the sound of cannon and the clash of saber had died away, as solicitor general of this circuit he was foremost in stamping out the lawlessness and riot which seemed to be an inseparable sequence of war. As councilman he helped to gather together the charred and yet smoking fragments of our municipal fabric and planted the seed of which Atlanta's present municipal greatness is but the early flower and the promise of greater glory. As editor in those stirring times he, no less brilliant with his pen than with his sword, and more successfully, was the defender of our dear Southland yet bleeding from her many wounds, while the columns of his paper cheered and encouraged the drooping spirit of his compatriots. As Legislator and as Senator his was a strong hand in the affairs of State.

"As a fitting close to his high service in many honorable stations, as Mayor his ripe wisdom guided the affairs of the city which he loved dearer than his life. As a friend, constant, loyal, and true; as a husband and father, always provident and affectionate—all in all, we shall never, perhaps, see his like again."

Hon. Clark Howell, a son, is now editor of the *Constitution*.

BOOKS SUPPLIED BY THE VETERAN.

Herein is given a list of books that should be in every Southern library and as many homes as practicable. The VETERAN has most of these in stock, and will supply the others on application.

"Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government." By Jefferson Davis. In half Turkey morocco, express prepaid, \$7.65. The regular price in this binding was \$14. Buy soon.

"Destruction and Reconstruction." By Gen. Richard Taylor. Price, \$2; with the VETERAN one year, \$2.75; premium for 8 subscriptions.

"Narrative of Military Operations." By Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. Half morocco, \$3; sheep, \$2; postage, 25 cents. Publisher's list is \$6 and \$8. With the VETERAN, \$3.50; premium for 12 subscriptions.

"From Manassas to Appomattox." By Gen. James Longstreet. Price, cloth, \$4; sheep, \$5; premium for 12 and 14 subscriptions.

"Reminiscences of the Civil War." By Gen. John B. Gordon. Price, \$3; premium for 12 subscriptions.

"Two Wars: An Autobiography." By Gen. S. G. French. Price, \$2; with the VETERAN, \$2.50; premium for 8 subscriptions. This is one of the most accurate and fascinating stories of the Mexican and Civil Wars ever written.

"Life of Stonewall Jackson." By Col. G. F. R. Henderson, C.B. Two volumes. Price, \$4; with the VETERAN, \$4.50; premium for 12 subscriptions.

"Life of Forrest." By Dr. John A. Wyeth. Price, \$4; and with the VETERAN, \$4; premium for 12 subscriptions.

"Pickett and His Men." By Mrs. LaSalle Corbell Pickett (wife of Gen. George E. Pickett). Price, \$2.50; with the VETERAN, \$3; premium for 8 subscriptions.

"Four Years under Marse Robert." By Maj. Robert Stiles. Price, \$2; with VETERAN, \$2.50; free for 6 subscriptions.

"Reminiscences and Letters of R. E. Lee." By Dr. J. William Jones. The \$6 edition, now \$3; with the VETERAN, \$3.50; premium for 12 subscriptions.

"Two Years on the Alabama." By Lieut. Arthur Sinclair (serving with Admiral Semmes). Price, \$3; with the VETERAN, \$3.50; premium for 8 subscriptions.

"Hancock's Diary." By R. R. Hancock, a member of Bell's Brigade of Forrest's Cavalry. Price, \$2; with the VETERAN, \$2.25; premium for 8 subscriptions.

"Recollections and Letters of Gen. Robert E. Lee." By Capt. R. E. Lee, the youngest son of Gen. Lee. Price, \$2.50; with the VETERAN, \$3.25; premium for 10 subscriptions.

"American Eloquence." A collection of speeches and addresses by the greatest orators of America from the days of the Revolution to the no less important times preceding the War between the States, with many steel portraits of such men as Patrick Henry, Chief Justice Marshall, Clay, Calhoun, Webster, Randolph, and others. Two volumes, 8vo, cloth, gilt tops. Price, \$5, prepaid. As a premium for ten new subscriptions this is a very special offer.

"The Old South." By Dr. H. M. Hamill. Price, 25 cents. Free to a subscriber who will send a new one. Chancellor W. S. Bearden, of Shelbyville, Tenn., writes of it: "I read the book on Thursday night with much pleasure, and I read it again on Friday night. Saturday I loaned it to Brother Broyles, who read and returned it the same day, and I loaned it again; so it is going the rounds among the sons of the Old South."

We have on hand still some copies of Rand-McNally's

Pocket Atlas, one of the most handy reference books that can be found. It will be sent postpaid to any subscriber sending a new name with \$1 and also to the subscriber. The same offer is made on the *Confederate Almanac*, which was for 1862. This is a small pamphlet of ninety-six pages and contains in brief a history of the formation of the Confederate government farewell addresses of Gens. R. E. Lee, E. Kirby Smith, John B. Gordon, Joseph E. Johnston, Clement A. Evans, N. B. Forrest, and John S. Mosby. This pamphlet gives the number of the Army of Northern Virginia as shown by parole rolls dated April 9, 1865, with the following totals: Officers 2,781; enlisted men, 25,450; aggregate, 28,231. Mention these little books when copies are requested.

WAR MEMORIES BY CHAPLAIN QUINTARD.

Dr. Quintard was a Chaplain, C. S. A., and the second Bishop of Tennessee for the Protestant Episcopal Church. This book was "edited and extended" by the Rev. Arthur Howard Noll.


Each phase of the historic struggle of the sixties is given consideration in this book. One aspect of the Confederate army which has worthy attention is the high religious sense and responsibility that animated the soldiers. Bishop Quintard began the work himself, but before its completion he was called to the great beyond. The notes that he left were used by the Rev. Arthur Noll, the present Registrar of the University of the South. This explanation is made by Mr. Noll, and the introduction forms a valuable addition to Dr. Quintard's reminiscences, which are entertainingly told.

Dr. Quintard was chosen chaplain by the Rock City Guards of Nashville, which became part of the 1st Tennessee Regiment. The original request from the Rock City Guards is given in the volume, and the history of Dr. Quintard's part in the South's great struggle is most interesting. It covers his experience at Big Sewell Mountain, Norfolk, Perryville, Murfreesboro, Shelbyville, Chickamauga, Atlanta, Columbus, Ga., Franklin, on to the "Crumbling of the Confederacy," which latter is given as the closing chapter.

There is also an account of Bishop Quintard's connection with the University of the South at Sewanee and a graphic description of his untiring efforts in behalf of that institution. The book was completed after Dr. Quintard's death, which occurred February 15, 1898.

A GIRL OF THE SIXTIES IN '61.

Mrs. D. Giraud Wright, of Baltimore, is the author of "A Southern Girl in '61." The book is uniform with "A Belle of the Fifties," by Mrs. C. C. Clopton. This charming and spirited narrative, alive with the intense individuality of its authoress, throws new light upon the social history of Confederate times. Mrs. Wright, the daughter of Senator Wigfall, of Texas, was in close contact with many of the Southern statesmen and generals, with President Davis and Judah P. Benjamin, Gen. Johnston, and others. It is a revelation of the more intimately human aspect of the great and tragic events amid which the girlhood of the author was passed that Mrs. Wright's memoirs arouse deepest interest. The contents of the book include: "Childhood in Texas," "From Village to City Life," "The Feminine Spirit of the Confederacy," "Southern Belles and Southern Soldiers," "War-Time Correspondence," "The Fortunes of War," "Suffering in the South," "Lines from the Losing Side," "Home Life of a Southern General," "A Letter from the Front," "Last Months of the War," and "The Fall of the Curtain."



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W. G. ADAMS, T. P. A.,
Cotton Belt Route, Nashville, Tenn.

IN AND OUT OF THE LINES. By Frances Thomas Howard. Neale Publishing Company: New York and Washington. Price, \$1.50.

A recent contribution to the literature of the sixties is "In and Out of the Lines," by Frances Thomas Howard, who dedicates her work "To the women of the Southern Confederacy who yet hold dear the four immortal years of our past." The author claims for this record an absolute authenticity, as it is merely elaborated extracts from a diary kept during the occupancy of Georgia by the Federals in 1864-65. The language of the work bears out this claim, as it is written in extremely simple style, with no attempt at rhetorical effect and with no effort either to exaggerate or to conceal the hardships which were inflicted on Southern women during the period mentioned.

Although there is perhaps too great attention given to minute details, the narrative is interesting by the mere force of its historic value, as there is not the faintest attempt at a plot of any sort, and the only consecutive thread which holds the incidents together is that they occurred to the writer herself or to her family and intimate friends. Among the records of the latter may be cited a most thrilling and distressing account of the experiences of one Southern woman in a Federal prison.

The book is well worth reading as a plain and unvarnished account of facts without the embellishment of fiction, which so often misleads the reader as to the real dividing line between the two.

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Write for particulars, also about cheap rates to the Southwest August 15, September 5 and 19, October 3 and 17.

W. G. ADAMS, T. P. A.,
Cotton Belt Route, Nashville, Tenn.

J. H. Elder writes from Atlanta, Ga.: "An old comrade, Reuben Norris, of Baxter's Tennessee Battery, wishes to hear from any surviving comrades in arms. He and his two brothers, Lindsey and John, of Campbell County, Ga., joined the battery while it was stationed at West End, Atlanta, in March, 1864. At the battle of Atlanta, on July 22, 1864, while his battery was aiding in the capture of Degress's Battery, his two brothers were killed. In fact, Baxter's Battery was almost annihilated. Mr. Norris was wounded by a piece of shell at the battle of Jonesboro, Ga., and was disabled for the balance of the war."

W. A. McDonald, of Sweetwater, Tenn., who was a member of Company C, 25th North Carolina Regiment, wants to ascertain the names of two Federal officers captured on the night of July 17, 1864, in front of Petersburg, Va. He was the uncommissioned officer who escorted them and sixteen other prisoners to Gen. Ransom's headquarters.

Mrs. Luvina Hawkins, Pennsylvania Avenue, West Nashville, Tenn., seeks information of Ezekiel Hawkins, who enlisted in the 1st Tennessee Regiment, and was afterwards with John H. Morgan. She would like to hear from some one who was with him at the surrender.

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W. P. Leverett, of Burleson, Tex., who was a member of Company D, 20th Georgia Regiment, would be glad to hear from any survivors of Benning's Brigade, composed of the 2d, 15th, 17th, and 20th Georgia Regiments.

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Mrs. M. P. Sutherlin, 210 McCowat Street, Jackson, Tenn., will appreciate hearing from any comrade who knew of William S. Sutherlin in the Army of Northern Virginia. She wishes to know his company and regiment, when and where wounded, and where buried.

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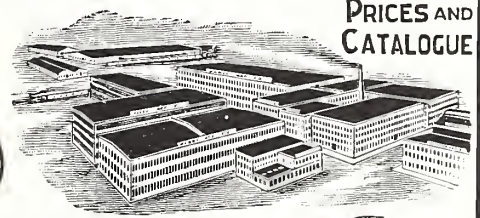
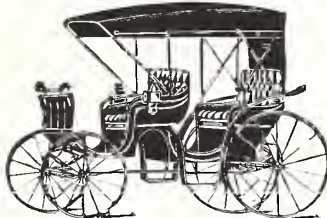
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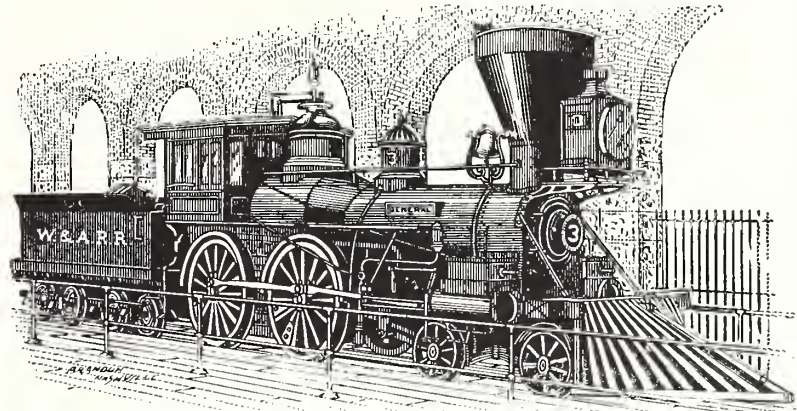
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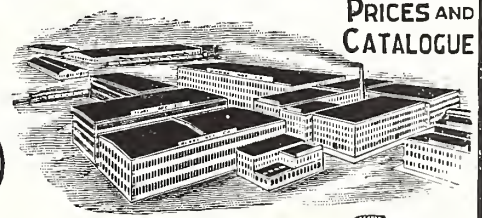
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The *civil* war was too long ago to be called the *late* war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.

The terms "new South" and "lost Cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

The VETERAN is approved and indorsed officially by a larger and more elevated patronage, doubtless, than any other publication in existence.

Though men deserve, they may not win success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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NASHVILLE, TENN., OCTOBER 1905.

No 10 | S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
PROPRIETOR.

THE CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT SHILOH.

It must seem odd to refer to "the" Confederate monument at Shiloh, but true there is but one—one of granite and bronze inscribed to the valor and patriotism of Confederate soldiers—while over one hundred monuments there attest Confederate valor. Several Northern States have erected magnificent testimonials to their soldiers who fought and fell, while a multitude of commands have erected splendid tributes to their comrades who fell in that battle fighting against the South.

The 2d Tennessee Regiment suffered severe loss in the battle of Shiloh. Included with its two hundred and thirty-five killed and wounded were its colonel, W. B. Bate (afterwards a major general C. S. A., also a Governor of his State, and for about twenty years United States Senator), severely wounded; Maj. W. R. Doak, killed; Capts. Bate and Tyree, brother and brother-in-law of Gen. Bate, among the many killed. So disastrous was the result that the regiment was reorganized soon afterwards. It fought under Cleburne in that battle. With such a leader, and heroes with furloughs in their pockets, they might have been expected to go wherever ordered, as they did.

When it was decided a year or so ago to erect a monument on the Shiloh field to the men of the 2d Tennessee Regiment, there was no doubt but that it would be erected, and speedily, although it was not expected that one so fine would be erected so soon. While Senator Bate took the leading part in the movement, he refused to permit his name to appear except thus (Bate), in parentheses as indicated, without initials, and he consented to that as designating his regiment from another 2d Tennessee, commanded by Col. James A. Ashford—the other second was consolidated with the 21st Tennessee and known as the 5th Confederate Regiment.

The ceremony of tendering the monument to the care of the United States Park Commission was interesting and most appropriate. Capt. Robert D. Smith, of Columbia, Tenn., who served on the staff of Gen. P. R. Cleburne, was made master of ceremonies. His introductory remarks were:

"*Comrades, Ladies, and Gentlemen:* It is right and proper that we recognize the existence of a Supreme Being and ask his guidance and protection before beginning the duties of the day. I ask that you will all stand and join in singing 'Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,' and afterwards to remain standing while the Rev. Dr. Winton offers a prayer.

"I am sure that I voice the sentiments of all the Veterans

here present (and I hope of all of this large assemblage as well) when I say that our chief regret to-day is that the life of our former commander, Gen. Bate, could not have been spared to witness these exercises. Honor to his memory and peace to his ashes! As he cannot be with us, his good wife has sent a letter, which Capt. Cheney will now read as the Chairman of our Monument Committee."

CAPT. CHENEY'S RESPONSE.

The day before Senator Bate left for Washington for the last time I called to bid him good-by. As I was about to leave he called me to one side and said: "You know there is a small balance due on the monument, and I wish you to promise me that if anything should happen to me you will see this paid and the monument properly dedicated. The boys will help you." I do not know whether he felt a premonition that he would not live to be present in the flesh on this occasion, as he spoke with deep emotion; but this I do know, that his whole heart and soul were deeply interested in the success of this enterprise, and I do believe that if it be permitted for the spirits of the dead to revisit scenes on this earth the spirit of William B. Bate is with us to-day. With your permission, I would like to read you what I believe to be a synopsis of some of the remarks the General would have made here to-day had he lived. This letter from Mrs. Bate will better explain:

GRANDVIEW, TEX., May 15, 1905.

Dear Capt. Cheney: Among my dear husband's papers I find these lines, and in his own handwriting, "Old Comrades, Good-by." You can show it to "the boys," as he called them, or you may read it at unveiling if you think proper.

Old Comrades, Good-by.

It is true that here and there we have a cemetery, which is the result of woman's labor and of woman's love, but a vast number of our Confederate dead are in graves unmarked and unknown. Many of them, shroudless and coffinless, are left on the field of their glory; some on the outskirts of a baleful hospital or a Federal prison, where, with

"A lack of woman's nursing
And a lack of woman's tears,"

they passed from the vision of kindred and comrades

"Into that beautiful land,
The far-away home of the soul."

It may be that they find sepulture on the bleak hilltop, or in "the deep tangled wildwood" in the valley of the beautiful

river. Perhaps one, more lucky than his comrades, is under the vestal vigils of mother, wife, or sister, as he rests in the corner of the garden, where the flower buds burst with imprisoned sweets, and

"The woodbine spices are wafted around,
And the musk of the roses blows."

It matters not whether his buried chivalry rests under the dry, smooth surface of mother earth; under the little swelling mound of green, or under the marble shaft—it is equally a patriot's rest and a hero's grave. . . .

Our little flag, now known as the "conquered banner," plucked by the hand of fate from among the symbolic emblems of nationalities, finds a niche in the temple of fame so high that detraction cannot reach it. Its cross of St. Andrew, its stars and bars, are a part of our history, and we will hold its image unblurred in the mirror of memory. We hold dear the pathetic dust of those who fell under its folds. Their spirits left us, their old comrades, amidst the din and smoke of battle; but "we'll meet, we'll meet, in the sweet by and by," and you, surviving comrades,

Old comrades of mine, by the fast waning years
That move to mortality's goal,
By my heart full of love and my eyes full of tears
I hold you all fast in my soul;
And I march with the May, and its blossoming charms
I tenderly lay on this sod,
And pray they may rest here, old comrades in arms,
Like a kiss of forgiveness from God.
Old comrades, good-by.

Albert Sidney Johnston Camp of Confederate Veterans, who hold their meetings on this historic ground, passed appropriate resolutions upon the death of Gen. Bate, which will now be read by the Commander of that Camp, Capt. Irwin. [Copy of these resolutions was never furnished the VETERAN.—Ed.]

Introducing the speaker for the dedication, Capt. Smith said: "It would be almost like 'taking coals to Newcastle' for me to introduce the orator of the day to these Confederate Veterans. His empty sleeve speaks more eloquently than any words I could utter of how well and faithfully he discharged his full duty as a Confederate soldier. Instead, then, of introducing I have the great pleasure of presenting Judge Wilson, who will now, on behalf of the survivors of the 2d Tennessee Regiment, deliver this monument to the Commissioner of the Shiloh National Park."

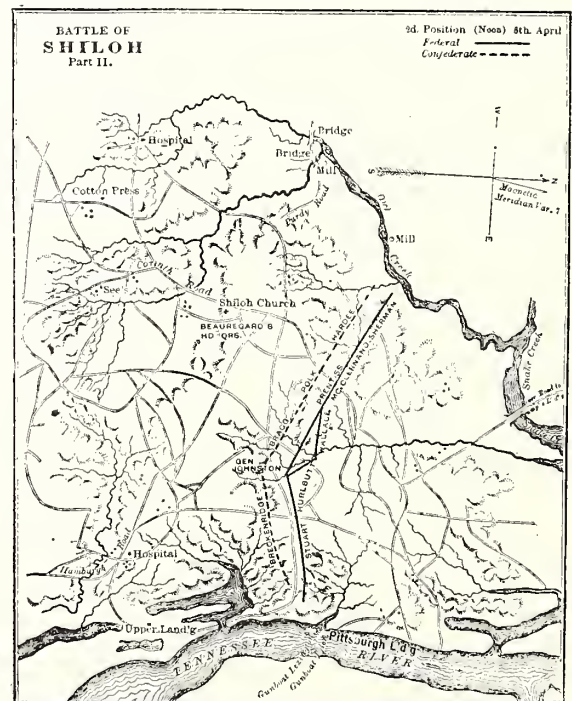
PRESENTATION TO THE GOVERNMENT BY JUDGE S. F. WILSON.

Messrs. Park Commissioners, representing the Government of the United States; Comrades of the Confederate Army, Comrades of the Federal Army, and especially my Comrades of Bate's Second Tennessee Regiment of Infantry; Ladies and Gentlemen: We stand on historic ground. The event we are here to-day to commemorate is historic in itself and replete with historic significance with reference to results already embodied in the permanent sentiment of our republic and in its promise of our republic's future. In its lesson it goes beyond the borders of the United States, and speaks with the ethnic voice of a race—a race of people which, under the providence of God, have for centuries been gradually conquering the world and which, preserving the characteristics typified by to-day's event, will continue to spread its beneficent banner of conquest until all people will recog-

nize its supremacy, obey and love its rule, and enjoy the priceless blessings of individual liberty protected by its accustomed representative institutions and form of government.

I repeat that we stand on historic ground, and its visible existence in history will stand before the public eye as long, at least, as the United States exists as a government under the control of Anglo-Saxons or a race with an infusion of their blood in their veins. Over forty-three years ago a mighty battle was fought here. It was a battle, speaking generally, between men and boys of the Northern States and men and boys of the Southern States. The best blood and the bravest spirits of each section were present, participating in the struggle and its carnage. Each fought for its convictions, and each fought with a fearless and desperate determination—the North to maintain the Federal Union with the seceding Southern States as component parts thereof; the South to establish a government of its own, composed of States desiring to become members of it.

This is no occasion to discuss the right or its absence, from the view-point of the Constitution of the United States, of a State in 1861 to secede from the Federal Union. Neither does the occasion suggest the propriety of argument as to the policy of exercising the right, assuming that it had constitutional warrant at that time. The point proper and permissible to be stated as pertinent to this occasion is that certain Southern States, or rather their people (Tennessee among the number), believed that they had the right and that a wise policy dictated its exercise, and they did exercise it. The result was the organization of the Confederate States government, the organization of armies by the Federal government to overthrow it, and the organization of armies in the South to maintain it. As a part of the army of the South was the regiment whose slain on this field it is our purpose to honor, and whose names it is our desire to perpetuate and hand down to history in granite, bronze, and marble by the unveiling of yonder monument.



POSITION OF THE ARMIES AT NOON FIRST DAY.

If I know myself and the emotions of my heart, I would say nothing on this occasion even suggestive of offense to the most sensitive soldier in the Union army of 1861-65. But we are here to honor the memory of the dead of the 2d Tennessee Regiment of Confederate Infantry, who gave their lives on this battlefield for a cause that they believed in and that they loved. Their bones and their patriotic blood enrich and ennoble the soil around and under us. More than this, we believe that their heroism, their devotion to their cause and country, their endurance and sacrifices, illustrated, exemplified, and exhibited as well by most all Confederate commands, constitute a heritage of immortal glory for the present and future generations, teaching them the lesson, the vital spirit of which is found in the Anglo-Saxon blood, that a whole people fighting in an organized form in accordance with the rules of civilized warfare for a free representative government of their own making are guilty of treason neither to country, God, nor humanity.

Coming to the regiment whose dead lie on this field and that we are here to honor—a regiment that I am proud to say I belonged to, whose flag I marched under until shot and grape from the enemy's cannon disabled me from further service under it, a regiment whose men, although its government was overthrown and its armies overpowered, never felt and acknowledged that they were whipped—we know it was brave and heroic. We know that its men loved the Southern Confederacy and the cause they believed it stood for and represented. We know that they were willing to give their lives for it. Aye, I believe that if each member of it on this field had possessed a thousand lives, and their sacrifice would have won their cause, the sacrifice would have been cheerfully made.

Their record demonstrates what I say. Composed for the most part of youths under twenty years of age, these boys did not wait for their State to withdraw from the Union before organizing for defense against conceived aggressions

on the part of the Federal government. Before the first cannon belched its thunder at Fort Sumter they were aligning themselves into companies in their several localities. In a short while ten companies of over a thousand men, or rather boys, under a gallant set of company officers and as brave and chivalric a colonel as ever led brave men in battle, were on their way to Virginia, then the threatened point of immediate fighting, to offer their services to the Confederate government for a year. They were accepted under an enlistment for a year, everybody at the time, South and North, believing that the war would end before the expiration of that period. It didn't end, and before their enlistment expired they reënlisted for the war.

It was the first regiment, accepted by the Confederate government under an enlistment for twelve months, that reënlisted for the war. After its reënlistment for the war on the banks of the Potomac River, in Virginia, in February, 1862, its members were given a furlough for sixty days. Before we got to Tennessee Fort Donelson had surrendered to Gen. Grant. Nashville and our homes had passed into the hands and under the control of the enemy, and Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston had retreated to Corinth, pursued by the victorious forces of the Federal commander. The members of our regiment, many of them, drifted back with the Confederate forces, and at the request of Col. Bate and of their own volition something over three hundred members of the regiment assembled at Corinth a few days before the battle here was fought.

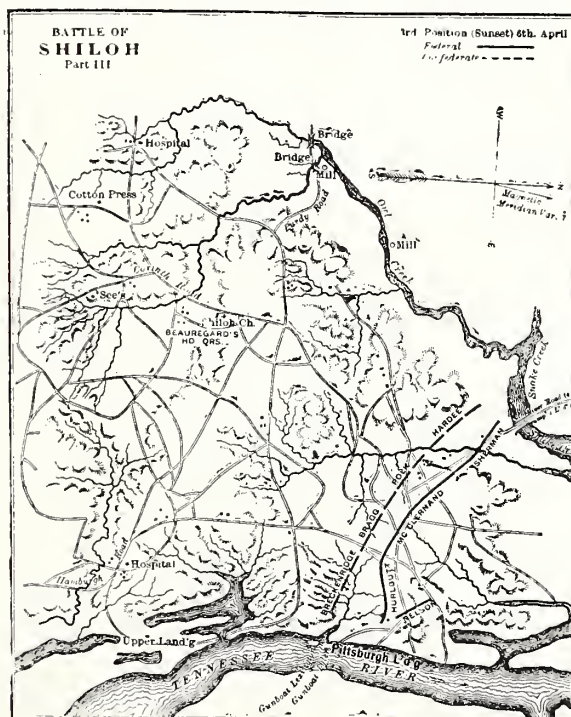
They organized under Col. Bate and other officers of their own selection, and tendered their services to the Confederate commander, were accepted, and assigned to the left of Gen. Pat Cleburne's Brigade. They went into this battle with furloughs in their pockets. The men of the regiment killed here—the men whose names are inscribed on yonder monument—gave their lives for their cause, not under the obligation of an active present service enlistment in the Confederate army, but under the impulse of patriotism and under a sense of love and devotion to the cause dear to their hearts. The men of the regiment who fought here and who were not killed also offered their lives under the same impulse of patriotism and devotion.

Who, with this record before him, will dare say that the names of these dead men are not the names of heroes? Who will dare say that they were not patriots, if patriotism in its essence and right definition means love of one's country, as he conceives his country to exist, and a willingness to die to protect it from invasion? The inscriptions on our monument, sanctioned by the representatives of our present great united republic, stamp in historic letters the eternal truth as to the bravery and patriotism of our dead comrades.

Gen. Pat Cleburne, the brave among the brave, who was killed on his horse while leading his division against the last line of the Federal breastworks at Franklin, Tenn., said in his official report of this battle (I give the substance): "Tennesseans can never mourn for a braver band of heroes than fell here in her 2d Tennessee Regiment."

May we not also say in the language of another inscription on the monument: "Stranger, go tell Tennessee that we died here fighting for her?"

With such a record (and it was duplicated in spirit by the great rank and file of the early volunteers as well as by most of the later volunteers in the Confederate armies), who will gainsay the truth of the utterance in substance recently made by the President of the United States in a public address in



POSITION OF THE ARMIES AT SUNSET FIRST DAY.

the city of Louisville, Ky., that "the heroic bravery and devotion to duty of the Confederate soldier displayed in fighting for what he believed was right were as much a heritage of worth to the American people as were the heroic bravery and devotion to duty of the Federal soldier in fighting for what he believed was right."

I repeat again that we are on historic ground, and I might add on sacred ground; for the element of sacredness involved in the willing sacrifice of life here by Confederates and Federals commingles with the dry historic facts of the battle and its results. But, as stated, the event we celebrate and commemorate and the manner of its commemoration carry a significance of remarkable historic import. Nothing in the annals of civilized history, so far as my reading extends, parallels it.

The United States government at great expense has purchased some four thousand acres of land covering the battlefield here and erected it into a magnificent government park. At its own expense it appoints commissioners to supervise its government and maintain its preservation, with its historic symbols, through a force of employees paid for out of its treasury. It is a United States park, designed, in its general scope, to illustrate its military history and afford an opportunity to honor its soldiers who died in defense of its governmental integrity and perpetuity. That government which, in a legal and constitutional sense, we fought and in its view sought to disintegrate is present by its official representatives to receive, I trust, in its park and care for and protect a monument erected by private individuals and surviving members of a Confederate regiment to commemorate and perpetuate the names, the bravery, the honor, the glory, and the patriotism of its comrades slain in battle here while fighting it and its army.

For one, as a Confederate soldier proud of the fact that I was such a soldier, and who, under the same conditions and with the same lights before me, would be one again, and who has never had a brave Federal soldier to suggest that an apology was due or that I needed forgiveness for the course I pursued, I have no hesitancy in saying that, from the governmental standpoint of the Union, its act of acceptance of our monument will be not only one of wide magnanimity but one of a historic significance that has never been even approached by any government except those controlled by the English-speaking people. It shows the greatness and the grandeur of what we are accustomed to term the Anglo-Saxon blood. When people of this blood fight, especially among themselves in regular organized governmental form, they fight to a finish. When the end comes, they sit down together, swap tobacco, drink out of each other's canteens, and soon begin to build schoolhouses and churches; and before the trenches from which they fought each other are filled up, they commence to consult together as to whether it would not be pleasing in the sight of the Lord for them to take the country of some other people and give them the blessings of good government as soon as they can be educated up to appreciate the boon of liberty and assimilate our ideas of freedom, and they generally find out that the Lord is pleased to sanction their desires. This sentiment has enabled the English-speaking people in the past to spread their sway. Preserved in its original vigor, it will enable them to govern the world in coming years. I need say no more.

I will ask Capt. Smith, Master of Ceremonies, to appoint three men from the old regiment to escort Miss Leonora

Cheney, a lovely daughter of a captain in our old command, to the monument, to the end that she may unveil it.

When the unveiling was accomplished, Judge Wilson turned to the Park Commissioners and said: "Gentlemen of the Park



MISS LEONORA CHENEY.

Commission, representatives of the United States government, the grandest, the greatest, and the most magnanimous republic in the world, I beg, on behalf of the surviving members of the 2d Tennessee Regiment of Confederate Infantry, to turn over this monument to your care and protection and that of your and our government, and trust that it will be accepted, believing that in your care, as the official representatives of our great republic, it will be preserved and guarded with a consideration due to the patriotic sentiment that prompted its erection."

ADDRESS OF ACCEPTANCE BY GEN. BASIL W. DUKE.

In the absence of Col. Cadle, the Chairman of the Shiloh National Military Park Commission, I am deputed to accept this monument in behalf of the commission and for the government of the United States, and I may be pardoned if I express the personal gratification and the unusual pleasure with which I perform the duty thus devolved upon me.

In assisting to honor those whom Tennessee loved and whose memories she reveres, I discharge something more than a mere formal duty, but one demanded of me by gratitude and patriotism as well as official obligation; for during the four years that I wore the uniform of a Confederate soldier I was as closely associated with the men who served in the ranks of the Tennessee regiments as with those whom my own native State sent to the South, and even more closely with her people than with the people of Kentucky. Much of the service rendered by the command to which I belonged was performed within the borders of Tennessee; and when our expeditions into Kentucky or more northern territory were concluded and we returned from the long raid and through the hostile lines, it was on her soil that we sought rest and refuge and among her hospitable people that we found shelter and comfort.

Many of my closest and dearest friends and comrades were Tennesseans, and in all that heroic host which marched and bled beneath the Southern banner there were no truer and stancher soldiers, none braver or more devoted. I was proud then and am prouder now to claim them as my comrades. The service which these men rendered and that done by those who rode with Forrest, and the conduct of those gallant soldiers of the Tennessee Confederate infantry who never in all their history turned back from a stricken field and never looked on one they did not consecrate by acts of heroic courage, all contributed to make yet more famous the name of the "Volunteer" State, and among them all none were braver and more ardent or more entitled to immortal remembrance than those in whose honor this shaft is uplifted.

It was in no holiday time and under no ordinary conditions, but in a period of real and burning trial that the mettle of the soldiery and the truth and fidelity of the people of Tennessee were tested. They were subjected to an ordeal through which only high-souled and true-hearted men could pass with unblemished record, and they bore it with unflinching

courage and unshaken fortitude. The worth and faith of the Tennessean were proven on every foot of his native soil; where the yellow tide of the great river washes the bluffs of her western border; where the blue grass pastures of her fertile central region are hedged by the cedar brakes, in which the troopers of Morgan and Forrest were wont to make their camps and whence they issued upon their forays; where the pine trees wave in the breezes of East Tennessee and the trout leaps in the limpid pools of the Watauga—all the land was made sacred by the blood of her sons and the tender affection and even sublimer devotion of her daughters. I am glad and proud to testify to that which I witnessed, and gratefully acknowledge the kindness and sympathy of which I and my Kentucky comrades were the recipients everywhere in that noble commonwealth.

It has been a matter of regret and disappointment to me since I have served on this commission, and not less so to my colleagues, although both of them fought under the national banner, that monuments have not been erected to the Southern soldiers who fell here. It is with real rejoicing, therefore, that we see this one arise, and we congratulate you who have given it that you have erected one so beautiful and appropriate. We look over this memorable ground and see no testimonial, save this one, to the Confederate dead; yet eight Southern States were represented in the great conflict waged here, besides a number of regimental and minor organizations which Kentucky and Missouri furnished to the Confederate cause. The remains of some of the best and bravest sons of the South are moldering beneath the sod of this historic field, and we look in vain for the monuments which should commemorate their valor and devotion, the sacrifice they made for the land they loved and the right as they saw it, and which should attest the pride and affection of the people for whom they died.

On the other hand, more than one hundred such structures have been builded here by loyal and loving comrades and grateful and appreciative countrymen to the brave men from the Northern and Eastern States who fell here in defense of the Union. More than one hundred beautiful memorials of bronze and stone will remind coming generations of how they died and of the glory which guards their graves.

We are glad that they have been thus remembered, and we honor the affectionate solicitude which seeks with monumental marble and careful inscription to preserve their names and services from oblivion. But the South should do her part in this patriotic work, so that this field where contending armies once strove with equal courage and nearly equal fortune for mastery in battle shall be made to show that the combatants and their descendants on both sides now visit it in friendly rivalry, seeking to adorn it with emblems of affection and the evidences of peace and reconciliation.

It was with this object that the general government purchased this property and to this noble use it has been dedicated. It is intended that this spot, where the bones of heroes rest, shall be regarded as holy ground; that the dead who lie here, Federal and Confederate, all distinction between them forgotten, all enmity buried in the grave, shall be held in equal honor as American soldiers; so that the youth of this country, from generation to generation, who shall visit it, knowing little perhaps of the issues which divided those who fought and fell here, knowing and feeling nothing of the animosities and resentments of the strife, may be taught to entertain the patriotic fervor which animated Confederate



TENNESSEE RIVER AT PITTSBURG LANDING.

and Federal alike, to emulate their conduct, to serve their country, and, if need be, give their breasts to the battle with the same heroic purpose which impelled these men, whether they wore the blue or the gray.

It is meet and proper that the heroic dead in whose honor we are assembled shall remain on the field where they fell, that their dust shall be mingled with the soil of Tennessee. With a mother's tenderness, she holds them in her bosom, and with a mother's care she will watch and guard their sacred and precious remains. Their lips are sealed, their tongues are silent; but Tennessee speaks for them in yonder inscription. In one brief sentence she tells the glory which is their due, and declares that they gave their lives for their mother State: "They died for Tennessee."

INSCRIPTIONS ON THE MONUMENT.

On the front: "C. S. A." and the Confederate flag. "To the memory and in honor of our comrades of the 2d (Bate's) Tennessee Infantry Regiment, C. S. A., who fell near this spot early in the morning of the battle of Shiloh, April 6, 1862. Go, stranger, and tell Tennessee that here we died for her. 'Tennessee can never mourn for a nobler band than fell this day in her 2d Regiment.'" (From Gen. Cleburne's report of the battle of Shiloh.)

It will be interesting to know how scrupulously careful the War Department is in censoring the inscriptions on Confederate monuments in national military parks. The law as quoted for this battle is similar in purport to others. It says they "must be purely historical, compiled without praise and without censure, and must relate only to the battle of Shiloh. They must also be based upon and conform to the official reports of this battle."

There was much correspondence with the War Department in regard to another inscription that Senator Bate wanted, and as it was not settled the side is left blank, the hope being that the Department would concede the inscription following:

"The members of this regiment being the first to reenlist for the war in the Confederate Army—and with unexpired furloughs, granted by the Secretary of War—of their own volition came together, being assigned to the left of the first line, moved into battle, and became actively engaged early in the morning, in which the regiment lost 135 out of 365 entering the battle."

There was objection to using the names of those who were killed in this battle, lest it might not prove to be accurately correct; but that point was yielded and one side contains many names—many, if not all, who were killed in the battle.

The Monument Committee was composed of the following parties: John T. Branham, of Gallatin, Tenn., Chairman; William B. Bate; J. Sloan; Col. William Hale, of Hartsville, Tenn.; Capt. R. D. Smith, of Columbia. Mr. Sloan died and Judge S. F. Wilson was selected to take his place. Capt. H. J. Cheney was selected as Secretary and Treasurer. It is believed that the enterprise would have failed but for the persistent efforts of Gen. Bate and his Secretary, who fought on side by side until his death, ably assisted by Chairman Branham. Others could not help as they were inclined. The committee and the public owe a debt of gratitude to Capt. Cheney, who persisted in the unpleasant labor to a successful issue of collecting the subscriptions and paying the obligations of the committee.

A feature connected with excursions to Pittsburg Landing and Shiloh deserves special notice and the thanks of all who

visit that battlefield. The most accessible route is by the Tennessee River and by the St. Louis & Tennessee River Packet Company, of which I. T. Rhea, of Nashville, is President, and John E. Massengale, of St. Louis, is the Traffic Manager. Their steamboats are the City of Savannah, Shiloh, Clyde, Tennessee, City of Memphis, City of Clifton, and the Kentucky. The latter was used for this occasion. S. K. Hale is the Master, and a model in the profession is he. Passengers accustomed to railroad schedules grow impatient at landings where hours, and maybe days in the aggregate, are spent loading freight; but this is unavoidable except on boats that are run exclusively for mail and passengers. However, there was such admirable business method by the Master of the Kentucky that he received unstinted praise. No officious manners were exhibited by the other officers, and even the roust-



CHURCH AT SHILOH AT TIME OF THE BATTLE.

abouts were under as agreeable discipline as could be imagined. The management of this line is in thorough sympathy with the purpose for which the trip was made.

TRIBUTE BY GOV. PORTER TO GEN. JOHNSTON.

In connection with this dedication of the first Confederate monument, in the Shiloh Battlefield Park, it is fitting to quote some reminiscences by Hon. James D. Porter, who was Chief of Staff to Gen. B. F. Cheatham, and since the war Governor of Tennessee and Assistant Secretary of State when Mr. Bayard was the Secretary—Cleveland Cabinet.

The Nashville American has a worthy department, "The City Beautiful," and Mr. J. T. Jolly designed a beautiful monument to be erected in the capital of Tennessee representing Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston on his horse at that critical moment when weakened by the loss of blood from his wound and Gov. (later United States Senator) Harris arrived on his horse just in time to ease the great commander to the ground. Gov. Porter states in connection with the matter:

"I was made a member of the Peabody Board of Trust on the nomination of Gen. U. S. Grant, one of the original members named by George Peabody during his lifetime. I was soon on familiar terms with the General, and heard him discuss with freedom every prominent soldier of the War between the States. I asked him who, in his judgment, was the first soldier of the Confederate army. His answer in full need not be repeated here, but he added: 'All of us of the old

army recognized Albert Sidney Johnston as the first soldier of the United States. He delivered battle at Shiloh like a master of the art of war, and the tactics of the battle initiated by him after the opening sustained the reputation accorded to him by his former comrades.'

"Shiloh was fought on Sunday, April 6, 1862; the purpose of the Confederate chief was to fight on the 5th. Cheatham with his division occupied the line from Bethel, on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, twenty miles north of Corinth, east to Purdy, to the vicinity of Crump's Landing, occupied by Gen. Lew Wallace with eight thousand troops. Cheatham's movements were curtailed by Miller's Battalion of Mississippi Cavalry, and Wallace was as effectually corked up as was the redoubtable Gen. Butler at Bermuda Hundred.

"This fact was communicated to Gen. Johnston at Corinth, and the dispatch from Cheatham caused the forward movement and an order to him to join him at Shiloh Church. At daylight on the 5th of April Cheatham moved out with his entire force now concentrated at Purdy, and sent this writer with a cavalry escort to report his coming. I found Gen. Johnston with about half of his army taking position in Grant's immediate front without exciting the suspicion of himself or of his lieutenants. I dismounted and approached the General and said: 'I am directed by Gen. Cheatham to report his coming; he is marching rapidly, he will be here in an hour; he wants me to meet him with directions from you.' I stood uncovered in the presence of the most heroic figure of the war. He made me easy by inquiring, 'When did you leave Cheatham, and what have you done with the troops at Crump's Landing?' I answered briefly. He then said: 'You will hear my guns within an hour. Thank Cheatham for promptness; tell him to continue his rapid march, but not to fatigue the troops, and to come to that part of the field where the volleys of musketry are the heaviest. I will be there and give him orders—he must not wait for orders, but go in and find the enemy.'

"The troops so anxiously expected did not arrive until the middle of the night; rain, mud, and an untrained staff caused this disappointing delay. At the dawn of the next day Gen. Johnston was at the front, his troops in motion. He was everywhere 'where the volleys of musketry were heaviest.' He was unlike all other commanding generals of both armies, who announced the plan of attack and left the battle to be fought by division and brigade generals, but was on all parts of the field; he knew its exact condition and when he fell he had learned that, in spite of the loss of a day, he had surprised Grant and won the battle.

"Grant notified Buell, who was marching to his assistance with 30,000 men, 'An attack has been made upon our most advanced position; I have been looking for this, but did not believe the attack would be made before Monday or Tuesday.' Soon thereafter, after the rout of Sherman, he dispatched another note to Buell saying, 'If you will get upon the field, leaving all of your baggage on the east bank of the river, it will be more to our advantage and possibly save the day to us. The Rebel forces are estimated at over 100,000 men.' Johnston's army was 40,000 strong, but his courage, keen intelligence, and ability to handle troops under fire multiplied his numbers in Grant's opinion, and the absence of confusion was misleading to friend and foe.

"I recall an incident of which I was a witness (there were many others of the same character): In person he pulled Cheatham, with one brigade, out of a position where he was hotly engaged; hurried him to the right at a double-quick for

the half of a mile, where our line was assailed by superior numbers, pushed him in and delivered a counter stroke, which caused the enemy to abandon that part of the field in great confusion. Three times he moved Cheatham to strengthen a weak place in his line. It was tactics like this that caused Grant to estimate our forces at over a hundred thousand in number. In his rapid movements along the line of fire, Gen. Johnston was slightly wounded three times, his horse was shot four times, and soon he was to receive the fourth and fatal shot—fatal to him, fatal in the loss of a battle he had fought with unmatched skill, and fatal to the hopes of his country.

"Just before the fatal shot Johnston sent a message to Beauregard (second in command, but sick and in the rear) saying: 'I am sweeping everything before me.' His last order was given to Gov. Isham G. Harris, acting Aid-de-Camp, 'Order Col. Statham to wheel his regiment, the 15th Mississippi, to the left, charge, and take that battery,' pointing to it. The execution of the order was reported. In making it Gov. Harris stated that the General 'reeled from me in a manner that indicated that he was falling from his horse. I put my arm around his neck, grasping the collar of his coat, and righted him up in the saddle, bending forward as I did so and looking him in the face said, "General, are you wounded?" He answered with deliberation, "Yes, and I fear seriously." I sent for a surgeon. I guided his horse a short distance to the rear, eased him to the ground as gently as I could. In a few moments he was dead.' 'The mortal wound,' said Dr. Yandell, 'was from a Minie ball, which tore the popliteal artery of the right leg where it divides into the tibial arteries.

"Gov. Harris recited the story of the death of this great soldier to me not many minutes after his death. The intelligence went through the army like an electric shock. Six hours of battle had convinced men of every rank that his presence was essential to success, and this feeling was general. His fall caused an utter paralysis of action, and the feeling was universal that his death turned victory into defeat.

"Albert Sidney Johnston belonged to the same class with Wellington, Lee, Grant, Joe Johnston, and Stonewall Jackson. Measured by his tactics at Shiloh, he was first of the class."

LIEUT. COL. JOHN WEEDON.

Mrs. M. J. Wroe, Springfield, S. C.: "I read in the *VETERAN* an account of the services and death of Col. John Marrast, of the 22d Alabama Regiment, but no mention was made of the Lieutenant Colonel who had to take command in the absence of Col. Marrast. This officer, John Weedon (next in command), while leading and cheering his men on in the desperate charge at Chickamauga, saw several color bearers shot down; and having in his speech of acceptance of that same banner given an assurance that it should go down but with his life, seized it from the hand of the second or third victim and rushing to the front stood under its folds, thus making himself a target; and while drawing the fire of the enemy, a ball struck him in the temple. He fell enveloped in the folds of the flag. His faithful servant took him off the field and his body was sent to Mobile. Surgeon Little wrote me of his death, and many clippings were sent me with accounts of his coolness and bravery. There are doubtless some living who can testify to the truth of this. He was a Virginian by birth, but had lived in Mobile for some years."

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

FURNISHING CRISP FACTS FOR THE VETERAN.

There is never a group of intelligent Veterans together, when reminiscence is the theme, that there is not a volume of incidents intensely interesting and historic. Inquiry of such has revealed that in nearly every instance all are subscribing to and very much interested in the VETERAN. It is provoking that these men will subside upon their return, and fail to do what they admit freely that they should—to write what they related for the VETERAN. Request is earnestly made for such reminiscences as abound with the pathetic, the humorous, and the fraternities with a large class of Union veterans with whom they were classmates in college, for instance; and the kindnesses shown them by victors who, as cordially and as delicately as possible, did all they were permitted in influence and with money for the defeated. Such events are of valued historic importance; they are deeply interesting, and the tendency is for good in every way.

When these appeals for the kinds of manuscripts designated and exercise of influence are ignored, the result will be to dwarf the VETERAN, and the silent period will come with desolation and silence will take the place of feeble efforts put forth by a few for the good of all.

REUNIONS AND CONVENTIONS.

Under this head the VETERAN expects to publish a list of reunions and conventions, and it is desired to make this a prominent feature. Reunion announcements will be for the Veterans, and convention announcements for the Daughters. That of the Sons will follow the Veterans, and the Confederate Memorial Association next to the U. D. C. Please cooperate at once in making a good showing.

REUNIONS OF VETERANS.

The United Confederate Veterans, at New Orleans in 1906. The exact date not yet named.

Georgia State reunion, at Macon, November 8, 9.

CONVENTION UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

Convention for 1905, San Francisco, Cal., October 3-7.

The foregoing are given to indicate just what is wanted. Now, Comrades and Daughters, please cooperate at once and let us make a showing that will be a credit to the plan.

If you have agreed upon a reunion next year that is expected to be prominent, let us print the announcement now. It is intended to give but a line or two, as a rule. The result of such cooperation will be helpful in the influence and prominence of the VETERAN.

TENNESSEE DIVISION CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS.—The Annual Meeting of the Tennessee Division of Confederate Soldiers for the year 1905 will be held at Winchester October 11, 12. There is called a meeting of the Tennessee Division of United Confederate Veterans for October 12 at the same place by the Commander, Gen. G. W. Gordon, to which meetings the rate of one cent per mile plus twenty-five cents has been fixed by the railroads traversing any part of the State, which generous terms should be appreciated by all Confederates.

THE CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

CORRECTION OF A TYPOGRAPHICAL ERROR IN THEIR REPORT.

BY DR. J. WILLIAM JONES, SECRETARY AND SUPERINTENDENT, RICHMOND, VA.

In your August number you print our report submitted to the U. C. V. reunion, at Louisville, for which we return our thanks, but there is one serious typographical error which we would be glad to see corrected. You make the report say: ". . . when we can realize the balance of the Rouss subscription, we will have in hand over \$300,000." This ought to have been, of course, "over \$200,000." Our Treasurer reported in hand \$106,343.13, and the note of the city of Richmond for \$50,000. This makes \$156,343.13. The ten thousand dollars subscribed by two wealthy citizens of Richmond, and payable on call, would make \$166,343.13; and the \$40,000 balance due on the Rouss subscription, and held up by Underwood's injunction, would make \$206,343.13.

We are still earnestly canvassing for subscriptions, are having some success, and hope soon to be entirely "out of the woods."

THE PARTING SOUL.

The following poem was found among the papers of the late Mrs. Frances McCoy Fitzgerald, wife of Chief Justice A. L. Fitzgerald, of the Nevada Supreme Court, at her home in Carson City after her death, which occurred at Redding, Cal., on Wednesday evening, July 19, 1905. The poem was not dated, but bears the signature "F. F." she always used for her writings, and it is thought that the lines were written shortly before her death. Judge Fitzgerald was a faithful Confederate soldier. He graduated at the University of North Carolina the first year of the war, enlisted as a Confederate volunteer the very next day after he took his degree, and kept step with his comrades until the surrender at Appomattox. He is the brother of Bishop O. P. Fitzgerald, of Nashville, Tenn.—a chip of the same block, though one is a dispenser of the gospel and the other of the law.

And so at last my day is done!
Slowly my life-tide ebbs away;
My waning sands are almost run;
Death's night extinguisheth my day.

This body, faithful in the past,
Answers no longer to my will;
This lab'ring breast hath peace at last;
Heart, hands, and weary feet are still.

And this strange thing I call my soul—
Twin-born with yon pale shape it wore—
Doth it pass with it? Is its goal
Like that to die, and be no more?

No! The immortal in me sayeth, "No!"
God hath implanted in the hearts of men
A faith death's mystery cannot overthrow.
Thou shalt arise, my soul, and live again.

IMPORTANT EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION.—At an educational conference held at the University of Tennessee, Knoxville, July 20-23, 1905, the Association for the Improvement of Public Schools was organized with the following officers: Mrs. Lindsey, Patterson, N. C., President; Mrs. Jennie Kendrick Collins, San Antonio, Tex., First Vice President; Miss Scott, Baltimore, Md., Second Vice President; Mrs. Joseph Matlock, Birmingham, Ala., Secretary; Miss A. C. Jones, Columbus, Ga., Treasurer.

CONFEDERATES AT DE QUEEN, ARK.

The Confederate Veterans of Sevier County, Ark., held their annual reunion at Norwoodville August 15-18. The second day was given over to the Daughters and the fourth to the Sons of Veterans. Everything was favorable for the occasion. In addition to the fine weather, clear spring water was accessible and abundant. The Locksburg band furnished choicest music. Several speeches were made—a fine one by Attorney-General Rodgers, of Little Rock. Col. Otis Wingo, of De Queen, Will Steele, of Texarkana, Misses Edwin Clarady and Estelle Thomas, of Locksburg, and Miss Demma Ray, of De Queen, all made entertaining addresses.

Quite a surprise was sprung on the second day when Henry Burroughs, of Company A, 7th Alabama Infantry, led Mrs. Anna Scott, daughter of a Confederate soldier who was killed in the war, to the platform and the two were made one by Capt. John G. McKean, Chaplain of John H. Morgan Camp, United Confederate Veterans, of De Queen.

W. S. Ray reports the foregoing, and also that "the John H. Morgan Camp, 448, U. C. V., of De Queen, Ark., held its annual memorial service at the Cumberland Presbyterian Church in De Queen on August 13 to pay tribute to deceased members, John Stout, W. H. Stone, E. H. Woolverton, and to Mrs. Sarah Corder. Rev. R. H. Dodd delivered the sermon. Mrs. Corder was a typical Southern woman who died as she had lived for sixty years—a true Christian, loved and honored by all who knew her. E. H. Woolverton was a soldier in the Mexican War, having served through that war as private in Jefferson Davis's 1st Mississippi Regiment."

TULLY BROWN ON GEN. FORREST.

The VETERAN is pleased to announce that the Hon. Tully Brown, of Nashville, will deliver his lecture on Gen. Forrest at various places throughout the country. Mr. Brown delivered this lecture in his native city last winter. The audience was one of the finest and most appreciative in character ever seen in Nashville. The press of the city was so lavish in its praise of the lecture that he was importuned to deliver it at other places, but not until recently did he consent to do so. This lecture is unique in the fact that it is a vivid and striking portrayal of Gen. Forrest as he was, as illustrated by his conduct in the camp, on the march, and upon the battlefield. The military genius of Forrest is made to gleam through achievements actually wrought upon the weird and wild theater of war, and these achievements are told in the strong and vigorous language of a strong and vigorous man, and he who hears it learns more of Forrest than could be elsewhere learned by months of reading and study.

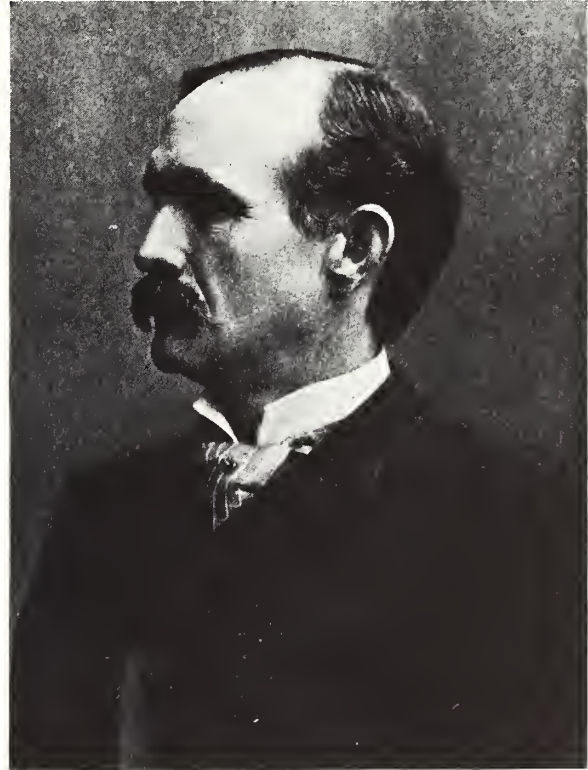
Tully Brown is the son of Gov. Neil S. Brown. He joined the Confederate army in the spring or early summer of 1861. He left the school desk to do so, being in his seventeenth year. He became a member of the battery of Capt. Monsarratt, and remained in that company until the fall of 1862, when he was promoted to a first lieutenancy of artillery, was assigned to duty on the staff of Gen. John C. Brown, and remained with him until the spring of 1863, when he obtained an order to report to Bedford Forrest, with whom he remained until the end of the war, as a lieutenant of artillery in the battery commanded by Capt. John W. Morton.

Soon after the war ended he adopted the profession of his father, and with the opportunity thus offered for the exercise of his rare and exceptional ability as an advocate and debater, he very soon won high rank as a lawyer. He was appointed, and served four years, as District Attorney-General of the Fed-

eral Court for the Middle District of Tennessee under the administration of President Cleveland.

One of the characteristics of Mr. Brown as a speaker is that he does not speak by rote or from memory. His method is to thoroughly master his subject and then deliver his speech under the stimulus and inspiration of the occasion. He has the happy faculty of putting his thoughts in that form of expression—stripped of unnecessary verbiage—best calculated to leave impressions upon the mind and heart of his hearers.

As was said by a member of the Nashville bar recently: "No one now living is so capable of lecturing on Forrest as Tully



'HON. TULLY BROWN.

Brown, for he was with Gen. Forrest in the army, knew him personally, fought under him as his second artillery officer in those battles where he won his most signal triumphs; and these opportunities, coupled with his rare ability as a speaker, make the groundwork of what he really has, a most interesting and instructive lecture."

It is now understood that Mr. Brown will deliver his lecture at Winchester, Tenn., on the 11th and 12th of October next, during the annual meeting of the Tennessee Division of Confederate soldiers. It is certain that there is a rare treat in store for all who may hear this lecture.

H. B. DEBOW, COLOR BEARER 11TH TENNESSEE INFANTRY.—Mrs. C. M. Charlton, Antioch, Tenn. (R. R. No. 16), would like to locate the relatives of H. B. DeBow, Color Bearer of the 11th Tennessee, Maney's Brigade, Cheatham's Division, Hardee's Corps, Army of Tennessee. He was captured at Missionary Ridge December 24, 1863, and died in Memphis. Her sister, Miss Mary McIntosh, gave him every attention and had him nicely buried, and Mrs. Charlton desires to let those dear to him know that he had every comfort possible at the time.

SPECIAL DEPARTMENT. United Sons of Confederate Veterans.

Organized July 1, 1896, in Richmond, Va.

Conducted by the Commander in Chief, to whom all contributions intended therefor should be addressed.

THOMAS M. OWEN, LL.D., COMMANDER IN CHIEF, }
WILL T. SHEEHAN, A. G. AND CHIEF OF STAFF, } Montgomery, Ala.
E. LESLIE SPENCE, JR., COMMANDER A. N. V. DEPT., Richmond, Va.
L. W. RYLAND, DEPARTMENT ADJUTANT.
R. E. L. BYNUM, COMMANDER ARMY TENN. DEPT., Jackson, Tenn.
HOMER L. HIGGS, DEPARTMENT ADJUTANT.
I. J. STOCKETT, COMMANDER TRANS-MISS. DEPT., Tyler, Tex.
C. S. WELSCH, DEPARTMENT ADJUTANT.

(No. 4.)

CONFEDERATION NEWS.

As indicated in the above heading, the several department commanders have selected their adjutants. Full lists of their staff appointments will be announced later.

George W. Duncan, Commander, is actively pushing the confederation work in the Alabama Division. With a view to arousing greater interest in the coming reunion of the Division, he has recently visited the camps in Florence, Tusculumbia, Sheffield, and Jasper. He also visited Decatur and Athens in order to secure the organization of camps there.

Prof. Clarence J. Owens, Commander of the Fifth Brigade, Alabama Division, has done good work for the "cause" in the last few weeks. The new Camps noted at Piedmont and Lineville are due to his initiative. Prof. Owens will be put forward for election as Commander of the Alabama Division at the reunion in Huntsville, October 25 and 26.

NEW CAMPS.

Inasmuch as members were not assigned to the Camps noted in the August issue, the full list of all Camps chartered to date by the present administration is here given—viz.:

No. 518, Sam Davis, Mineral Wells, Tex., July 6, 1905, thirty members; W. E. McConnell, Commandant; Walter L. Norwood, Adjutant.

No. 519, Morgan Coltrain, Hillsville, Va., July 6, thirty members; S. W. Tompkins, Commandant; H. L. Franklin, Adjutant.

No. 520, Justin, Justin, Tex., July 13, forty members; Dr. W. H. Pennington, Commandant; T. W. Anderson, Adjutant.

No. 521, Bolling Hall, Robinson Springs, Ala., August 2, twenty members; J. J. Dismukes, Commandant; F. E. Myers, Adjutant.

No. 522, Hood, Piedmont, Ala., August 26, sixteen members; E. C. Harris, Commandant; J. H. Hood, Adjutant.

No. 523, Capt. John T. Bell, Lineville, Ala., September 7, forty-five members; Walter S. Smith, Commandant; James A. Smith, Adjutant.

No. 524, Edwin Trimble, Ashland, Ky., September 11, twenty-seven members; J. Walter Mayo, Commandant; Howard Mullan, Adjutant.

No. 525, Johnson Hagood, Blackville, S. C., September 11, twenty-nine members; A. B. Hair, Commandant; H. Fullerton Buist, Adjutant.

All members of the Confederation are urged to secure uniforms and official badges. Full particulars supplied on application.

New forms for the institution of Camps are now ready.

The Commander in Chief will be glad to send papers to any community where a Camp is desired. Let the Sons of every community of the South organize!

Contributions of news and other items for this department are earnestly solicited. It is the duty of all patriotic members of the organization to assist in making it a success—a potent agency for our upbuilding.

STAFF AND COMMITTEES.

Owing to the want of space, General Order, No. 2, cannot now appear at length. Later all members of the staff and all members of committees will be published. The following are the principal members of the staff, and the chairmen of committees:

Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, Will T. Sheehan, Montgomery, Ala.

Inspector General, George R. Wyman, Louisville, Ky.

Quartermaster General, Richard G. Banks, Montgomery, Ala.

Commissary General, Leroy S. Boyd, Washington, D. C.

Judge Advocate General, John A. Collinsworth, Humboldt, Tenn.

Surgeon General, C. Hamilton, M.D., Rome, Ga.

Chaplain General, Rev. J. W. Caldwell, New Orleans, La.

Historical Committee, George W. Duncan, Chairman, Auburn, Ala.

Relief Committee, Thomas P. Stone, Chairman, Waco, Tex.

Monument Committee, R. B. Haughton, Chairman, St. Louis, Mo.

Finance Committee, D. C. Bell, Chairman, Pine Bluff, Ark.

Women's Memorial Committee, James Mann, Chairman, Norfolk, Va.

Joint Committee on Coöperation, W. E. Daniel, Chairman, Yazoo City, Miss.

Committee on the Establishment of Departments of History, W. Armistead Collier, Jr., Chairman, Memphis, Tenn.

Permanent Archives, E. P. Cox, Chairman, Richmond, Va.

Constitutional Revision, William McL. Fayssoux, Chairman, New Orleans, La.

DEATH OF COMRADE WARWICK H. PAYNE.

In the death of Hon. Warwick H. Payne, in Atlanta, Ga., August 9, 1905, the Alabama Division lost one of its most earnest and devoted Sons. Immediately on the announcement of his demise George W. Duncan, the present Commander of the Division, issued General Order No. 15, calling attention to the sad event. The following extracts will show his position in the affairs of the organization:

"1. Comrade Payne was a native of Alabama, and he was at all times a loyal and devoted Son. Largely through his instrumentality Camp William H. Payne, No. 232 (named in honor of his father), at Scottsboro, Ala., was organized in 1900, and he was its first Commandant. On September 9, 1901, he was appointed Commander of the Alabama Division, U. S. C. V., being the third incumbent of that position. Re-elected November 13, 1901, he served for the succeeding year, when he voluntarily retired.

"2. In his death the Confederation loses an enthusiastic and zealous member, one who never tired in its service, and one who regarded his record as the son of a Confederate soldier as his proudest mark of honor."

Comrade Payne had but recently married Miss Lucy Powell Randle, of Union Springs, Ala. To her, as well as to the remaining members of his family, the sympathy of the Confederation is extended.

He was interred at Union Springs.

MONUMENT WORK IN THE MISSISSIPPI DIVISION.

On July 31, 1905, W. Calvin Wells, Jr., Commander of the Mississippi Division, issued his General Order No. 2, the important features of which are contained in the following paragraphs:

"1. That on the night of the second Monday of August each and every Camp in the State hold a special meeting, at which meeting, if officers of said Camp have not been elected for the year, they shall be immediately elected and installed.

"2. That the said Camp at said meeting shall consider the advisability and desirability of erecting within the courthouse yard of their county, to the soldiers, sailors, and the women of the Confederacy, a suitable monument.

"3. That in connection therewith said Camp pass on the advisability of passing resolutions petitioning the Governor of the State to recommend to the next Legislature the passage of a general law for each county of the State allowing the Board of Supervisors thereof to make a donation of a sum of money for the purpose of aiding in the erection of such a monument, such as was passed by the last Legislature for the counties of Jefferson and Carroll. (See Acts of Legislature of 1904, pages 250 and 264.)"

The results of this effort will be watched with interest over the entire Confederation. The Mississippi Division has carried to successful conclusion the purchase of Beauvoir for use as a soldier's home, and now that this has been accomplished, the leaders in the Division are wisely planning new activities.

It is believed that this plan will not interfere with the Women's Memorial, which will of course have the support of all Mississippi Sons.

DIVISION REUNIONS.

As stated in this department for August, the importance of Division reunions cannot be too much emphasized. In several of the Divisions this duty is so highly regarded that no pains are spared to secure the highest and best results, both in attendance and in work projected. It is hoped that Sons everywhere will respond to the suggestion here made, and will bend their every energy to making their Division reunions successes.

Further dates have been ascertained as follows: the reunion of the Missouri Division is slated for October 3, at Kansas City; and the Indian Territory Division for October 3, 4, and 5, at Vinita. Concerning the latter, the Commander, Otis B. Weaver, who is likewise at the head of the Indian Territory Press Association, writes that the indications are very flattering for a fine reunion season. The reunion of the Tennessee Division will be held at Winchester, date not yet ascertained.

In General Order No. 3, issued September 11, 1905, Division Commander E. Lee Trinkle convenes the Camps of the Virginia Division in reunion for October 25, 26, 1905, at Petersburg. Camp A. P. Hill, U. S. C. V., No. 167, will be the host for the occasion, and extensive preparations are being made. This Camp has grown wonderfully in the last few weeks. In the order Commander Trinkle names the division committees, and appeals for a general attendance.

At the reunion of the Texas Division, held at Galveston, July 19 and 20, Mr. J. M. Tisdal, of Greenville, was chosen Commander. He has not yet announced his staff.

It is unofficially ascertained that the reunion of the Louisiana Division has been indefinitely postponed, owing to yellow fever conditions. Members of the Confederation in fever-stricken sections have the sincere and deep sympathy of their comrades elsewhere.

Comrades W. L. Williams and S. A. Crump are a committee

from Thomas Hardeman Camp, No. 18, Macon, appointed to look after all matters connected with the reunion of the Georgia Division at that point November 7 and 8. They are working energetically, and they have the support of former Commander in Chief Walter T. Colquitt, Atlanta, the present Division Commander, Charles G. Edwards, Savannah, and the Surgeon General of the Confederation, Dr. C. Hamilton, Rome.

CAMP JOHNSON HAGOOD FORMED.

A Camp of Sons of Confederate Veterans was organized on July 12, 1905, at Blackville, S. C., with a membership of twenty-nine loyal sons and grandsons of the heroes of the sixties. The officers are: A. B. Hair, Commandant; J. Wyatt Browning, First Lieutenant Commander; Samuel R. Boylston, Second Lieutenant Commander; H. Fullerton Buist, Adjutant; Rev. C. M. Billings, Chaplain; R. Bowman Still, Commissary.

A committee consisting of Clinton M. Felder, John M. Farrell, Dr. Ryan A. Gyles, Herman Brown, and Robert B. Fickling was appointed to look after the promotion of the Camp, also to coöperate with the Robert E. Lee Chapter of Daughters of the Confederacy in their high purposes.

The Camp adopted the name of Johnson Hagood, in honor of the gallant brigadier general of that name.

Mr. Felder has been appointed on the staff of Gen. Teague, of Aiken, as Aid-de-Camp, with the rank of Captain, of the Second Brigade, U. C. V., of the South Carolina Division.

The organization of this Camp of Sons is due entirely to the efforts of Mr. Felder, and the appointment given him by Gen. Teague is a high compliment to a worthy son of a gallant Confederate veteran of the cause that was just, though lost.

It was chartered September 11, 1905, as No. 525.

WOMEN'S MEMORIAL.

Since the August issue, with the editorial assistance of Miss Mamie Bays, of Charlotte, Gen. C. Irvine Walker has issued his North Carolina supplement in behalf of the Women's Memorial. Nine newspapers used the supplement. Miss Bays is to be congratulated on her work as editor. She has brought together a vast mass of material which will be of inestimable value to the future historian of the war. It is hoped that the financial returns will be commensurate with the effort.

Gen. Walker reports satisfactory progress under the resolutions adopted at the Louisville reunion by the United Confederate Veterans. Inasmuch as these resolutions have not heretofore been published, they are given in full below. Sons *must by all means coöperate* with the Veterans in this noble work. The resolutions are as follows:

"Whereas at our reunion of 1904 our federation turned over to the Sons the sacred duty of raising the funds for the memorial to the women of the Confederacy; and whereas in so doing we never relinquish our deep and abiding love for the cause, or our intention to aid and assist it by every means in our power; and whereas we have clearly shown this by our appointment of a committee to coöperate, and by the work which this committee and many other veterans in all parts of the South have done during the past year; and whereas it will ever be our most earnest desire to see this tribute paid to our glorious women, and we are most anxious to further coöperate with and give substantial aid to our Sons in the performance of this sacred duty; therefore be it

"*Resolved*: 1. That each Camp of the United Confederate Veterans, immediately after the adjournment of this convention and the return home of its delegates, shall appoint a committee to actively canvass its respective community to raise funds for this memorial to the Women of the Confederacy,

to which noble, worthy, and just object this federation has repeatedly and solemnly pledged itself and its comrades.

"2. That in case any Camp does not take action within one month by appointing this committee, it shall then become the duty of its Commander to make appointment of such committee. If no action is then taken by the Commander, any member of the Camp who is enthused with that high sense of his duty to this holy cause, and desires to honor our godlike women, is urged to personally take charge of the matter, secure the indorsement of his local Camp or its officers, and make such collections as he can from his community.

"3. That all funds collected under resolutions one and two shall be deposited in some home bank—at interest—to the credit of the Chairman of the United Confederate Veterans' Committee of Coöperation (Gen. C. Irvine Walker, Charleston, S. C.), and that he shall be promptly advised of such deposit.

"4. That the above resolutions are not intended to be obligatory upon such Camps as have already taken similar action or have already contributed to this fund fifty dollars or more.

"5. That each Camp is urged to endeavor to raise from its community as its quota, at the very least, the sum of fifty dollars.

"6. That all Camps shall complete this work by January 1, 1906, and on that date make a report of the results achieved, to the Chairman of our Committee of Coöperation (Gen. C. Irvine Walker, Charleston, S. C.)."

CONFEDERATE FLAG FROM WISCONSIN.

For quite a while Maj. A. W. Wills (who was an officer in the U. S. A.), Postmaster at Nashville, has interested himself in the return of a Confederate battle flag that was believed to be that of the 1st Tennessee Infantry captured at Perryville, Ky., October 8, 1860. The 1st Wisconsin Infantry captured the flag. It has been held as the property of the 1st Wisconsin Infantry and is in the possession of Ernst G. Timme, of that regiment, now the Fifth Auditor of the United States Treasury. Maj. Wills called several times upon Mr. Timme when in Washington, and considerable correspondence has passed between them.

Mr. Timme finally sent the flag to Maj. Wills and writes:

"I understand that the boys of the 1st Tennessee have their reunion on the 8th day of October, and I think it a good idea to have the flag present at said reunion, so as to give them a chance to determine definitely whether it is their flag or not. As I told you before, the 1st Tennessee was opposed to us when the flag was captured; that it was carried by brave men the evidence on the flag speaks for itself.

"I have just returned from a trip to Wisconsin, and while there I saw Judge Seamen, who is President of the First Wisconsin Regimental Association. He assured me that he would do everything that he could, and that in his opinion there was no doubt but that said Association would be more than willing to return the flag to the brave old 1st Tennessee, if it is determined that it belongs to them.

"Please remember me very kindly to the members of the 1st Tennessee."

The flag has several bullet holes in it, but has been remarkably well preserved. There is doubt as to whether members of the regiment will be able to identify it. The noticeable fact and one that will do lasting good, however, is the spirit manifested by these veterans of the Union army in the effort to restore the flag, in the spirit so manifestly kind and patriotic.

LOYAL-HEARTED SOUTHERN WOMEN.

"To the Confederate mothers is directly due the present prosperity of the South, and to them do we owe all that we have to-day." The foregoing statement is from the pen of Gen. C. I. Walker, of Charleston, and he further states that "the South was blessed with pure and gentle women before, but the war brought out their strength and nobility. The Confederate mothers were, therefore, higher and nobler than the women of the South who lived before them. What they learned in that terribly tragic school fitted them to influence the veterans and their sons and daughters to the eternal benefit of both. Apart from and above all they did during the war, their bearing since has been far more beneficent.

"These glorious women learned in the hard school of war to do many, to them, humbling duties which fitted them to be true 'helpmates' to the ruined men of the South. They had learned the heroic lessons of fortitude, which fitted them to cheer, to sustain, to encourage the men of the South in that terrible struggle to rebuild their desolate homes and restore their ruined fortunes.

"These women learned to think and to act, which they then did by the side of men; and thus, by such help, did the men of the South build the splendid prosperity which now blesses their section.

THEIR INFLUENCE ON THEIR SONS AND DAUGHTERS.

"The exercise of the same high qualities, which enabled them to sustain their husbands and brothers, made them teach and rear a generation of men and women in the stern realities of poverty, and to bring them up as the strong men and women who are to-day the pride of the South, and who have carried on the splendid work begun by their fathers.

"TO THESE WOMEN, THESE CONFEDERATE MOTHERS, WHO THEMSELVES LEARNED IN THE HARD STRUGGLE OF THE WAR, IS FAIRLY DUE THE CREDIT OF INFLUENCING AND THEN EDUCATING THE GENERATIONS WHICH HAVE GIVEN THE SOUTH ITS PRESENT PROSPERITY AND HAPPINESS.

"Without the influence of such women, despair would have ruled our country, and the men could not have made that magnificent recovery from the desolation of war.

"Let us, Veterans and Sons, show that we appreciate it, and that we are not only willing but anxious and determined to honor in deeds, not only in words, our wives, sisters, and mothers, the women who were made purer, nobler, grander by the sacrifices, struggles, endurance of those terrible four years, and who have laid all upon the altar of their country, and have caused the South to blossom and prosper.

"Let us never forget that to the women of the Southern Confederacy we owe all that is good in the South to-day."

J. R. HARRIS, OF 1ST KENTUCKY CAVALRY, C. S. A.—John A. Mitchner, Sr., Selma, N. C., writes of a Confederate soldier buried in their family cemetery, near Smithfield, N. C.—John R. Harris, who was killed by the accidental discharge of his own gun as he was ready to go on picket duty. The wound necessitated the amputation of one leg above the knee, and he never recovered. Mr. Mitchner writes of this young soldier in the hope that it may inform his relatives and friends as to his burial place. On the pine board that was placed above him this was carved: "John R. Harris, Company B, 1st Kentucky Cavalry, C. S. A.," with the addition, "A lone Confederate soldier, killed by the accidental discharge of his own gun as he was getting ready to go on duty one dark, rainy night, spring, 1865." Any further information that can be given will be done with pleasure.

THE JONES RAID THROUGH WEST VIRGINIA.

BY GEORGE H. MOFFETT, PARKERSBURG, W. VA.

The cavalry brigade of the Confederate army, commanded by Brig. Gen. William E. Jones, had been in winter quarters at Krotzer Spring, about six miles northwest from Harrisonburg, Va. The brigade was composed of the following organizations: The 6th Virginia Cavalry (commanded by Col. Thomas S. Flournoy), the 7th Virginia Cavalry (Col. Richard Dulaney), the 11th Virginia Cavalry (Col. Lunsford L. Lomax), the 12th Virginia Cavalry (Col. A. W. Harman), Brown's Maryland Battalion, and Chew's Battery of Horse Artillery.

Early in April, 1863, the brigade broke camp and started on a march westward across the North Mountains in the direction of the South Branch of the Potomac. Possibly, with the exception of the commander, no one had knowledge of the brigade's destination, but there was every indication that an important movement was in progress. Another big battle on the Rappahannock between Lee and Hooker was anticipated, and it was the general surmise in our brigade that we were going to strike the B. and O. railroad at some point so as to intercept railroad communication and prevent reinforcements from going to Hooker. This surmise was strengthened by the fact that a train of pack horses loaded with powder kegs was sent along with us. We had no wagon train, so we knew that celerity was to be a feature of our movement.

We crossed the mountains in a heavy rain; and when we reached the South Branch at Moorefield, we found the stream at flood tide and out of banks. We camped overnight at Moorefield, and the next morning Gen. Jones was informed that there was a wider ford at Petersburg, ten miles above. So we were marched up to a point opposite Petersburg (now in Grant County, W. Va.) and did effect a crossing with great difficulty and some loss. But the water was so deep and swift that Gen. Jones was compelled to leave his artillery and powder train behind. In making this crossing, we had one man and twenty-seven horses drowned. We occupied most of the afternoon in getting the cavalymen across, and we camped that night on the west bank of the South Branch, about opposite our camp of the previous night. While we had made a day's march and a most perilous fording of the river, we had progressed only about two miles.

The next night we encountered our first opposition from the enemy in Greenland Gap; and, while they were not in large number, still they were so well fortified that it became a difficult matter to dislodge them. It was a battalion of Mulligan's command who had fortified themselves in an old log "meetinghouse" which stood by the roadside at a point in the canyon where the passway narrowed down to about fifty or sixty yards in width, with steep mountains rising on either side. If we had brought our artillery with us, it would not have taken long to dislodge them. But the cannon were not there, and there was no opportunity for cavalry operations. When a demand was made for their surrender, they "laughed us to scorn." From a loophole in the chinking between the logs they were hanging away at us, with no chance for our revolvers or even carbines to inflict serious loss upon them. Our men dismounted and took to the mountain sides, and opened siege. Now and then we put through the cracks and crevices of the log structure a chance ball that did fatal work. Several of the enemy were killed and

wounded. About midnight a young man, named Tom Williamson, belonging to the 12th Virginia Cavalry, volunteered to perform a feat of Indian strategy, which proved a winner. The old meetinghouse had a big stone chimney built on the outside. Under cover of darkness Williamson crawled along the ground until he reached the chimney and then climbed it to the top of the building, when he set the roof on fire. As soon as the enemy discovered their dilemma they ran out the white flag and gracefully surrendered. It was no time to be burdened with prisoners, so, after paroling them, we rode on, leaving our prisoners to warm their hands by the blazing fire of the burning church.

The first point at which we struck the Baltimore and Ohio railroad was near Oakland, Md.; but, owing to the lack of artillery and blasting powder, we were not able to do serious damage beyond destroying wooden trestles, building fires on the iron bridges so as to warp the structures, and capturing a few engines and freight trains. We did enough damage at this place and other points to delay operation for a while and to hold up the reinforcements to Hooker for a time, so that probably the battle of Chancellorsville was fought a month later than the original plan.

Our next point of attack on the railroad was at Rowlesburg, where there is a long bridge over Cheat River; but the enemy had concentrated their troops at that place in such numbers that after feeling their strength Gen. Jones decided to withdraw without offering battle. I have always had an impression that at this juncture Gen. Jones changed his plans. Realizing that without artillery or facilities for blowing up bridges he was not able to inflict more damage on the railroad than had been done, and not wishing to return without trophy, he concluded to go off on a cattle hunt through the enemy's territory.

We turned northward and marched to Kingwood, the county seat of Preston, and from thence to Morgantown, the capital of Monongalia County. We are now skirting along close to the Pennsylvania border and fairly in the enemy's country. The people of this section were Unionists, who looked upon us as invaders. Our orders were to respect non-combatants and to protect private property, except that we were to gather up all cattle fit for beef and good horses to carry away with us. Just before reaching Morgantown the men constituting the advance guard (Brown's Maryland Battalion) were ambuscaded by bushwhackers. Maj. Brown's men charged up the hillside through the thick woods and put them to flight, killing several of them. The brigade got its first rest at Morgantown, where a greater part of the day was spent, and we had our first opportunity to unsaddle the horses. Late in the evening we started on a night march toward Fairmont. By this time we had gathered a considerable drove of cattle and horses, and could not move so rapidly as before we had gone into the live stock business.

At Fairmont it looked as if there was to be a brisk fight, for a considerable body of troops, consisting of a New York regiment and a bunch of militia, were drawn up in battle array on the south side of the town, and we had information that reinforcements were on the way from Grafton. As we came to the top of the hill above town, on the road from Barracksville, we encountered the skirmish line, which retreated before us, and we drove them through the main street until they fell back on their main body. In this dash through the town we witnessed the remarkable scene of the women rushing to their front piazzas and even into the

street, cheering the combatants, and they seemed to be about equally divided in their loyalty to the Federals and Confederates. Some had flags, others waved handkerchiefs, and I recall seeing one lady who had taken off her apron and was tossing it wildly over her head and yelling at the top of her voice: "Hurrah for Jeff Davis." A little ways up the street another lady defiantly answered her neighbor's war cry by shouting: "Hurrah for Abe Lincoln." And all regardless of the bullets that were "zipping" up and down the street.

When we reached the southern extremity of the town out on the Clarksburg road, we found the Federal forces drawn up in line of battle in a field at the top of the river bluff. Gen. Jones realized the necessity of disposing of these people before the Grafton reinforcements came up. So he lost no time in arranging his plan of attack. "Get your regiment on the other side of them," he remarked to Col. Lomax, of the 11th Virginia Cavalry, "and then we will charge them from both sides. Be quick in your movement." The only way for a quick movement to the other side was to dash down a lane under full fire from the enemy, who were drawn up in a line paralleling the lane two hundred yards distant. Col. Lomax, who had been an old Indian fighter in the regular service, ordered his men to lie close to their horses' necks, inclining to the opposite side from the enemy, and when the command "Forward" was given to apply the spur and ride like old Ned. At the signal the regiment dashed down that lane like an arrow sped from a bow under a hot fire and what seemed to be a hailstorm of splinters the enemy's bullets were ripping from the fence rails. While a few men and horses were wounded, it has always been a mystery to me that none were killed. Every man was in line when we halted and re-formed for the charge from the other side. We were in line with sabers drawn waiting for the bugle to sound the charge, when the enemy ran up the white flag in token of surrender and stacked their arms. A little later a railroad train with reinforcements from Grafton halted on the opposite side of the river and gave us an artillery salute; but after firing a few shells in our direction, they backed out and retired faster than they came. We paroled our prisoners and left them in possession of their camp after appropriating their ammunition and destroying their arms.

After a few hours' rest at Fairmont, enjoying a social visit with our prisoners and taking luncheon with them in their camp, we moved on in the direction of Clarksburg. Every one realized that Gen. Jones was now in a perilous position. He was inside of the enemy's lines, with their troops in active movement and in every direction trying to cut him off and effect our capture. We had a large drove of cattle and horses to protect, and as the cattle were slow marchers our progress was impeded. Still, the rank and file had the utmost confidence in their commander. Gen. Jones had been in command of the brigade for more than a year, and the men knew his mettle. He was brave, without being foolhardy; was alert, cautious, and a good strategist. Aside from Stonewall Jackson, I do not believe there was another general officer in the Confederate army whom the men immediately under his command would have been more ready to follow blindfolded than William E. Jones. He was a fine disciplinarian, yet without the least manifestation of harshness. He was an old army officer, a bachelor, and a little crusty at times, but very democratic. When off duty, he mingled with the men in a social way, and thus acquired great personal popularity. In battle he was as brave as a lion, and always rode

in the front rank. Yet we knew him to be a man of excellent judgment who never exposed his men to unnecessary danger for the sake of a little cheap notoriety. Thus, while the brigade realized its perilous position, the men had full confidence in the ability of Gen. Jones to extricate them; and if the worst came, they knew he would lead them in a fight to cut their way out through the enemy.

Jones learned that Gen. Roberts was at Clarksburg with a large force and that another body of troops was at Grafton, twenty miles distant, with a railroad to aid the speedy movements of these two bodies, and he also knew that troops were being rushed from the direction of Wheeling and Parkersburg to close in on him from the rear. Practically he was surrounded. But here is where his good strategy came into play. Making a demonstration as if to attack Roberts at Clarksburg and holding him in check there, he crossed the West Fork River and, going up Simpson's Creek to Bridgeport, slipped out between Clarksburg and Grafton, taking the herd of horses and cattle with him, and was at Philippi before the enemy knew he had escaped their embrace.

Jones was now outside of the enemy's lines, at least on the safe side of the line. While still a long way from home, probably one hundred and fifty miles west of his starting point, still there was an unobstructed road on which to retreat in case they pursued in force. He stopped at Philippi, the county seat of Barbour, where one of the first fights of the war had occurred in June, 1861, and rested up his command for a couple of days. He availed this opportunity to take an inventory of his captured goods, and it was a most satisfactory showing. He had approximately three thousand cattle and twelve hundred horses, a valuable acquisition to the Confederacy's commissary and quartermaster departments. The 12th Virginia Cavalry, under command of Col. Harman, was detailed to escort the live stock through to Staunton by way of the turnpike across Cheat Mountains, while Gen. Jones, with the remainder of the brigade, started off for another dash into the enemy's country. This time we started in a southwesterly direction, and it looked to us as if we were destined either for some point on the Ohio River south of Parkersburg or for Charleston, in the Great Kanawha Valley. We proceeded by way of Buckhannon, Weston, West Union until we reached Burning Springs, on the Little Kanawha, thirty-five miles above its mouth, where it empties into the Ohio River, at Parkersburg. At this time Burning Springs was the center of the oil operations in West Virginia, then in the infancy of the oil development, which has since produced immense fortunes. The first oil struck in West Virginia had been at Burning Springs, two or three years previously, and that field was then in the height of its prosperity.

From a military standpoint, I have never comprehended the advantages of capturing this oil field and the destruction of the oil works. Nevertheless, it afforded us an opportunity to witness the finest spectacular illumination ever known. I doubt if the burning of Moscow equaled the scene presented to our vision that night at Burning Springs, when the flames and dense cloud of smoke shot upward from eighty thousand burning barrels of oil. A quantity of oil had been loaded into flatboats on the river, and the men went aboard with axes and let the oil flow out into the water. Then the oil was set afire, and as far as the eye could reach down the river, possibly for two or three miles, it was a flowing stream of liquid fire, while the burning oil on shore helped to add

picturesqueness to the illumination. Aside from the spectacular grandeur, there was a striking weirdness about the scene that impressed every one. Men accustomed to the fire of battle, the roar of the belching cannon, and the excitement of the cavalry charge when sparks of steel flashed from the clashing sabers now stood in mute awe and almost superstitious reverence as they looked upon this weird conflagration. Immense clouds of pitchy smoke rolled up, seemingly dense enough to bear up the weight of a man, while forked flames shot upward through this inky density, illuminating the heavens above and casting a spectral light over the surrounding hills. It was a scene to give inspiration to a Dante for a new description of his Inferno.

When morning came, the work of destruction had been complete; and as we had now reached the western limit of our invasion we took up the march eastward, passing out by way of Glenville to Sutton, the county town of Braxton. Here we struck the Elk River, and I have always thought it was the purpose of Gen. Jones to go down the Elk to its mouth and invade the rich valley of the Great Kanawha.

But owing to the exhausted condition of both men and horses it was probably not deemed prudent to undertake it. At all events, the raid was practically ended at Sutton. We were now in a sparsely settled and mountainous district where it was difficult to get supplies. The brigade was divided into detachments, and the regiments separated on different routes to find their way back to the Shenandoah Valley as best they could and to rendezvous at Harrisonburg.

Our regiment (the 11th Virginia Cavalry) marched up the Elk River ten or twelve miles above Sutton, then struck out across the mountains over what was more of a trail than a road through the glades of Nicholas County, crossing the Gauley River near Hinkle's place, which was the last sign of civilization or human habitation we saw until two days later we emerged into that fertile and lovely valley known as the Little Levels of Pocahontas. From Hinkle's our route lay through the dense forest of the Yew Mountain, where there was no road, only a hunter's trail, and a very blind one at that, until the second day we descended into the Little Levels, which seemed to us to be a veritable Canaan. At any season of the year the Little Levels of Pocahontas County is one of the fairest spots on earth, and, looking down upon this valley from the top of the mountain presents a landscape picture unequaled on this continent. But at this time, in the month of May, the famous little valley wore its loveliest garb, and its hospitable people welcomed us with open arms. After weeks of toilsome march and adventure, we were at last back in God's country. It was here that we had our first news of the battle of Chancellorsville and the death of Stonewall Jackson.

After two days' rest and feasting in the hospitable homes of the good people of Little Levels, the regiment resumed its march to the place of rendezvous at Harrisonburg, Va., where the brigade was reunited. Then the brigade moved eastward across the Blue Ridge Mountain to Culpepper, where it rejoined Gen. Stuart's Cavalry Corps and arrived in time to take a conspicuous part in the battle of Brandy Station, the greatest cavalry battle of history.

SWORD RETURNED TO COL. RODGERS, U. S. A.—Col. A. F. Rodgers, of Upper Alton, Ill., received a letter recently in regard to his old sword, which has been held by one of his captors. Joseph Sturges, of Grow, Okla., writes that the

sword captured from Col. Rodgers was taken to Texas after the war by the possessor, who kept it the remainder of his life. Recently he died in Texas and the sword came into the possession of his son, who proposed to restore it to the original owner if he or his family were living. Mr. Sturges, who was his neighbor and a Union veteran, set about trying to ascertain whether the owner or his family were living. He wrote to the Adjutant General of Illinois, who took up the correspondence. The possessor of the sword lives about forty miles from an express office, but will send the sword back promptly. He invites Col. Rodgers to attend a reunion of old soldiers at Grow, Okla., but he will be unable to attend it.

"THE BLUE AND NOT THE GRAY."

An uncompromising Union Veteran, F. E. F., writes a very partisan poem. It is copied from the *National Tribune*, as illustrating the ultra sentiment of "the other side." It shows that they would forever deny the South any historic vindication of its course. Such as this would not only be a calamity but a disgrace to the American people as a whole. Both sides should look to the general welfare of the country.

"Old brothers in battle, this song is for you.
'Tis the song of the heavenly tint of the blue,
As spotless as that of a bright summer day,
With never a shade or suspicion of gray.

We thought at the close of that terrible fray
We had buried forever that specter of gray.
But lo! it arises at last from its grave,
And from odium of ages its record would save.

Let those who the emblems of treason maintained
And red with the blood of our dead brothers stained
Still boast of the gray and the havoc it wrought;
Shall we also honor the treason we fought?

Has the wrong of that conflict changed place with the right?
Has time bleached the scarlet of treason to white?
What did we fight for, can any one say,
If the blue is but honored alike with the gray?

Did our blood run in rivers to settle the claim
That nation was greater than State but in name?
How vain were the holocaust! Still are defied
The laws which we fought for, our nation to guide.

But higher than all the enactments of man,
The real issue then was a part of God's plan.
That surely must triumph, whatever men do,
And justice eternal declare for the blue.

Our slogan of old was: "All men shall be free,
And color or race ban shall nevermore be."
We fought and we conquered, and yet, strange to say,
The spirit of bondage is still holding sway.

Though all others waver, stand, veterans, fast
And true to the memories grand of the past.
Let us die as we fought, full of faith and of pride,
That the right of that conflict was all on our side.

Then with malice for none, but to principle true,
Let us never commingle the gray and the blue.
Though men we may pardon and errors forget,
The cause that was evil we hold evil yet."

A CAVALRY CHARGE AT CHANCELLORSVILLE.

BY RANDOLPH BARTON, ADJT. GEN. STONEWALL BRIGADE.

Having read the most interesting accounts given by Capt. J. G. Morrison and Col. W. H. Palmer of the wounding of Stonewall Jackson on the night of May 2, 1863, at Chancellorsville, published in the *VETERAN* of May, 1905, I am attracted by the statement made in both accounts that the men of Lane's Brigade who fired the volleys which were so disastrous did so under the impression that the Federal cavalry was making a charge upon our lines. I have always understood that the groups of horsemen attending Gen. Jackson and Gen. Hill were mistaken for cavalry of the enemy, and until I became thoroughly conversant with an incident of the battle, which I am about to allude to, it was a mystery to me why any one in the Confederate line at that point could believe that a charge of cavalry was about to be made. Those who were in the battle will remember that the Orange plank road is almost the only open space in that desolate region—a wilderness. They will recall the dense growth of "black-jack" and brambles on each side of the highway up to the very edge of the road. Cavalry could only charge in columns of fours, or at most with the front of a squadron, and the last military movement one could expect was a dash of cavalry at nine o'clock at night into the face of the victorious Confederates down the comparatively narrow road.

Any such action upon a moment's reflection one would have known meant instant destruction to the attacking force. While some of the infantry in the road might have suffered, the troops on the right and left of the road, perfectly protected from the charge, would have cut the horsemen down, no matter in what numbers they came. But I have reason to believe that the Confederate line at that point had grown excessively sensitive upon the subject of a cavalry charge from the circumstance that I am about to relate.

It seems that about half a mile to the right of the plank road, down which toward Chancellorsville the Confederates were pressing, was the little farm called Hazel Grove, and there the 8th Pennsylvania Cavalry, under Maj. Pennock Huey, was in attendance upon Gen. Sickles, who it will be remembered had penetrated toward Catherine Furnace and had struck Jackson's flank movement during the day. About half past six Sickles received from Howard an urgent message to send him some cavalry. The first messenger Sickles treated with contempt as an excitable young officer who had lost his head. A still more urgent message coming later, Sickles ordered Huey to go over in the direction Howard was supposed to be, for owing to the peculiar condition of the atmosphere that evening no word of Howard's flight and Jackson's desperate attack had reached him.

Huey gives his experience as follows:

"It was then that I was ordered by Gen. Pleasanton to report with my regiment as quickly as possible to Gen. Howard. On inquiring where he was, Gen. Pleasanton said: 'I suppose you will find him at or near the Old Wilderness Church; there is where he was.'

"There were no other orders given to me or to any other officer of the regiment. I found the regiment standing to horse on the north side of Hazel Grove, near the road over which he had passed in coming out. The wood in front was so thick with undergrowth that a bird could scarcely fly through it, much less could a cavalry charge have been made, as some writers have stated and as Gen. Pleasanton stated

in his evidence. On inquiring for the adjutant of the regiment, and being informed by some of the men where he was, I rode to the point designated. I there found Maj. Peter Keenan, Capt. William A. Dailey, Adj. J. Haseltine Haddock, and Lieut. Andrew B. Wells playing cards under a tree near the head of the regiment and on the opposite side of it and also at a considerable distance from where I had left Gens. Sickles and Pleasanton when I received my orders. When I ordered them to mount their commands, they were all in very high spirits about the game, Keenan remarking: 'Major, you have spoiled a d—d good game!'

"Up to this time Gen. Pleasanton had not been near the regiment or any of its officers except myself since it was ordered back from Sickles's front. There was no firing on Gen. Howard's line at this time that we could hear, it being a long distance away through the wilderness. All was perfectly quiet here, and no one at Hazel Grove had the slightest idea that Gen. Howard was in trouble or that the Eleventh Corps had given away except those officers who were with Sickles and Pleasanton when the aid reported, and he even had a very meager idea as to the real extent of the disaster on that line.

"After mounting the regiment, I rode off at its head in my proper place, followed by four other officers, all of whom belonged in front except Lieut. Carpenter. The latter officer commanded the second company of the first squadron, and might properly have been in the rear of the first company, where he undoubtedly would have been had I supposed there was danger ahead. The officers in front were Maj. Peter Keenan, commander of the first battalion; Capt. Charles Arrowsmith, commander of the first squadron; Lieut. J. Edward Carpenter, commander of the second company; and Adj. J. Haseltine Haddock, whose place was with me unless otherwise ordered. We marched through the wood toward the plank road, part of which we had already passed in coming out. There was no unusual stir or excitement among the men and officers of the regiment, the impression being that the enemy were retreating, and all who had not heard of Gen. Howard's disaster felt happy with the thought that the battle was almost over. No one in the regiment, with the exception of myself, knew where we were going or for what purpose.

"From the information I had received from Gen. Pleasanton and from hearing the aid make his report before I started I had no idea that we would meet the enemy till after I had reported to Gen. Howard. Therefore the surprise was as great to us as to the enemy, as we were entirely unprepared, our sabers being in the scabbards. When we arrived almost at the plank road, we discovered that we had ridden right into the enemy, the plank road in our front being occupied by them in great force, and that we were completely surrounded, the woods at that point being filled with the flankers of Jackson's column, who were thoroughly hidden from our view by the thick undergrowth. It was here that I gave the command to 'draw saber and charge,' which order was repeated by Maj. Keenan and other officers. The charge was led by the five officers already named, who were riding at the head of the regiment when we left Hazel Grove. On reaching the plank road, it appeared to be packed about as closely with the enemy as it possibly could be. We turned to the left, facing the Confederate column, the regiment crowding on, both men and horses in a perfect frenzy of excitement, which nothing but death could stop.

"The scene at this point was one which can never be effaced from the memory of those present. The order to charge, followed by its instant execution, had such an overwhelming and paralyzing effect upon the enemy that for the space of a few seconds those nearest to us seemed utterly to lose the power of motion. Many throwing down their arms, raising their hands, and pleading for mercy and surrender, they doubtless thinking they had unawares run into the main part of the Union army. But in such a moment mercy shuns the path of war. We, deaf to their cries, dashed madly through and over them, tramping them under our horses' feet and using our sabers right and left on all within our reach. Surrounded and cut off, every one of us, thinking it was his last minute on earth, resolved to sell his life as dearly as possible. Arriving at the plank road, we found it filled with men unable to retreat or escape, the road behind being so closely packed with their comrades. Scores were trampled to death beneath our horses' feet as we went plunging and dashing over them. It was not till we had faced to the left on the plank road that the head of our column received any check. Although the flank of the regiment was suffering severely from the enemy, who were so close as to be able to use their bayonets with effect on our men and horses as they came dashing past them, the charge on the plank road had the fortunate effect of opening a possible means of retreat for our men.

"We cut our way through, trampling down all who could not escape and using our sabers on all within reach for a distance of about one hundred yards, when we received a volley from the enemy, killing Maj. Keenan, Capt. Arrow-smith, and Adj. Haddock, three of the noblest and most gallant officers of the war, besides a large number of men, all of whom are entitled to equal honor from a grateful nation in whose service they lost their lives. All three of the above-named officers fell at the same time and from the same volley, Maj. Keenan falling against me and lighting on the ground under my horse. His body was found on the spot where he fell a few days after.

"As the regiment was forced to march in column on account of the thick undergrowth on either side of the road, it is quite possible that the rear had scarcely got well into the wood when the order was given to 'draw saber and charge.' The whole regiment, therefore, did not get all the way through, as the narrow road was completely filled with our dead, both men and horses, we having left thirty men and eighty horses dead on or near the plank road where this memorable charge was made.

"The rear squadron, under the command of Capt. Joseph W. Wistar, was completely cut off just before reaching the plank road and had to cut its way through in another direction, coming out into the open space which surrounds the Chancellorsville House, between the plank road and Hazel Grove, over temporary earthworks. Most of the regiment came out of the woods on the north, or opposite, side of the plank road. I immediately re-formed as much of it as I could get together (which included almost every mounted man and officer left) in rear of the artillery that was then going into line on the left of the plank road and just in the rear of the thick wood which had completely obscured us from their view while we were making our charge. The object in re-forming there was to support the artillery and also to prevent them from opening fire till after our men had come out of the wood.

"Our charge had such a telling effect on the enemy that they did not advance farther on the plank road than the point where we struck them, and very few of them crossed the narrow road over which we had passed, that road being parallel with the two lines of battle."

Thus it would seem that about an hour and a half before Gen. Jackson and his staff, unknown to Lane's men, rode out in front of their line the Confederates had had their fierce experience with an absolutely accidental and unintentional cavalry charge in the thick of the wilderness. It was a new order of things, and possibly they supposed that the Federal commander was sacrificing the cavalry and everything to arrest the panic into which his troops had been thrown. No doubt in this supersensitive frame of mind our men saw horsemen in every shadow; and when the large group composed of the staff of the two generals galloped a short distance up the road, inflamed imaginations pictured to them a repetition of Huey's desperate, accidental, and bloody effort to escape from the tangle into which he had led his men.

In 1894 four Confederate officers—Gen. Lane, Col. Palmer, Maj. Blackford (who had commanded Rodes's Sharpshooters in the engagement of the 2d of May, 1863), and myself (adjutant general of the Stonewall Brigade)—and four Federal officers—Gen. Lochman, Col. Hamlin (of Howard's Corps), Gen. Huey (formerly Maj. Huey), and Capt. Dilger (of the 8th Ohio Artillery)—by arrangement, visited the very spot where Huey made his charge and where Jackson was wounded. We went over the road from Hazel Grove to the plank road. We stood on the spot where the cavalry regiment was attacked in the dense woods, and thus the thrilling incident was brought home to us most vividly.

I have no doubt but that this extraordinary combat in the dense thicket with Huey's cavalry at about seven o'clock had kept our men in the highest state of excitement, and the slightest movement in their front, and especially the appearance of men on horseback, caused them to be unduly apprehensive of another attack, and thus led to the greatest calamity that could have befallen the Confederate army at that time, the wounding by his own men of Stonewall Jackson.

The editor of the *VETERAN* recalls an illustrative incident under Lloyd Tilghman in North Mississippi. His brigade had marched from near Holly Springs to Lumpkins Mill when the troops were fresh from a half year's confinement in prison. By the slow crossing of the small stream there on poles the men became so cold and sore they could not march, and a rest of four hours was ordered. Starting again at midnight, the remainder of the march to "Black Warrior" (it may be Tallahatchie) River was made by daybreak. Before it was light while in a wide, densely covered swamp a frightened horse created quite a stampede for a large portion of the command. It was understood that the Federals were pressing our right flank, and the forced march by day and night intensified the impression. The writer, speaking for himself, quite forgot his exhausted condition and kept well up with his comrades until in sight of formidable breastworks across this river, when he sank down in the sand unable to go another step. He was soon after in a freezing condition, when stranger comrades carried him and laid him by a log fire. The bravest of commands were sometimes taken unawares. The men would indeed "lose their heads."

CAPTURE OF HARTSVILLE—MY FIRST BATTLE.

BY R. L. THOMPSON, CO. F, NINTH KENTUCKY CAVALRY.

When the War between the States began in 1861, I was fifteen years old and lived in Kentucky. I was too young to enter the army at that time; but, being determined to be a soldier of some kind, I joined a company of State Militia. The company was made up of boys under age and commanded by our schoolmaster, Capt. Roy Davidson, who had been a soldier in the Mexican War, and who, in addition to his accomplishments as a gentleman and a scholar, was also a fine drillmaster.

Our company was armed and equipped by Gov. McGoffin, the War Governor of the State of Kentucky, and during 1861 we did but little else than march and drill at horse shows and barbecues. Entertainments of the last-named kind were quite numerous in Kentucky in that year, so that at the end of a year's service—of fuss and feathers, you might say—our little company had become quite proficient in the use of arms and in the military drill according to Hardee's infantry tactics.

Late in the summer of 1862 the Confederate armies, under Gens. Bragg and Kirby Smith, came into the Blue Grass State. Our company of militia was then disbanded, some of the boys joining the Union army and some the Confederate, while a few remained at home. Our gallant captain cast his lot on the side of the Union. I enlisted in a company of Confederate cavalry; and when the Confederate armies retired from the State that fall, my company retired with them. In November (I think it was) our battalion, under Maj. Stoner, was attached to Gen. Morgan's command. We went into camp at Black's Shop, near Murfreesboro, Tenn., on the turnpike between Murfreesboro and Lebanon.

Early one morning in December our bugler gave the "saddle up" call, and we promptly obeyed. I had already seen passing by our camp early that morning two regiments of Morgan's Cavalry and one battery going at a swift pace toward Lebanon. Our battalion followed double-quick in their wake. We marched all day in the rain, snow, and mud; and when night came on, we had arrived in the vicinity of Lebanon. There we overtook a body of our infantry—two regiments, I think, of Kentucky troops—who had joined us at Baird's Mills, somewhere on the road. Our battalion was ordered to dismount and let the footmen ride our horses. We obeyed orders, and from that time on until we reached our destination we relieved the infantry by riding and tying.

When we halted next, the time must have been three or four o'clock in the morning, and we were twenty miles north of Lebanon on a narrow dirt road in a thickly wooded country and close up to a ford on the Cumberland River. There in the stillness of that cold, starlit night the various regiments received their orders and separated. Two miles above the ford, on the opposite side of the Cumberland River, is the little town of Hartsville. Asleep in the town that night was a force of twenty-five hundred Federals. We were after them, our object being to kill, maim, or capture the whole squad or, failing, receive a like fate. Such is ever the game of war.

After all the other troops had moved, our battalion began laying out the rail fence in gaps on the side of the road, when we passed through into the woods and halted in columns, the order passing down the line: "Silence in ranks!" The sergeant came to me and whispered that I was detailed to picket duty. I rode forward with five others, under command of Lieut. George Harden, to the brow of the hill over-

looking the river and Hartsville, where we entered a road that led down the slope to the ford half a mile above the town. In that road we established our base and placed guards at the ford in sight of the enemy's camp fires. Meantime the infantry and cavalry that had separated from us in the woods that morning had crossed the river at a ferry and ford below the town and were closing in around the enemy while they slept. There was a hot time in the old town of Hartsville for about one hour next morning, beginning a little after daylight. The entire force of Federals surrendered, twenty-two hundred, I think. I remember fording the river several times and returning each time with a prisoner on my horse.

BILL TURNER AND TOM SEGO.

U. R. Brooks, a private in Company B, 6th South Carolina Cavalry, writes of the battle at Trevillian Station, in which he pays tribute to Bill Turner and Tom Sego:

"Gen. Butler dispatched one of his staff—Nat Butler, who was one of the handsomest boys in the Army of Northern Virginia—for Hart's Battery to come to the center. This battery came at a gallop and unlimbered its pieces in the missile-torn angle beside Thomson's silent guns. An ammunition wagon was carried at a gallop along Butler's line, the gallant ordnance sergeant, Grant, of the 6th South Carolina Cavalry, pitching cases of rifle cartridges from the rear end of his bullet-riddled wagon as it galloped on its dangerous mission. The cases were soon broken open and the men supplied.

"Just before the wagon arrived, however, every man in Company B, 6th South Carolina Cavalry, had fired his last cartridge, and a young private soldier, Bill Turner, of this company, volunteered to go after ammunition and was wounded. Another boy volunteered, which looked like madness on his part. Cannon shot and Minie balls were flying thick and fast over our heads and plowing up the ground behind us; but Tom Sego went through this storm of lead and got as much ammunition as he could carry, and returned in time for us to repulse another charge led by the gallant major mentioned above. Tom Sego's daring deed was one of the bravest of the war. He was killed March 10, 1865. Where he now sleeps there is

"A grave in the woods with grass overgrown,
A grave in the heart of his mother.
His clay in the one lies lifeless and lone;
There is not a name, there is not a stone,
And only the voice of the wind maketh moan
O'er the grave where never a flower is strewn;
But his memory lives in the other."

SPIRIT OF MEMORIAL DAY IN THE SOUTH.

In a Memorial Day address at Victoria, Tex., to the W. P. Rogers Chapter, U. D. C., the W. R. Scurry Camp, U. C. V., and friends, the Rev. Josephus Johnson said:

"No hand shall withhold the well-merited laurel and no voice detract from the glory of their achievements while the world honors heroism or true patriotism burns in the hearts of the sons and daughters of freemen. We do not need to defend the principles for which they battled to the death or the cause for which they contended with such patient endurance, for an impartial history has and will continue to do this. It is only ours to-day to commemorate the virtues displayed by the bravest and most chivalrous, the

grandest and most glorious heroes of history, and to cherish with a natural and pardonable pride the memory of our honored dead.

"Never was an army composed of nobler spirits, more consecrated in their efforts or more determined to win at any sacrifice. They flung life and fortunes into the struggle, and the world felt the shock when, poorly armed, barely clothed, and scantily fed, the forces of our Old South in defense of their homes and principles met on the field of battle and hurled back again and again the increasing strength of a powerful and magnificently equipped invading army. . . .

"Where will you find an occasion like this in history? It is true that grateful governments in all ages have kept sacred and honored the memory of the soldiers who fell in their defense. Monuments have been erected in their capital cities and their busy marts of commerce and memorial halls have been consecrated to their service, but in our case it is wholly different. There is no government to honor our fallen heroes, for the government for which they battled fell with them. There is no nation to commemorate their deeds of valor or patriotism, for the nation they sought to establish went down when they furled their weary, worn, and tattered banner.

"Tennessee is to honor the hero who said when offered his life on condition of his disclosing certain names: 'If I had a thousand lives, I would give them all before I would betray a friend.' Such fidelity makes the tradition of Damon and Pythias commonplace reading, and yet you honor to-day others who were animated by the same spirit and possessed the same sublime courage of Sam Davis, and had the sacrifice been called for would have ascended the scaffold with the same cheerfulness and high sense of honor that characterized this youthful son of the Old South."

RECORDS OF PRISON LIFE.

The late John Shirley Ward wrote the Los Angeles (Cal.) *Herald* upon prison records in answer to a preacher named Pitman, who called the officers in charge of prisons "demons from hell," saying that they "slowly yet surely died inch by inch, day by day, after keeping up the struggle until the light faded out of their eyes and they were dead."

"The above is a literal extract from the memorial oration delivered in this city yesterday by Orator Pitman, who claims to be a follower of the lowly Nazarene and whose mission in life (that of a minister) is to spread the truth throughout the world. Such a speech might have been tolerated in 1865, when the grass was not yet grown over the graves of those who had given their lives to serve the Union, and such a speech in most cases would have been made by a man who had never trod the fiery edge of battle. There was, perhaps, some excuse thirty years ago for this blistering philippic against the South, for then the archives of the South had not yet been thrown open to the gaze of the world, and orators did not then know the facts pertaining to the treatment of prisoners by the South. These facts are among the official records in the War Department at Washington, and they have been gleaned over and over again to find something which would affix a stain on Southern honor.

"During the second year of the war a general exchange of prisoners was agreed upon by the commanding generals, man for man and officer for officer of equal rank. After thousands of prisoners had been exchanged, this cartel was suspended. In the meantime the Northern armies were gradually coiling

around the South, reducing her territory day by day, and thus reducing her supplies. Federal prisoners were coming in by thousands, and they must be put in miserable stockades and fed on the same rations the Confederate soldier received. The South was clamorous and persistent for a fair exchange, but it was denied by the United States government. Seeing the great and necessary suffering of the Northern prisoners, the Confederate government made a proposition to allow the other to send medicines, provisions, and hospital stores to their own prisoners. This request was denied. The Richmond authorities proposed to permit Federal surgeons to go to the Southern prisons, carrying and administering their own medicines and not asking a similar right for the Confederates. This was not accepted, though they well knew that the greatest mortality and suffering their prisoners were undergoing was for a want of medicine.

"After all hope of exchange was abandoned, Judge Auld, the Confederate commissioner, offered early in August, 1864, to deliver to the Federal authorities all their sick and wounded at the mouth of the Savannah River without asking for an equivalent of Southern prisoners. This offer was made early in August, and, though the deadly malarial season was just ahead, the United States government did not send a single vessel to receive these dying prisoners till in December, thus allowing a scarcity of food and medicine and the burning sun of the dog days to have full sway over the brave but unfortunate soldiers. As soon as a Federal vessel reached the mouth of the Savannah River thirteen thousand Federal sick, wounded, and some able-bodied soldiers were turned over to the authorities, while three thousand of Confederate soldiers were delivered to the Richmond authorities.

"The supplies for hospitals in the South having become absolutely exhausted, the authorities offered to buy hospital supplies from the North for their own prison soldiers, payable in gold or cotton, promising on the honor of the South that none of them should be used for Southern soldiers, yet this was declined.

"While there are hundreds of instances of personal cruelty on both sides, and the tale of woe from Andersonville could be met by a similar one from Johnson's Island, these instances do not prove the malignity of either government. Results and facts are only final arguments on this question. Facts are eternal, and will stand when the idle oratorical vaporings of the sensationalists have been lost in oblivion.

"What are the facts? Mr. Stanton, Secretary of War, in his report July 19, 1866, made this statement: 'Confederates in Northern prisons, 220,000; Union soldiers in Southern prisons, 270,000; excess of Union prisoners, 50,000; deaths in Northern prisons, 26,536; deaths in Southern prisons, 22,756.'

"This report of Secretary Stanton was corroborated the next June by the report of Surgeon General Barnes; and when reduced down to pure mathematics, means that twelve per cent of all Confederate prisoners died in prison, while less than nine per cent of Union soldiers died in Southern prisons. If these facts are true, and they are all a matter of record, does not this show the falsity of the South's maltreatment of prisoners in her hands?

"Why did thousands of Union soldiers die in prison? The South was all the time anxious to exchange man for man. They always thought it cheaper to fight the enemy than to feed him. They preferred to exchange prisoners on the field when they were taken, thus avoiding the many hours of prison life and the expense of maintenance.

"The question then comes up, 'Why were not all prisoners immediately exchanged?' The answer is found in Gen. Grant's dispatch to Gen. Butler August 18, 1864: 'It is hard on our men held in Southern prisons not to exchange them, but it is humanity to those left in the ranks to fight our battles. At this particular time to release all Rebel prisoners North would insure Sherman's defeat and would compromise our safety here.' . . . The reverend orator, Mr. Pitman, when speaking of Southern prisons, says: 'But demons from hell were there to starve and torture.' If the demons from hell were there to starve and torture (and they could kill and destroy less than nine per cent of all the Union prisoners), what kind of a demon presided over the Federal prisons, whose record is that twelve per cent of the prisoners went down into the prison graves?"

MORE ABOUT KILPATRICK'S HORSES.

W. G. Caruthers writes from Athens, Ga.:

"References made to the Kilpatrick stampede near Fayetteville and the 'spotted horse' event by Comrade Scott, of South Carolina, and by Comrade Jenkins in the July VETERAN induce me to give my recollection of this event.

"I was a member of Company D, 2d Georgia Cavalry, and had been sent by Gen. Wheeler from Aiken to Columbia, S. C., with a dispatch for Gen. Beauregard. When Gen. Wheeler reached Columbia, my regiment was on detached duty. Our brigade belonged to Gen. W. W. Allen's Division. I happened to be with Gens. Wheeler and Allen at the Kilpatrick stampede when the first gun was fired at the head of the Alabama Brigade, and we were the nearest Confederates to the Yankee camp. Other commands were moving at right angle with us.

"Gens. Wheeler, Allen, and I were crossing a boggy place in the road when the first gun was fired. Gen. Wheeler's horse went in the bog, but he spurred him forward and went toward the point where the advancing column would cross the road. Gen. Allen crossed the swamp on the right of the road, and the Alabama Brigade, led by Gen. Allen, turned immediately to the right and charged on the house occupied by Gen. Kilpatrick. We passed the house on the right, and Gen. Allen told me his horse was shot. I turned toward the house and saw a large black horse, but before I reached him one of our boys unhitched the horse. As I came up and asked how he happened to be at the house he told me he had been a prisoner and that this horse was one of Gen. Kilpatrick's. About the same one of the boys brought the 'spotted horse' and gave it to Gen. Wheeler. Gen. Allen removed the bridle and I the saddle from the wounded horse and put them on the black horse, and I assisted Gen. Allen to mount, as he had been badly shot in the hand. I then mounted my own horse and, seeing another gray horse standing near with saddle and halter on, took charge of him and directly turned him over to one of our boys whose horse had been killed, with the request that if we got out safely he let me have the horse. I looked for this horse, but could not find him with our Western boys, so I guess that was the horse Comrade Scott's friends got possession of.

"There is no question about Gen. Wheeler getting the 'spotted horse,' which was said to have been Kilpatrick's favorite saddle horse, and he rode him until the close of the war. I think he sent the horse to Gen. Kilpatrick from Athens, Ga., after the war. Gen. Wheeler was always at the right place at the right time."

A LONELY GRAVE.

BY VIRGINIA Y. M'CANNE (MARSHALL HOME).

Above the slopes of a wooded hill,
Crowned like a great green dome,
Two giant oaks, with restless arms,
Keep the pulse of life above the home
Of a lonely sleeper beneath their shade.
Sometimes in the chill of the early dawn
An eerie song comes down the glade,
A tremulous "elfin's horn."

It is strange, the mystery of death,
Strange how he holds to his will;
Strange that we of quickened breath
Would stir the sleeper on the hill
With idle wonderments. His rank and place,
The baffling storms of a century gone,
May have left him spent in the race
That time with us is whirling on.

Tradition later touched the wood
With story of soldier, young and brave,
Captured within its solitude;
A traitor's life, sole chance to save.
He was seen no more. The unknown grave
Was guarded grandly east and west;
Had he symbol fair or soldier's glaive,
'Twas left to the quiet of his breast.
And yet it may be a woman's grave,
A Rachel who "died on the way"
To a home of love in distant land,
Where "Jacob" held the march for a day,
To make her resting place by the trees,
While the wild birds mocked his breaking heart
As they sang and swayed with the breeze
On that day so cruelly set apart.
"May you among your kindred die!"
These words speed the guest on his way
With the Orient stranger's soft good-by;
They touch this grave with tragedy.
And yet this long, inevident sleep,
Which the birds encircle with song,
Seems better 'neath the forest trees,
So far from sin and wrong.

A GEORGIA-MISSOURIAN, JUDGE GANTT.—It will be of interest to the scattering remnant of his boyhood friends to learn of Judge James B. Gantt, who was born in Putnam County, Ga., and who enlisted, when a very young man, as a private in the Confederate army. He was promoted to first sergeant of his company. He was wounded and disabled in the battle at Cedar Creek, Va., on October 19, 1864. He was paroled at Milledgeville, Ga., after the surrender at Appomattox. He read law under Judge L. N. Whittle, of Macon, Ga., and entered the University of Virginia in 1868. He moved to Missouri, locating at Clinton. In 1875 he became law partner to United States Senator George G. Vest (also a Confederate) at Sedalia. He returned to Clinton, where he was elected circuit judge. He next competed with W. J. Stone for Congress, and was defeated by a single vote. In 1890 Judge Gantt was elected Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of Missouri for a period of ten years. He served as Chief Justice from 1898 to 1900, and was re-elected in 1900 for ten years. Judge Gantt and family reside in Jefferson City.

ERRORS CONCERNING ECTOR'S BRIGADE.

BY W. C. DODSON, WACO, TEX.

Occasionally for several years past I have noticed in the *VETERAN* contributed articles regarding Ector's Brigade at Chickamauga which contain more or less error; notably in the July, 1905, issue an article by Capt. J. H. Stradley, of the 29th North Carolina, in reply to an article by Capt. J. D. Smith, of Walthall's Brigade, concerning "the failure of Ector's Brigade in an assault" and that Walthall's Brigade was then put in and carried the works. To set either or both of these comrades right in their controversy is not the intention of this article, as I think both are "a little mixed" on the points discussed.

There should be no rivalry by either of these brigades for honors their commands won through the four years of war and ruin. I was so situated as to have actual knowledge of the merits of each, being with Ector's Brigade at Chickamauga and then in the same division with Walthall's on Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge; and if there was an officer or man in either brigade who ever turned his back on a foe, I never heard of him. A correct account of some of the events occurring in the battle of Chickamauga and the honors rightly given to those to whom they belong is a "consummation devoutly to be wished," but which I expect never to see. There was a dense mental vapor in the minds of officials in charge in both armies in the maneuvers and battles on Lookout Mountain which caused discord and bitterness that never healed. Our commander had two of his lieutenant generals dismissed from his army, both of whom asked for a court of inquiry, which the government refused. The Federal authorities had several courts of inquiry concerning their generals who were charged with the cause of defeat.

But to return to the object of this article, which is to correct the mistake in the organization of Ector's Brigade at Chickamauga as given by Comrade Stradley and others. He says "it was composed of the 9th, 10th, and 14th Texas and the 29th North Carolina Regiments," which is incorrect, as there were three other commands that were a material part of its composition. Its organization at Chickamauga was: Stone's Alabama Battalion, Maj. T. O. Stone; Pounds's Mississippi Battalion, Capt. M. Pounds; 29th North Carolina, Col. William B. Creasman; 9th Texas, Col. William H. Young; 10th Texas, Lieut. Col. C. R. Earp; 14th Texas, Col. J. L. Camp; 33d Texas, Col. Julius A. Andrews. This was Ector's Brigade at Chickamauga. My statement is verified by the "War Records," Series I, Volume XXX., Part II.; "Reports," page 14.

The troops there called Stone's Alabama Battalion were three companies of the 40th Alabama Regiment, which had been sent on an expedition up the Sunflower River under Maj. Stone and was cut off from the regiment when it was shut up in Vicksburg and came back to Johnston on the outside, and was put in Ector's Brigade, Walker's Division, and went with it to Chickamauga; so that whatever honor or glory attaches to Ector's Brigade at that battle belongs to the "Alabama Battalion," the Mississippi Battalion, and the 33d Texas. The Alabama Battalion was composed of Companies A, D, and I, of the 40th. I give the companies because, as they were the only part of the regiment that could go (the regiment having not been exchanged), their identification should be given that their honorable participation in that great battle won and victory lost should be of record.

In a few days after the battle the brigade was returned to Gen. Johnston in Mississippi, and remained until the regi-

ment was exchanged, when it, with the balance of the 40th, was ordered to Bragg at Chattanooga, and the old Alabama Brigade was reunited and put in Cheatham's Division, where it fought on Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge.

Ector having been returned to Johnston so soon after the battle of Chickamauga, thus removing him from Walker's Division, which Bragg kept, must have been the cause of no report from Ector. Forrest, who opened the battle on the 19th, had Ector's Brigade with him, and Walker, the division commander, and others speak in high praise of the brigade.

BEGINNING OF TENNESSEE BIVOUCAS.—"There are two things I am proud of. Of course I am proud of having been a Confederate soldier, and then I am the Daddy of Frank Cheatham Bivouac. I didn't conceive the thing, but will tell you how it was." Such were the introductory remarks of Frank Anderson, of Nashville, in a pleasant chat. He continued: "My company, the Cedar Snags, was detached from the Fourth Tennessee Cavalry as escort to Gen. J. B. Hood, corps commander. On coming to the Tennessee army from the Army of Northern Virginia he was unfamiliar with our troops, and he asked Gen. Joseph Wheeler to select a company for him. He designated the Cedar Snags, and we had to go, although we were unanimous in an appeal that we be allowed to remain with the regiment. Well, when Hood succeeded Gen. Joseph Johnston, he fell heir to Johnston's escort; but he detailed ten of us for scout duty to report only to him. About 1887 I was in New Orleans, and while walking on the street I passed a man who looked at me and I at him; and after passing, each looked back and saw the other looking at him. Then we advanced toward each other, and he said: 'Didn't you belong to the escort?' I then called his name and told him mine. He took me to the Washington Artillery quarters and showed me through, giving me a constitution and by-laws of the society known as the Army of Northern Virginia. I brought the pamphlet home with me. Meeting Gov. Marks on the street, he greeted me cordially, when I told him we ought to have an organization like the one they have in New Orleans. He placed his hand on my shoulder and said: 'Why have we not already done something like that?' He commended that I carry around a paper and get the signatures of comrades to join it. Col. J. P. McGuire was among the first to sign the paper, and soon we had our charter. Col. Frank Savier, I think, suggested Gen. Frank Cheatham's name. Gov. Brown's name had been proposed, but it was decided to honor the name of some one who was dead."

THE CAPT. JOHNSON WOUNDED AT FRANKLIN.—A delayed correction of error in the *VETERAN* (Volume XII., page 348) is here given. There was no Capt. R. T. Johnson, as stated, in the 49th Tennessee Regiment. Capt. R. Y. Johnson, Company F of that regiment (now of Guthrie, Ky.), writes of himself: "While picking up the colors of our regiment, the 49th Tennessee, at some fifteen to twenty feet from the angle at the ginhouse, I received two wounds—one in the right arm and the other in the head—both of which were severe." He is certainly the man to whom the above extract refers. Capt. Johnson makes the following inquiry: "Can you tell me anything of the first company enlisted in Kentucky for the Confederate service—what section of the State it came from, etc.; date, and where rendezvoused? If you cannot do so, kindly refer me to some one at your earliest convenience."

"INFERNAL MACHINES" DESCRIBED.

BY I. N. SHANNON, GOODLETTSVILLE, TENN.

When Gen. Joe Johnston's army was at Dalton, Ga., and the Federal main army was at Chattanooga and Gen. Burnside was occupying Knoxville, Tenn., with about thirty thousand Federals who were on short rations, the Federals built at Chattanooga five small steamboats to transport rations up the Tennessee River from Chattanooga to Burnside's men at Knoxville. At a council of war held by the Confederate commanders it was decided that those boats ought to be disposed of in some way, and Gen. Hindman stated that he had in his division a young officer who could be trusted to carry out the necessary measures to destroy them. This young officer was empowered to call to his assistance any help he might need, and was to be supplied with anything necessary to carry out his plans. He came at once to the writer and insisted that I should go with him on the expedition, which I refused to do because I was unable physically to endure long rides on horseback; but we arranged the plan of his operations, which he carried out as best he could and with partial success.

We then knew little about gun cotton or nitroglycerin or dynamite, and could use only fine rifle powder as the highest explosive we could get. The Federals had established wood yards along the river at several points, which were garrisoned by negro regiments whose duty it was to cut down, saw, and split wood into the proper size for use on the steamboats and to guard the wood yards. Now it was a hazardous business to get through their guard lines even of dark nights, but it had to be done. Taking five old, tried artillerymen with him and five men from Wheeler's Cavalry who were raised in the vicinity of the river and knew the country and many of the people, the eleven started out from Dalton on foot. They had several two-inch long-shanked augers (the largest augers they could get, but they ought to have been larger), a lot of two-inch tin tubes about forty-two inches long, and a lot of gunpowder. They had to steal some pieces of wood already split by the Federals or split some just like theirs, bore a hole forty-four or forty-five inches long down the center of the stick, fill a tube with powder, insert it so it would not rattle, and drive in a pin to stop the hole, cut it off smooth with the end of the stick, and rub some mud over it to hide the pin. Thus loaded, the stick had to be placed on their wood corded in tiers at the landings. These loaded sticks were so much like the others that no difference was observed, and they were pitched into the furnaces with the others.

It was reported that one boat was sunk and another had her fire box front blown out before the trick was discovered. But the Yankees, suspecting the character of the trouble, examined the sticks of wood carefully and split one open, and found the tube filled with powder, which they carried down to Chattanooga and exhibited. They at that time published a newspaper in Chattanooga, and in it described the "new infernal machine," as they designated it, and with much wrath stated that that infernal work was done by citizens living in the vicinity of the wood yards who professed to be Union men, but who at heart were Rebels, as there had not been a Rebel soldier in the vicinity in many months.

No citizen had anything to do with it, and none knew anything about it. Only the officer in charge and the ten men under him knew of it. If any citizen was arrested and put to any expense or trouble on account of these "new infernal machines," it was a wrong. Many Federal soldiers remember the explosions which injured the two boats; but

this is the first time, so far as I know, that the facts have ever been made public. These eleven men remained in the vicinity of the wood yards for many days and until they got a copy of the newspaper containing a description of the "machine" and its results, which they brought back with them. I saw the paper and read the article, and know this statement to be substantially true.

CAPTURES BY EIGHTH CONFEDERATE CAVALRY.

BY F. W. FLOOD, CAPTAIN COMPANY G, OF THE REGIMENT.

The 8th Confederate Regiment of Cavalry, made up at Columbus, Miss., and commanded by the gallant Col. William B. Wade, a Mexican War veteran, was on duty on the Murfreesboro Pike for six months previous to the great and bloody Murfreesboro battle. When the Federal army advanced upon Murfreesboro, the 8th Confederate Regiment contested every inch of ground until the enemy reached the city, and at night Col. Wade received orders to take his regiment around the rear of the Federal army and attack their wagon trains at Laverne and Nolensville.

We marched all night, and reached Laverne about day-break, when Col. Wade made a gallant charge with the 8th Regiment and captured all their wagon trains, mules, provisions, and a large number of prisoners. After burning everything in sight and paroling all the prisoners, we made a dash for Nolensville (about five miles distant), charged the camp of the enemy, and captured a large wagon train with supplies. We burned all the army goods, paroled all the prisoners, and took all the horses and mules with us. Col. Wade then rejoined our army at Murfreesboro, and we fought the enemy on the picket lines all the next night, when our army began a retreat. Col. Wade covered the retreat of our army for two days, often fighting on foot dismounted as infantry.

About three days after the Murfreesboro fight Col. Wade was ordered to go to the Cumberland River, fifteen miles below Nashville, and capture a lot of Federal transports which were making their way to Ohio. Col. Wade reached the river early in the morning and chose a fighting point at a bend of the river, where the only navigable pass was close to the south bank. He found three transports at this point loaded with cotton and provisions and with sick men on their way to Ohio. We captured the boats and paroled the prisoners. Hearing a gunboat coming down the river shelling the woods, Col. Wade ordered Company G, of the 8th Regiment, to take position in ambush on the bank of the river and open fire on the gunboat when in good range. The boat came on with six six-pounders on deck, shelling the woods in every direction until she was within sixty yards of Company G's lines, when Capt. Flood ordered his men to fire, and all the gunners and pilot were killed or driven from their posts. The gallant Col. Wade, who had provided himself with two six-pounder rifle cannon, commanded the boat to surrender. As they failed to obey his command, he ordered a shot fired above the cabin, and as they would not yet comply he ordered a shot put through the middle of the boat, upon which the captain ran up the white flag and brought his boat to land.

Col. Wade ordered all of the officers and crew of the boat ashore, and very humanely put all the sick and wounded men, with plenty of provisions and medical supplies, on one transport and let them retain the cotton on condition that they would burn it as soon as it reached Ohio. He paroled all the prisoners, took everything that was of any value to us off

the boats, and then set fire to the gunboat and two transports. We got a nice supply of champagne, cognac brandy, and rye whisky off the boats. The captain of Company G ate his dinner from a nice turkey on a silver tea tray with silver knife and fork. The turkey was cooked for the captain of the gunboat.

Col. Wade's scouts reported that a large force of infantry and cavalry were in pursuit of us; and we, having completed our mission, mounted our horses and rode thirty miles to a safe camping ground, where we enjoyed the good things captured from the boats. This is only a very partial account of the capture of the gunboat on the Tennessee River. I think this is the only instance on record where a colonel with a small, depleted regiment of men, and cavalry at that, and only two small six-pound pieces of artillery captured a gunboat with a full crew of officers and men, six good pieces of artillery, plenty of shot and shell, and all without the loss of a single man either killed or wounded.

Col. Wade was distinguished for his fearless bravery in the face of the enemy and for the good care he took of his men. He was very badly wounded in the leg in a fight in East Tennessee in which the 8th Regiment was engaged.

To record the achievements of the service in fights and skirmishes by the 8th Regiment of Cavalry would require a large volume. This regiment was in many of the largest battles from Shiloh until the surrender and in many smaller engagements in which the infantry never participated. I feel sure that every living officer and man of the 8th Regiment will fully indorse everything written herein.

The last year of the war Col. Wade was made brigadier general, and served under Gen. Forrest.

HORRIBLE NIGHT AFTER BATTLE OF MANASSAS.

A faded clipping from *Public Opinion* comes to the VERERAN with the following thrilling and pathetic experience of a Confederate picket while following the retreating Federals from Bull Run after the great battle of July 21, 1861:

"When we came to throw out pickets in front of our lines on the night after dealing the Federal army the hard blow at First Manassas, we were right among the dead and wounded. We had won a victory, and the bulk of the Federal army was making for the Potomac; but there was a rear which fought sullenly and with a thirst for vengeance, and along the front of my division the bluecoats were alert and ready for any night attack. It was about nine o'clock in the evening when my company was pushed out, and to get the place assigned us we had to crawl on our hands and knees for the last two hundred feet. When I finally got settled in place, it was at the base of a shade or fruit tree standing alone in an open field. A ball or shell had struck the trunk of the tree and cut it in two, and a portion of it lay on the ground. The Federal picket, as I presently ascertained, was about fifty steps distant from me, and had the cover of a heap of rails. I did not locate him until he had fired upon me. I do not think he knew of my presence, but rather mistrusted it, and blazed away to draw me out.

"There were dead and wounded all about the tree. I had crept over two dead bodies, and two wounded men had begged me for water, and, although the evening was dusky, I could count at least ten bodies on my side of the tree. I had come out with a full canteen, knowing that the front was covered with wounded. Close to me, on my right, was a Federal corporal, belonging to a New York regiment. He was

shot in the right leg, midway between the hip and the knee. This happened two hours before dark and considerably nearer our lines, and he had managed to crawl twenty rods to get the shelter of the tree. It was only a flesh wound, and could he have been taken into the lines that night he would have been fit for duty in thirty days. Some men would have almost walked off with such a hurt as that; but the poor fellow seemed knocked all to pieces, and had quite lost his courage. I was holding the canteen to his lips, having raised his head and put a haversack under it, when the Federal picket fired the shot. The bullet crashed into the head of the wounded man, and with a sort of quiver he fell back dead.

"The incident upset me considerably, and, being under orders not to fire a shot unless the enemy were advancing, I hugged the ground at the foot of the tree and remained quiet. Two more shots were fired at me, but they were aimed too high and went over. I had been on duty about an hour when the pleadings of a wounded man about fifty feet to my left for water determined me to succor him. He knew of my presence, and talked directly to me, saying that he was shot in both legs and had been lying there seven or eight hours. I left my gun on the ground and started off on my hands and knees. The corpse of a Federal lay directly in my way, and I was just making a half circle around it when the supposed dead man scrambled up, seized his musket, which lay directly beside him, and whirled on me with a sort of scream. You see, it all came so suddenly that I was confused; and when he came at me, I was still on my hands and knees and helpless. He held the gun at 'charge bayonet,' and made an awful lunge at me. The point of the bayonet passed through the back of my blouse, the lunge pushed me over, and the steel went into the ground almost to the muzzle of the gun. I was thus pinned to the earth, and the man let go of the musket and fell across me, uttering a groan of pain as he fell.

"My position was such that I could not free myself for two or three minutes; and when I did, the man was dead for sure. He had probably been unconscious for a long time before the frenzy of death caused him to attack me in the singular manner he did. So firmly was I pinned to the earth that I had to 'skin' out of my blouse to get free, and it took a stout twist at the butt of the musket to pull the bayonet out of the hard, baked soil."

JUBAL A. EARLY TO ONE OF HIS CHAPLAINS.—A story is told by W. T. McCarty, of Emporia, Kans., of Gen. Jubal Early and one of his chaplains in the battle of Fredericksburg, in December, 1862. One of Early's soldiers says: "In moving to the front we passed through some heavy timber. That morning the command of Gen. Jubal Early had passed, and as we neared the line of battle the shot and shell from the enemy would pass over our infantry and artillery on battle line and would come whizzing and bursting among our troops, killing men and horses occasionally. It was an occasion anything but agreeable. As we were advancing thus Gen. Early met one of his chaplains going to the rear as fast as his legs would carry him, when Gen. Early in an abrupt and commanding manner halted him. The General was not always choice in his language. I will not give his exact words, but he in substance said: 'Chaplain, where are you going?' The reply was: 'General, I am going to a place of safety in the rear.' The General said: 'Chaplain, I have known you for the past thirty years, and all of that time you have been trying to get to heaven, and now that the opportunity is offered you are fleeing from it, sir. I am surprised.'"

"WILLIAMS'S KENTUCKY BRIGADE," C. S. A.

ITS SURRENDER—SHAMEFUL VIOLATION OF TERMS BY FEDERAL COMMANDERS.

BY MILFORD OVERLEY, FLEMINGSBURG, KY.

The organization of Confederates known as "Williams's Kentucky Brigade" was composed of the 1st, 2d, and 9th Regiments of Kentucky Mounted Infantry, Wheeler's Corps, Army of Tennessee. These regiments were commanded, respectively, by Lieut. Col. Jake Griffith, Maj. Thomas Lewis, and Col. William C. P. Breckinridge. Gen. John S. ("Cerro Gordo") Williams took command of the brigade during the battle of Resaca, Ga., in which it participated, May, 1864, succeeding Col. J. Warren Griggsby, who had accepted a place on Gen. Wheeler's staff. Gen. Williams continued in command of the brigade till the fall of Atlanta, about which time he was placed in arrest for alleged disobedience of orders and the command given to Col. Breckinridge, who held it till the war closed.

There were men in that organization from probably three-fourths of the counties of Kentucky, and they represented many of the trades and professions. There were lawyers and doctors, preachers and teachers, farmers, mechanics, and young men just from school—all united in a common cause. They had renounced their allegiance to their State and their government, thus jeopardizing every interest they possessed on earth, and in voluntary exile were fighting in defense of Southern rights and Southern homes. It is safe to say that one-half these men were fighting their own relatives, their own flesh and blood. Gen. Williams himself had a brother and a son-in-law in the Federal army. Col. Breckinridge's father, Rev. Robert J. Breckinridge, was one of the leading Union men of Kentucky. Two of his sons were in the Confederate army, while one fought on the other side. A soldier of Col. Breckinridge's Regiment in battle helped to capture his own father, who was a member of a Federal command. Every relative the writer of this article had on earth adhered to the Union, and nearly all who were able to bear arms were in the Federal service, including his two brothers, one of whom he once met in battle. But he believed he was

right in thus separating from his family; he believes it still, and he will die loyal to the principles for which he fought and suffered in that wicked, that fratricidal war. He did all that his puny arm was able to do toward upholding these principles and defending the weak against the strong. He followed the starry cross till it went down forever—followed it with a devotion second to none—and to-day at seventy the sight of that flag thrills his heart, quickens its pulsation, and sends the warm blood bounding through every vein. All true Confederates love Dixie's flag because of the hallowed associations that cluster round it; because of its baptisms in the blood of their comrades and in the tears of their wives, mothers, sisters, and daughters; because it was the ensign of their own loved and lost Confederacy—a fair nation that was born mid the smoke of battle, that bled freely every day of its existence, and that, dying, left to the world a record absolutely spotless—a nation of as brave, noble, patriotic men and women as ever struck a blow for freedom or as was ever crushed by an iron hand.

No similar body of Confederates performed more arduous service in the Atlanta campaign—the "One Hundred Days' Battle"—than did Williams's Kentucky Brigade. Sherman's oft-repeated flanking movements with superior numbers kept our men constantly engaged in fighting, scouting, and picketing. During the early part of the campaign for two weeks the men of the 9th—of which regiment the writer was a member—did not unsaddle their horses, so sorely was our army pressed by the advancing enemy. It was the activity and the unceasing vigilance of Wheeler's mounted men that enabled the commander in chief to detect and counteract every movement of the enemy and to conduct his masterly retreat to the Chattahoochee River.

It is the purpose of the writer to give a mere outline of the services performed by the Kentucky Brigade after Gen. Williams took command of it, mentioning only a few of the many battles it fought. During the siege of Atlanta it followed and helped to capture Gen. Stoneman, Sherman's chief of cavalry, who was raiding in the rear of our army not far from Macon, Ga. A brigade of Stoneman's men (Kentuckians), commanded by Col. Silas Adams, refusing to sur-



MISS CAROLINE ROGERS,
Maid of Honor Second Florida Brigade, Louisville.



Children of President and Mrs. Jefferson Davis.
From an old photograph.



GEN. J. A. CHALARON,
Custodian Memorial Hall, New Orleans.

render, dashed through a weak place in our lines, and escaped. They were pursued by Williams's Brigade, commanded by Col. Breckinridge. Here were Kentuckians pursuing Kentuckians, bent on their capture or their destruction. At Jug Tavern, many miles from where the fight occurred, Col. Breckinridge, with but eighty-five men, all the balance having fallen behind with jaded horses in the headlong pursuit, at break of day charged over Col. Adams's sleeping pickets and into his camp, killing some of his men and capturing many more. Adams, with the little remnant of his brigade, escaped. Thus was the beautiful and wealthy little city of Athens saved from the spoilers, who meant to pay it a passing visit. Among the prisoners taken here were two of



MISS OLIVIA MUNNERLYN,

Sponsor for Second Florida Brigade, U. C. V., Louisville Reunion.

the writer's former neighbors and once his most intimate friends. Both died in prison.

Soon after this Gen. Wheeler, with most of his corps, including the Kentucky Brigade, was sent to Middle Tennessee to war upon Sherman's communications. This weakening of his cavalry force by Gen. Hood enabled the Federal commander to flank Atlanta, and the Gate City fell—"fairly won," as Sherman reported to his government. A witty Irish trooper, on being told that Sherman had flanked Hood out of Atlanta, exclaimed: "Bedad! and I belave ould Sherman would flank the divil out o' hell, sure."

The brigade returned from Tennessee by the way of Saltville, Va., where the Kentuckians met and, with the aid of some other troops, all under the command of Gen. Williams, whipped Gen. Stephen G. Burbridge, of their own State, who had been sent to take the salt works. Our men knew they were to fight Burbridge, the red-handed monster who had, in obedience to Sherman's cruel orders and to satiate his own hellish thirst for the blood of Kentucky Confederates, some of whom were his own near relatives, murdered so many of their comrades; and had he been taken, no power nor authority at Saltville could have saved his life. It was in the

battle here that the writer met his youngest brother, who was a member of the 16th Kentucky Infantry, but who had been assigned temporarily to duty at Burbridge's headquarters.

After some days' rest in Virginia, the brigade returned to Georgia, to find Atlanta in Sherman's possession. About the middle of November that general burned the city, and with sixty-five thousand veterans started on his long and devastating raid through Georgia and the Carolinas, with only Wheeler's mounted men to oppose him. These included Williams's Brigade, now commanded by Col. Breckinridge, and the First Kentucky, or "Orphan Brigade," mounted, and commanded by Gen. Jo Lewis. The two Kentucky Brigades were not thrown together at any time during the raid, and the writer saw nothing of what the gallant Orphans did, but he can safely say they did their duty. Breckinridge's men were exceedingly active, operating in the enemy's front, on his flanks, and in his rear, fighting him at the crossings of swamps, burning bridges, and felling timber to impede his progress, cutting off and capturing his scouting and foraging parties, killing scores of his land pirates and house burners, and keeping his bummers closed up in the rear. Much of this was done on the very fields and in the very swamps where Greene and Gages and Marion and Sumter fought the British and Tories in the rebellion of 1776.

Sherman took possession of Savannah on December 21, 1864, and four days later he generously (?) presented the city to President Lincoln as a Christmas gift. On February 17 he took Columbia, the beautiful capital of South Carolina, without opposition, and he burned it. His objective point after leaving Savannah was Goldsboro, N. C., at which point his army was to be reënforced. Before reaching that place, however, he encountered his old antagonist, Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, with an inferior force numerically, and the last great battle of the war was fought, Breckinridge's Kentuckians and Dibrell's Tennesseans being the first troops to encounter the enemy at Bentonville. The battle was indecisive, and Sherman resumed his march to Goldsboro, followed by the Kentuckians, who made it warm for his stragglers and bummers and warmer still for his house burners.

On April 10, the Federal commander having rested and re-cruited his army, the raiding columns were headed toward the capital of North Carolina, which was entered by the enemy on the 13th, the Confederate infantry retiring to a point near Greensboro, the cavalry occupying the intervening territory.

Richmond had fallen, Gen. Lee had surrendered, and President Davis, with the remnant of the Confederate government, was fleeing southward. Finding that Gen. Johnston had determined not to sacrifice another life in a hopeless cause, Mr. Davis asked for a guard and escort of mounted men to accompany him to a place of safety. The brigades of Breckinridge and Dibrell were selected for this duty. Gen. George G. Dibrell's home was in Sparta, Tenn., and his men were from that locality. There were no braver, no nobler, no more gallant soldiers in the Confederate army than were these Tennesseans, and their general was worthy to command them.

On the 26th of April Gen. Joseph E. Johnston surrendered his army on terms dictated by Gen. Grant, who was then at Raleigh. Immediately after the surrender President Davis, with several Cabinet officers and others—"the Confederate government on wheels"—accompanied by the escort, commanded by Gen. Dibrell, left Charlotte for—none of us knew where. Passing leisurely through South Carolina, the cavalcade halted at Abbeville, near the southern border of

the State. Here the Confederacy went to pieces. The Cabinet officers separated, each going his own way. Mr. Davis, with a few attendants, joined his family at Washington, Ga. The escort crossed the Savannah River, going in the direction of Washington. Large bodies of the enemy were closing in upon us, hoping to capture the Confederate President, who was supposed to be with the escort and for whom the Federal authorities had offered a reward of \$100,000. Gen. Dibrell was forced to surrender, and the escort was paroled at Washington, Ga., May 10, 1865.

That was a sad day for the Kentuckians. Men who had braved death in half a hundred battles wept like children; indeed, there was scarcely a dry eye in that little brigade. These men had seen their comrades fall and die on the field of battle, and they had buried them out of sight, far from their Kentucky homes and those who loved them, and there was sorrow in their hearts; but the saddest death of all was that of the Southern Confederacy.

Col. Breckinridge, who had decided to leave the command and to receive his parole at Augusta, took each soldier by the hand and with tearful eyes bade him good-by. When he and Gen. Dibrell clasped hands that day to say the parting words, had an angel from heaven appeared and told them that their next meeting would be in the halls of the United States Congress as members of that body from their respective States, they could scarcely have believed it, yet it was true.

The brigade surrendered less than one-third of its original numbers. Its men had fallen in battle in Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, and Virginia. Some had died in Northern prisons, some in Southern hospitals, and a few were reported "missing." The survivors did not know that they would be permitted to return to Kentucky, for they were outlawed; but let them go where they might, they would carry with them the consciousness of duty well done and the grim satisfaction of being the last organized body of Confederates, including their gallant Tennessee comrades, to surrender east of the Mississippi River.

The escort retained its organization and went in a body to Chattanooga, Tenn., Gen. Dibrell still commanding. Here the Kentuckians were halted by the Federal commander and compelled to give up their horses, which was a direct violation of the terms upon which they surrendered. Gen. Williams, who had joined the escort in its passage through South Carolina, ever ready to contend for the rights of his men, went up to Nashville and obtained from Gen. Thomas, the department commander, an order for the restoration of the horses. In the meantime, however, all the best ones had been spirited away, and the men received railroad transportation in lieu of their horses. As a revenge for Williams's interference in this matter, the Yankee despot at Chattanooga ordered all the officers of the brigade to remove from their uniforms the insignia of their rank. Of course the order was obeyed, and Gen. Williams, with his pocket knife, removed his well-earned wreath and stars, while the other officers cut or tore off their stars and bars.

About thirty of the officers whose horses had not been taken rode across the mountains to Middle Tennessee and down to Gallatin, near the Kentucky border. Here they were informed by the commander of the troops stationed at that place that they could proceed no farther unless they first gave up their paroles and took an oath of allegiance to the United States government. This was another breach of faith, another violation of the terms of surrender. In this case the

Kentuckians made no appeal, but quietly settled down in a little camp near town, determined not to take the oath as long as there was a Confederate army in the field. Here they remained till after the surrender of Gen. Kirby Smith in the Trans-Mississippi Department.

Now that the last organized body of Confederates had surrendered and there was no longer the slightest prospect of a further prolongation of the war, we [the writer was one of the party] obeyed the order, went up to Nashville, and, by a process known to many Kentuckians, were converted from "wicked Rebels" into loyal citizens of the United States.

FREAK OF LIGHTNING IN THE SIXTIES.

BY GEORGE I. C. M'WHIRTER, NEWBERRY, S. C.

The frequency of objects being struck by lightning in those latter days brings vividly to my mind an occurrence of 1864. During the hundred days' campaigning under Gen. J. E. Johnston and then Gen. Hood south of the Chattahoochee River our command was a few miles to the left of Kennesaw Mountain. We were formed into line of battle about 3:30 o'clock in the afternoon ready to charge the Yankees, when from a very small cloud almost directly over us there was a clap of thunder with vivid lightning. We were informed that it struck in our battle line and killed and wounded eleven men. After this, there was a fearful downpour of rain, a sort of "cloud burst." It was one of the most propitious showers that I ever knew.

I was not one of the boys who could "eat all the Yanks before breakfast and then feel a little hungry." But during the four years of service under Gen. Bragg in Kentucky, Gen. Pemberton at Vicksburg, Gens. Joseph E. Johnston and Hood at Franklin and Nashville, and on the surrender April 26, 1865 (under Gen. Johnston), at Greensboro, N. C., did I ever fail to go with my dear old company (K, 52d Georgia Regiment), or even when alone on the skirmish line my watchword was duty to my God and my country. I have never seen in history, the VETERAN, or in any way anything relative to this coincidence, and I have always been anxious to know whether this report that came down our line of battle was true or not. All the other statements herein contained I know myself to be true.

WHAT FEDERAL DID FOR CONFEDERATE AT COLD HARBOR.—Charles G. Grant, 409 Franklin Building, Philadelphia, writes an interesting sketch of his experience in the battle of Cold Harbor May 31, 1864, wherein he went to a badly wounded Confederate between the lines late in the night and did what he could for him. In writing of the matter, the Federal officer states: "The open space from the point where the boys in gray turned and retreated to the belt of woods was strewn with their dead, dying, and wounded, and thirty yards in front of the breastworks lay a wounded soldier, who made frantic attempts to regain his footing; but he was sorely wounded, and, after a few struggles, stretched himself exhausted on his back. An officer of the Union forces seeing the sad plight of his wounded adversary, took a canteen of water from one of his sergeants and, slinging it over his shoulder, jumped over the breastwork and ran to the wounded Confederate. When he arrived beside him, he found that he had been wounded in the lower part of the thigh, and his pantaloons from his knee to his foot were clotted with blood so that his leg looked like a dark red alligator hide. The officer asked the wounded man if he had a handker-

chief. The Confederate replied that he had, and that it was in the breast pocket of his jacket. The officer, kneeling down beside his wounded foe, put his hand in his breast pocket and found a handkerchief, and also felt, while withdrawing the handkerchief, a toothbrush and book; but he wanted only the handkerchief. Binding the handkerchief tightly above the wound, he tried to make a tourniquet with his revolver. This, however, he could not do, the handkerchief not being long enough, so he then passed it round the leg, crossing the ends, and, pulling them tight with all his strength, he knotted them above the wound, the knot pressing well into the leg, thus greatly stanching the flow of blood. The officer then shifted the wounded man into as comfortable position as the ground would permit, and scraped up with his hands the sandy soil to form a pillow for the head of the wounded man. 'Now,' said the officer, 'this is all I can do for you, my man. I wish I could do more, but time flies and so must I. Here is a canteen of water. I'll leave it by your side. Good-by.' The wounded man replied: 'You may be a Yankee, but you are a gentleman.'"

JEFFERSON DAVIS MONUMENT INSCRIPTIONS.

At a meeting of the Mississippi Division of the U. D. C. held in Jackson, Miss., January 20, 1905, these resolutions were adopted, and copies ordered sent the Camps of Confederate Veterans and Sons of Confederate Veterans and their general officers:

"Recognizing the wish of the Jefferson Davis Monument Association to do justice to every State in the South in the construction of the Jefferson Davis monument, and feeling that the proposed inscription on the pedestal of that monument is a historical injustice to the State which he chose as his lifelong home, in whose service he spent his best years and who conferred upon him all those honors through which came the crowning honor of his life, and in whose genial clime he passed his declining days, beloved and revered by her people, the Mississippi Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, in convention assembled, does petition your honorable body to change that proposed inscription in conformity to resolutions which state in substance:

"In the explanation made by the artist, Mr. Valentine, to the United Daughters of the Confederacy Convention in Charleston, the inscription to be placed on the pedestal upon which the statue of President Davis is to stand was to give the place of his birth, Kentucky, and the place of his death, Louisiana; and, upon the objection made by Mississippi through her President that there was no mention of his having been a citizen of Mississippi, the explanation was given that 'What we are trying to do is to take him from Mississippi and give him to the South,' while Mississippi herself had already given him to the South in 1861. Therefore the Mississippi Division, U. C. V., pleads that the Jefferson Davis Monument Association recommend at the General Convention, to be held in San Francisco, that the inscription be changed either by eliminating from the proposed inscription the places of his birth and death or by adding to it the inscription, lifetime citizen of Mississippi,' making it read: 'Born in Kentucky June 3, 1808; lifetime citizen of Mississippi; died in Louisiana December 12, 1899.' Also, that the representative of the Mississippi Division in the Jefferson Davis Monument Association be, and is hereby, instructed to support the request embodied in these resolutions at the meeting of the Association. Also, that the Secretary of the Division send a copy of these resolutions to the President of

the Association, asking that she submit them to the Association at the earliest possible time."

Signed: Lily McDowell (Chairman), Sarah D. Eggleston, Lizzie George Henderson, Mrs. B. F. Ward, Katie M. Porter.

The official proceedings were furnished to Gen. Mickle by Mrs. Laura T. McKie and by him sent to the U. C. V. Camps.

"LEFT WING OF THE FRENCH ARMY"—A LOUISIANA BATTALION.—C. L. Yates, of Greenville, S. C., who served in Company A, Washington Light Artillery, refers to the tribute paid Col. J. L. Rapier in the June VETERAN, and states that his command had become so decimated by battle and otherwise that it was reduced to a very few officers and men; that they applied to the War Department to be attached to the Hampton Legion, Col. M. W. Gary commanding, while they were on the Black Water River, near Suffolk, Va. The battalion was then in command of Lieut. Col. Alfred Coppens, successor to his brother, Lieut. Col. G. A. G. Coppens, who had been killed in battle. They wore "zouave costumes." "I was very well acquainted with many of the officers, including Col. Rapier; Maj. DeBordenaire; Capts. DuCros and Mauzoni; Lieut. Applewhite, I think of Mississippi, who was quartermaster and commissary; and Miguel Marty, of New Orleans, quartermaster sergeant, Rapier being the adjutant. The battle lion was jocularly called by all of us 'the left wing of the French army,' as they were nearly all French Creoles. They were jovial fellows, and no braver set of men could be found in Lee's army."

FORREST'S GUNTOWN VICTORY.

An old clipping from the Mobile *Evening News* of June 18, 1864, contains this vivid account by an "eyewitness." The name of the author is not known, but it is evident that he belonged to Buford's Division:

"GUNTOWN, June 15, 1864.

"Mr. Editor: The greatest fight of the war has just closed, a most splendid victory has been achieved, and that victory has been followed up rapidly and every advantage secured that could be gained therefrom. This battle forms one of the most remarkable cavalry engagements on record, and no one, except an eyewitness, can well conceive of the appearance of the battlefield and the line of pursuit, strewn with wagons, ammunition, arms, accouterments, harness, Yankees dead and alive, artillery, and plunder taken from these thieving marauders on their way southward.

"The news of the enemy's movement from Memphis reached Gen. Forrest while on the march with Buford's Division to Middle Tennessee. A countermarch was immediately ordered, and the command reached Tupelo on the 5th inst. This trip having been made over a rough country, entirely destitute of supplies, and a rainy season of several days' duration, placed the horses in a condition that was by no means favorable for rapid marching.

"On the 6th we received information that the enemy were moving on Ripley, and a scouting party of the enemy having made a reconnaissance from Ripley toward Rienzi and thence northward to Corinth, it was supposed that the intention of the enemy was to reënforce Sherman; and, preparatory to harassing his advancing columns, our forces were ordered to Baldwyn and thence to Boonville. Col. Rucker's Brigade, which was at Oxford, had been ordered to New Albany and, crossing the Tallahatchie, had engaged the enemy, who, however, did not pursue the advantage gained or show any disposition so to do. Reports came in from Ripley that there

was no enemy in that place, and, owing to high water, the movements of the enemy were masked from the observation of our scouts. On the evening of the 9th our scouts reported them in camp, six miles from Ripley, and moving southward on the Ripley and Fulton road.

"Orders were immediately issued to march southward, obtain their front, and harass them until they reached the prairie country near Okolona, when a general engagement would take place. On the morning of the 10th the column moved forward on the road via Blackland; the Kentucky Brigade, Col. H. B. Lyon, in front; Col. Rucker's Brigade, which had passed us the day before, next; and Col. Bell's Brigade of Tennesseans in the rear. Col. Johnson's Brigade of Brig. Gen. Roddy's cavalry was camped near Guntown. When within two miles of Bryce's Cross Roads, the head of the column was fired into by the advance of the enemy and skirmishing commenced. So rapid had been the enemy's march that no one supposed that he was in force, but that this was only a scouting party. Preparations were at once made to meet any emergency, and Col. Lyon threw forward his brigade into line, deployed skirmishers, and moved forward to feel the strength of the enemy. Col. Rucker was formed on his left.

"The enemy was posted near Bryce's Cross Roads, between our cavalry and Tupelo, and their intention was to annihilate the cavalry and thus possess themselves of the whole country. His force was near 12,000: twelve regiments of infantry, of which two were negroes, 7,000 strong, with eighteen pieces of artillery; three brigades of cavalry, 5,000 strong; and a light battery of mounted howitzers. Our available force was 3,500 effective men and eight pieces of artillery. Col. Lyon, commanding the brigade, was ordered not to bring on a general engagement, but to move forward and obtain possession of the cross roads and enable our force to get between the enemy and Tupelo. But it was soon evident that the enemy was in force. About 12 M. Gen. Buford reached the ground with our artillery and Bell's Brigade. . . . The enemy was now moving up its infantry, two and three regiments at a time, pressing them up at a double-quick. Bell's Brigade having been placed in position, one whole line commenced moving forward. The artillery had been placed on a very exposed point in an open field, so as to command the Ripley and Fulton roads, and fired directly toward Bryce's House. This fire was very destructive upon the enemy's batteries and upon his columns as they moved up to obtain position.

"The fire from our artillery prevented, as did also the nature of the country, the enemy from using his artillery to any advantage or more than a single battery at a time. Now commenced the fight in earnest. As the Yankee regiments were pressed up they were thrown forward and received the steady fire of our gallant soldiers. A steady advance was maintained along our whole line. Our artillery advanced with the line. For three hours the fight raged equal to any infantry fight on record—in fact, it was an infantry fight. Our line moved forward in splendid order, the troops, many of them, now experiencing for the first time the rough shock of a fight, cheering and sending havoc into the exhausted ranks of the enemy. It was near 5 P.M.

"On the route to the scene of conflict and after the skirmishing commenced Gen. Buford ordered Col. Barteau's regiment, 2d Tennessee, to proceed from Carrollville on the road to Ripley, about three miles, and then move over to the

road the enemy was on and attack him in the rear or the flank. Col. Barteau moved as directed, got in rear of the enemy, and attacked him vigorously. The news of this attack in the rear was soon carried to the front. Col. Barteau displayed a long line of skirmishers and deceived the enemy. Whipped in front, attacked in rear, they now commenced a retreat worse than Bull Run. Our men pressed forward rapidly, and the enemy, as their remaining regiments came into action, made an effort to stand and check the ardor of our pursuit. But their troops were demoralized; a panic seized them. The threats they had made of capturing Forrest's Cavalry and turning them over to the negroes to be dealt with operated with fearful memory on their minds, and only death was presented to them if they were captured.

"A mile from the cross roads our advancing columns commenced passing wagons deserted, caissons left behind, and everything indicating a rout. A mile farther the evidence was more conclusive, and about three miles from the cross roads the majority of their train was left, filled with rations, forage, ammunition, and many of the luxuries of earth. On we moved, the enemy occasionally stopping and returning our fire. About four miles from the cross roads, the rout being complete, our troops were halted and awaited their horses, which were being brought from the rear. At 10 A.M., the 11th, our troops were in the saddle, and the pursuit commenced. Ten miles from the cross roads, at the crossing of the Hatchee, the remainder of their train, their artillery, ambulances, and wounded were left in great confusion. Onward we pressed them, their cavalry turning to give us a volley once in a while in order to enable their infantry to gain a little rest.

"At Ripley they made a stand, which was equal to most cavalry engagements, but they were pushed back in confusion. At Ripley Gen. Forrest, with Bell's Brigade, made a detour to the left to Salem, leaving Gen. Buford to follow the pursuit direct. Gen. Forrest's intention was to reach Salem while they were passing and cut their column in two, and thus capture the main portion of their army. The pursuit not being rapid enough for Gen. Buford, and perceiving that the enemy only had a very small rear guard of cavalry, he determined to charge through this and reach their infantry. Rucker's Brigade was in immediate pursuit, and under instructions from the General he pushed forward, charged on horseback, driving the cavalry back on their infantry, and capturing several hundred. Col. Faulkner's Kentucky Regiment, Maj. Tate commanding, of the 3d Brigade, was now ordered to the front, and made a most gallant charge, scattering their infantry in all directions. At Ripley we captured two more pieces of artillery. Gen. Buford pursued them to Davis's Mills, about five miles to Lagrange, in person. At that point he sent forward two regiments to Lagrange and returned from the pursuit. We had pursued them this day a distance of fifty-eight miles. Their infantry marched most unprecedentedly, and their officers declared they would all have surrendered but for fear of death. The whole route was strewn with arms, cartridge boxes, bayonets, sabers, their dead, and live Yankees. The truth begs any description.

"The result of this engagement was over five hundred thousand rounds of ammunition, seventeen pieces of artillery, over two hundred wagons, immense stores (quartermaster, commissary, and ordnance), several thousand stands of small arms, and twenty-five hundred prisoners.

"Our loss was severe. Many a gallant officer and brave private fell a victim to the deadly bullet, and many a household will be clothed in mourning. Our entire loss was about four hundred and fifty killed and wounded. The division of Gen. Buford immortalized themselves, and Rucker's Brigade kept even pace throughout. The brigade commanders, Col. H. B. Lyon, of Kentucky, Col. T. H. Bell, of Tennessee, and Col. Rucker, of Tennessee, fairly earned promotion on this gallant field. It is unnecessary to mention the gallantry of Gen. Forrest and his staff. He was ever in the midst of the attacking columns.

"To Gen. Buford is due the greatest praise for the quickness of his perception, the rapidity with which he moved, and the masterly manner in which he handled the troops. This officer is one among the most accomplished in the service, and deserves the highest encomium for his conspicuous gallantry on this day. His staff deported themselves, one and all, in a manner that won them a high reputation.

"Col. Bell lost two members of his staff, Lieut. Porter and Capt. Bell killed, and two others wounded. Col. Lyon lost one of his staff, Cadet Skinner, wounded.

"Officers and men did their duty. The action of the Kentucky Brigade was noted on that day for its steadiness, and, having been in infantry, the other brigades emulated its example and vied to keep pace with it. The 8th Kentucky captured one piece of artillery at Bryce's House, the color bearer standing on the piece and holding aloft his flag. This is one of the most gallant, though one of the smallest, regiments in the service. The enemy devastated the whole country through which they passed. Their movement southward and their return formed a strong contrast. The fight from ten o'clock to about 12 M. on the 10th inst. was carried on by Col. Lyon's brigade, who had driven the enemy nearly a mile before the other brigades came up. The enemy's loss was about one thousand to twelve hundred killed and some five or six hundred wounded."

LOST THEIR LIVES TRYING TO HELP COMRADES.

Charles E. Cantzon, Wharton, Tex., writes of one of those unselfish deeds of valor which are too often lost from historic record. This deed is not generally known, for it was of so bold and daring a nature that of the brave men who volunteered in the undertaking but few were left to tell of that night of horror and suffering.

"Capt. Edward S. Rugeley, the hero of this unfortunate undertaking, raised and equipped at his own expense a company of cavalry, which was afterwards attached to Brown's Regiment and assigned to scout duty on the coast of Texas. While stationed in the town of Matagorda, it was reported, on the 31st day of December, 1863, that Capt. Henderson's company, scouting on the peninsula, had been cut off from the mainland by the landing of Federal troops from their gunboats. A call was immediately made for volunteers to cross Matagorda Bay to the relief of Capt. Henderson, which was immediately responded to by the company. They started in a schooner to cross the bay at night, a distance of five or six miles, and had gotten within a half mile of the peninsula shore when the schooner could proceed no further on account of shoal water, so the men had to be transported to shore in small boats. A terrific Texas norther blew up, the air was like ice, and the bay was a raging torrent of waves and foam. The boats became unmanageable, the water swept over them,

and some were capsized. A few of the men were drowned, but most of them froze to death after reaching the shore. Capt. Rugeley and a few others succeeded in regaining the schooner, and reached Matagorda in safety."

Of the noble dead who so unselfishly sacrificed their lives in a vain effort for their friends the following list is given: Jesse Matthews, John J. Jones, D. A. McKinley, A. D. Hines, G. M. Bowie, Thomas McKinley, J. B. Seaborn, Thomas H. Meneley, B. H. Walton, W. P. Copeland, J. M. Connor, Henry Gibson, J. U. Howell, A. C. Johnson, W. M. Meneley, A. J. May, F. C. Secrest, J. G. Secrest, James Rugeley, Edie Lake.

That it was a bold and hazardous undertaking is fully attested by a letter from Maj. Gen. J. B. Magruder, commanding, to Capt. Rugeley:

"*Captain:* I have been prevented by the great press of business I am called upon to transact from acknowledging before this the gallant services and heroism of yourself and brave comrades in your attempt to hasten to the relief of Capt. Henderson's company during the recent terrible norther on Matagorda Bay. Such an act, voluntarily performed, and in the face of the elements, as for a handful of noble men to attempt to rescue from capture their comrades, ignorant of the strength of the enemy, is deserving of the highest praise and commendation, and will form a bright page in the history of this great struggle for independence.

"The sad fate of the brave men who perished in this noble, patriotic undertaking will be mourned by the entire country, and the example your company has furnished will be one that their comrades of the Army of Texas will strive to emulate. Tender to your men my thanks for and sincere appreciation of their zeal and fidelity, and accept assurances of my sympathy in the loss you have sustained."

Capt. Edward S. Rugeley was born in South Carolina, was graduated from Columbia College, a lawyer by profession. In 1846 he removed to Texas, purchased land, and became a successful cotton planter. After the war he resumed farming, was a member of the State Legislature, and was elected Judge of Matagorda County, serving two terms.



CAPT. EDWARD S. RUGELEY.

He moved to Wharton County in January, 1897, and died there December 21 of that year, aged seventy-five years.



MEMBERS OF THE V. Y. COOK CAMP.

The following members of V. Y. Cook Camp, Newark, Ark., have died within the last year: J. H. Wells, Company D, 19th Virginia Infantry; J. B. Henderson, Company A, 7th Arkansas Infantry; J. N. Arnold, Company D, 8th Arkansas; J. W. Hulsey, Company A, 32d Arkansas.

Comrade Wells was a Mexican War veteran, also serving in the 1st Virginia Infantry. He went to Arkansas in 1870. The others were representatives of old and prominent Arkansas families, being natives of that State.

ALEX K. JENNINGS.

Announcement is made of the death of Alex J. Jennings, of Albany, Ga., who served in Company E (Albany Guards), 4th Georgia Regiment. By his gallantry, his genial nature, and manly characteristics he won a warm place in the hearts of those who shared the hardships of his soldier life, and loving testimony is given of his qualities as a soldier and citizen. He will be sadly missed by those with whom he had so long been associated in days of war and peace.

J. T. Hester, T. M. Carter, W. H. Gilbert, of Albany, Ga., send this tribute to their comrade, all being survivors of Company E, 4th Georgia Regiment.

JAMES A. MORRIS.

Again has death invaded the Confederate ranks and there is one less of the valiant men who "wore the gray." Comrade James A. Morris, a member of Camp H. B. Lyon, No. 1,259, U. C. V., at Murray, Ky., answered to the last roll call January 14, 1905. There were none braver or more knightly than Comrade Morris.

He was born in Montgomery County, Tenn., November 14, 1835; and came to Galloway County, Ky., a few years prior to the War between the States. In October, 1861, he enlisted in Company C, 33d Tennessee Regiment of Infantry, and was with his command in all its engagements until taken prisoner at Chickamauga in 1863. He was sent to Rock Island prison, and there endured its well-known horrors until the surrender. With a firm belief in the righteousness of the Southern cause, he never swerved in his allegiance to its banner.

At the close of the war he returned to his home in Kentucky and began civil life anew. After teaching school several years he became an employee of the J. D. Rowlett Tobacco Works, of this county, but for many years previous to his death he was the confidential bookkeeper, etc., for the J. D. Rowlett Tobacco Works.

In all the walks of life, as soldier or citizen, Comrade Morris was a true Christian gentleman, noted for his unfailing good humor and his bright and cheerful disposition. He was always pleased to extend a helping hand to his fellow-man. His memory will long live in the hearts of his comrades and friends.

Comrade Morris was married in 1875 to Miss Lucy B. Rowlett, who preceded him to the spirit land, leaving two children—a lovely daughter (Miss Annie, who is an enthusiastic member of the U. D. C.) and a son (Ray).

K. F. PEDDICORD.

Capt. K. F. Peddicord died at the home of his sister, Mrs. India Logan, in Palmyra, Mo., August 28, 1905. He had been ill for about ten days, and grew rapidly worse from the first. Capt. Peddicord was born in Barnesville, Ohio, October 1, 1833, and moved with his parents at an early age to Parkersburg, W. Va. He was a civil engineer by profession, and



K. F. PEDDICORD.

served in the construction of the B. and O. and L. and N. Railroads. He enlisted in the Confederate service from Kentucky under John Morgan in 1861, but was captured in 1862 and remained a prisoner until the close of the war. He was confined in the military prisons at Johnson's Island, Allegheny City, and Point Lookout. After the war he came to Marion County, where he has since resided. He took great interest in all matters pertaining to the Civil War, and usually attended the Confederate reunions.

He was present at the last reunion, in June, at Louisville, Ky. He served as postmaster in Palmyra under the Cleveland administration.

Capt. Peddicord was a man of many friends and had a wide acquaintance among ex-Confederates in several States. Funeral services were held at his late residence.

Dr. B. G. Slaughter, a comrade of Capt. Peddicord, wrote a letter upon learning of his extreme illness, from which extracts are made herewith. He wrote from Muskogee, Ind. T., on the date that our comrade died:

"My Dear Comrade: The sad news of your illness has just reached us, so I hasten to write you by return mail with reassurances of our great love and ever-abiding confidence in you on account of your many virtues and intrepid leadership of scouts for four long years in the bivouac, on the march, and through the heat of battles. Old scout, we have seen you scores of times in the forefront of the fray, leading your men with a cheer and spirit which no man could resist. Our heartstrings were entwined with yours by your love and care of your subordinates on all occasions. Where you led we were glad to follow. With hearts of swelling pride we recall your deeds of love and loyalty to the men whose good fortune it was to serve under you as orderly sergeant, and later as ranking officer of the entire command, and subjected to orders from none save H. Morgan's Kentucky Cavalry, honored as advanced guard of the entire command, and subjected to orders from none save our illustrious chieftain and the commander of the Army of Tennessee. . . . You may recall our last love feast at Louisville, where four or five of us met as by chance on the steps of the Assembly Hall and recounted historical events in the presence of two queenly Southern women.

"How I wish I were able to go to you at once! Be brave,

my noble hero. Should the way seem dark, look to Jesus, the Captain of our salvation. He will lead you safe into the haven, where a crown of glory awaits his recruits. O, Peddicord, we loved you as a soldier! . . .

"I hesitate—I can't say good-by—but wait, as I hope that while there is life there may yet come news of good cheer. In you I will lose my ideal soldier, my closest friend and confidant. God's will be done; it is beyond my ken. My prayers go with you in your suffering and separation. If I could only know on the morrow that my message reached you in your proper mind, how glad I should be!

"Brother Sim was thrown from his buggy to-day and badly, though I trust not seriously, hurt. Your sickness touched him deeply, so this is why the letter is penned by your 'old Squirrel,' who ever remains sincerely yours to command."

Dr. Slaughter was one of the most bullet-ridden men who survived the war.

MOSES BOOTH.

Action by Camp No. 770, U. C. V., Los Angeles, Cal.:

"Whereas we have a vacant chair—the faithful old comrade who so regularly answered 'roll call' and filled this chair (Moses Booth, of Company F, 42d Mississippi Cavalry) has been transferred from this Camp to the great army beyond the river—it is meet that we take cognizance of his departure. Comrade Booth was a good soldier through the days of war, a faithful and loyal adherent to the principles of our cause and to the U. C. V. Under his coarse old coat there beat a true heart and was a white soul."

It was further resolved that, in commemoration of his worth and loyalty to the South and to the United Confederate Veteran Association, Camp 770 be instructed to have a granite headstone placed at his grave, with his name, company, and regiment cut thereon. In Comrade Booth's death the Association lost a true and faithful member. He had no relatives in California, hence his comrades were the only mourners.

DR. BENJAMIN BROOKE TEMPLE.

Dr. B. B. Temple died in Danville, Va., March 11, 1905. He was born March 22, 1839, near Fredericksburg. Of most distinguished ancestry, he was educated at the University of Virginia and in Paris in academic studies and medicine. He left his studies in France and returned home to enter the Confederate army at the outbreak of the war. He served with six brothers, an adopted brother, and a brother-in-law in the Confederate army, giving his heart and soul to the cause of his country. He served for two years with the 2d Richmond Howitzers, and was then transferred to Company B, 9th Virginia Cavalry. He was selected later as one of Gen. Lee's trusted scouts, in which position he served with marked bravery and distinction until the close of the war. Those who knew Dr. Temple best prided themselves on the friendship of one of the most modest, bravest, and stanchest of men.

HON. JESSE EDWARD BROWN.

As a tribute to the memory of Hon. Jesse E. Brown, a joint meeting of the bar of Jackson and Madison Counties, Ala., was held in the courthouse at Scottsboro, Ala., on the 16th of August, and a joint committee appointed to give expression to the esteem in which this comrade was held as a man and a citizen. Mr. Brown began his career as a Confederate sol-

dier while a youth in his teens, becoming a member of Frank Gurley's Fourth Alabama and going through the war. He was wounded in battle near Farmington, Tenn., and was captured at the second battle of Fort Donelson, and a prisoner in Louisville and Baltimore for a short while. He was at Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, and Kennesaw Mountain, where the loss of a leg closed his career as a soldier. After the war he studied law at Cumberland University, Lebanon, Tenn., and became one of the most prominent lawyers of North Alabama. In his death the State lost one of her ablest, purest, and most patriotic citizens. His wife, three daughters, and a son survive him.

JACOB ELENDER was born in Calcasieu Parish, La., in March, 1843, the son of St. Germain and Rebecca Ryan Elender. His death occurred on the 14th day of June, 1905. At the age of 19 years he enlisted in Company K, 10th Louisiana Regiment, commanded by Col. De Marigny. This command was sent to Virginia and assigned to Johnson's Division, Stonewall Jackson's Corps. Comrade Elender made a brave and faithful soldier, and after the end came he returned to his home and engaged in agricultural pursuits. He left several children.

JOSEPH F. CAMPBELL.

In the death of Joseph F. Campbell a prominent citizen was lost to the city of Galveston—a man who filled with honor every position of trust. He was at one time Commander of Magruder Camp, U. C. V., of Galveston.

Joseph Campbell was born in Mobile, Ala., September 19, 1846, the son of David L. Campbell, a prominent merchant there. He attended schools in that city, and in 1860 entered the Centenary Institute at Summerfield, Ala., remaining there till June, 1862, when he entered the Georgia Military Institute, at Marietta. In the spring of 1864 the cadets of that institute were ordered into the service of the Confederacy, and remained in the service until the end of the war, but in November of that year Mr. Campbell resigned and joined Company A, of the First Alabama Battalion, which he had been active in organizing during one of his furloughs from the G. M. I., and he was appointed sergeant on the day of joining it. He served in that capacity till the Army of Mississippi surrendered at Meridian.

Comrade Campbell was a citizen of Montgomery for many years, actively engaged in the cotton trade, and there was married to Miss Dexter, granddaughter of the founder of Montgomery. She survives him with four daughters and three sons. A daughter by his first wife lives in San Antonio. He went to Texas a few years after his marriage, became identified with the business interests of the State, and was recognized for his sterling integrity and fine business ability. He was a devoted husband and father, a friend to the friendless, and a true man to the duties of life.

DR. WILEY HARVEY DOAK.

"His face proclaimed a man unbought,
Who swears to his hurt and changeth not."

Wiley Harvey Doak believed in State's rights, but not in slavery. He cast his first vote for John Bell for President. When Tennessee called for volunteers, however, he was among the first to enlist at Knoxville, and one of the last to surrender, having accompanied the Davis Cabinet South from Danville with the 2d Kentucky under Basil Duke. After

making the famous raid with Morgan into Ohio, he was captured on Buffington Island and held at Camp Douglas for nineteen months a prisoner of war.

For some ten years succeeding the war he engaged in ranching and farming in Texas, and among cattle breeders he had the distinction of owning the only Short Horn with an American championship record south of the Ohio River. About 1877 he graduated from the Medical Department of the University of Nashville, practicing awhile at Concord. He later located at Russellville, both in his native Tennessee, where he bought and built well. For thirty years he had been a ruling elder in the Presbyterian Church, and up to his last illness was its moving spirit and treasurer. He served for several terms as President of the Hamblen County Medical Society, and held membership in the American Medical Association and other organizations for the promotion of science and the good of mankind.

Dr. Doak died at the home of his son, W. B. Doak, at Russellville, Tenn., December 3, 1904.

JUDGE W. W. McDOWELL.

Judge William Wallace McDowell was born near Ironton, Tenn., on June 26, 1833; and died April 30, 1894, and was buried in Elwood Cemetery, Memphis, Tenn.

Judge McDowell was the eldest son of John Davis McDowell, who moved from Mecklenburg County, N. C., and settled in Gibson County, Tenn., in 1832. Judge McDowell was reared on a farm, and educated in the country schools and at Andrew College, Ironton, Tenn., after which he attended the Lebanon Law School, graduating with honors. While attending this school he professed religion and joined the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, of which he was a consistent and devoted member until his death. He returned to Ironton and commenced the practice of law.

When the War between the States broke out, he was one of the first to tender his services to defend the constitutional rights of the Southern States. He enlisted in Capt. W. B. Russell's Company, 12th Regiment Tennessee Infantry, on May 10, 1861, and was elected first lieutenant. In the battle of Belmont, Mo., while leading a charge, he was shot down and supposed to be mortally wounded by a Minie ball, which lodged in his body and remained there to his death. He recovered in a few months, however, and returned to his command. In the battle of Shiloh his captain (B. H. Sanford) was killed and Judge McDowell was elected in his place, which position he held until a consolidation of his regiment with the 22d Tennessee, which necessitated the discharge of one-half of all the company and regimental officers. He, with officers thus discharged and boys under eighteen years, went to Tippah County, Miss., and, adding to these discharged Tennesseans, raised a company of cavalry, joined Col. J. G. Ballentine's regiment and served under Gen. W. H. Jackson and Gen. Earl Vandorn until the latter's death, after which he and the Tennesseans with him were transferred to Gen. Tyree Bell's escort, Forrest Cavalry, Capt. McDowell commanding the escort until the army surrendered, at Gainesville, Ala., May 11, 1865—having served four years and one day. Capt. McDowell was wounded by a piece of a shell which struck him on the breast during the Hood campaign into Tennessee, but refused to leave the command. He was again struck on the breast by another piece of shell in a subsequent battle; but it being slight, he continued with the command. He always entered a battle at the head of his men, apparently fearless of consequences. As commander of his com-

pany, he was uniformly kind to his men, all of whom were devoted to him.

Shortly after the war he moved to Memphis, Tenn., and resumed the practice of law, forming a partnership with George Gantt and Josiah Patterson. In a short time he was elected county attorney, and was reelected for three successive terms, after which he was elected chancellor, which position he held for eight years. In 1888 he was elected a member of the State Senate, which position he most worthily filled.

Judge McDowell was married twice: first to Miss Annie E. Jones, on March 27, 1867. Of this union three children



JUDGE M'DOWELL.

were born—W. W. McDowell, Eula Ewing, and John Overton McDowell. His second wife was Mrs. Lizzie Freeman, daughter of Capt. Joseph Lenow. One daughter (Edith) and two boys (Neely and Francis) were born of this marriage.

Although Judge McDowell was a lifelong Democrat, a worker in every campaign, he had few, if any, enemies and a host of friends. He was of Scotch-Irish descent, both of his great-grandfathers performing gallant service in the Revolutionary War. His maternal great-grandfather, Gen. Robert Irwin, was one of the twenty-four signers of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence. His brother, Col. J. H. McDowell, of Union City, Tenn., is noted for his Confederate valor and his devotion to his comrades.

Dr. A. H. McAllister writes from Blue Mountain, Miss., of Capt. McDowell's high qualities: "He was truly patriotic and brave, and as daring as a thoughtless boy. In camp to talk of close places and noble and brave deeds of his boys to him was a joy. He was a gentleman of the highest type; he was social and kind to all good and faithful soldiers, while a coward he despised. He was so high-minded that his Christian influence over me (then a small, timid boy) was elevating and inspiring, and it has done me good through life."

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ficers of this house are Southerners and in complete sympathy with the best of Southern traditions. The Neale publications constitute a splendid literature of Southern writers, including histories, biographies, books of reminiscence, politics, travel, fiction, poetry, etc. The South has in these books a literature of distinctiveness not equaled by any other publishing house—a literature which reflects the refinement and culture of our people of to-day as well as of the past.

While this house makes a special feature of its Southern publications, and issues more books by Southern writers than all other American publishers combined, it does not confine its output to Southern writers alone. Fully half of its books are by authors in the Northern, Eastern, and Western States, in Canada and Great Britain, and there are translations from French, Russian, and German writers.

We would like to mention in detail all of the Neale publications for this season, and regret that for lack of space we are unable to do so. The few we mention especially appeal to us; yet there are many others in the catalogue of equal importance. The catalogue for this season contains one hundred pages, is handsomely illustrated, and will be sent upon request by the Neale Publishing Company, Flatiron Building, New York; or No. 431 Eleventh Street, Washington.

The Neale library of Southern history is of great importance. It would be difficult to overestimate the value of these books. There are some twenty-five or thirty volumes in the series, to which additions are being made from time to time. Each volume is sold separately.

"Recollections of a Confederate Staff Officer." By Gen. G. Moxley Sorrel, Lieutenant Colonel and Chief of Staff, Longstreet's 1st Army Corps; Brigadier General commanding Sorrel's Brigade, A. P. Hill's 3d Army Corps, Army of Northern Virginia; with introduction by Senator John W. Daniel, of Virginia, in the nature of a biography of the author. 8vo., cloth. Price, \$2.

"The Great Parliamentary Battle and Farewell Addresses of

the Southern Senators on the Eve of the Civil War." By Thomas R. Martin. The contents include: "Great Senators and Great Speeches in the Old Senate Chamber;" "The Old Senate;" "Debate between John C. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, and Edward D. Baker, of Oregon;" "Pen Pictures of the Old Senate and the New, with Senator John J. Crittenden's Great Speech and the Vice President's Oration;" "The Great Parliamentary Battle and Farewell Addresses of the Southern Senators on the Eve of the Civil War;" "Judah P. Benjamin;" "Edward D. Baker;" "John C. Breckinridge," etc. 8vo, cloth. Price, \$2.

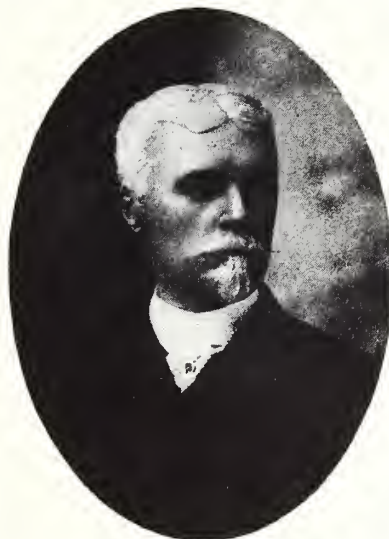
"Forty Years of Active Service." By Col. Charles T. O'Ferrall. A history of the War between the Union and the Confederacy, and the events leading up to it, with reminiscences of the struggle and accounts of the author's experiences of four years from private to lieutenant colonel and acting colonel in the cavalry of the Army of Northern Virginia; also much of the history of Virginia and the nation, in which the author took part for many years in political conventions and on the hustings, and as a lawyer, member of the Legislature of Virginia, judge, member of the House of Representatives of the United States, and Governor of Virginia. 8vo, cloth; with frontispiece portrait of the author. Price, \$2.

"The War between the Union and the Confederacy, and Its Lost Opportunities." By Gen. William C. Oates, Colonel in the Confederate Army, Brigadier General in the War with Spain, fourteen years in Congress, Governor of Alabama, etc. An account of the author's experiences in the war; a justification of secession, and showing that the Confederacy should have succeeded; a criticism of President Davis, the Confederate Congress and some of the general officers in the Confederate and Union armies; the author's observations and experiences as brigadier general in the War with Spain, etc. 8vo, cloth; fully illustrated. Price, \$3.

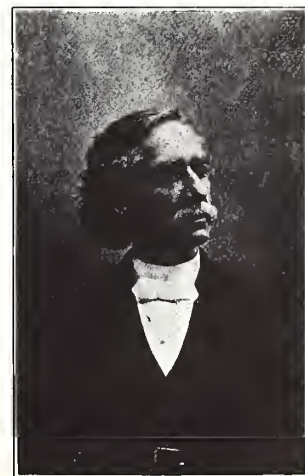
"The Southern Literary Messenger, 1834 to 1864." By Benjamin Blake Minor, LL.D., editor and proprietor from 1843 to 1847. Illustrated by portraits. Dr. Minor, who has recently died at eighty-six years of age, was the only one living when this

book was written thoroughly familiar through personal experience with the history of this old magazine; and through his long experience in the world of letters, of more than half a century, he has produced a history which is a distinct addition to our national as well as Southern literature. 12mo, cloth; fully illustrated. Price, \$2.

"Seventy-Five Years in Old Virginia." By John Herbert Claiborne, M.A., M.D. An account of the life of the author and some history of the people among whom his lot was cast—their character, condition,



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and conduct before the war, during the war, and after the war. A most valuable addition to Virginia history. Illustrated by portraits. 8vo, cloth. Price, \$2.

"Recollections of a Naval Life: Including the Cruises of the Confederate States Steamers *Sumter* and *Alabama*." By Capt. John McIntosh Kell, executive officer of the *Sumter* and *Alabama*. The *Independent* says that "it is from books like this that the future historian will draw supplies for a just and well-balanced picture of one of the world's greatest revolutions," and it is regarded by other critics as being quite as valuable as Admiral Semmes's "Service Afloat." 8vo, cloth. Price, \$2.

"Four Years under Marse Robert." By Maj. Robert Stiles. The publishers claim that this volume has been the most successful book of its class that has ever been issued within the same length of time. Probably no other book has been published in America in the past decade which has received so much praise, and this has come from the North as well as from the South. The reason for this is shown by a review in the *Yale Alumni Weekly*, which says: "Written in clear and terse style, it abounds in anecdote tipped now with humor, now with pathos; personal memories flecked by the light of camp fires or lurid in the flash of cannon; touches of sentiment, religious, patriotic, and kindly, tempering the grim hardships and realities of war; view points of Southern strategy in the great battles of Northern Virginia, and of recollections not a few depicting the traits of the Confederate commanders, with many of whom Maj. Stiles, as adjutant, came into personal contact." 8vo, cloth. Price, \$2.

"Johnny Reb and Billy Yank." By Alexander Hunter. Here is a book of soldiering by a soldier—not merely memoirs or recollections, but facts gathered from a diary kept from start to finish of the War between the States. It gives the inner life of the private soldier of the Southern Army. The author served as a foot soldier for two years in the famous Pickett's Division and two years in the celebrated Black Horse Cavalry, and he tells in his own way of the hardships and battles of the matchless infantry of Lee's army, and of the thrilling adventures of the dashing Black Horsemen. 8vo, cloth; fully illustrated. Price, \$3.



BOLTON'S IRISH TERRIER.

"The Shenandoah Valley and Virginia, 1861 to 1865." A war study by Col. Sanford C. Kellogg, U. S. A., late aid on the staff of Gen. Sheridan. While this book was written by a nephew of Gen. Sheridan and a member of his staff, and who has for many years enjoyed a reputation in the United States Army as a military critic of the first rank, his book may really be regarded as a Southern publication. He holds that Gen. Jackson in his marvelous cam-

paigns became the ranking American military genius. This is the most complete history yet written of the war in the Shenandoah Valley, and is an exhaustive and critical war study of the most remarkable warfare conducted in the annals of history. Gen. Charles King says that it is "the acme of military directness and simplicity—condensed history, page by page." 12mo, cloth. Price, \$2.

"A Memoir of Robert M. T. Hunter," by Martha T. Hunter, his daughter, with an address on his life prepared for the Hunter Memorial Association by Col. L. Quinton Washington. "The colleague of Clay and Webster," says the *Galveston News*, "though opposed to them politically, and arrayed with Calhoun, Douglas, Davis, and others of that era, he will go down in history as one of the greatest men of Virginia." 12mo, cloth. Price, \$2.



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"Autobiography of Col. Richard Malcolm Johnston." *Truth* does the dear old Colonel no more than justice when it says: "Typical Southerner, expressive of the South's highest ideas, living in closest intimacy with some of the chief historical figures of the South in the most crucial period of its history, Col. Johnston's autobiography cannot fail to be of interest to the present and future generations of the South. The reader will have an insight into some historical events and personages of the South not to be obtained elsewhere." 12mo, cloth. Price, \$1.25.

"The Southampton Insurrection." By William S. Drewry, Ph.D., Instructor of History in the University of Missouri. The history of the insurrection of Nat Turner, in Southampton County, Va., August, 1831, resulting in the massacre of scores of men, women, and children. The effects of insurrection upon emancipation, upon the condition of the slave, and upon the economic condition of the country are pointed out. Illustrations consist of thirty-six full-page half-tones, maps, etc. 8vo, cloth. Price, \$2.

"Life of Rear Admiral John Randolph Tucker." By Capt. James Henry Rochelle. With notes on the navigation of the upper Amazon and its principal tributaries, by the author; and a biographical sketch of the author by M. Tyler. Capt. Rochelle has written a biography of strange and heroic adventures in his "Life of Rear Admiral John Randolph Tucker." He was eminently qualified to write this biography, being for many years Admiral Tucker's "right hand," his executive officer, and his chief aid in his most important enterprises. 12mo, cloth. Price, \$2.

"Boy Soldiers of the Confederacy." By Mrs. Susan R. Hull. In regard to this valuable work, the *Baltimore Sun* says: "The book is hardly history, it cannot be called biography in the full sense of the word, and yet it is an invaluable contribution to both subjects. It is a collation of fragments gathered from a thousand sources. Now it is an incident related by one of the

army surgeons of the death of some child who had given his life for his country; now there is an anecdote of some boy upon the field." The book is a valuable contribution to a much-neglected aspect of our war. 8vo, cloth; fully illustrated. Price, \$2.



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"Some Neglected History of North Carolina." Including the Battle of Alamance, the first battle of the American Revolution. By William Edwards Fitch, M.D. In North Carolina the first settlement of English colonists in America was established; she was the first to draw up a declaration of independence; by her people the first battle of the American Revolution was fought. Such important history is fully treated in this book. 12mo, cloth; fully illustrated. Price, \$2.

"Savoyard's Essays: Being Essays on Men, Things, and Events, Historical, Personal, and Political." In this work is presented the best of forty years' writings by Savoyard, including essays on Roscoe Conkling, Matthew H. Carpenter, John J. Ingalls, Oliver P. Morton, Samuel J. Tilden, Marcus A. Hanna, Benjamin H. Hill, Frank Wolford, Thaddeus Stevens, Andrew Johnson, Sergeant S. Prentiss, Lucius Q. C. Lamar, the Family of Field, Thomas B. Reed, George F. Hoar, Stephen A. Douglas, and Thomas C. Platt. Each essay is a comprehensive treatment of its object, and some of the essays exceed 15,000 words each in length. 8vo, cloth; fully illustrated. Price, \$2.

"History of the Ku Klux Klan: Its Origin, Growth, and Disbandment." By J. C. Lester and D. L. Wilson, with introduction and notes by Walter L. Fleming, Ph.D., Professor of History in West Virginia University, and author of "Civil War and Reconstruction in Alabama." Illustrated, 12mo, cloth. Price, \$1.50.

"History of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, May 20, 1775, and Lives of Its Signers." By Dr. George W. Graham. A book of great importance by a recognized authority. The American Revolution is shown by Dr. Graham to have had its birth in North Carolina, not in New England. 8vo, cloth. Price, \$1.50.

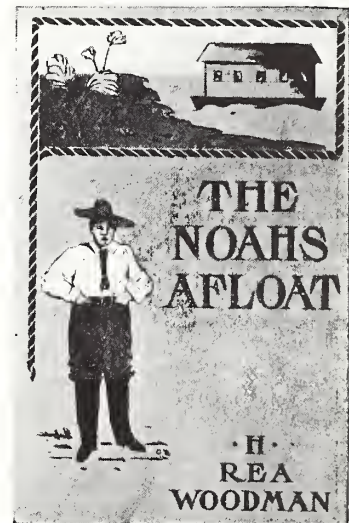
"Life in the Confederate Army." Being personal experiences of a private soldier in the Confederate Army. By Arthur P. Ford; and some experiences and sketches of Southern life, by Marion Johnston Ford. 12mo, cloth. Price, \$1.50.

For lack of space, we are unable to mention in detail the Neale publications of more than usual value in the field of biography, reminiscence, and history relating to other sections, and of importance to American history. One of these books is absolutely unique—"Dorothy Quincy, Wife of John Hancock, and the Events of Her Time." This book is by Miss Ellen C. D. Q. Woodbury, the great-great-niece of the beautiful

Dorothy, and is one of the few books of biography dealing with the part played by women in our national development. This volume is now in the second edition, is well illustrated from oil paintings and rare prints. It is a 12mo, handsomely bound, and sells at \$1.50. Another of these books, also in the second edition, is the charming reminiscence of old Mr. Pendel, the venerable doorkeeper of the White House, who tells of the family life of our Presidents of half a century, beginning with Mr. Lincoln. This book is handsomely illustrated, and the price is \$1.50.

The fiction offering is superb. Mrs. Frances A. Harris, of Atlanta, has a charming story of Kentucky, her former home, entitled "Among the Meadows." Ambrose Bierce, the master of the short story, is represented in a choice collection of his tales, under the title of "Can Such Things Be?" Mrs. Flora McDonald Williams, of Louisville, has a splendid war story in her new novel, "The Blude Cockade." Under the title of "Love's Way in Dixie," Mrs. Katharine Hopkins Chapman, of Selma, Ala., issues a volume of her charming short stories of Cupid's favorite field. The California writer, Clyde C. Westover, takes the Bard of Avon for his hero in his brilliant historical novel, "The Romance of Gentle Will." An admirable story of adventure is "Hoosier Hunting Grounds," by Bill Bat, one of the leading novelists of Indiana; and he writes charmingly of the pioneer days of his native State. Mrs. Elizabeth May Montague, of South Carolina, whose short stories have been appearing for several years past in the leading magazines, issues her first long novel under the title of "Beside a Southern Sea." Miss Maia Pettus, of Alabama, whose first novel, "Princess of Glenndale," was issued by the Neales several years ago with considerable success, has a new story entitled "Meda's Heritage," which justifies the expectation of the friends of this young author that she would achieve an enviable reputation as a novelist. Channing Pollock, who in recent years has made a notable success as a playwright, and whose dramatization of Norris's "The Pit" was one of the most successful plays of last season, published his first novel through this house several years ago under the title of "Behold the Man." A new and autographed edition of this book is now offered. One of the most attractive books that the Neales have offered in years is the brilliant satire and mirth-provoking book of Miss H. Rea Woodman, of Nebraska, which she playfully describes as a historical romance, in which she introduces Father Noah as the hero of "The Noahs Afloat."

Miss Annie T. Colcock, of South Carolina, a pioneer in the modern school of historical romance, whose story of the Tudors reached a sale of more than thirty thousand copies within a short time after its publication, issues through this house the most ambitious work of her life, in Madrid setting, entitled "Her American Daughter." A de-



COVER DESIGN, GREATLY REDUCED.

lightful dog book comes from the pen of Reginald Pelham Bolton, of New York, a member of the American Folklore Society, and which he illustrated. His book purports to be "The Autobiography of an Irish Terrier." Dr. George Barksdale, a prominent physician of Richmond, has written a novel of remarkable force of negro life, entitled "Punch." Judge Theodore D. Jervey, of Charleston, S. C., writes with calmness and deliberation a novel dealing with reconstruction and the present day relations of the races growing out of the measures enforced during those dark days. The title of this book is "The Elder Brother," and already the second edition has been printed. Another novel dealing with reconstruction is by the Rev. Dr. J. W. Daniel, of Columbia, S. C., entitled "A Maid of the Foothills." Dr. Daniel supplies some of the missing links in the story of reconstruction, in which he took an active part. "Dick," by Mrs. Wille Drennen Russell, of Alabama, "The Carolinians," by Miss Annie T. Sloan, of South Carolina, "The Gritto," a story of Texas as an empire, by Moncure Lyne, of Virginia, "Tuckahoe," a Virginia story by Eggleston, are all novels which make delightful reading. Mrs. Sylla W. Hamilton, a daughter of the late Gen. Thomas and a granddaughter of Gen. Withers, writes a charming story entitled "Forsaking All Others," descriptive of Sherman's march to the sea. Another story of more than passing value that deals with Sherman's march is "In and Out of the Lines," by Frances T. Howard, of Georgia.

The translations are peculiarly attractive. "The Land of the Rising Sun," a Japanese book by Gregoire de Wollant, for many years Russian consul to Japan, now the Russian minister to Mexico, is absolutely unique. This book is translated from the original Russian by Mr. de Wollant in collaboration with his American wife. Other books are from the French of Pierre-Henri-Adrian Decourcelle, Madame Charles Reybaud; the German of Felix Dahn, Richard Voss, etc. Various important books on economics are catalogued, while in the field of belles-lettres there are many gems by well-known writers.

In a splendid list of poetry various well-known Southern poets are represented.

The Neales are doing splendid work in the world of letters,

and such a house well deserves the hearty support which it has received from the South. They are about to establish a



MR. WALTER NEALE,
President The Neale Publishing Company.

magazine of international scope under the title of *The Southerner*, and promise later to resurrect the old *Southern Literary Messenger*.



EX-GOV. ROBT. L. TAYLOR,
Candidate United States Senator, Democratic
Primary, May 12, 1906.

Robert Love Taylor, statesman, orator, humorist, and raconteur, is one of the best known men in the South, and none exceeds him in extended personal popularity. He has been once in Congress, three times Governor, and twice an elector for the State at large, but his fame rests no more upon his political successes than upon his remarkable powers as a public speaker. Both on the hustings and on the lecture platform he has the gift rarely equaled of entertaining an audience. Genial, big-hearted, of fine personal appearance, and always easily approachable, he has made legions of friends throughout the country and thousands love and admire him to whom he is personally unknown.

Robert L. Taylor was born July 31, 1850, in Happy Valley, Carter County, Tenn., on the spot where the soldiers of John Sevier rallied for their attack on King's Mountain. He was the fourth of ten children, six of them boys. He and his brother Alfred were educated at Pennington, N. J., and later he read law under the tutelage of Judge Kirkpatrick, at Jonesboro. In 1878 he was admitted to the bar, and soon afterwards was nominated by the Democrats of the First Tennessee District for Congress.

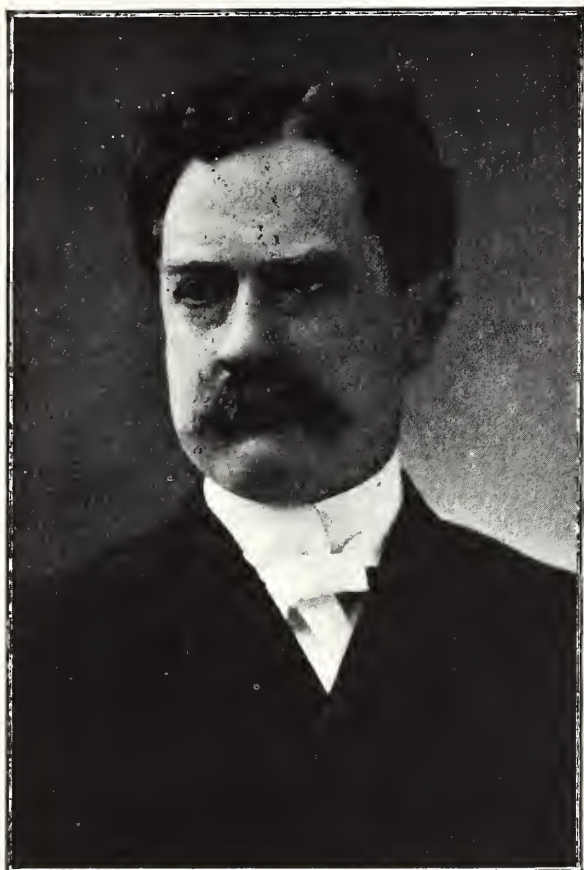
This was one of the most remarkable episodes in Robert L. Taylor's life, and served to give him a very favorable introduction to the Tennessee public. The district had an unbroken record of six thousand Republican majority for some years past. The Republican candidate, Hon. A. H. Pettibone, had served several times in Congress and was a man of marked ability. It was a great surprise when young Taylor was elected, and the campaign was attended with some unique features that have made it famous in the annals of Tennessee history.

In 1884 Robert L. Taylor was a Cleveland elector for the State at large, and that year made his first canvass of the entire State. After the election he was made Pension Agent at Knoxville.

In 1886 was the notable campaign between his brother Alfred Taylor and himself for the Governorship. The Republicans nominated Alfred Taylor, and the Democratic State Convention, which met soon after, called on Robert to represent his party. No campaign in the State has ever aroused greater popular interest. Robert L. Taylor was elected by a good majority, and re-elected in 1888 over Samuel W. Hawkins, Republican, polling a larger vote than had ever before been accorded a candidate in the State.

He was persuaded to become an elector for the State at large again in 1892, and there was an almost universal demand among Tennessee Democrats that he accept the gubernatorial nomination for the third time, in 1896. He was this time elected over Hon. G. N. Tillman, the Republican candidate, receiving the largest majority ever before or since accorded a gubernatorial candidate in the State of Tennessee.

Since retiring from the Governor's office the last time, Gov. Taylor has been almost constantly on the lecture platform. Recently he removed to Nashville and began in that city the publication of *Bob Taylor's Magazine*.



EDWARD W. CARMACK,

Candidate United States Senator, Democratic
Primary, May 12, 1906.

Edward W. Carmack, Senior Senator of Tennessee, was born near Castalian Springs, Sumner County, Tenn., November 5, 1858. He is known as a self-made man, his father, who was a minister of the Christian Church, having died when he was an infant. Nature was kind to him, for it taught him the hard but enduring road to success by acquainting him from boyhood with the path of hard labor; first on a farm, then in a brickyard, and in various other positions which afforded maintenance for his widowed mother and himself. He attended school in winter or was taught by his mother, and finally went into an office to study law.

He was sent to the Legislature in 1884, two years later became associate editor of the *Nashville American*, and subsequently editor in chief of the *Nashville Democrat*, and later the *Nashville American*. In 1892 he removed to Memphis, where he gained much prominence as editor in chief of the *Memphis Commercial-Appeal*. He was very popular with the masses, especially the silver wing of the Democratic party, whose cause he so valiantly espoused. Consequently, when the memorable contest of 1896 was at its height, he was nominated by acclamation for Congress by the silver element of the Democratic party from the Tenth (Memphis) District to oppose Hon. Josiah Patterson. The latter had long been in Congress and was noted for his distinguished service. The minority or gold wing nominated Mr. Patterson, and the Republicans failed to place a candidate in the field, indorsing Mr. Patterson.

So both entered the contest for political supremacy before the matchless tribune of the people. A bitter fight was waged, Mr. Carmack winning by a narrow margin. Fraud was charged by his opponent, Mr. Patterson, who contested the election before the House of Representatives, and the House, though strongly Republican, decided in favor of Carmack amid one of the most dramatic scenes ever witnessed in Congress. Members stood on seats that they might not lose a syllable of his logic, while with breathless attention they listened to his thundering appeals in behalf of the South that burned their way into the hearts of all. And from that time on Carmack's name was on thousands of lips, for he had accomplished what was considered impossible.

Thus Carmack's star of political fortune was in the ascendancy. He at once became the object of national prominence, and in 1901, when Senator Turley refused to stand for reelection, people from all parts of the State importuned him to stand for the Senate, with the result that he was elected without opposition.

Senator Carmack as a debater has few equals. He is a man of the profoundest convictions, political and moral. What he conceives to be right he loves with his whole soul, mind, and strength; and what impresses him as wrong he hates with ceaseless intensity. Having an emulous desire for honest fame, there is no compromise in his make-up. Bold, aggressive, and fearless, he is the match of any of the shining lights of the opposite party.

Senator Carmack's record as a public man is known to all, and suffice it to say that his remarkable success in public life is an object lesson demonstrating that poverty and adversity are no barriers in the road to eminence and distinction.

Jacob Heater, of Aberdeen, Wash., makes inquiry for relatives of Dr. John Telfer, of Georgia, who is buried in the cemetery there. He was recognized as a Confederate veteran by the G. A. R. Post of that city, and on each recurring Decoration Day his grave is remembered. Comrade Heater wishes to mark the grave with a stone, and will do so at his own expense if he can secure a record of Dr. Telfer's service in the Confederate army.

J. L. McCullough, of Jamestown, Ala., wants to secure a copy of the "Youth's History of the War between the States," which he thinks was written by a young man who served in the Army of Northern Virginia and which was published soon after the war. He is very anxious to get a copy.

A mistake was made in crediting the poem in July VETERAN, "The Pride of Battery B," to R. B. Mayes, of Yazoo, Miss., who calls attention to the error.

John J. McCann

(THE LAME MILLER),

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December 7, 1905.

P. A. SHELTON,

CANDIDATE FOR RE-ELECTION

County Court Clerk.

SUBJECT TO

Democratic Primary, Dec. 7, 1905.



Roger Eastman

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SUBJECT TO ACTION OF

DEMOCRATIC PRIMARY, DECEMBER 7, 1905.

R. A. MILAM,

FOR

CRIMINAL COURT CLERK,

DAVIDSON COUNTY.

SUBJECT TO DEMOCRATIC PRIMARY,
DECEMBER 7, 1905.

Dr. Wm. Morrow,

CANDIDATE FOR

REGISTER DAVIDSON COUNTY.

SUBJECT TO

Democratic Primary, December 7, 1905.

Lewis Hitt,

CANDIDATE FOR

Circuit Court Clerk.

SUBJECT TO

Democratic Primary, Dec. 7, 1905.

Comrade A. A. Curry, of Tanglewood, Tex., wants to hear from any member of Company K, Whitfield's Legion, or of Ross's Texas Cavalry

Brigade. He is especially anxious to hear from one of the old boys who was in the campaign from Missouri to North Carolina.

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**SUBJECT TO DEMOCRATIC PRIMARY,
DECEMBER 7, 1905.**

BEN R. WEBB,

CANDIDATE FOR RE-ELECTION,

Circuit Court Clerk Davidson County.

**SUBJECT TO DEMOCRATIC PRIMARY,
DECEMBER 7, 1905.**

Thos. E. Cartwright,

CANDIDATE FOR RE-ELECTION TO THE OFFICE OF

SHERIFF DAVIDSON COUNTY.

SUBJECT TO

Democratic Primary, December 7, 1905.

Sam Marshall,

CANDIDATE FOR

Turnpike Commissioner Davidson Co.

**SUBJECT TO DEMOCRATIC PRIMARY,
DECEMBER 7, 1905.**

Levy West, of Decherd, Tenn., who served in Company A, 35th Alabama Regiment, sends the names of a number of comrades from some of whom he would like to hear, as he wishes to prove

his record. The names are: Sam Ives, colonel 35th Alabama; John R. Mitchell, captain Company A; Kneel Hodge, George Thompson, Nash Mobley, Bob McMahan, all of Company A.

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CHANCES FOR A FINE DIAMOND RING.—Mrs. Mary A. Fairfax, 235 Second Street, S. E., Washington, D. C., it may be seen, offered to raffle a diamond ring that she reports a very fine one. It cost \$525, and is worth that amount now. (See VETERAN for 1904, page 357.) She expresses deep regret that it was not taken up more generally, and sometime ago sent the names of all who responded in from one to five shares. Her sore need is the only reason why she consents to part with it. The VETERAN notice was complimentary and because of sympathy for this heroine of the sixties. Chances on the ring are \$1 each.

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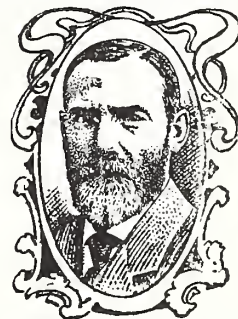
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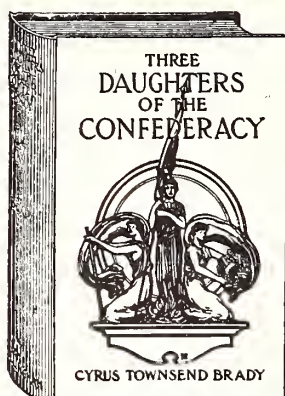
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"Sir," she said, "perhaps you will heed a woman's plea."
Page 373.

G. W. Dillingham Co., Publishers, New York

Confederate Veteran.



THE VETERAN A VALUABLE ALLY.

In action upon the History Report at the Louisville Reunion, June, 1905, the United Confederate Veterans adopted with enthusiasm the following :

It is appropriate to mention the official organ of this body, the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, founded, edited, and conducted exclusively for the benefit of the Confederate soldiers' name, fame, and cause, by our comrade, S. A. Cunningham. For many years it has been the official organ of our own great Association as well as of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans, the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and the Confederated Southern Memorial Association, publishing the proceedings of their sessions, their work, and their achievements. Thus it has been the medium through which all that concerns the work of Confederate Associations can be so published that their coöperation may be made effective. As a magazine devoted to the objects of these Associations it is a secure repository of war incidents, biography, reminiscence, history, and documents, and is already a full treasury of Confederate data. It is very gratifying that this ally of ours has attained a high position among our country's magazines. Its issue of 22,000 copies this month proves its popularity and certifies its stability. *But your committee believes that in consideration of its worth and of the broad area of its circulation, South and North, it deserves the united support of this body, and it would become of greater service to us if all Camps and Chapters would adopt measures to double its subscriptions.*

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At San Francisco, in October, 1905, the United Daughters of the Confederacy adopted resolutions of quite a similar nature without a dissenting vote. The United Sons of Confederate Veterans and the Confederated Southern Memorial Association are zealous for the VETERAN, their official organ.

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Dr. C. C. Shell, of Stamford, Tex., asks for a copy of the poem, "Jackson Is Riding To-Night," and it is hoped that some of our subscribers can furnish him promptly.

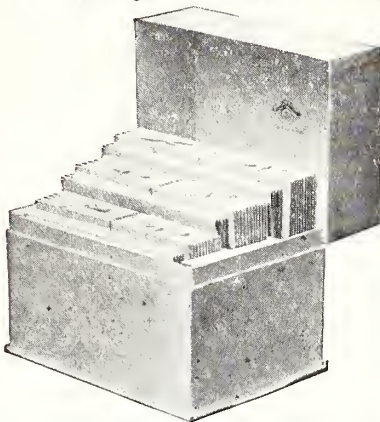
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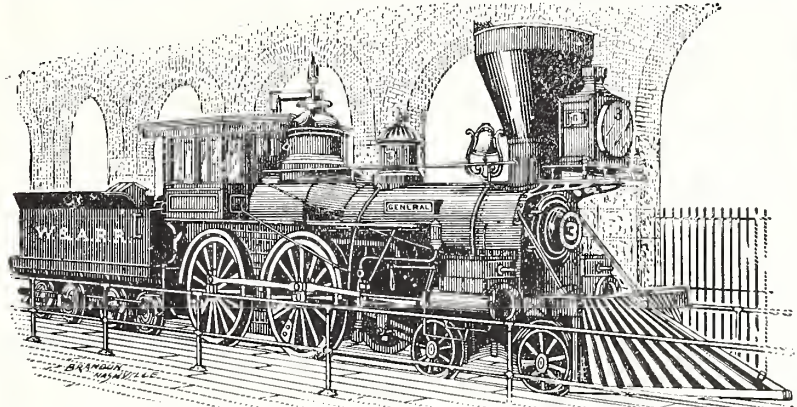
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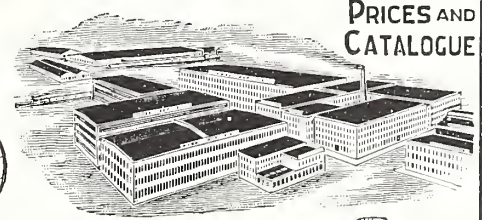
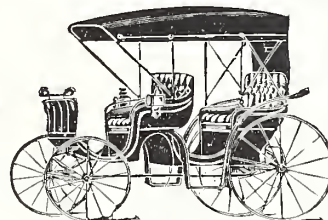
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Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them. Advertising rates furnished on application.

The date to a subscription is always given to the month before it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The *civil* war was too long ago to be called the *late* war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.

The terms "new South" and "lost Cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

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VOL. XIII.

NASHVILLE, TENN., NOVEMBER, 1905.

No. 11. S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
PROPRIETOR.

UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

As stated elsewhere, the VETERAN for December is to contain much about the U. D. C. Convention in San Francisco. There is disappointment in the failure to present some of the reports in this issue.

The long, long distance from the homes of delegates in general did not deter them in the slightest from diligence at all the business meetings. Indeed, the United Daughters of the Confederacy deserve to be placed foremost in any body of patriotic women in the world, and the Veterans would be stimulated beyond conception to see and hear the splendid reports of each Division, and the detailed work even of Chapters would console them to the certainty that the integrity and the honor of Confederate soldiers will be zealously maintained long after the youngest of them has gone to his reward.

Comment is made in derision often about the controversies among women that "all want to talk at once," and such opprobrious actions. Those who contribute to such ridicule should bear in mind that the Daughters of the Confederacy delegates are women who, as a rule, had no parliamentary training until during the last decade, and now it would be hard to find a body of men, outside of the strictly legislative, that can compare with the U. D. C. organization.

The appeal to the State Presidents in St. Louis and again in San Francisco that they send summary reports to the VETERAN is emphasized. It is very strange that they do not do this better, since those Presidents would not only establish credit to their membership, but in reporting their methods they would help others and the cause.

The purpose was to procure a picture of delegations at the tree-planting out near the Pacific Ocean, but it was impracticable to do so. Proceedings of Veterans in several State reunions are also deferred.

If correspondents would be diligent to state as concisely as possible what they desire in the VETERAN, using good paper and typewriting when practicable, they would secure space much earlier.

INCIDENTS OF TRIP TO CALIFORNIA.

"With the Northern Ocean on the north, America is bound;
On the south it is said the Southern is found;
On the east the majestic Atlantic is seen;
On the west the Pacific, more mild and serene."

As "the boundary of America," the above was quoted by the mother of a white-haired Chapter President of the U. D. C.,

who is quite accustomed to looking out upon the Atlantic Ocean, as a boat glided gracefully across the San Francisco Bay on one of the many excursions given to the Daughters of the Confederacy during their recent convention held in the Golden Gate City of California.

Who can tell the limit of Horace Greeley's idea when he advised young men to "Go West?" Did he mean Cincinnati, St. Louis, or Denver? He hardly meant at that time the extreme West of what was then our country. To those who have traveled into the glacial regions of Alaska, or who have gone by stagecoaches for weeks into that vast possession, or even those who are familiar with journeys to California, these reminiscences are not intended; but to a large percentage of VETERAN readers notes of a journey to the U. D. C. Convention must be of interest, so the space is given to tell them of things seen and heard by the editor.

St. Louis is so fully within the borders of our Dixie that it may be designated as a starting point. The greater part of a day was occupied in crossing to Kansas City, especially as washouts by recent rains caused considerable delay. What a great, rich State is Missouri! Measured from border to border in all directions, it is very hard to equal. Kansas City, although on the border of a State that has been conspicuously antagonistic to Southern sentiment, has a fine representation in both Veterans and Daughters of the Confederacy. Missouri is all right.

A journey by the Union Pacific from Kansas City by Fort Riley is most interesting. The United States government domain in that section of the State bestirs the pride of citizens. It would be difficult to find a more beautiful section anywhere. "Uncle Sam" seems to have made the best choice of land in all of Eastern Kansas. A ride through a long night by rail transforms the beauties of rich Kansas into the arid deserts of Colorado, so that over half of the six hundred and forty miles across Kansas and on to Denver is very sterile. It was quite good to stop over the greater part of Sunday in that rich city, the capital of Colorado, which is a mile above sea level. It was pleasant to be greeted in Denver by friends who had been benefited in health and store. "Seeing Denver" by excursions on electric cars was resorted to by tourists, who are taken all about the city for fifty cents and informed by the guide, who has his story well memorized.

While Confederates and their friends are zealous even where two or three are gathered together, there are so few in that section of the West that they must be quite lonesome. In a prolonged conversation with a traveling auditor of the

Union Pacific between Denver and Cheyenne, and making known war time relations, the gentleman became very cordial, and said—he was in mature life, an Eastern man of family—that he had never before spoken to a Confederate veteran, and had never seen but one other to his knowledge who served in the Confederate army.

The journey to Cheyenne of one hundred and seven miles is through an irrigated region and prosperous, but in sight of desert mountains all the while. The increased elevation of this journey of two hours is nearly a thousand feet, yet it seems as the mere beginning of ascent. Magnificent passenger trains are moved in sections from there westward, each of which is propelled by three wonderful railroad engines. While Cheyenne is six thousand and fifty feet above sea level, the first twenty miles, to Granite Canyon, Wyo., rises to seven thousand three hundred and ten feet, and in twelve miles more the track at Sherman reaches the apex of the line, eight thousand feet. Here there are "oceans of mountains," all bleak as the few snow caps in undefinable distances. Ogden is reached after part of two days and a night, one thousand and three miles west of Omaha. Although it was not originally planned to visit Salt Lake, the fast run of an hour was added to the original design, and a few hours of a delightful morning were very much enjoyed with patrons who went from Mississippi and Kentucky. While not expecting to see a face that ever had been familiar, the delight of a drive about the city with hospitable friends and a levee at the station are specially remembered incidents.

A volunteer conference during the journey on the Union Pacific in that mountain region with Tim T. Keliher, confidential representative of that great system, is recalled with cordial appreciation. He told much of interest in regard to that country, and introduced one of the men whose business it was to be ready any minute for train robbers and such emergencies. He was a small, mild-mannered man, whose prolonged experience in being "ready" made him an interesting study. Besides men of this kind on all trains, there are kept eight horses and a car ready for speed at any moment. It is believed that the horses could cover one hundred miles in a day. While these precautions are maintained for the safer protection of passengers, there is very little anxiety by them, for it is now several years since a "hold up" occurred on that line. Mr. Keliher is a most useful representative of the great corporation that he serves, a man of extraordinary physical mold, and interested in the development of the country of which many millions of acres are yet to be developed.

A fascinating feature of Cheyenne is the splendid stone railroad station of the Union Pacific Company, with extensive and magnificent grounds about it. Although the State capital, Cheyenne is near a corner of the State and has a reported population of over fourteen thousand.

Moving higher and higher at the rate of eighty-six feet per mile, two of the three large compound engines carry trains of ten thousand tons. At Buford, on this line, are the great gravel beds which, it is said, make the best roadbed in the world. The crossing of the Rocky Mountain range is at Sherman, named for Gen. W. T. Sherman. Some of the fills by this new line from Sherman to Laramie are nearly one thousand feet long, one hundred and twenty-five feet high, and contain five hundred thousand cubic yards of disintegrated granite. At another point there were moved one million seven hundred thousand cubic yards of material. Elk Mountain, near this line, is twelve thousand five hundred feet high, and its top is nearly always covered with

snow. The train is quite a half day in sight of it. Out from these stations go the great mining teams of twenty horses each, and the wagons of five tons weight are hauled as much as fifty miles. Aspen tunnel is the largest piece of single work ever undertaken by the Union Pacific Company, being five thousand nine hundred feet long. Its greatest depth below the surface is four hundred and fifty-six feet, while the tunnel base is seven thousand two hundred and six feet above sea level.

The great industry of the region through which the Union Pacific runs is sheep husbandry. At one station in Wyoming a firm shears annually one hundred thousand sheep. "Cattle have been run out of the country by sheep," said a man who seemed to be well posted. The shepherd lives summer and winter with the sheep, herding them each night about his covered wagon, the only home that he has. In Idaho the statistics show an enormous number of sheep. It is understood to be forty-five million.

"Stage line connections" are indicated by the railroad timetables, as are branch railroads in more thickly settled sections.

The Oregon Short Line railroad is a continuation of the Union Pacific from Huntington to Portland, and is a prodigious enterprise. A feature of interest is its scenery along the Columbia River. Boats are run daily from Portland for excursionists.

The Portland Fair was found to be most interesting. The fringed hills, with evergreens surrounding a sort of alcove with a broad water space opposite, gave pleasing variety to the scene. The exposition buildings showed advantages that come through knowledge of the many others. The management paid pleasing honor to Tennessee upon notice that the bearer carried a commission from the Governor. President Goode, a Virginian, and all of the subordinate officers were not only most courteous but thoroughly cordial.

The purpose to report further on this most interesting journey is deferred to the December number. Much is already in type concerning the U. D. C. Convention. It was one of the most interesting conventions and one of the most harmonious ever held. The VETERAN intends to report the achievements of our Southern women without stint, and it requests from State Presidents a résumé of what has been accomplished by their Divisions as promptly as practicable.

DAYS OF EMERGENCY TO PRESIDENT DAVIS.

In a letter from New York City of October 13, 1905, Mrs. V. Jefferson Davis writes to S. A. Cunningham:

"My Dear Sir: I notice in your able and invaluable journal a communication signed by Mr. Milton Overly, of Flemingsburg, Ky., when reciting the services of the gallant 'Williams's Kentucky Brigade,' a statement in which I am sure Mr. Overly did not desire to do injustice to President Davis, but which places him in a light in which he never posed in the Confederacy or elsewhere in the course of his active and illustrious career. Mr. Overly says: 'Richmond had fallen, Gen. Lee had surrendered, and President Davis, with the remnant of the Confederate government, was fleeing southward. Finding that Gen. Johnston had determined not to sacrifice another life in a hopeless cause, Mr. Davis asked for a guard and escort of mounted men to accompany him to a place of safety. . . . Immediately after the surrender, at Appomattox, President Davis, with several Cabinet officers and others—"the Confederate government on wheels"—accompanied by the escort commanded by Gen. Dibrell, left Charlotte for—none of us knew where. Passing leisurely through

South Carolina, the cavalcade halted at Abbeville, near the southern border of the State. Here the Confederacy went to pieces. Mr. Davis, with a few attendants, joined his family in Washington, Ga. The escort crossed the Savannah River, going in the direction of Washington.

"Mr. Overly's statement that the President was proceeding in a leisurely way through South Carolina would seem to conflict with his other assertion that the President was 'fleeing southward.'

"The facts are these: Mr. Davis, supposing his family to be with a friend, the Hon. Armistead Burt, in Abbeville, and not having seen them since before the fall of Richmond, naturally desired to bid his wife and children farewell before beginning his perilous effort to reach the Trans-Mississippi. He therefore came to Abbeville. However, fearing to embarrass him in his effort to reach the Trans-Mississippi Department, I sent a letter to meet him at the Saluda River by Col. Henry Levoy, an intimate friend, in which I begged him not to attempt to join us even for an hour; but to expect us, if we could accomplish the journey, to meet him in Texas. We hoped from the Gulf coast to get passage to Nassau, and thus reach Texas.

"Mr. Davis, much disappointed, came to Washington, but our party moved ten miles farther the day that he left Abbeville. As none of us had either silver or gold coin, the wagons carried a few barrels of flour and of sugar, which we hoped to exchange for cooked provisions on the journey. Added to these were several trunks containing the wearing apparel of our family, all we had been able to save from the wreck of our chattels. For into the Confederate treasury the President had gladly poured all the money and other available property he possessed, regretting he had no more to give. Of this deeply tragic termination of our four years' bloody war Mr. Overly jokingly speaks as 'The Confederacy on wheels!' Mr. Davis had no 'wagon train.' With the valuable State papers from the Executive, War, and Navy Departments the President sent a trunk or two containing some few articles and personal apparel, but the contents of these were principally very important historical and personal papers, to be cared for in Florida by a Confederate friend. These were the only wagons with which he had anything to do.

"From our camp, ten miles from Washington, fearing that he might in his anxiety about our fate try to overtake us, I wrote a second time to protest against his trying to join us, and did not see him again until several days had elapsed, as we moved on in the gray of the next morning, escorted by several Confederate officers who had volunteered to protect us. He joined us at night several days after, hearing accidentally on the road that we were to be raided and our horses taken from us. Neither his party nor ours knew where the other was. He certainly did not wish to be arrested, as his last hope for our people was to recruit the army of the Trans-Mississippi and make a last stand there for our cause or else to make better terms for our people. Many Confederates offered themselves to him when he left Charlotte, but he felt that the number was too large to move over a captured territory without their being attacked and perhaps cut to pieces, as the number would be too small to make a successful resistance. He therefore bade them farewell with an aching heart, and they unwillingly returned to be paroled.

"The Confederate President neither asked nor received of Gen. Johnston or any one else a guard to accompany him to a place of safety, nor did he seek for himself any immunity for the part he had taken in the Confederate government. He was

willing to the last hour of his life to give it for his country if he could serve her. He had, as his part of what remained of the struggle, his horse and a pair of saddlebags containing a change of raiment. At no time did he occupy the attitude in which Mr. Overly presents him before the Southern people—that of a commander deserted by his army, asking protection until he could reach a place of safety for his own person while traveling with a train of wagons with a peripatetic government loaded upon them. For the honor of the Confederate army, I will say that the President could have left Charlotte with several brigades of devoted Confederate soldiers; but to accept their escort would have been to sacrifice them for no purpose. The Cabinet officers did not 'each go his own way' and desert their President. They offered to accompany him if they could be of any use, and Mr. Benjamin felt and said that he knew he was not physically able to keep up the pace the spare and light men of the escort could maintain, though he would gladly take the risk if Mr. Davis desired it. It was evident that the brave and learned Secretary was right, and very unwillingly the friends parted on the bank of the river. Mr. Benjamin took his way toward the coast, expecting, if the hopes of the party were fulfilled, to meet them again in Texas. Judge Reagan, always a frontiersman, used to hard riding, felt physically able to bear the fatigue, and followed the President with all of his staff, which made a party, they vainly hoped, small enough to escape the enemy's notice.

"In coming years the sons of our veterans of course will accept as the most veritable account the testimony of those brave men, who were the wonder of one hemisphere and the envy of the other, and it is therefore that I venture to correct one of them in his statement which I think does injustice to one who is no longer living to defend himself; and I do it with reluctance, because I am assured that the author of the sketch did not appreciate what impression his reminiscence would make upon his readers."

"THE TRUE JEFFERSON DAVIS."

For two score years the South has waited for a man of reputation as a historian and of ability as an orator to present to the world a vivid and accurate portrayal of the great President of the Confederacy. At last the man has appeared, and his work merits our unqualified approbation. Dr. Guy Carleton Lee, of Maryland, gave for the first time "The True Jefferson Davis" in Nashville late in October. The theme brought out an audience of several thousand persons, and there would have been many more had the eminent merits of the speaker to discuss the subject been fully understood. This is Dr. Lee's first year in the lecture field of the South, and therefore a recital of his achievements will be helpful to an appreciation of his qualification to discuss the great theme in hand. Dr. Lee's historical work comprises forty-five volumes, eleven of which are devoted to oratory. The most conspicuous of all Dr. Lee's historical achievements is his new work, the "History of North America." It will contain, including maps, over twenty volumes. The fifteenth volume, of which the South will be justly proud, treats of the "Civil War from a Southern Standpoint." Other volumes from his pen are: "Hincmar," a study of the relation of Church and State in the ninth century, "Sources of English History," "Historical Jurisprudence," and the "True History of the Civil War." His literary activity has further resulted in dozens of articles contributed to the press of the new and the old world.

It is decidedly noteworthy that, when we consider his literary products, Professor Lee has found time to teach in the Johns Hopkins and Columbian Universities and to devote fifty nights a year to the lecture platform. But this he has accomplished by such a systemization of his work that every waking moment is utilized.

The author, while an ardent Southerner, had written of Mr. Davis from a different viewpoint from that from which he now regards the illustrious statesman and patriot; and he, upon mature consideration, felt that he had misrepresented him, and therefore wrote "The True Jefferson Davis" to correct his error. Such is the manly and the right course to pursue. What a pity that another American does not do likewise! Our statement comes from an admission on the part of Dr. Lee that his conscience impelled the tribute he pays to the Confederacy's only President. The tribute is loyal, and those who have been prejudiced against Mr. Davis should hear Dr. Lee. The eminent historian considers all the phases of the many-sided character of the great statesman. He demonstrates that no American has achieved more than Mr. Davis. Every statement is fortified by proof; every argument is undeniable. The lecture will be a revelation to thousands of persons in the South and to hundreds of thousands in the North. It is a revelation that comes at a time that is most opportune, and the world is ready to receive it.

It is singularly fortunate that Dr. Lee not only possesses the historical knowledge necessary to an authoritative treatment of his subject, but the oratorical ability to put it before the people with unrivaled impressiveness. His delivery is such that he holds his audiences enrapt from his first word to the last, and justifies the statement that as he is the South's greatest living historian so is he its greatest dramatic orator.

Dr. Lee will make an extended tour through Texas in November, and this brief notice is intended to cordially introduce him; and we trust that those who love the Confederacy will make themselves personally known to Dr. Lee.

VISIT OF THE PRESIDENT TO THE SOUTH.

The Associated Press, under the management of Mr. Melville Stone, made so accurate and so complete report of the President's every utterance on his visit to the South Atlantic States and across to Little Rock, thence back to Memphis and to New Orleans, whence he returned by a government transport to the North, that it will hardly be read as news in the *VETERAN*. However, record concerning Confederates is made, as it will thereby be preserved in better form than elsewhere and by thousands who will most thoroughly appreciate his utterances. The beginning was in Richmond. In his remarks at the capital of the Confederacy he said:

"I trust I need hardly say how great is my pleasure at speaking in this historic capital of your historic State, the State than which no other has contributed a larger proportion to the leadership of the nation; for on the honor roll of those American worthies whose greatness is not only for the age but for all time, not only for one nation but for all the world, on this honor roll Virginia's name stands above all others. And in greeting all of you I know that no one will grudge my saying a special word of acknowledgment to the veterans of the War between the States. A man would indeed be but a poor American who could without a thrill witness the way in which, in city after city, in the North as in the South, on every public occasion, the men who wore the blue and the

men who wore the gray now march and stand shoulder to shoulder, giving tangible proof that we are all now in fact as well as in name a reunited people, a people infinitely richer because of the priceless memories left to all Americans by you men who fought in the great war.

"Last Memorial Day I spoke in Brooklyn at the unveiling of the statue of a Northern general, under the auspices of the Grand Army of the Republic, and that great audience cheered every allusion to the valor and self-devotion of the men who followed Lee as heartily as they cheered every allusion to the valor and self-devotion of the men who followed Grant. . . .

"The proud self-sacrifice, the resolute and daring courage, the high and steadfast devotion to the right as each man saw it, whether Northerner or Southerner—these qualities render all Americans forever the debtors of those who in the dark days from 1861 to 1865 proved their truth by their endeavor. Here around Richmond, here in your own State, there lies battlefield after battlefield, rendered forever memorable by the men who counted death as but a little thing when weighed in the balance against doing their duty as it was given them to see it. . . .

"Great though the meed of praise is which is due the South for the soldierly valor her sons displayed during the four years of war, I think that even greater praise is due to her for what her people have accomplished in the forty years of peace which followed. For forty years the South has made not merely a courageous, but at times a desperate struggle, as she has striven for moral and material well-being. Her success has been extraordinary, and all citizens of our common country should feel joy and pride in it; for any great deed done or any fine qualities shown by one group of Americans of necessity reflect credit upon all Americans. Only a heroic people could have battled successfully against the conditions with which the people of the South found themselves face to face at the end of the War between the States. There had been utter destruction and disaster, and wholly new business and social problems had to be faced with the scantiest means. The economic and political fabric had to be readjusted in the midst of dire want of grinding poverty.

"The future of the broken, war-swept South seemed beyond hope; and if her sons and daughters had been of weaker fiber, there would in very truth have been no hope. But the men and the sons of the men who had faced with unfaltering front every alternation of good and evil fortune from Manassas to Appomattox, and the women, their wives and mothers, whose courage and endurance had reached an even higher heroic level—these men and these women set themselves undauntedly to the great task before them.

For twenty years the struggle was hard and at times doubtful. Then the splendid qualities of your manhood and womanhood told, as they were bound to tell, and the wealth of your extraordinary resources began to be shown. Now the teeming riches of mine and field and factory attest the prosperity of those who are all the stronger because of the trials and struggles through which this prosperity has come. You stand loyally to your traditions and memories; you also stand loyally for our great common country of to-day and for our common flag, which symbolizes all that is brightest and most hopeful for the future of mankind; you face the new age in the spirit of the age."

The President at a banquet spoke as follows:

" . . . Coming to-day by the statue of Stonewall Jackson, in the city of Lee, I felt what a privilege it is that I, as

an American, have in claiming that you yourselves have no more right of kinship in Lee and Jackson than I have.

"There was an uncle of mine, now dead, my mother's brother, who has always been, among all the men I have ever met, the man who it seemed to me came nearest to typifying in the flesh that most beautiful of all characters in fiction, Thackeray's Col. Newcome—my uncle, James Dunwoody Bulloch, an admiral in the Confederate navy.

"In my regiment, organized at the beginning of the Spanish-American War, I think that there were more men whose fathers wore the gray than there were whose fathers wore the blue. The only rivalry that ever entered their heads was rivalry as to which man could show himself best entitled to the praise of having done all that in him lay for our country and our flag.

"I noticed that the statue of Stonewall Jackson had been raised as a gift by certain Englishmen. The best biography of Gen. Jackson was by an Englishman, Col. Henderson. It is a curious and rather lamentable fact that he died just as he was about to undertake another biography, which I had earnestly asked him to undertake. I had written him, urging that he should finish his very remarkable military study of Stonewall Jackson by writing a military biography of Gen. Lee, and he had written me back that he intended to do so. Shortly afterwards I learned of his death.

"Gentlemen, I cannot sufficiently express to you my deep appreciation of the way in which you have greeted me to-day. You cannot be nearly so glad to see me as I am to see you."

After the banquet, the presidential party visited points of interest about the city. The party first stopped at the Lee monument, where the Confederate veterans from R. E. Lee Camp, Soldiers' Home, were gathered to greet the President. Addressing the old soldiers, the President said: "My friends and fellow-Americans, I honor the State of Virginia because she has taken charge of the Confederate veterans in their old age. All Americans must ever show high honor to the men of the War between the States, whether they wore the blue or whether they wore the gray, so long as they did their duty as the light was given them to see their duty with all of the strength that was in them. Here I greet you in the shadow of the statue of your commander, Gen. Robert E. Lee. You and he left us memories which are part of the memories bequeathed to the entire country by all the Americans who fought in the War between the States."

While at Charlotte, N. C., the President was greeted by many thousands of people. The press report states:

"The feature of his stay here was his meeting with the widow of Stonewall Jackson. Mrs. Jackson lives in a stone's throw of the station, and she was present there when the train pulled in at the head of a committee of ladies appointed by Mayor McNinch to receive Mrs. Roosevelt. When he was introduced, he took her hand and remained talking for fully five minutes. 'Mrs. Jackson, you do not know how glad I am to meet you. What? The widow of the great Stonewall Jackson? Why, it is worth the whole trip down here to shake your hand.' He referred to her grandson, Jackson Christian, whom he appointed to a cadetship at West Point. 'He is a mighty fine fellow, Mrs. Jackson, a mighty fine fellow.'

"The citizens' committee stood in waiting while he escorted Mrs. Jackson to Mrs. Roosevelt and introduced her. While the President was speaking in the park Mrs. Jackson entertained Mrs. Roosevelt at her home, and a hundred Char-

lotte ladies helped to make her stay pleasant. After Mrs. Roosevelt returned to the car, she sent a handsome bouquet of American Beauty roses and a note to Mrs. Jackson.

"In his speech the President said: 'As I got off the train here I was greeted by one citizen of North Carolina (and I know that neither the Governor, the Mayor, nor the Senators will blame me for what I am going to say) whose greeting pleased and touched me more than the greeting of any man could have touched me. I was greeted by the widow of Stonewall Jackson.' He paid tribute to Lieut. Shipp, of North Carolina: 'Here, as I came up your streets, I saw a monument raised to a fellow-soldier of mine who fell during the Spanish War at Santiago (Lieut. Shipp, of North Carolina). [Applause.] The morning of the fight he and I took breakfast together. It wasn't much of a breakfast, but it was the only breakfast that was going, and we were glad to get it. The night before I had no supper, and his comrades gave me out of the very small amount that they had a sandwich. In the morning they had no material for breakfast; but by that time my things had come up, and I shared my breakfast with them. That was at dawn. Before noon one of them was killed, and the other, as we then thought, badly wounded.'

"The visit to Roswell, Ga., was indeed very pleasant. A remnant of the old-time servants of his family were there, and did the white people credit in what they said to him. In his visit to Birmingham the President was greeted cordially by Confederates. Ex-Gov. Joseph F. Johnston, their speaker, said: 'It is made my duty, as it is my pleasure, Mr. President, by unanimous vote of Camp Hardee, No. 39, United Confederate Veterans, to present to you these young ladies, descendants of Confederate soldiers and sponsors and maids of honor of our Camp, who will tender you a badge of our Camp. We present this too, sir, because we believe that you come nearer standing for the ideals that have inspired our lives than any President that we have had since the war. Had we been born north of Mason and Dixon's line, Mr. President, many of us in the War between the States might have followed the flag of our fathers, the stars and stripes; but we are sure that had you been born twenty years earlier, and in Georgia, where you should have been born, you would have been a gallant leader of a brigade under Forrest or Stuart. Sir, with your permission, these young ladies, the sweetest and loveliest product of the Old South or of any other country in the world, one of them having in her gentle veins the blood of Raphael Semmes, will now, in behalf of the Camp, present you this badge with our good wishes for your health and happiness.'

"The Confederate badge was presented to the President by Miss Sophia Wittichen.

"During his Atlanta visit the President paid high tribute to Joel Chandler Harris ('Uncle Remus'). He also cordially commended United States Senator Clay's public career. Senator Clay had attended the President's party to Roswell, the girlhood home of Mr. Roosevelt's mother, and in a talk there the President said: 'It has been my great fortune to have the right to claim that my blood is half Southern and half Northern, and I would deny the right of any man here to feel a greater pride in the deeds of every Southern man than I feel. Of the children, the brothers and sisters of my mother who were born and brought up in that house on the hill there, my two uncles afterwards entered the Confederate service and served in the Confed-

erate navy. One, the youngest man, served on the Alabama as the youngest officer on board her. He was captain of one of her broadside 32-pounders in her final fight; and when, at the very end, the Alabama was sinking and the Kearsarge passed under her stern and came up along the side that had not fired hitherto, my uncle, Irving Bulloch, shifted his gun from one side to the other and fired the last two shots fired from the Alabama. James Dunwoody Bulloch was an admiral in the Confederate service. Of all the people whom I have ever met, he was the one that came nearest to that beautiful creation of Thackeray, Col. Newcome. Men and women, don't you think that I have the ancestral right to claim a proud kinship with those who showed their devotion to duty as they saw the duty, whether they wore the gray or whether they wore the blue? All Americans who are worthy the name feel an equal pride in the valor of those who fought one on one side or the other, provided only that each did with all his might and soul and strength and mind his duty as it was given him to see his duty.'

"While there was a great demonstration in every city visited, it seemed to be in Mobile that the happiest association occurred. This is perhaps because of the fact that the President's proudest Southern association was through two brothers of his mother who performed service for the Confederacy under Admiral Raphael Semmes on the famous Alabama. The guard of honor on the parade was by members of the Raphael Semmes Camp, Confederate Veterans.

"Hon. Oliver J. Semmes, son of the great Confederate admiral, Raphael Semmes, presented to the President and pinned upon the lapel of his coat a handsome souvenir badge, as the gift of the people of Mobile. This badge consists of a heavy cross bar of 18-karat gold, inscribed: 'Mobile, Ala.' In delivering the badge, Judge Semmes said: 'Mr. President, I have been delegated by the people of Mobile to present to you this token, a symbol of their fealty as citizens of the United States. Though itself of little intrinsic value, yet in sentiment it represents the loyalty, the worth, and the honor of as brave, chivalric, and noble a people as is to be found on the face of God's green earth. We proud citizens of a proud republic feel and believe that you, as the head of that republic, will, by your broad views and judicious actions, so unite in bonds of friendship all sections of our loved country that Americans will advance till they become the foremost of nations and may without a misgiving defy a world in arms. Should this awful necessity ever arise, then the sons of the South will be found a mighty armed camp. Take this little reminder; and when you look upon it amid your arduous and multifarious duties, feel and know that the people of Mobile have buried the past and look without fear to the future, recognizing that you, as is shown by your later utterances, are the President of the North and the South, our whole country. They regard you as a broad-minded American, and as such offer this badge, its pendant a magnolia blossom, pure and spotless, typical of the womanhood and manhood of our Southland and peculiarly appropriate, as you are half Southern.'

"Judge Alford, Chairman of the Committee on Arrangements, then introduced the President.

"The formal welcome to the President was delivered by Col. E. L. Russell, a Confederate veteran of fine record, who said to him: 'Your coming into our midst has been a source of inspiration to our people, and my selection by my neighbors to welcome you to this old city I shall preserve as one of the great events of my life. Our people are familiar with

your record as a soldier and as a citizen. Your wise statesmanship, coupled with your public acts and public declarations, have given them confidence in your sincerity of purpose and patriotism. Since you have been President you have demonstrated by your administration of our Federal affairs that you are loyal and devoted to our free institutions, coined out of the blood, sacrifices, and treasure of our ancestors. Such is the faith of our people in you as a patriot that they believe you would cheerfully surrender your life rather than endanger the sacred trust that has been confided to your patriotic keeping. They look upon you as the staunch friend of an honest and faithful administration of our Federal government. They look upon you as the friend of the honest and faithful public officer. They regard you as the enemy of any man connected with our government who forgets his responsibility as such and descends into speculation and corruption. You have demonstrated that under your administration no man can hold Federal office and be unfaithful to his trust. Our people applaud you for the many brave acts you have performed in your exalted position. They applaud you for the part you took in order to secure the Panama Canal, which will directly contribute to the commercial growth of the Gulf States; they applaud you for the intelligent and diplomatic manner in which you brought about peace and the conclusion of the bloody war between Japan and Russia; they regard you as the friend of our country and of the home; they are familiar with your home life, and it has been of such a high character as to commend itself to every intelligent, patriotic citizen within this broad domain. You have been so clean, frank, and sincere in all of your public acts and in the performance of all of your public duties that the mere recital of them sends a thrill of patriotic pride through the hearts of your countrymen. Our people are deeply grateful to you for coming to their rescue as soon as the appalling pestilence of yellow fever had made its appearance in some of our neighboring cities by ordering the Marine Hospital Service to take control and handle this dread scourge under the scientific methods that have been discovered. This act of yours resulted in arresting this terrible plague, thereby saving many valuable lives and preventing the suffering of our people living along the shores of the Gulf of Mexico.'

"The President thanked the people for their magnificent reception, and spoke a special word of greeting to the Confederate veterans who formed a portion of his escort. He referred to the fact that one of his uncles was on the Alabama during the War between the States. The last time he came through Alabama he said he was going with his own regiment to the Spanish war, and in that regiment were more men whose fathers wore the gray than those who wore the blue. They emulated but one spirit in common, the spirit of seeing who could do the most for our common flag.

"There was anxiety all the while concerning what the President would say at the Booker Washington school at Tuskegee, Ala. He was very complimentary to the school, speaking at length in its praise; and he did the wisest and best thing possible when he told them that their best friends were the white people of the South and that they must look to them for protection and for help."

The Librarian of Baylor University, Waco, Tex., wishes to complete its file of the VETERAN, and asks for the following copies: All of 1893; January, February, March, April, 1894; March, 1895; April, 1896. Write, stating price.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

This issue of the VETERAN is not made up in the usual way. The change is unavoidable under the circumstances. Another unusual feature of late issues is announcements of candidates from clerkship to Senator. A gratifying feature is the manifest esteem in which the VETERAN is regarded by home people. It, however, is impartial as to locality.

In the report in the VETERAN for September of the great achievement in Memphis, that is there to remain for ages, in the superb statue of Gen. Bedford Forrest explanation is made that it was incomplete and quite unsatisfactory. The VETERAN did not lack interest in the subject, but there was prolonged delay in the procurement of a satisfactory photograph. There was not to be found on the day of the dedication a satisfactory picture of it; and a resident friend of whom request was made, not finding one, secured, by cordial courtesy of the *Appal-Avalanche*, its plate, which proved to be unsuited to the fine paper of the VETERAN. In the meantime other things crowded out much that should have been used in connection with it. It was intended, for instance, to use the admirable historic oration by Gen. G. W. Gordon. The conspicuous labors of Mrs. Latham at every convention of the U. D. C. for years caused special reference to her great work in the cause.

THRILLING AND HORRIBLE EVENT RECALLED.

BY W. M. LONG, 211 UNION STREET, NASHVILLE, TENN.

Near Bentonville, N. C., March 19, 1865, Johnston drove Sherman back three or four miles. I was detailed as one of a party of scouts to find out the location of the Yanks. We were riding very cautiously, expecting every minute to be fired upon. When nearing an old-fashioned Southern home we heard women screaming. We at once spurred our horses and charged upon the house. The family consisted of a mother and her three grown daughters. The Yankees ran out of the house, but the mother of the young ladies in her desperation ran ahead of them and appealed to us to shoot them down, as they were outraging her daughters. With the Rebel yell we killed all five of them. One of the dead was about my size, so I took his coat, hat, and boots.

The next day I was captured by members of the dead Yank's company, who recognized the clothes. They were about to hang me to a tree. The rope was at hand, and I thought that my time had come, but concluded that I would make an appeal to them, and said: "Gentlemen, think of your own fireside in your distant homes, and ask yourselves what you would do to men under similar circumstances." I could see a change in their faces, and one of them said: "Boys, we will not hang him, but we will strip him of John's clothes." So they left me without coat, hat, and barefooted. You can imagine my condition on that bitter day in March, 1865, with the winds whistling through my ragged shirt. You may well imagine how the blood ran from my bare feet in walking from Bentonville, N. C., to Savannah, Ga., where we were put in a hull of a vessel, crowded like sardines in a box.

In passing through Cape Hatteras Lieut. Pope invested his last money (fifty cents in United States silver) in a coat for me, which was worth my weight in gold at that time.

We were all taken to Hart's Island prison, in New York harbor, and remained there until about June 20, 1865.

If any old comrade should read this letter, I would be glad to hear from him.

This item of painful history is revived through some recent correspondence between Comrade Long and Lieut. G. R. Pope, who lent him the half dollar referred to, in which he mentions having sent him five dollars, with the request that he buy some little souvenir to retain in his family through the generations to come. He had sought the address of Lieut. Pope at times through the forty intervening years, and sent the five dollars for the purpose indicated.

In his reply from Pinehurst, Ky., August 27, 1905, Comrade Pope says: "I will purchase an imperishable memento and will have engraved on it 'W. M. Long, Company D, 1st Regiment Kentucky Cavalry.'" The correspondence is pathetic.

LONE GRAVE ON TRINITY RIVER, IN TEXAS.—W. E. Selman, of Oakwood, Tex., writes of a lone grave he found on the east side of the Trinity River. It is on the right-hand side of the road under a small cluster of young oaks, beautifully covered with the wild grapevine, about two miles from the ferry. A lady, who was a small schoolgirl at the time, told him she thought the name put on the headboard was W. A. R. Dickerson (called by the children "War" Dickerson), and he was evidently buried there by members of Col. R. Q. Mills's Texas command. Comrade Selman thinks this may lead to locating the grave of some loved and lost one of the war, although the location is indefinite. The specially interested may write to Mr. Selman.

REFUSED STOLEN MEAT, BUT SOPPED THE GRAVY.—Talking of the war recently, I recalled a moral lecture given me by a messmate. While I was orderly sergeant of Company H one of the boys of the company brought me the quarter of a good-sized shoat (skinned, of course), saying: "Orderly, rations are very short, and this will help you out." I thanked him very cordially, asking no questions. One of the messmates remarked: "You ought not to take that meat, for you know it was stolen." I reminded him of the old proverb as to the mouth of a gift horse, and also said I didn't know anything about the hog having been stolen. We had the meat baked in an oven, and when ready for eating asked my very moral friend to join us. He refused, although the odor was very appetizing. After the other members of my mess had finished, some of the good brown gravy was left in the oven, and my good messmate went to his haversack and took out one of his small loaves of corn bread, with which he finished the gravy, appearing to relish it very much. I said nothing till he got through, when I remarked that "consistency was a jewel," and read him a good moral lecture on its beauties. "O, well," he said, "when a man is so very hungry, his conscience must sleep awhile." This good friend and messmate after the war was chancellor of his district, and we often laughed at this incident of our soldier life.—*W. A. Campbell, Columbus, Miss.*

An error occurred in noticing the death of O. B. Norvell (page 425, September VETERAN), which occurred July 2, 1905, instead of June 5, as stated. He was born December 2, 1840.

SPECIAL DEPARTMENT. United Sons of Confederate Veterans.

Organized July 1, 1896, in Richmond, Va.

Conducted by the Commander in Chief, to whom all contributions intended therefor should be addressed.

THOMAS M. OWEN, LL.D., COMMANDER IN CHIEF, { Montgomery, Ala.
WILL T. SHEEHAN, A. G. AND CHIEF OF STAFF, }
E. LESLIE SPENCE, JR., COMMANDER A. N. V. DEPT., Richmond, Va.
L. W. RYLAND, DEPARTMENT ADJUTANT.
R. E. L. BYNUM, COMMANDER ARMY TENN. DEPT., Jackson, Tenn.
HOMER L. HIGGS, DEPARTMENT ADJUTANT.
I. J. STOCKETT, COMMANDER TRANS-MISS. DEPT., Tyler, Tex.
C. S. WELSCH, DEPARTMENT ADJUTANT.

(No. 5.)

CONFEDERATION NEWS.

Sons everywhere are urged to aid the VETERAN. It is worthy of our earnest support. It is not only assisting our organization by supplying its space for our department; it is doing an incalculable service to the history of the "cause" which all Southerners love and which all others now respect.

The Commander in Chief solicits correspondence. He wishes to help all Camps and comrades in any and every way. He will be glad to send blanks for the organization of new Camps wherever desired.

NEW CAMPS.

The following new Camps have been chartered since the last number—viz.:

No. 526, Louisa, Louisa C. H., Va., October 9, twenty-two members; George V. Cameron, Commandant; H. B. Trice, Adjutant.

No. 527, Douglas-Carter, King William C. H., Va., October 11, thirteen members; S. S. Robinson, Commandant; W. A. Willero, Adjutant.

ACTIVITY OF CAMP FLOYD COUNTY, ROME, GA.

On the evening of October 10 Camp Floyd County, No. 469, Rome, Ga., at a well-attended and enthusiastic meeting, projected some highly important work. Realizing the wisdom of the oft-repeated suggestion of general headquarters that each Camp should assume and undertake some specific activity for each year, this Camp resolved to compile a complete history of the 8th Georgia Infantry Regiment, C. S. A. Dr. C. Hamilton, the Camp Historian as well as the Surgeon General of the Confederation, will have immediate charge of the work, with the assistance of a strong committee of co-operation. This step on the part of Camp Floyd County is most highly commended. The care of needy and helpless Veterans is of course the first and most important charge upon all Confederate Veterans' organizations, but next in order is a correct history of all parts of the great struggle. Other Camps would do well to enter upon a similar task.

DEPARTMENT STAFFS.

Army of Northern Virginia Department.

By General Orders, No. 1, September 28, 1905, E. Leslie Spence, Jr., Department Commander, has named the following staff: Adjutant, L. W. Ryland, Richmond, Va.; Assistant Adjutant, Thomas M. Maclin, Petersburg, Va.; Inspector, James A. Hoyt, Jr., Columbia, S. C.; Assistant Inspector, Robert A. Martin, Jr., Petersburg, Va.; Quartermaster, Thomas R.

Moore, Charlestown, W. Va.; Assistant Quartermaster, Robert W. Price, Petersburg, Va.; Commissary, F. R. Fravel, Washington, D. C.; Judge Advocate, Hon. A. M. Scales, Greensboro, N. C.; Surgeon, I. R. Trimble, Baltimore, Md.; Assistant Surgeon, T. P. C. Bernard, North Tonawanda, N. Y.; Chaplain, Rev. M. B. Porter, Louisville, Ky.

Army of Tennessee Department.

The following staff has been named by R. E. L. Bynum, Department Commander, in General Orders, No. 1, July 8, 1905: Adjutant, H. L. Higgs, Jackson, Tenn.; Inspector, F. W. Campos, Savannah, Ga.; Quartermaster, Harry Ezell, Jackson, Tenn.; Commissary, C. R. Sykes, Aberdeen, Miss.; Judge Advocate, John H. DeWitt, Nashville, Tenn.; Surgeon, Dr. R. J. Thurmond, Sheffield, Ala.; Chaplain, Rev. M. L. Gilbert, Pasadena, Fla.

Trans-Mississippi Department.

I. J. Stockett, Department Commander, Tyler, Tex., in General Orders, No. 1, August 28, 1905, announces his staff as follows: Adjutant, C. S. Welch, Fort Worth, Tex.; Assistant Adjutant, C. Roy Murphy, Fort Worth, Tex.; Inspector, John F. Easley, Ardmore, Ind. T.; Commissary, W. F. Gilmer, Ardmore, Ind. T.; Judge Advocate, R. McDonald, Athens, Tex.

DIVISION REUNIONS.

It is very much to be regretted that no reunions this year will be held in the Alabama, Missouri, and Tennessee Divisions. Local conditions are such in each case as to prevent. In Alabama the reunion of the Veterans was to have been held at Huntsville October 25 and 26; but, owing to yellow fever conditions, Gen. George P. Harrison, Commander, has deemed it best to call it off. This action determines the action of the Division Commander of the Sons, George W. Duncan, who does not deem it expedient to attempt a separate gathering. In Tennessee the date set was for October 11 and 12 in Winchester, but it will now go over for another year. The Commander for Missouri is of the opinion that the Division is not yet strong enough to undertake a reunion.

Reports from the reunion of the Oklahoma and Indian Territory Veterans, Daughters, and Sons at Oklahoma City, Okla., September 14 and 15, 1905, indicate a season of great enjoyment to participants and visitors. The attendance was very large. Division Commanders Brant H. Kirk, Oklahoma, and Otis B. Weaver, Indian Territory, were on the programme, and excellent addresses were made by Hon. W. M. Cross and Hon. E. J. Giddings. The parade on the second day was a most inspiring spectacle, being more than a mile in length.

During the South Florida Fair at Tampa, Fla., the last week in November there will be a reunion of the Third Brigade, Second Regiment, U. C. V. On this occasion the Sons will be largely in evidence, and they will doubtless hold several informal conferences. The regular reunion of the Florida Division will be held in Jacksonville December 6 and 7.

Reunion of the Texas Division.

Although a trifle late in securing the account, it is thought proper to present the proceedings of the meeting of the Texas Division on July 20 last. The Galveston *Daily News*, July 21, says: "The meeting of the Texas Division of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans was slimly attended and held but a brief business session in the parlors of the Tremont Hotel. In the absence of Gen. W. P. Lane, Division

Commander, I. J. Stockett, Commander of the Trans-Mississippi Department, presided. The session took up the business at once. Committees were appointed and reports were made, after which the election of a Division Commander was held. Hon. J. M. Tisdal, of Greenville, was enthusiastically elected to the position of Division Commander, there being no opposition to his candidacy. A committee on official route was selected to arrange for the trip to New Orleans next year as follows: I. J. Stockett, Chairman, N. R. Tisdal, and J. A. Cummins. This committee was vested with plenary powers. No election of Brigade Commanders was had, the Division Commander being authorized to fill these positions by appointment. The business of the session being concluded, the body adjourned."

THE WOMAN'S MEMORIAL—WHAT SHALL IT BE?

Feeling that the time is ripe for a discussion of the form of the memorial to the Women of the Confederacy, which the U. S. C. V. will erect in the near future, Chairman James Mann, of Norfolk, Va., has issued a circular letter, October 16, 1905, to the members of the Woman's Memorial Committee, asking expressions on the subject. Gen. C. Irvine Walker, the special representative of the committee, has prepared his views, and a copy is inclosed with the circular letter. In order to afford wide publicity, the documents are presented in full.

LETTER FROM CHAIRMAN MANN.

Under an agreement with the committee made through me as its chairman, Gen. C. Irvine Walker, of Charleston, S. C., who is also Chairman of the Veterans' Committee on Cooperation with the Sons, has been employed to devote his time to a systematic effort toward raising funds for the purpose of erecting a monument to the Women of the Confederacy which this committee has in hand. Our committee has up to this time refrained from deciding whether it should erect a monument or some other form of memorial. Generally speaking, I think a memorial in the form of a school or hospital or something of the kind would be preferable, but I am convinced that this committee will never be able to raise sufficient funds to endow an institution of that kind. Gen. Walker, who has given a good deal of consideration to the matter, has suggested the erection of similar monuments in each of the Southern States, his idea being to secure a good design and have cast from it a number of bronze figures, to be paid for out of the general fund, and then let each State provide such pedestal as it desires and erect the monument at its State capital. I have thought a good deal about Gen. Walker's proposition, and I think it a good one. I have, therefore, decided to submit it to the individual members of the committee and ask for an expression of their views. I inclose herewith a copy of a signed interview given by Gen. Walker to the *Atlanta Journal*, in which he expresses his views. I shall be greatly obliged if you will let me know at your earliest convenience what you think of his suggestion. I should like to have your reply in hand by the 23d inst. if practicable.

VIEWS OF GEN. C. IRVINE WALKER, CHARLESTON, S. C.

The systematic work now being carried on to secure the funds for the memorial to the Women of the Confederacy must produce the desired results. Only within the past year has this labor been prosecuted in a thorough, businesslike manner, and the results so far obtained show that the work

is progressing favorably and successfully. It may, therefore, not be too premature to consider what shape the proposed memorial shall take.

The Women's Memorial Committee of the U. S. C. V. has never considered the form which the memorial should take or where it was to be placed. In my work for this truly grand object this has often been in my thoughts, as it is near to my heart. This committee has invited suggestions, and in response to the invitation the following is made personally, not officially:

If at all feasible, it would, in my humble judgment, be far the best memorial to build and endow some school, hospital, or other work which would produce some practical good to humanity. What more suiting way to pay a tribute to the patient devotion of these women than to have erected in their honor some institution which would correspond in its usefulness to their tender, loving help to the wounded and the dying? But we fear that it is utterly impracticable to raise an amount to erect and make such endowment as would place such an institution in such condition as to insure its permanent life as an undying testimonial to the heroism of the Women of the Confederacy.

Monuments, however, if substantially built, would after erection require no further outlay of money. The history of man shows this to be the almost universal method of testifying human admiration and veneration. Therefore it would seem that we could only hope that the memorial should take the monumental form. This would be open, perhaps, to the serious objection that if one grand monument should be erected then only one place can be so graced. Then the great mass of our people would never behold this tribute to the women of the entire South and learn from its teachings the magnificent lessons of the sublime heroism of our Confederate mothers. Suggestions and even efforts have been made to erect State or local monuments, but the difficulty with such seems to be the want of means for each State or locality to raise sufficient funds.

To reconcile the conflicting interests and wishes, to give each State its monument and make them all the universal tribute of the entire South, and do this by giving each State the highest and most brilliant design of high art, the following plan is suggested: Let the committee invite the artists of the world to compete and submit magnificent and artistic designs for a statue or a group of statues in bronze, emblematic of the heroism of our women, and from these select the most appropriate and purchase the model. The amount raised by the combined effort of the South would enable the committee to offer enough, say \$25,000, to secure a truly great design. No local or State movement is apt to be able to do this. The cost of such work is the value of the artistic conception, not the mere bronze casting from the model, which is mechanical. Having secured this great model, from it could be made, at comparatively trifling cost, sufficient casts in bronze to enable the committee to furnish at least one to each of the Confederate States. In making such castings, I believe I am right in saying that any size may be made from the model—life size if to be placed upon a low pedestal, and heroic size to be placed upon a lofty one. Then in each of the Confederate States the committee could place one of these grand and highly artistic statues upon a pedestal in the State capital or such other city within its borders as may be determined. There would be no single original cast and copies therefrom, but all would be from the same model and all be equal in artistic value and originality. There would

not be an original in Atlanta and a copy in Montgomery, but both cities would have originals.

The variation in the pedestals would make variety sufficient to relieve any of the monotony of similarity. But the very similarity would embody the admirable and much-to-be-desired idea, that it would clearly demonstrate that the whole South, together as a whole, not separate communities, united in paying this grand tribute to its glorious women of the entire Confederacy. It is right that this should be so, because their loving tenderness was not confined to the men of their own State. Virginia women nursed Mississippi men; Georgia women soothed the dying hours of the Texans.

Such a plan would insure the very highest art; and the distribution of the statues would enable our entire people, from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, to have an equal chance to see, admire, and learn from them. All generations of our entire Southland could equally imbibe the sacred lessons of the splendid heroism; and the grand lesson would also be taught of the South, by a common effort and in a united outpouring of its noblest feelings, evidencing its appreciation of the Godlike heroism of the women of the Confederacy.

By the above plan it would be proposed to give each State one statue or group in bronze, which would presumably be placed at the capital. But if other cities in the State wanted casts, they could be had at the bare cost of the cast, without paying any part of the cost of the model. For example, if the Georgia monument was located at the capital, Atlanta, and the city of Macon wanted one, it could obtain at the same time one at the cost of the cast, say \$2,500, a bronze statue worth \$25,000. By differing the design of the pedestal, they could make variety.

This suggestion is respectfully made to avoid the many difficulties I have found in the work and in the hope that it will meet a general approval. I should be pleased to have any criticism, favorable or not.

STAFF OFFICERS AND COMMITTEES.

HEADQUARTERS UNITED SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
MONTGOMERY, ALA., July 1, 1905.

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 2.

I. Staff appointments are made, to rank from June 16, 1905—viz.:

Inspector General, George R. Wyman, Louisville, Ky.
Quartermaster General, R. G. Banks, Montgomery, Ala.
Commissary General, Leroy S. Boyd, Washington, D. C.
Judge-Advocate Gen., J. A. Collinsworth, Humboldt, Tenn.
Surgeon General, C. Hamilton, M.D., Rome, Ga.
Chaplain General, Rev. J. W. Caldwell, New Orleans, La.
Asst. Adjutant General, W. Conniff, Montgomery, Ala.
Asst. Adjutant General, W. L. Wooten, New Orleans, La.
Asst. Inspector General, T. E. Powe, St. Louis, Mo.
Asst. Inspector General, H. G. McNeer, Greensboro, N. C.
Asst. Quartermaster General, J. W. Stovall, Stovall, Miss.
Asst. Quartermaster General, J. G. Wardlaw, Gaffney, S. C.
Asst. Commissary General, W. L. Fleming, Morgantown, W. Va.

Asst. Commissary General, J. B. Johnson, Chicago.

Asst. Judge-Advocate General, M. D. Haywood, Raleigh, N. C.

Asst. Judge-Advocate General, H. R. Shorter, Montgomery, Ala.

Asst. Surgeon General, Dr. J. T. Wiggins, Rusk, Tex.

Asst. Surgeon General, Dr. A. Stephens, Wapanucka, Ind. T.

Asst. Chaplain General, Rev. J. M. Gross, Durant, Ind. T.

Asst. Chaplain General, Rev. W. T. Allan, Springfield, Mo.
Courier, Thomas M. Owen, Jr., Montgomery, Ala.

II. Standing committees, required to be named under Section 91 of the Constitution of the Confederation, together with certain special committees, are appointed as follows:

Historical Committee.

George W. Duncan, Chairman, Auburn, Ala.; W. M. Kavanaugh, Little Rock, Ark.; J. O. Moore, Washington, D. C.; T. T. Stockton, Jacksonville, Fla.; William F. Jones, Elberton, Ga.; Rev. J. M. Gross, Ardmore, Ind. T.; Ed Porter Thompson, Jr., Frankfort, Ky.; W. H. McLellan, New Orleans, La.; J. Pierce Bruns, Baltimore, Md.; Dunbar Rowland, Jackson, Miss.; Lee Meriweather, St. Louis, Mo.; D. H. Hill, Raleigh, N. C.; E. T. Bynum, Norman, Okla.; Dr. P. H. Mell, Clemson College, S. C.; John H. DeWitt, Nashville, Tenn.; Homer D. Wade, Waco, Tex.; R. S. Blackburn Smith, Berryville, Va.; E. Fontaine Broun, Charleston, W. Va.; R. E. Lee DuVal, Portland, Oregon.

Relief Committee.

Thomas P. Stone, Chairman, Waco, Tex.; William B. Bankhead, Jasper, Ala.; R. G. Pillow, Little Rock, Ark.; Thomas R. Raines, Washington, D. C.; Maj. J. S. Maxwell, Jacksonville, Fla.; Thomas M. Henry, Jackson, Miss.; W. D. Steele, Sedalia, Mo.; R. B. Glenn, Raleigh, N. C.; William Cross, Oklahoma City, Okla.; M. L. Bonham, Anderson, S. C.; Walter T. Colquit, Atlanta, Ga.; C. A. Skeen, Wapanucka, Ind. T.; R. C. P. Thomas, Bowling Green, Ky.; J. Y. Sanders, New Orleans, La.; E. B. Beasley, Baltimore, Md.; J. J. Bean, Lynchburg, Tenn.; S. B. Cantey, Fort Worth, Tex.; T. H. Edwards, West Point, Va.; J. F. Thompson, Martinsburg, W. Va.; W. B. Scarborough, Los Angeles, Cal.



MISS LELA REYNOLDS,
Sponsor for Georgia Division, U. C. V., Rennie at Macon.

Monument Committee.

Richard B. Haughton, Chairman, Commercial Building, St. Louis, Mo.; Benjamin G. Jennings, Seale, Ala.; Rev. W. D. Buckner, Pine Bluff, Ark.; Frank R. Fravel, Washington, D. C.; Duncan U. Fletcher, Jacksonville, Fla.; Francis E. Lanier, Savannah, Ga.; R. L. Williams, Durant, Ind. T.; S. W. Bedford, Owensboro, Ky.; J. D. Nix, New Orleans, La.; Robert H. Williams, Laurel, Md.; O. L. McKay, Meridian, Miss.; William Horner Cocke, St. Louis, Mo.; H. M. Branch, Charlotte, N. C.; S. M. Cunningham, Lawton, Okla.; D. A. Spivey, Conway, S. C.; E. B. Wilson, Gallatin, Tenn.; Harry L. Seay, Dallas, Tex.; W. W. Old, Norfolk, Va.; Robert White, Romney, W. Va.; John P. Lindsay, Pittsburg, Pa.

Finance Committee.

D. C. Bell, Chairman, Pine Bluff, Ark.; Will T. Sheehan, Montgomery, Ala.; W. H. Langford, Pine Bluff, Ark.; Leroy S. Boyd, Washington, D. C.; G. G. Mathews, Jr., Ocala, Fla.; William F. Parkhurst, Atlanta, Ga.; Ira L. Smith, Atoka, Ind. T.; Andrew M. Seay, Jr., Louisville, Ky.; W. Covington Hall, New Orleans, La.; George Forbes, Baltimore, Md.; George B. Myers, Holly Springs, Miss.; W. M. Southern, Jr., Independence, Mo.; A. M. Scales, Raleigh, N. C.; Milton Bryan, Shawnee, Okla.; Clinton M. Felder, Blackville, S. C.; John A. Collinsworth, Humboldt, Tenn.; N. R. Tisdal, Rusk, Tex.; Aylett Ashby, Newport News, Va.; F. B. Hooff, Charleston, W. Va.

Women's Memorial Committee.

James Mann, Chairman, Norfolk, Va.; J. Clifton Elder, Birmingham, Ala.; R. L. Montgomery, Lewisville, Ark.; Wallace Streater, Washington, D. C.; C. Seton Fleming, Jacksonville, Fla.; S. A. Crump, Macon, Ga.; J. W. Skeen, Wapa-



MISS NELL WEIGLE,
Maid of Honor for Georgia at Macon Reunion.

nucka, Ind. T.; Jesse N. Gathright, Louisville, Ky.; Tiley S. McChesney, New Orleans, La.; Armstrong Thomas, Baltimore, Md.; W. Calvin Wells, Jr., Jackson, Miss.; Chilton Atkinson, 421 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.; E. R. McKethan, Fayetteville, N. C.; Brant H. Kirk, Oklahoma City, Okla.; Henry W. Conner, Charleston, S. C.; L. E. Mathis, Jackson, Tenn.; R. K. Gaston, Dallas, Tex.; E. Henning Smith, Richmond, Va.; Dr. V. T. Churchman, Charleston, W. Va.; J. B. Johnson, Chicago, Ill.

Joint Committee on Co-Operation between the Veterans and Sons.

W. E. Daniel, Chairman, Yazoo City, Miss.; Walter P. Lane, Fort Worth, Tex.; R. B. Haughton, St. Louis, Mo.; Clarence J. Owens, Anniston, Ala.; W. Mc. Barrow, Baton Rouge, La.

Executive Committee on Permanent Archives.

Edwin P. Cox, Chairman, Richmond, Va.; E. B. Thomason, Richmond, Va.; J. B. Lightfoot, Jr., Richmond, Va.

Committee on Revision of Constitution.

William McL. Fayssoux, Chairman, New Orleans, La.; J. E. B. Stuart, Newport News, Va.; Robert A. Smythe, Charleston, S. C.; Biscoe Hindman, Louisville, Ky.; E. Leslie Spence, Jr., Richmond, Va.; R. E. L. Bynum, Jackson, Tenn.; I. J. Stockett, Tyler, Tex.; Edward M. Robinson, Mobile, Ala.

Committee on Departments of Archives and History.

W. Armistead Collier, Jr., Chairman, Memphis, Tenn.

III. The foregoing appointments are made on suitable recommendation and upon reliable information as to the qualifications of comrades for the places assigned. They will be expected to faithfully, cheerfully, and promptly perform their several duties. Upon advice of their failure in any instance, there will be no hesitation on the part of the Commander in Chief in removing the comrade or comrades so in default.

IV. Under Section 21 of the Constitution "no staff officer shall be at the same time a staff officer of a brigade or division or hold two staff positions." The attention of all officers authorized to make staff appointments is particularly directed to this provision, with request that an effort be made to avoid conflicting assignments. If any appointee named above or hereafter appointed to a place on the staff of the Commander in Chief is already holding a Department, Division, or Brigade staff position, he should at once elect which is to be retained. It is expressly understood and ordered that no staff position whatever shall in any way interfere with or prevent the holding of committee assignments or office or position by such appointees in their respective Camps.

V. The attention of staff officers is called to the requirements of Sections 31-37, inclusive, of the Constitution of the Confederation, prescribing their respective duties and particularly requiring the preparation of reports or historical papers on the branch of service in the Confederate States army represented by their respective staff positions. The Commander in Chief expects every member of his staff to enter enthusiastically and earnestly into the spirit of the latter requirement. He will be glad to coöperate in the preparation of these reports if desired. A place on the programme of the next Reunion will be specially provided for the presentation of these reports, and they are to be included in the published minutes.

VI. The chairmen will proceed at once with the organization of their respective committees. Much can be accom-

plished by persistent and continuous effort. The principal objects of the Confederation in its general organization are to be developed or worked out through committees. If any comrade herein above named declines to serve or neglects his duties in any respect, on his attention being called thereto the Commander in Chief will make a new appointment.

VII. In order to more effectively push the work of the Women's Memorial Committee, through its chairman arrangements have been made with Gen. C. Irvine Walker, of Charleston, S. C., to act as the special representative of the committee. Gen. Walker has under consideration several plans looking to large additions to the fund. He is a veteran of high standing, one who thoroughly enjoys the confidence of the United Confederate Veterans, and he is entitled to the generous support and encouragement of Sons everywhere in this noble effort.

VIII. The special Committee on the Revision of the Constitution is created under and by virtue of Section 97 of the Constitution, it being deemed that a necessity exists therefor in order to secure intelligent preliminary consideration of any amendments or changes which may be proposed or suggested. Any Camp or comrade who may have any changes or alterations to propose should promptly communicate them to the chairman, with full explanation and reasons therefor. Section 108 of the Constitution requires three months' written notice of proposed changes to be given every Camp, a condition precedent to consideration thereof in reunion convention and a requirement which necessitates diligent and early attention.

IX. The far-seeing founders of the Confederation planned for a central collection of historical and museum materials, and to that end provided, in Section 90 of the Constitution, that the archives collected should be permanently located at Richmond, Va., and should be "governed by a committee composed of one comrade from each Division elected by the delegates at each annual reunion of the Confederation." The direct management of the proposed collection is placed in an executive committee of three members of Camp R. E. Lee, No. 1, of Richmond, the chairman to be appointed by the Commander in Chief, one to be elected by the Camp, and one to be appointed by the Virginia Division Commander. So far as can be ascertained, the general committee has never been elected, although the chairman of the Executive Committee has several times been appointed. The collection of materials is deemed of so much importance that the Commander in Chief is exceedingly desirous that a beginning be made in the execution of the foregoing section. Every class of materials bearing in any way on Confederate history, such as books, pamphlets, maps, prints, charts, manuscripts, diaries, rolls, order books, commissions, paroles, sketches of regiments and companies, Confederate addresses, etc., is desired. All officers of the Confederation should cause to be forwarded copies of orders, reports, and official papers issued by them or by Camps in their jurisdiction. They should be sent by mail or express to Edwin P. Cox, Chairman, Richmond, Va., by whom they will be permanently preserved.

X. The Committee on the Establishment of Departments of Archives and History is appointed under the resolution of the annual Reunion at Nashville, June 15, 1904. (Minutes, 1904, pp. 27, 28.) The chairman will proceed with his duties, and will report names of suitable comrades from each Division for appointment as members of his committee.

By order of THOS. M. OWEN, *Commander in Chief*.

Official:

WILL T. SHEEHAN, *Adj. Gen. and Chief of Staff*.

Comrade W. H. Lessing, of Waco, Tex., calls a halt to the frequent references to Confederates as fit only for burial. Senator Bailey's speech at the McGregor reunion causes vigorous comment and protestations to the remark that no other Confederate veteran is likely to be elected Governor of Texas. The VETERAN commends the complaint. As surely as "woman is as old as she looks," many a Confederate does not *feel* old enough to be shelved—yet awhile. Young men are more capable of making the best soldiers; but many a venerable man retains his memory, and so profits by experience and observation that he is a far better counselor than can be a younger man.



THE YOUNGEST "SON OF A VETERAN."

This dear little baby is Gordon Burr Renaud, son of John K. Renaud, of New Orleans. He was born September 9, 1904, was just nine months old when this picture was made, and weighed twenty-three pounds. His father is a veteran of the War between the States, having enlisted in Dreux's Louisiana Battalion on April 11, 1861, and paroled a member of Fenner's Louisiana Battalion, May 10, 1865, a period of four years and one month.

This baby is the youngest son of a veteran of whom we have any knowledge. Captain Renaud is a prominent citizen of New Orleans, and his host of friends throughout the South will congratulate him upon this handsome son. He was a friend and a great admirer of Gen. John. B. Gordon, in honor of whom the baby was named.

Henry C. Joiner, Company E, 19th Texas Infantry, now of Grosbeak, Tex., desires to know who captured the flag of that regiment in the fight at Pleasant Hill, La. The color bearer, Jim Crossland, had been badly wounded and left on the field and some member of Company F picked up the flag, but for some cause failed to carry it off the field, and it was lost. The regiment was commanded by Col. Richard Waterhouse, in the brigade under Gen. William R. Scurry.

TO THE HEROES OF SABINE PASS.

About 1897 Dick Dowling Camp, of Houston, Tex., had about forty dollars on deposit for the erection of a monument to the memory of Richard Dowling and his forty-two Irishmen, composing an artillery company called "The Davis Guards," so named after President Jefferson Davis. Comrade Philip H. Fall, who had been elected Adjutant of the Camp in 1886, offered a resolution that fifty dollars additional be subscribed by the Camp, which was carried unanimously. He then began writing articles in the *Galveston News*, *Houston Post*, and *Fort Worth Gazette*, calling for contributions. Miss Marti, of "Sabine Pass," was the first subscriber, sending \$4.25. Several others followed with a dollar each. Dick Dowling Chapter, of Beaumont, sent the Adjutant nearly one hundred dollars; then the members of the Camp sent a dollar each. Adjutant Fall wrote an article, requesting information and assistance from the Irish, and Mrs. Rosenberg, of Galveston, wrote a nice letter inclosing ten dollars and inquiring why the Irish did not come to the rescue. This made the Hibernian Society of Houston get to work, and they raised several hundred dollars by a Fourth of July picnic. The Camp and Society afterwards joined in a grand concert, thus adding another neat sum.

Through the special solicitations of Comrade Fall, many contributions were received for this monument. Col. John H. Kirby subscribed \$250, which so enthused the city that subscriptions came thick and fast, and the amount for erecting the monument was soon realized.

The base of the monument is of Texas granite, the statue of Italian marble, and made in Italy. Upon the shaft are inscribed the names of the forty-two brave men who were in the fight with Dowling. The monument is beautifully located at the east side of the City Hall, where two other plats

are awaiting the placing of monuments to Gen. Sam Houston and Gen. A. S. Johnston, both in line with the Dowling monument.

Thus has been commemorated the valor of forty-three as brave Irish Confederates as ever went to battle. President Davis, in his memoirs, says that history, ancient or modern, has no record of such a wonderful fight, for these forty-three Irishmen drove Gen. Franklin's army of fifteen thousand away from Texas, sinking three of his vessels and capturing four hundred and twenty prisoners. But for this valiant defense, Franklin would have invaded Texas and captured thousands of bales of cotton and many thousands of cattle for the Federal army.

The exercises for the unveiling of this monument were of special interest. Business was suspended in Houston on that day. The Governor of the State and other notables made addresses. Mrs. Daniel, the widow of Capt. Dowling, was present with his daughter, Mrs. Robertson. Several survivors of that battle were brought from the Confederate Home at Austin to witness the ceremonies. The procession extended for miles.

THRILLING EXPERIENCES OF LIEUT. COL. LANG.

BY T. H. NEILSON, SERGEANT CO. D, 62D VIRGINIA VOLUNTEERS.

I read with great pleasure the articles in the March and July numbers of the *VETERAN* concerning Lieut. Col. Lang, for I knew and loved him as an elder brother, and he and I were intimate, notwithstanding the disparity in our ages and rank. I was with him in all the skirmishes, expeditions, and battles of the old 62d Virginia from its formation, in 1862, and was by his side and shed tears when he fell, mortally wounded, at Stevenson's Depot, September 5, 1864. I had often wished prior to those publications that a narrative of his life, adventures, and hair-breadth escapes as spy, scout, and officer could be written, although they would almost stagger belief in their unvarnished truth. In personal appearance as well as character Col. Lang was to me the most picturesque soldier of the war. He was six feet one inch, erect as an Indian, a frame well-knit and athletic, strong as an ox, smooth-shaven, regular features, square chin, piercing blue eyes, and a well-formed head surmounted by a heavy shock of hair that stood on end and was as red as a fox's tail—such was he as I recall him now after over forty years.

I first met him in the fall of 1861 at Camp Alleghany. I was a boy of sixteen, private in Company A, 62d Virginia, and he a man of twenty-eight, and scout for the bluff old hero of Alleghany Mountain, Gen. Edward Johnson, who led the charge on the right with a club picked up on the field on the eventful morning of December 13, 1861. The General had little confidence in cavalry, and used to say that he would not believe a word a man on horseback would tell him. The "Yanks" under Milroy had their camp on the top of Cheat Mountain, some fifteen miles distant from ours, with the Greenbrier River flowing at the base of Cheat and Alleghany Mountains. Whenever Gen. Johnson wished to know their numbers, he would send out Lang, who, with two revolvers in his belt, his spyglass, and old field rifle, would take the trail, flank their pickets, and, securing a position from which he could get a good view of their camp, would fire his revolvers rapidly, to make the "Yanks" think that their pickets were being attacked, when they would beat the "long roll," tumble out, and form for battle. Lang would then take his glass, estimate their number, and report on his return. He often assumed the perilous rôle of spy, and se-



DICK DOWLING MONUMENT, HOUSTON, TEX.

cured valuable information for his superior officers. A few of his adventures will illustrate his character and, I trust, prove interesting to your readers.

On one occasion, while a scout in the mountains, a company of one hundred "Yanks" got on his trail, and tracked him in the snow. Finding he was being pursued, he halted at the top of a ridge and let them come to within a hundred yards, when he fired and dropped the leader (he was a dead shot), and ran down the ridge, loading as he went, the enemy getting a fire on him as he ascended the next ridge, where he again halted and dropped number two, repeating these tactics until he had killed or wounded six, when they concluded to abandon the chase. On another occasion he crept near their encampment, concealed himself in a thicket, and proceeded to make a sketch of their camp; but whilst thus engaged the enemy had spied and surrounded him, and his first intimation of their presence was hearing the captain of the company yell: "What are you doing there?" Always cool and collected, although thoroughly surprised, he replied nonchalantly, "O! I was only making a sketch of *our* camp," at the same time folding and putting the paper into his pocket. They commanded him to surrender, and he said afterwards that he intended doing so until they raised his ire by cursing and denouncing him as a spy. He rose and walked out of the thicket with the butt of his gun presented toward the captain, as though to surrender; but as he reached him, he suddenly wheeled the piece, punched the captain in the stomach with the barrel, doubling him up, and ran like a deer. His action was so unexpected that it disconcerted the Yankees to such an extent that he got off some seventy-five yards before they could collect their wits to fire. He halted a moment to give them a parting shot, and then made good his escape, unscathed.

After our return from Early's raid on Washington City, in August, 1864, the enemy was crossing the Shenandoah at Berry's Ferry, and Lang, with a few companies of the 62d, rode up to within a few hundred yards of the ferry to meet them. When we dismounted, we had only some seventy men (our regiment had been cut to pieces in the charge on a five-gun battery at New Market May 15, 1864), whom Lang deployed as skirmishers and ordered to charge. With a yell as defiant as though we had the whole army as a reserve, we charged the three hundred cavalry that had crossed, and scared them back over the river, they supposing we had a brigade.

Lang was as kind, gentle, and modest as he was brave and dashing; and his enemies might justly pay him the same compliment that the Comanche chief paid Capt. Jack Walker, who would fight them singly or in tribes: "Blue Wing and I no afraid to go to hell together. Capt. Jack, he great brave; no afraid to go to hell by heself." Virginia is rich in hallowed dust; but never did her bosom open to receive a son nobler, truer, braver than when the clods of old Frederick County rattled on the casket of David Lang. Peace to his ashes!

VENERABLE COL. THOMAS JOHNSON.

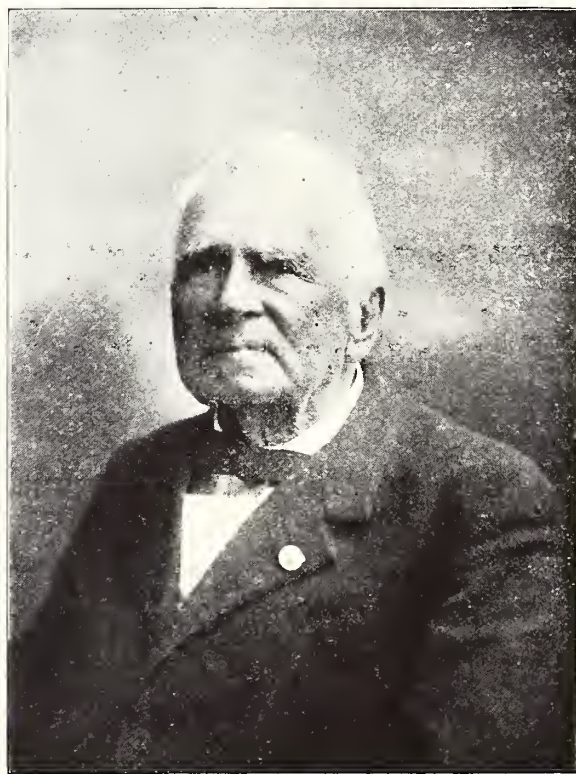
Thomas Johnson was born in Montgomery County, Ky., July 4, 1812. The day and year seemed to combine to produce a patriot—a soldier—while his life and career have been worthy of his natal day. His father was a farmer with a large family of children, and was not able to set any of them far forward in the way of financial aid; so at about sixteen years of age Thomas, with little except his father's blessing,

started a career for himself. He began life as a wage-worker, but that did not long satisfy this ambitious boy. He soon began to trade in horses and mules and to assist others in this kind of work. His energy and good judgment made him a valuable agent, and his progress was rapid. At that time the Southern States were supplied from the pastures of Kentucky, and, no railroad being available, the stock was all driven or led overland. He soon became an important factor in this trade, and for a quarter of a century had almost a monopoly of the horse and mule market of several of the blue grass counties of Central Kentucky. For years he was almost constantly on the road, regardless of weather, and he always met his engagements. He prospered, and invested in the fine farming lands of his native county; and when the clash of 1861 came he owned about a thousand acres of splendid blue grass lands, among which was the home of his great-grandfather on the maternal side, with the old brick house built by this ancestor as his roof-tree.

He seemed never to tire. His tremendous energy drew him to ceaseless work, and this strength was equal to any draft made upon it. He was active in all military organizations and maneuvers; was early prominent in the State militia, and passed from grade to grade in the line, retiring with the rank of major general. He was a State right's Democrat and a valued figure in the councils of his party. He made two races for the State Legislature, but was defeated by small majorities.

When war between the United States and Mexico was declared, Thomas Johnson raised a large company of the young men of his neighborhood; but the quota of Kentucky was filled, and only one company was accepted from Montgomery County, so his was not taken.

When the fight between the sections convulsed our country



COL. THOMAS JOHNSON.

in 1861, he promptly and zealously espoused the cause of the South. He served during the war, and for most of the time commanded a battalion of mounted riflemen from Kentucky, which did much arduous and gallant service. It is eulogy enough to say that Thomas Johnson was worthy to command and to lead this band of brave and true Kentucky troops.

At the close of the war Col. Johnson returned home with his command and resumed the garb and the habits of peace. He at once went to work with his characteristic energy and pluck to untangle his affairs. He resumed his Southern traffic, and gradually grew to prosperity again. His blue grass acres smiled and blossomed for him alone. His roomy old brick "Mansion House" was always open for the pleasure of others, and his neighbors often enjoyed the hospitality of his board, though only "Aunt Lize" was there to see that household affairs went straight. But not many years after the war his life was blessed through his marriage to Miss Elizabeth Peters, a beautiful and accomplished young woman, and they have been blessed with six children.

After the war, Col. Johnson was chosen to represent his constituency in the upper branch of the Kentucky Legislature, where he served faithfully and ably. During his long and active life he has always been interested in works of charity, and has made himself a leader in every enterprise for the benefit of his county and his people. His largess was always liberal, and to the struggling young men of his community he was a blessing and the prayers of many a mother have gone up for the man who encouraged and helped her boy.

Thus this noble old man has made his long journey across the century, building and fashioning a character which has stamped its impress on his environment for three generations and is the finest heritage that can be left his children.

The foregoing sketch was planned for the Louisville Reunion issue of the *VETERAN*, as this venerable veteran, said to be the oldest Confederate colonel living, was the father of Miss Annie Johnson, maid of honor to Miss Carrie Peyton Wheeler, who was sponsor for the South on that occasion. See *VETERAN*, page 258.

INTENDED HONOR TO A CONFEDERATE NEGRO.—The *Constitution* prints an interesting story of Amos Rucker, a noted old negro of Atlanta. An accepted "street rumor" that Amos was dead created widespread expressions of sorrow. There was good reason for the esteem in which the old negro was held.

In the beginning of the war, in 1862, Col. Rucker and a son went to the war, and with them went Amos.

"Somehow, it mattered not how the commissary was depleted, Amos was ever ready to serve a meal to his masters and to his masters' friends. Never in those days when freedom was only a few hundred yards away, just across the divide between the two armies, did Amos forget he was a negro except when fighting was going on. Then taking up a gun dropped by a soldier who had died fighting, he took that soldier's place in the battle line and did his best. A crippled leg and a red scar in his left breast now bear testimony to the fact that Amos Rucker was a soldier, tried and found to be brave.

"When rumors reached the city that Rucker was dead, initial steps were taken for his funeral. Pallbearers were selected and orders were issued for the Veterans of the city to attend the funeral in a body Wednesday afternoon. The pallbearers selected were ex-Gov. Candler, Gen. A. J. West, F. A. Hilburn, member of the City Council; J. Sid Holland,

member of the Aldermanic Board; Judge W. Lowndes Calhoun, ex-Mayor of Atlanta; and Dr. Amos Fox, a member of the Board of Police Commissioners and ex-postmaster—each being a Confederate Veteran. Dr. Holderby was to have preached the funeral. The body was to have been escorted to South View by the Atlanta Camps of Confederate Veterans.

"The only hitch in the arrangements was that Amos was not dead. When the driver of the undertaker's wagon, which had been sent to Rucker's home, near Atlanta University, was approaching the home the driver almost dropped from his seat when he observed just in front of him Amos Rucker walking into the city."

FIRST CONFEDERATES FROM KENTUCKY.—Col. H. A. Tyler, Hickman, Ky.: "In response to the inquiry of Capt. R. Y. Johnson, I will say that the first company enlisted in Kentucky was raised in Louisville, and left that city April 1, 1861, on board the Steamer Peytona for New Orleans. I was in Louisville at the time, and came down as far as my home (Hickman, Ky.) on the boat with them. Prentiss's Brigade of Illinois troops was then encamped at Cairo, Ill. The captain had to land, and there was much excitement on board as to what might happen. Everybody aboard, soldiers and citizens, were armed and ready to repel any attempt to board us. The captain agreed that if any troops attempted to come aboard he would back out into the stream. But we were not interfered with. This company afterwards became a part of the 1st Kentucky, organized and commanded by Col. Blanton Duncan. At the expiration of twelve months' service the entire regiment was disbanded, including this company."

MEMORIAL ORDER OF THE CONFEDERACY.—A new order in Confederate circles has been instituted with the organization of the "Memorial Order of the Confederacy," the purpose of which is to provide a burial fund for needy soldiers, for its members, and to keep alive the memories of the Confederacy. It is a secret order, using paraphernalia suggestive of the Confederacy. The Ladies' Auxiliary Chapters are known as "Winnie Davis Chapters." The order is dedicated to the Women of the Confederacy, and its laws provide that five per cent of all funds received shall be devoted to building a monument to Winnie Davis as a representative of Southern womanhood. A death benefit of two hundred dollars is paid, and each local Chapter pays sick benefits. There is no age limit. This order was founded by R. E. Tounsley, of Tampa, Fla., and the first Chapter instituted June 18, 1905.

NORTHWESTERN DIVISION, U. C. V.

An enthusiastic reunion of the Confederates in Montana, forming the Northwest Division, U. C. V., was held in Helena on the 6th of October, at which more delegates were in attendance than ever before. Steps were taken toward forming a Camp of Sons. These meetings are always characterized by warmth of welcome and greeting between comrades who have so little opportunity to meet one another in their widely separated homes of the vast West.

The officers for the ensuing year are Paul A. Fusz, of Philipsburg, re-elected Commander Northwest Division, and William H. H. Ellis, of Bozeman, Commander Montana Brigade. At the social session in the evening several addresses were made; and as President of the Winnie Davis Chapter, U. D. C., of Helena, Mrs. Henry Loble made an address of welcome and presented crosses of honor to Perry J. Moore, of Two Dot, and John T. Moore, of Lewis, both of whom served in Company G, 9th Kentucky Cavalry.

THE REBEL YELL.

[Republished from the VETERAN of April, 1893.]

Many people think of the three measured huzzas given now and then as "the Rebel yell." It is shocking to an old Confederate to consider such deception. The venerable widow of Rear Admiral Raphael Semmes, in attending a Confederate Reunion at Memphis a couple of years ago, modestly expressed her wish to hear "the Rebel yell." Something of an old-time cheer came from the throats of men who gladly tried to compliment the wife of the eminent naval commander. Kellar Anderson, who was of the Kentucky Orphan Brigade and had heard the yell, wrote a reminiscence for the *Memphis Appeal*. It is this same Anderson, called Captain and again Gen. Anderson, who honored his native Kentucky, his adopted Tennessee, and American heroism some months ago at Coal Creek, in defying the miners who had captured him and demanded his head as a ransom, when it seemed only hopeless to refuse their demands. One thing is sure, he had heard "the Rebel yell."

"There is a Southern mother on this stand who says she wants to hear 'the Rebel yell' once more."

"The announcement transforms, and in an instant I find myself acting the humble part of file-closer to Company I, 5th Kentucky Infantry, with pieces at the right shoulder, the brigade in route column. With the active, strong, swinging stride of the enthusiastic, trained soldier, they hold the double-quick over rocks, logs, gullies, undergrowth, hill, and vale, until amid the foliage of the trees above them the hurtling shell and hissing shot from the enemy's field guns give notice that if retreating they have missed the way. Yet there is no command to halt. Direct, on unchanged course, this battle-scarred and glory-mantled battalion of Kentucky youths continues, and as they reach the open woods in clarion tones comes the order, 'Change front, forward on first company,' etc. The order executed found them formed on ground but recently occupied by a battalion of their foes, and few of these had left their positions. The battalion of Kentuckians were in battle array where they once were, but now the ground was almost literally covered with the Federal dead, the entire length of our regiment of seven hundred men. Men, did I say? Soldiers is the word; there were few men among them, they being youths, but soldiers indeed. The increasing spat, whirr, and hiss of the Minie balls hurrying by left no doubt of the fact among these soldiers. They are about to enter the action again, and forward is the order. 'Steady, men, steady; hold your fire; not a shot without orders. It is hard to stand, but you must not return it. We have friends in our front yet. They are being hard pressed, and their ammunition is almost expended, but they are of our proudest and best, and Humphries's Mississippians will hold that ridge while they have a cartridge.'

"It is nearing sunset; and after two days of fearful carnage—yea, one of the best-contested battles of the times—the enemy has been driven pellmell from many parts of the field. Our losses are numbered by thousands, and we are now advancing in battle array, the little red flag with blue cross dancing gayly in the air over the heads of those who were there to defend it. The last rays of the setting sun had kissed the autumn foliage when we stepped into open ground and found that we were among the wreck of what a few short minutes ago had been a superb six-gun battery. The uniforms of the dead artillerymen and the gayly caparisoned

bodies of the many dead horses proclaimed this destruction the work of our friends. We look upon the dead, pull our cartridge boxes a little more to the front, and resolve once more to face the destruction we are now entering. The boom of artillery increases. The rattle of musketry is steady—aye, incessant and deadly. The sulphurous smoke has increased until almost stifling. Only fifty yards of space separates us from the gallant Mississippians we are there to support. They have clung to the ridge with a deathlike grip, but their last cartridge has been fired at the enemy, and, their support being at hand, these sturdy soldiers of Longstreet's Corps are ordered to retire.

"Simultaneously the support was ordered forward. As the Mississippians retired the deep-volumed shouts of the enemy told us plainer than could words that the enemy thought they had routed them. O, how differently we regarded the situation! If they could have seen them as we—halting, kneeling, lying down, ranging themselves in columns of files behind the large trees to enable us to get at the enemy with an unbroken front, each man as we passed throwing cap high into the overhanging foliage in honor of our presence—then I imagine their shouts would have been suppressed. 'Steady in the center! Hold your fire! Hold the colors back!' The center advanced too rapidly. We are clear of our friends now, only the enemy in front, and we meet face to face on a spur of Mission Ridge, which extends through the Snodgrass farm, and we are separated by eighty yards. Thud! and down goes Private Robertson. He turned, smiled, and died. Thud! Corporal Gray shot through the neck. 'Get to the rear!' said I: Thud! Thud! Thud! Wolf, Michael, the gallant Thompson. Thud! Thud! Thud! Courageous Oxley, the knightly Desha, and duty-loving Cummings. And thus it goes. The fallen increase, and are to be counted by the hundreds. The pressure is fearful, but the 'sang-digger' is there to stay. 'Forward! Forward!' rang out along the line. We move slowly to the front.



COL. KELLAR ANDERSON, AUTHOR, MEMPHIS, TENN.

"There are now sixty yards between us. The enemy scorn to fly; he gives back a few paces; he retires a little more, but still faces us, and loads as he backs away. We are now in the midst of his dead and dying, but he stands as do the sturdy oaks about him. We have all that is possible for human to bear; our losses are fearful, and each moment some comrade passes to the unknown. At last Humphries's Mississippians have replenished boxes and are working around our right. Trigg's Virginians are uncovering to our left. I feel a shock about my left breast, spin like a top in the air, and come down in a heap. I know not how long before came the sounds, 'Forward! Forward! Forward!' I rise on my elbow. Look! Look! There they go, all at breakneck speed, the bayonet at charge. The firing appears to suddenly cease for about five seconds. Then arose that do-or-die expression, that maniacal maelstrom of sound; that penetrating, rasping, shrieking, blood-curdling noise that could be heard for miles on earth and whose volume reached the heavens, such an expression as never yet came from the throats of sane men, but from men whom the searing blast of an imaginary hell would not check while the sound lasted.

"The battle of Chickamauga is won. Company lost 70 per cent; brigade lost 44 per cent.

"Dear Southern mother, that was 'the Rebel yell,' and only such scenes ever did or ever will produce it.

"Even when engaged, that expression from the Confederate soldier always made my hair stand on end. The young men and youths who composed this unearthly music were lusty, jolly, clear-voiced, hardened soldiers, full of courage and proud to march in rags, barefoot, dirty, and hungry, with head erect, to meet the plethoric ranks of the best-equipped and best-fed army of modern times. Alas! now many of them are decrepit from ailment and age! and, although we will never grow old enough to cease being proud of the record of the Confederate soldier and the dear old mothers who bore them, we can never again, even at your bidding, dear, dear mother, produce 'the Rebel yell.' Never again; never, never, never."

LORD WOLSELEY ON AMERICAN WOMEN.

[In making some extracts from Lord Wolseley's book, E. R. Norton, who knows the Viscount personally, quotes his regard for Southern women. Lord Wolseley has served the British Empire in India, China, Japan, and many other countries, finally becoming commander in chief of the land forces of Great Britain.]

"Extreme courtesy to women," the Viscount writes, "is a strong trait in the American character. The first day of my stay in Baltimore a friend asked me if I would like to go to a ball. 'Very much,' was my answer. At the hour named I found myself seated in his drawing-room with a nice old lady, who made herself extremely pleasant. In a short time the door opened, and there entered a very pretty girl of about eighteen, I should say. I was introduced to her, and she asked me with a very attractive smile: 'Are you ready?' I stammered out, 'Yes.' We two, the young girl and myself, drove off in a brougham some miles into the country. It was a capital ball. I danced and spent most of the evening with my charming companion, and was most hospitably entertained by the delightful owner of the house. Nothing could be kinder than the reception I had from all those I met at the ball, and yet not one in the room had ever heard of me before; but I was an English gentleman, and that was enough for the kind, hospitable, and well-born people of Maryland.

There is an unspeakable charm and fascination about the American women that is rarely met with in the women of any other country, and I am certain that these ladies were as strictly modest and circumspect as those of my own country. They were, however, more trusted by their parents, and I believe that such trust was never misplaced."

Wolseley's tribute to Gen. Lee cannot be used too frequently: "Gen. Lee was one of the few men who ever seriously impressed and awed me with their natural, their inherent greatness. His greatness made me humble, and I never felt my own individual insignificance more keenly than I did in his presence. He looked a thoroughbred gentleman. In righteousness he did judge and make war."

GRANDMA'S FLOUR.

(An incident of '63.)

BY MRS. J. W. MEEK.

The children all were jubilant,
And merry as could be,
While waiting for this evening meal,
One time in sixty-three.
'Twas long since they had dainty food,
Or any viands rare;
To-night their meal was toothsome good,
To them beyond compare.
White biscuit, flaky, sweet, and brown,
Made from the choicest flour—
What matter that a Northern town
Such goods claimed as its dower?
But more than bread was theirs to-night—
A cake so rich and brown
It looked like one that Santa Claus
Had brought from Christmas Town.
"Don't waste your bread, my dearest child,"
The mother's looks so mild,
And grandma's voice recalled the thought
To every happy child
Of all the care this white bread gave,
The sum of money great,
And weary days on tiresome trips,
Before this bread they ate.
The supper o'er, they gathered round
A blazing hickory fire,
And thought with dread of winter's cold.
For brother and for sire.
But feather beds and pillows warm
Soon drove their fears away.
'Twas Marie bright, the smallest one,
Who first saw light of day.
She stared; the ground was white with snow,
Downfallen in the quiet hour.
She cried: "Come, come, see; O
Here's all of grandma's brand-new flour!"

ERROR IN OFFICIAL POSITION OF CAPT. JOHN MCINTOSH KELL.—In the "Last Roll" sketch of Nathan Campbell Monroe in the February VETERAN John McIntosh Kell was inadvertently mentioned as a "prominent surgeon in the Confederate navy." It is well known by regular readers of the VETERAN that the Captain was the executive officer of the Alabama.

OFFICERS UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

Gen. Stephen D. Lee, General Commanding, Columbus, Miss.; Maj. Gen. William E. Mickle, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, New Orleans, La.

STAFF OFFICERS TO COMMANDER IN CHIEF.

The following members of the staff appointed by Gen. J. B. Gordon as Commander in Chief have been continued in the main by his successor, Gen. Stephen D. Lee:

Alford, George F., Asst. Adjt. Gen., Dallas, Tex.
 Anderson, Charles W., Col. and A. D. C., Murfreesboro.
 Atkinson, Chilton, Lieut. Col. and A. D. C., St. Louis, Mo.
 Bahnson, A. H., Lt. Col. and A. D. C., Winston-Salem, N. C.
 Baker, Page M., Paymaster Gen., New Orleans.
 Ball, Charles P., Col. and A. D. C., Cartersville, Ga.
 Barksdale, Allen, Col. and A. D. C., Ruston, La.
 Barnard, W. J., Col. and A. D. C., San Francisco, Cal.
 Behan, W. J., Col. and A. D. C., New Orleans, La.
 Bell, D. C., Lieut. Col. and A. D. C., Pine Bluff, Ark.
 Belo, A. H., Lieut. Col. and A. D. C., Dallas, Tex.
 Bennett, J. W., Lieut. Col. and A. D. C., Waycross, Ga.
 Blakely, A. R., Col. and A. D. C., New Orleans.
 Blakemore, W. T., Brig. Gen. and A. D. C., New Orleans.
 Buck, Samuel H., Col. and A. D. C., New York City.
 Bynum, R. E. L., Lieut. Col. and A. D. C., Jackson, Tenn.
 Cameron, C. D., Lieut. Col. and A. D. C., Meridian, Miss.
 Castleman, T. W., Col. and A. D. C., New Orleans, La.
 Cayce, Ridgely, Lieut. Col. and A. D. C., Louisville, Ky.
 Chisholm, Alex Robert, Col. and A. D. C.
 Claiborne, Thomas, Col. and A. D. C., Nashville, Tenn.
 Colquitt, W. T., Lieut. Col. and A. D. C., Atlanta, Ga.
 Cook, V. Y., Gen. and A. D. C., Elmo, Ark.
 Cooper, Tim E., Col. and A. D. C., Memphis, Tenn.
 Cowan, Dr. J. B., Asst. Surg., Tullahoma, Tenn.
 Coyle, W. G., Col. and A. D. C., New Orleans.
 Crawford, W. J., Col. and A. D. C., Memphis, Tenn.
 Croom, W. C., Lieut. Col. and A. D. C., Brooksville, Fla.
 Cunningham, S. A., Col. and A. D. C., Nashville, Tenn.
 Daniel, John W., Col. and A. D. C., Richmond, Va.
 Davis, Thos. E., Brig. Gen. and A. D. C., New Orleans.
 Demoureville, Joseph, Col. and A. D. C., New Orleans.
 Dillard, H. M., Col. and A. D. C., Meridian, Tex.
 Dinkins, James, Col. and A. D. C., New Orleans.
 Eshleman, B. F., Col. and A. D. C., New Orleans, La.
 Fall, Philip H., Col. and A. D. C., Houston, Tex.
 Faxon, John W., Col. and A. D. C., Chattanooga, Tenn.
 Fayssoux, W. McL., Lieut. Col. and A. D. C., New Orleans.
 Fleming, F. P., Col. and A. D. C., Jacksonville, Fla.
 Forrest, William M., Col. and A. D. C., Memphis, Tenn.
 Fox, F. F., Lieut. Col. and A. D. C., Ardmore, Ind. T.
 Fusz, Paul A., Brig. Gen. and A. D. C., St. Louis, Mo.
 Gause, George H., Col. and A. D. C., Slidell, La.
 George, P. S., Lieut. Col. and A. D. C., Greenwood, Miss.
 Grimes, J. D., Lieut. Col. and A. D. C., Washington, N. C.
 Gurley, D. R., Gen. and Asst. Adjt. Gen., Waco, Tex.
 Haldeman, W. B., Col. and A. D. C., Louisville, Ky.
 Harral, J. A., Col. and A. D. C., New Orleans.
 Hervey, Frank A., Sr., Col. and A. D. C., Mobile, Ala.
 Hindman, Biscoe, Col. and A. D. C., Louisville, Ky.
 Hodgson, Joseph, Col. and A. D. C., New Orleans, La.
 Hooker, C. E., Gen. and A. D. C., Jackson, Miss.
 Hopkins, Aristide, Col. and A. D. C., New Orleans, La.
 Hudson, E. M., Col. and A. D. C., New Orleans.

Hume, Leland, Lieut. Col. and A. D. C., Nashville, Tenn.
 Jonas, B. F., Col. and Asst. Judge Adv. Gen., New Orleans.
 Jones, G. M., Lieut. Col. and A. D. C., Kansas City, Mo.
 Jones, Rev. J. William, Chaplain, Richmond, Va.
 Jones, T. H., Col. and A. D. C., Atlanta, Ga.
 Jones, Thomas G., Col. and A. D. C., Montgomery, Ala.
 Jones, W. C., Col. and A. D. C., Greenville, Tex.
 Julian, F. N., Lieut. Col. and A. D. C., Tusculumbia, Ala.
 Kavanaugh, C. C., Lieut. Col. and A. D. C., Little Rock, Ark.
 Kearfott, W. H., Lieut. Col. and A. D. C., Norfolk, Va.
 Kempner, J. H., Lieut. Col. and A. D. C., Galveston, Tex.
 Kinard, J. M., Lieut. Col. and A. D. C., Newberry, S. C.
 Lee, R. E., Col. and A. D. C., West Point, Va.
 Lelong, A. A., Col. and A. D. C., New Orleans.
 Lester, Lee O., Lieut. Col. and A. D. C., Deming, N. Mex.
 Lewis, Samuel E., M.D., Col. and A. D. C., Washington.
 McCollum, J. L., W. & A. R. R. Office, Atlanta, Ga.
 Mickle, W. E., Jr., Lieut. Col. and A. D. C., Mobile, Ala.
 Montgomery, W. A., Col. and A. D. C., Edwards, Miss.
 Morton, John W., Col. and A. D. C., Nashville, Tenn.
 Moore, Henry, Col. and A. D. C., Texarkana, Tex.
 Moorman, Henry, Col. and A. D. C., Ætnaville, Ky.
 Newman, H. A., Brig. Gen. and Asst. Adjt. Gen., Huntsville.
 Norris, Rev. J. I., Lieut. Col. and A. D. C., Orlando, Fla.
 Osborne, Thomas D., Col. and A. D. C., Louisville, Ky.
 Owen, T. M., Lieut. Col. and A. D. C., Montgomery, Ala.
 Paddock, B. B., Col. and A. D. C., Fort Worth, Tex.
 Pearsall, N. G., Col. and A. D. C., Covington, La.
 Pickett, W. D., Col. and A. D. C., Four Bears, Wyo.
 Pirtle, John B., Col. and A. D. C., Louisville, Ky.
 Provine, R. G., Col. and A. D. C., Cole's Creek, Miss.
 Quintero, Lamar C., Lt. Col. and A. D. C., New Orleans.
 Raines, T. R., Lieut. Col. and A. D. C., Washington, D. C.
 Reed, J. W., Col. and A. D. C., Chester, S. C.
 Ripy, J. B., Lieut. Col. and A. D. C., Lawrenceburg, Ky.
 Robertson, Fred L., Col. and A. D. C., Tallahassee, Fla.
 Russell, E. L., Col. and A. D. C., Mobile, Ala.
 Sanguinetti, Paul, Col. and A. D. C., Montgomery, Ala.
 Sea, Andrew M., Col. and A. D. C., Louisville, Ky.
 Shipp, J. G., Brig. Gen. and Quartermaster, Chattanooga.
 Slaughter, C. C., Col. and A. D. C., Dallas, Tex.
 Spence, E. L., Jr., Lieut. Col. and A. D. C., Richmond, Va.
 Spencer, Samuel, Col. and A. D. C., New York.
 Spivey, D. A., Lieut. Col. and A. D. C., Conway, S. C.
 Street, A. M., Lieut. Col. and A. D. C., Oklahoma City, Okla.
 Stubbs, William C., Brig. Gen. and A. D. C., New Orleans.
 Taylor, Hancock, Col. and A. D. C., Louisville, Ky.
 Tebault, Dr. C. H., Surgeon General, New Orleans.
 Thomas, Dr. J. G., Asst. Surg. Gen., Mobile, Ala.
 Thomas, J. W., Col. and A. D. C., Nashville, Tenn.
 Todd, Dr. C. H., Asst. Surg. Gen., Owensboro, Ky.
 Trulock, J. B., Col. and A. D. C., Pine Bluff, Ark.
 Walshe, Blayne T., Col. and A. D. C., New Orleans.
 West, A. J., Col. and A. D. C., Atlanta, Ga.
 Whittington, W. W., Jr., Lieut. Col., Alexandria, La.
 Williams, E. G., Gen. and A. D. C., Waynesville, Mo.
 Willett, E. D., Brig. Gen. and Asst. Q. M., Long Beach, Miss.
 Woodward, W. J., Col. and A. D. C., Wilmington, N. C.
 Wood, James E., Col. and A. D. C., Marianna, Ark.
 Woody, W. B., Col. and A. D. C., Rockdale, Tex.
 Young, Bennett H., Gen. and Chief of Ordnance, Louisville.
 Zable, David, Col. and A. D. C., New Orleans.

The foregoing is alphabetical and made up regardless of rank.

A CAVALIER OF THE SOUTH.

BY CHRISTIAN REID, SALISBURY, N. C.

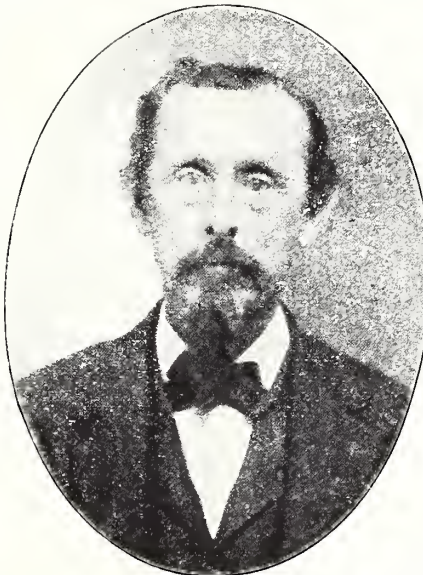
There died the other day in Arkansas a Confederate soldier whose name still rings like the martial call of a trumpet in the ears of all the people of Salisbury who were here during the fateful years of the war. Merely to speak of Lieut. Bradley Stokes is not only to call before the minds of those who knew him one of the most gallant of the young soldiers of the South, but one who left behind him here a reputation for special daring which has never faded during the long years which have elapsed since that time. And so it is not fitting that his death should pass unchronicled in the place he once so bravely helped to defend, or that those on whom he made such an ineffaceable impression should not know that he has answered to the last roll call and gone to join the vast host of his comrades in the great beyond.

That he was a cavalier of the South in the most typical sense, no one who knew him could question. Memory still recalls the lithe grace of his young figure, with the spirited carriage of his head, the whole air of the man instinct with high-mettled courage, the superb horsemanship, the absolute contempt of danger, the reckless daring which hesitated at no risk, and the entire gay and gallant charm worthy of those cavaliers of England who once rode behind Rupert of the Bloody Sword, or of their descendants, in spirit if not in actual blood, who followed Stuart, Ashby, Forrest, and Morgan under the Southern Cross. True comrade of these last was Bradley Stokes, who was only in his eighteenth year when he left his home, in Maryland, at the outbreak of the war and entered the Confederate army, enlisting as a private in Ashby's famous cavalry. With these bold riders he saw such arduous service in Virginia as they, together with a few like bands, alone performed; and it was only after Gen. Ashby's death that he joined his cousin, Gen. Bradley Johnson, on whose staff he then served until the close of the war, and with whom he came to Salisbury when, late in 1864, Gen. Johnson was placed in command of this post.

It was a post of importance on account of its large military prison, and its depot of supplies for Gen. Lee's army, but there were no means for its defense, only a small force of men and a single battery, when in April, 1865, Stoneman's raiders approached the town. In order to gain time to convey the prisoners away, Gen. Johnson threw out his handful of troops on the road by which the enemy were approaching, with orders to hold them in check as long as possible. How well these orders were obeyed the continuous and heavy firing to the westward during the whole of the night told the anxious people of the town. Nearer and yet nearer through the long hours the sound of the guns came, showing that the little force of Confederates was being steadily forced back by overwhelming numbers, until in the early morning of a lovely April day they retreated, but still in good order and with the object of their resistance accomplished, through the streets of the town. And then occurred the deed of daring which has kept the name of Bradley Stokes so fresh in the memory of Salisbury.

He had been in the saddle, fearlessly reconnoitering and

many times under fire, during all the night; and in the morning, with the last of the retreating force, he entered the town, paused a moment at the gate of a house containing some of his friends to say, "The Yankees will be here in a few minutes," and then, instead of accompanying the Confederates in their rapid retreat to the eastward down Innis Street, rode to the house on the corner of Main and Bank streets, which was at that time the headquarters of Gen. Johnson. There he took from the stable and mounted a fresh and favorite horse, secured some important papers, and started to rejoin his comrade. But in the few minutes which had elapsed since his own entrance the Yankees had entered the town, and when he rode out on the street it was to find them pouring in by every avenue leading from the west. Main Street was already filled with them, and at that moment there seemed nothing possible but capture or death for the single Confederate soldier still within the town. But this veteran trooper



LIEUT. BRADLEY STOKES.

of twenty-two faced the situation undauntedly. Putting spurs to his horse, without an instant's hesitation he dashed up Main Street toward the Square where the fountain now stands, and where the enemy were by this time in greatest force. At first the very audacity of the daring of that solitary figure in gray, speeding like an arrow through their midst, paralyzed the invaders. They stared for an instant in amazed incredulity, and then from every side opened on him a fire which he promptly returned. There are men now living in Salisbury who witnessed and can speak of that scene—of how Bradley Stokes rode at full speed into and through the blue-coated ranks, answering fire as he went. On the Square one man dropped under his shots, and as he dashed around the corner and down East Innis Street he gave his horse the reins, while he turned in the saddle to fire again and yet again, with perfect coolness and unerring aim, at his pursuers, of whom he killed one and wounded two, until he made good his escape unhurt. It is a picture which those who knew him can fancy well—the graceful boyish figure with its perfect seat in its saddle, the face alight with the stern joy of combat, the flying horse, the defiance which spoke in every cracking shot of his revolver, the splendid daring and gallant courage of the whole act, so thoroughly characteristic of the man and of all that he was.

And it is almost needless to say that it was characteristic of him to the last. Not again, indeed, was he called upon to fight for the cause that he loved, but he remained as faithful to it to the end as when he ran the gauntlet of death in the young glory of his manhood in these streets of Salisbury. Steadfast as a rock, he was to the close of his life a true type of the Confederate soldier, that "heir of all the ages" in knightly deeds. He made his home in the South, he called his daughter by the beloved name of Dixie, and that daughter writes: "The old North Carolina days were ever dear to him, and he often said that he must go back to Salisbury once more before he died, and go over the old grounds again and see the old friends." He never came, but Salisbury will surely be ungrateful if, in the persons of the friends of whom he spoke, she does not give a thought of remembrance to him who once fought for her so bravely; and if, instead of turning

to the remoter past to find heroes to hold up for the admiration and imitation of her children, she proves herself too dull of soul to know that she has looked into the eyes of living heroes, and that one at least showed in highest degree a hero's scorn of danger and death when he dashed through the ranks of his foes here on her streets; one of whom, as of another Hotspur, it may be said:

"The earth that bears him dead
Bears not alive so brave a gentleman."

LITERARY TALENT IN NORTH CAROLINA.

THE WILLIAM HOUSTON PATTERSON MEMORIAL CUP.

A Philadelphia correspondent of the Charlotte (N. C.) *Observer* has written an interesting account of a "magnificent trophy as an incentive to the development of literary talent in North Carolina:"

"As a memorial to her father, the late Col. William Houston Patterson, of Philadelphia, and as an incentive to the development of the literary talent of the sons and daughters of the Old North State, Mrs. Lindsay Patterson, of Winston-Salem, has had manufactured here one of the most massive and magnificent loving cups that Philadelphia jewelers have ever seen. This cup is to be presented to the North Carolina Historical Society, and by that society is at the end of the year to be turned over to that resident native North Carolina writer who shall have achieved the greatest literary success during the year. At the end of ten years it is to become the property of the person who shall have won it the greatest number of times.

"The Patterson cup has for a fortnight been on exhibition in the show window of the largest jewelry firm in this city. Because of its extraordinary beauty, because of the story of filial love behind it, and because of the prominence here of the Patterson family, it has attracted great attention.

"The cup is of gold and of massive construction. It stands sixteen inches high, and is seven inches in diameter. On



MRS. PATTERSON AT HER HOME IN WINSTON.

the bases of the three handles are the coats of arms of North Carolina, Pennsylvania, and the Patterson family. It is studded with forty-nine precious stones, all being North Carolina gems, selected by Mrs. Patterson from over four hundred specimens. It bears the inscriptions: 'The William Houston Patterson Cup,' and 'Cor Cordium' (heart of hearts)."

After the foregoing was in type, the news came that the cup was awarded for the first year to Mr. John Charles McNeill, of Charlotte, and the presentation was made by President Roosevelt on his visit to Raleigh on October 19. In



the Senate Chamber of the State Capitol the presentation was made, quite a number of distinguished gentlemen and ladies (including Mrs. Roosevelt) being present. The President, in a few remarks extolling the value of literary effort, presented the cup to Mr. McNeill.

THE SHELBY GRAYS, OF FOURTH TENNESSEE.—B. Robinson, of Upperville, Va., makes inquiry: "Can any reader of the *VETERAN* give me any information about Capt. Armstrong's company, the Shelby Grays, 4th Regiment Tennessee Volunteers? I should like to know if any of the company are living, as I had a brother in that company."

YOUNG WOMAN'S ADDRESS TO VETERANS.

The Albert Sidney Johnston Camp, at Corinth, Miss., on the occasion of its recent annual reunion enjoyed a treat in the address given by invitation of Miss Maud V. Herman, of Kossuth. The manuscript comes from Adj. John W. McNulty on behalf of the Camp. Miss Herman's theme was "Our Truest Hero."

"From time immemorial the world has had its heroes—heroes of war and heroes of peace. But the heroes of war give us a theme ever full of interest and grandeur. In all ages every distinct race and people have had their heroes, about whose names cluster memories, traditions, and records of valor, daring, and patriotism. Macedonia boasted of her brave son, Alexander the Great; Greece had her Miltiades; Rome, her Cæsar. France had her Napoleon, who mounted to the most dizzy heights of military power and glory. To the thirteen colonies of America belongs the name of Washington. But greater still than all of these, the South had her heroes—Lee, Jackson, Davis, the Johnstons, Gordon, and many others whose names are enshrined with deathless pride in every true Southern heart.

"Davis, Lee, and Jackson were called at the beginning of the sixties to the support of the infant Confederacy, then beginning its struggle for existence; and it was with untiring en-

ergy and ceaseless devotion that these noble men guarded the welfare of their beloved Southland. It must have been glorious and inspiring to the boys in gray to look upon these leaders. Jackson's untimely death was an irreparable loss to the Confederacy. Recently, when John B. Gordon died, we felt that one of the noblest souls that ever dwelt in human form had gone to meet its God; and we remember him of whom the President said: 'If one head, one heart, and one hand could have saved the Confederacy, that hand and heart and head were lost when Albert Sidney Johnston fell at Shiloh.'

"Jefferson Davis's position at the helm of government, as President of the Confederacy, was an all-important one. It is enough to say that his conduct exhibited the sublimest spectacle of high moral courage based on truth and faith in the right which enabled him to follow his belief of duty at the peril of his freedom and his life.

'For that cause he gave his true, noble life;
O dear, martyred son! in thy grave cold and still,
The South has oft wept for thee
As she wept when bereft of her other brave sons—
Jackson and Robert E. Lee.'

"Leaders are necessary to direct men on that dread arena, the battlefield. It requires an able, daring, courageous leader to call forth from the men a passionate devotion, to mold the multitude of thoughts of a great army into one mass of martial zeal. Without a leader an army is a mob—a powerless machine; but, on the other hand, what could a leader accomplish without an army? We would not in the smallest degree depreciate the sterling worth of those mighty chieftains, the South's leaders; but we do maintain that our truest heroes, those who presented to the world the sublimest deeds of valor and devotion ever witnessed, were the men behind the guns—the private Confederates in their jackets of gray. In speaking of the Civil War, Gen. Lee once said: 'The true heroes of the war are not the men of rank, but the men of the ranks.' The private soldiery was the 'bone and sinew' of the Confederacy.

"When we come to speak of this valiant soldiery of the sixties, all heads bow in awe and reverence, and words fail us in expressing their praise; but may we not revert briefly to the career of the private soldier? The beginning of the sixties found the peoples of the North and South very different in characteristics, though brothers in blood. This was a result of the physical features of the two sections, the industrial pursuits, and other causes. Their greatest difference was in conflicting governmental policies. It is justice to say that the men of the South were a mass of intelligent men—men of noble natures, sound judgment, and correct thinking; men not to be moved by any ignoble impulse, but were ever actuated by that holy principle so deeply imbedded in their natures, the love of justice and liberty. Slavery was not that for which they fought. The real cause lay far deeper than slavery."

Addressing the Veterans present, the speaker said:

"You clung to the Declaration of Independence, which declares that government exists for the protection of life, liberty, and happiness. You believed in a strict construction of the constitution, and in the preservation of State rights. So when your State rights were set aside—your sovereignty denied—you were ready to strike for your homes and firesides, and to pour out your blood as a libation; and, if need be, to die upon the altar of your country. You left your happy

Southern homes and rushed to the fray where honor called; and through four years of dread war you fought with such bravery, endured such hardships, and won such brilliant victories on the battlefield that you deserved and won the name of the grandest heroes the world has ever known—the wonder of the ages.'

"It was the private soldier who trudged weary and footsore over rocky and frozen roads on tiresome marches, who so fearlessly breasted the shot and shell of the strong forces of the enemy. It was the private soldier who shivered within the chilly walls of Northern prisons, half clothed and scantily fed, but he chose to die there rather than purchase freedom at the price of honor.

"Some one has said: 'To charge the batteries of the enemy requires great personal bravery. For one's life to be wafted to the skies upon the white smoke of battle amid the roar of musketry and the thunders of the artillery is almost godlike; but it does not exceed the sublime heroism of the man who suffered for duty's sake in the prison, who in dejection and despair, in neglect and unspeakable suffering refused to surrender his convictions of right and forsake the "Bonnie Blue Flag."'

"The North realized the perseverance of the Confederate privates. Gen. Grant himself said: 'If we recruit the Southern army by the exchange of prisoners, we shall have to fight on until the whole South is exterminated!' The name of the Confederate private had become a synonym for bravery and perseverance.

'They were only privates, and 'twas theirs to obey,
Not theirs to command or lead the fray;
But theirs to endure and follow and fight,
To know that the cause they loved was right.
Hungry and thirsty, and footsore and lame,
They fought for their country and thought not of fame.
And so to the end they followed and fought
With a love and devotion that could not be bought.'

But at last, in the weakened condition of the South, it had to succumb—not to valor, but to overwhelming numbers and uncivilized warfare. She surrendered less than 100,000 ragged, half-starved veterans to more than 1,000,000 Northern and foreign troops. The cannon's mouth was stopped; the life of the Confederacy was ended, but

'No nation ever rose so white and fair,
None fell so pure of crime.'

Again addressing herself to those about her, she said:

"You turned with horror from those battlefields drenched with the blood of your comrades; and, heartbroken, with battle scars and empty sleeves, you started homeward, there to find problems even more difficult to face. You left in '61 when the vales and vine-clad hills of our sunny South were clothed in wealth and luxury. You returned in '65 to find nothing more than a wilderness of waste and desolation. 'The whole political, social, and industrial fabric of the South lay in ruins.' But you built up your shattered fortunes and defeated the attempt to fasten upon you political disgrace and shame. You achieved victories during the next decade equal in renown to any achieved on the battlefield, thus proving yourselves heroes of peace as well as of war. But in this you were not left alone. You were cheered and comforted by the noble Southern woman. She loved you, she trusted you, she prayed for you while in battle; and when you returned she met you on the threshold of 'home, sweet home' with smiles for your welcome, but tears—bitter tears—for your defeat.

'She helped to rebuild the waste places, and to bind up the broken hearts.' One writer has said:

'The noblest name, the grandest name
That burns upon the scroll of fame
Glow brighter still, and still more fair,
If *woman* helped to place it there.'

"God bless the old-style Southern woman! *She* and the private Confederate soldier should be crowned the truest heroes of all the war. The time has come when the heroism and the lofty manhood of the Confederate soldier are the common pride and glory of all who bear the name of Americans; and while memory lasts the splendor of your deeds will lose none of its luster.

"The story of Marathon and Thermopylæ has long outlived the republic of Greece. Long ago the Roman Empire disappeared from the map of the world, but the deeds of her imperial legions still remain bright and gleaming on the pages of history. And as these great achievements have outlived the mighty governments and the brave men in whose names they were accomplished, so the bravery, patriotism, and the chivalry of the Southern private will be written in burning letters upon the pages of immortal history and transmitted as a glorious heritage to future generations. 'Poetry, song, and history bring their richest treasures to perpetuate your undying fame.'

'The men were right who wore the gray,
And right can never die;'

and sometime, 'when all life's lessons have been learned,' the soldier's last tattoo will have been sounded, and the last hero will have passed to that reunion beyond the stars.

"God helped you bear the cross here that you may wear the crown over there—

'That crown with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new luster boast
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.'"

THE MOTHER'S OFFERING.

BY M. M. TEAGAR, FLEMINGSBURG, KY.

Yes, go, my dear son, 'tis thy country demands,
In defense of thy birthright, in liberty's name,
A sacrifice now at a fond mother's hand,
Where honor may bask in the sunlight of fame.

Her perils go share on the land and the seas,
In battle's fierce surge and the tempest of war,
Where thunders awakened are borne on the breeze
And the tread of invasion is heard from afar.

In the shock of collision, what bosom can feel
The ceaseless anxiety as nightly appears
The phantoms of hope that reluctantly steal
Above the lone pillow that's moistened with tears?

Yes, go, my dear son, 'tis thy country that calls
The valiant to arms and summons thee hence,
Where glory will honor the hero who falls
While facing her foe in gallant defense.

Though feeble my efforts, yet freely I give
To freedom and country of loved ones the last;
Though doomed to misfortune and poverty, live
A comfortless wreck on the shoals of the past.

Thy forefathers suffered and struggled in vain
To transmit the freedom their valor had bought
If we, in our weakness, refuse to sustain
The blessings their wisdom and virtue had wrought.

Though the birthright of freedom be lost to the world,
Let glory and valor their virtues declare
And honor survive when thy banners are furled
In the day of success or the night of despair.

Though strong is maternal affection, my son,
And comfort that filial affection inspires,
Yet love for my country is second to none,
Whatever the sacrifice duty requires.

Remember whatever the future recalls,
'Tis sweet consolation and comfort to know
That glory will honor the hero who falls,
His face to his God and his feet to the foe.

When the battle is over and nature has spread
Her mantle of darkness o'er mountain and plain,
One spirit will visit the dying and dead
To gaze on the face of her loved one again.

The foeman may boast of his power and might.
Remember the battle is not to the strong;
'Tis better to die in defense of the right
Than tamely submit to injustice and wrong.

Although you may fall and the unpolished stone
No record may bear of thy country or name,
The dust of the hero speaks louder alone
Than monuments stained with dishonor and shame.

To Heaven my soul will unceasingly pray
To strengthen thine arm in defense of the right,
That honor stand guard o'er thy conduct by day
And virtue watch over thy slumbers at night.

May God, in his mercy, thine efforts sustain,
Directed and guided by strength from above,
And bring thee back home to thy mother again,
To rest in the bosom of freedom and love!

If Heaven ordains it to spare thee, my son,
Whatever the issue, remember 'tis sweet
To know that thy duty was faithfully done
In the transports of triumph or gloom of defeat.

Be brave and be fearless, be loyal and true
In the cause of thy country wherever you be;
The standard of freedom keep ever in view,
The guidon of faith and the hope of the free.

Thy country is calling; she cannot delay;
The tocsin is pealing from turret and dome.
Thy comrades are marching in battle array;
Speed, speed to the rescue of country and home

MISSOURI GIRL'S PRISON EXPERIENCES.

BY MRS. JOHN R. CASON, WASHINGTON, D. C.

On August 5, 1864, I came to Marshall from Boonville to visit a friend; was happy in displaying a calisthenic uniform, worn at the closing exercises of our school, giving an exhibition of the different movements. A negro girl innocently reported to some Union women that I was dancing with a Rebel flag around me. The next day, August 6, about ten or fifteen Southern soldiers came into Marshall. There were Union

troops there at that hour. They assisted one or more Union men in handing out their surplus goods. Several of these Southern boys rode to the gate of my friends' home, and we (there were three other girls) had a few words with the Confederates. While engaged in this little "byplay" some one shouted, "The courthouse is on fire." We looked and saw the Federal flag burning, and the whole building was destroyed in a short time. Our boys left town shortly after this, having burned besides only an old shack, a shop. By 11 A.M. everything was quiet, and all were gratified that nothing worse had happened. A friend from the country invited me to spend the following Saturday and Sunday with her. Hastily packing a carpet sack with the belongings of a girl in her eighteenth year, I left town about noon, reaching my friend's home in time for a fine Southern dinner. Afterwards, while enjoying a nap, the gentleman of the house called me and said, "You are wanted." I immediately arose and faced a Federal captain with about twenty soldiers. He gave me a military salute, with the information: "Miss Bryant, you must return to town with me as my prisoner." I asked by whose authority, and he produced an order from the provost marshal, named Woodruff. I asked how I was to go, and he said: "You can ride behind one of us." I indignantly declined, when he said: "O you will have to go, and I hope you will not give us trouble."

At this time Southern people in Missouri were afraid to show much sympathy toward each other. My old friend suggested, however, that I go in his buggy. The captain remarked that one of his soldiers would drive the buggy. Accepting the situation, I returned to Marshall, and was driven to my home, occupied then by Federal officers as headquarters. Their troops, about one thousand in number, arrived in town at 12 M., August 6. After a few words with the matron, I requested to see the provost marshal. Stating to him my objection to being held a prisoner in my home, he kindly ordered a guard to escort me to a hotel. I came to Marshall with a large trunk of clothing suitable for a summer outing—my father had ample means.

On the arrival of the troops referred to, they were piloted to the house of my friend, Mrs. S—, by some Union women. The soldiers were allowed to loot the house, destroying every article I had except a few things in a carpet sack, also everything in Mrs. S—'s house. Feather beds were emptied on the floor, and the entire contents of a well-filled pantry were emptied into this mass of feathers. On asking the officer of the day for an explanation why the soldiers had been allowed to destroy my clothing, he sarcastically replied, "You may find a few of your things;" but I didn't. With defiance and hatred in my heart, I went on to my prison (the hotel), which I was not allowed to leave but once, then with a guard. This all occurred on the 6th of August. The affair spread all over the country in a short time, reaching my parents in Boonville. My father dared not return to Marshall, but my mother did, accompanied by my teacher, hoping to explain satisfactorily why I had this calisthenic dress, which was red, white, and red with the *immortal* thirteen red buttons down the front of the waist. In the *mélée* it was saved, and exhibited on the public square. The excitement it created was like a Spanish bullfight, the soldiers furious that a slip of a girl should dare to glory in those colors—the red, white, and red. My freedom was offered me provided I would take the oath, a copy of which I send herewith. I would rather have carried a ball and chain than have submitted to such humiliation. After keeping me in Marshall one week, I was notified by the captain to prepare for a

journey to Warrensburg, nearly two days' travel by land. Imagine my consternation when, instead of a carriage, a four-horse government wagon loaded with corn drove to the ladies' entrance. I protested against the journey in primitive style, but was told that I should be glad that I did not have to walk. After adieu to a few heartbroken friends, we climbed up and into this canvased wagon with an old dirty army blanket spread over the corn. All day long with no lunch and the sympathy of no one except our driver—a Southern man in disguise. The party numbered about three hundred Federal soldiers, and more than that number of negroes followed us. We arrived at a small village (Brownsville) for the night, and were placed in a hotel with a guard at the door. After a nice supper and lodging, we again started on our journey. At 12:30 P.M. we arrived in Warrensburg, alighted at Col. Crittendon's headquarters, and were marched into his august presence. He did ask us to be seated. After a few questions concerning the cause of my arrest and discovering that I had refused to take the oath, I was ordered to be placed behind the bars. I said: "We are starving; may we have something to eat?" "O yes, we will see you have all you wish." After parading us through town that hot August day, we at last reached our prison—a room about eighteen feet square, windows heavily barred, one door, with a guard's watchful eye on us every minute. Our promised dinner was a pint bowl of pickled beets, a few slices of stale baker's bread; this only to satisfy the hunger of three girls. We slept that night on the bare floor, with our carpet sacks for pillows; an army blanket was thrown over us for cover or pallet, as we chose. Our breakfast the next morning was weak tea and stale bread, a regular Yankee breakfast, minus tea, cakes, and apple butter. We remained in this place, as well as I remember, about five days; our fare about the same, though occasionally coffee was allowed. The authorities were quite reticent as to our punishment. In ignorance we lived from day to day, fearing nothing. While here we were shocked to see a wagon driven up to our door with about forty women prisoners with babies—one lady sixty years old, and so on. We forty odd without supper were taken that night about nine o'clock to a larger room. In a few moments a soldier asked for Miss Bryant and seven others, I forget their names. We were told to be ready at 5 A.M. for a trip to St. Louis. After a sleepless, restless night, we were ready (without breakfast, but were told we should have dinner at Jefferson City), and were put on the cars. We arrived at Jefferson City at noon, and the guard gave us a cynical smile and passed on. Arriving at St. Louis sometime that evening, we were forced to walk from the station to the St. Charles Street Prison (about two hours' walk it seemed to me). Tired, starving, with bursting headache, we were assigned to rooms after a light supper—cup of tea, one potato, one slice of baker's bread with butter. Here I was told by old Mr. Dixon, our prison keeper, that, as my father was a prominent and well-known man, I should have privileges not accorded others. In my youthful ignorance visions of pleasure and a speedy return home soon vanished. The worst experience of my life was those two or three weeks in the St. Charles prison. The keeper was so unkind and fed us so poorly that those in authority were ashamed of him, and his removal was ordered. About the 1st of September I was taken to the famous Gratiot Street prison. For the first time since leaving Boonville on this ever-to-be-remembered visit, I met men in the Federal garb who were gentlemen. We were treated as human beings, every attention was shown us that was consistent with the rules and regulations of war.

My life there was full of sad experiences: Friends were formed with sweet girls with whom, however, we were never to meet again; ties were broken, and tears were shed over recollections of home and home fare. The bare memory of the crumbs falling from our fathers' tables caused many sighs and evil wishes on the heads of our capturers. It was there that I learned the art of washing and ironing, the accomplishments of the kitchen, how to prepare a meal for forty or more, how to arrange a table of two boards, tin cups, tin plates, with a dish pan for soup. One great happiness for us girls was the correspondence, smuggled from the boys in gray, who were in the male prison across the street. All these experiences ended by one of the prison authorities calling in a carriage at the prison one afternoon, stating that my father was in his office, and that he wished me to prepare immediately to accompany him home. I was ignorant as to what my friends had done to accomplish my release. I bade farewell to some sweet friends, drove with the officer to prison headquarters, there to learn the ruse resorted to by my father's friends. These same friends arranged for my bond of three thousand dollars. I took that ironclad oath.

COPY OF THE "OATH OF ALLEGIANCE."

I, Sue M. Bryant, of Cooper County, State of Missouri, do hereby solemnly swear that I will bear true allegiance to the United States, and support and sustain the constitution and laws thereof; that I will maintain the national sovereignty paramount to that of all States, county, or Confederate powers; that I will discourage, discountenance, and forever oppose secession, rebellion, and the disintegration of the Federal Union; that I disclaim and denounce all faith and fellowship with the so-called Confederate armies, and pledge my honor, my property, and my life to the sacred performance of this my solemn oath of allegiance to the government of the United States of America. SUE M. BRYANT.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 10th day of October, 1864, at St. Louis, Mo.

WILLIAM A. KEYSER,
Assistant Provost Marshal.

Witnesses: J. C. Galbraith, of St. Louis, Mo.; clerk P. M. G.

The above is a facsimile of an oath of allegiance taken by Miss Bryant, of Marshall, Mo. (Mrs. John R. Cason, of Washington, D. C.). Miss Bryant was the daughter of Judge John W. Bryant, of Saline County, who, at the opening of the war, was one of the ablest jurists of Missouri. During his public career he had sentenced many criminals to State prisons, and of these prisoners many who had been pardoned and others having served their allotted sentence had nurtured resentment toward Judge Bryant, and the war gave them the opportunity to vent their ill-cherished feelings toward his family.

After some false rumors and the display of the Southern colors by Miss Bryant, she was taken prisoner and sent to the famous Gratiot Street prison, of St. Louis, where she remained for months, refusing to allow any discussion as to her taking the oath. After months of lingering anxiety, illness due to ill-ventilated quarters, and the reports that her father was dangerously sick unto death through anxiety as to her safety, Miss Bryant was influenced by her government friends to take the oath and secure her freedom for the sake of her father. This she did and hurried home to find *all* well and that the deception had been entered into by friends to force her out of the awful confinement of prison life. Mrs. Cason assures her children that she is yet true to the principles of the South that caused her to suffer for the Confederacy.

GEN. STERLING PRICE.

BY H. A. B.

There is a man whose name shall dwell
In patriot hearts till time shall end;
Our history's brilliant pages swell,
And with our country's glory blend.

Upon his noble brow you trace
Supremacy; his eyes serene
Yet burn with fire, and in his face
The lion and the lamb are seen;

There is no braver man than he;
There's none more courteous or refined;
He's generous to an enemy,
And to his army true and kind.

When "Freedom" was with "Union" given
And justice reigned throughout the land,
No saint was e'er more true to heaven
Than to our Union was his hand.

But Lincoln felled our glorious arch;
Then Price made bare his arm to save,
And bade us join him in the march
Which leads to "glory or the grave."

Little did Blair and Lyon know
When they had called him from afar
To council that their treacherous blow
Had forged this thunderbolt of war.

When Lyon leaped upon the stage
And fiercely threw the gauntlet down,
'Twas he picked up the battle gage
And boldly met the Lyon's frown.

At Springfield each his column led
And on the field of slaughter met;
Lyon now slumbers with the dead,
But Price is on the warpath yet.

See him! He mounts his fiery steed,
Whose arching neck is clothed with thunder;
He dashes forth with lightning speed
And cleaves the ranks of war asunder.

His clarion voice cries: "On, my braves!"
He cheers them, bids them never yield;
His flaming sword on high he waves
And proudly fulmines through the field.

He is our sword and shield and tower,
The living bulwark of the West;
For where the Northern war clouds lower,
There too he rears his warlike crest.

Then let Missouri's warriors come,
Join him, the bravest of the brave,
And soon o'er every Southern home
The flag of liberty shall wave.

Rouse up, ye Roman-hearted men,
Like tigers bounding from the lair!
Let mountain, hilltop, field, and glen
With Southern war cries rend the air.

Hark! I hear them, hear them coming,
Sunlight from their bright arms glancing,
Martial music, fifing, drumming,
Banners streaming, horses prancing.

Now come, ye Northern legions, come,
Ye serfs for blood and plunder raving,
And he will greet your brand and bomb
With cannon's roar and sabers waving.

He's met your vaunted hosts ere now,
Your tallest leaders, bravest men,
And either laid them pale and low
Or sent them howling home again.

When years roll by and your young men
A reason wish you to ascribe
For your sad routs, just say: "Ah! then,
We met the lion of his tribe."

In our great future's book of fame
There's naught will lend so bright a page
As Sterling Price's glorious name—
The patriot, chieftain, statesman, sage.

If wreaths of laurel now were given
For each heroic, noble feat,
There he stands towering up to heaven,
A brave old laurel tree complete.

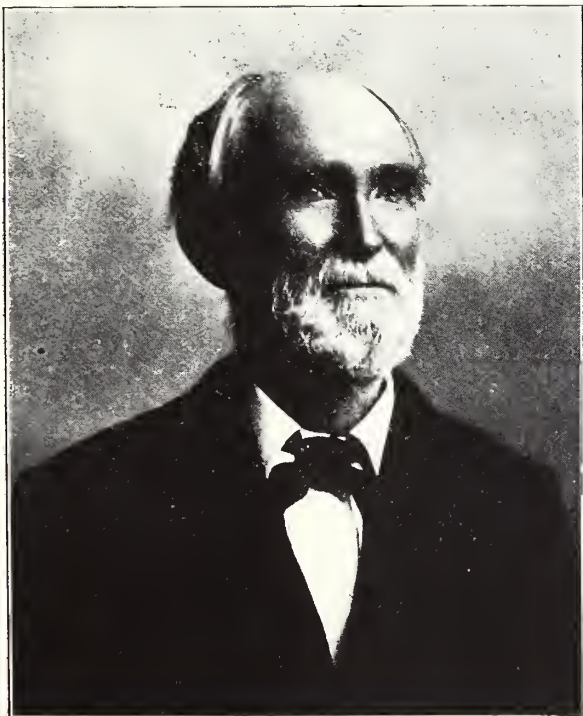
When Time himself with many days
Grows old and empires sink to rest,
The natives yet unborn shall praise
The gray-haired hero of the West.

Springfield, January 20, 1862.

ABOUT DESIGN OF THE FIRST FLAG.

BY JESSICA RANDOLPH SMITH, HENDERSON, N. C.

South Carolina, Mississippi, Florida, Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana, and Texas were the seven States that had seceded February 1, 1861, and for these States, with their capital at Montgomery, Ala., the seven stars were used on the first flag.



ORREN RANDOLPH SMITH.

When the Senators and Representatives met at Montgomery, the first business before Congress, after organizing, was to decide whether the Confederacy should fight under the "Stars and Stripes" and the Constitution of the United States,



or should have a new flag and a new constitution. Many were for the old flag, saying that Southern men had had more to do with the making of that flag than the Northern, and that the South had had more to do with its history since it was first unfurled than the North. But the debate was short, and a new constitution, representing an ideal form of government of native white citizens, was decided upon.

A committee was appointed to select the flag. This committee advertised in the papers for designs to be sent to them at Montgomery. Before the advertisement had reached North Carolina, a man living at Louisburg, N. C., an ardent "original secessionist," so hoped the Confederate government would adopt both a new flag and a new constitution that he designed a flag for the Confederacy; and all he had to do when he saw the advertisement, "Flag Wanted," was to have his design made.

Buying the materials, he went to see his friends, Mrs. Katherine Rebecca Watson (born Murphy) and her younger sister, Miss Sally Ann Murphy, and asked them to make the flag for him. Mrs. Watson went to work at once; but Sally Ann said she would not sew a stitch on the flag, as she was "for the Union" and expected to marry a Yankee officer (which she did); so while she played on the piano and sang songs to her liking her sister and this man made the flag.

The idea of the flag was taken from the Trinity ("Three in One"), for the three wide bars represented Church, State, and press. The first bar (red) represented State, legislative and executive; the second (white), the Church, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; the third (red), press, freedom of speech,

liberty of the press, freedom of conscience, bound together by a field of cerulean blue, the heavens over all, with a star for each State in the confederation. The seven white stars were placed in a circle all the same size, showing that each State had equal rights and privileges, irrespective of size or population. The little flag was about a foot long and about eight inches in width. With this flag was sent the suggestion that a star be added for each State that joined the Confederacy.

The flag was packed and sent to Montgomery, and on its journey it had many companions, for a number of designs were sent to the Committee on Flags; and a varied assortment they proved to be, from every known color and device to "the lone star of Texas" and "the rattler and palmetto of South Carolina."

The Confederate Congress adopted the flag sent by Orren Randolph Smith, and it is now honored over all the world as the flag that floated over the bravest and hardest to conquer soldiers that this world ever saw—the stars and bars. This flag was used officially by the Confederate States of America until after the second battle of Manassas, when a change was made, owing to the fact, as has often been published, that the stars and bars resembled so forcibly the stars and stripes, especially when limp.

The little model was made the second week in February, 1861, and without waiting to hear if his design was accepted or not, Mr. Smith bought materials and carried them to his friend, Mrs. Watson, and asked her to make him a large flag exactly like the model sent to Montgomery. She worked on the flag, which was nine by twelve feet, but did not succeed in finishing it by Saturday night, so it was finished on Sunday, and early on Monday morning the flag was sent aloft by Mr. Smith, saying that there should be one of his flags floating in the breeze.

The week before he had gone to his mother's plantation (five miles from Louisburg) and cut down two tall, straight poplar trees and spliced them together, making a pole about one hundred feet in length. This he planted on the courthouse square on a line with the sidewalk, and it was on this pole that he raised aloft the first Confederate flag ever raised in North Carolina, and it was the flag that he had designed. North Carolina did not secede until May 20, 1861, and this occurred nearly two months before that date. Over the stars and bars there floated a long blue pennant bearing ten white stars (for Virginia, North Carolina, and Arkansas—he knew they would come into the Confederacy), like an admiral's pennant that waves in the breeze when his ship is homeward bound, and surely the Old North State was homeward bound. The day this flag was raised was a holiday, the whole country turned out, and "everybody was there."

Was it fate or a coincident that the first Confederate flag raised in North Carolina should take place in the same town that witnessed the dividing of the Methodist Church, North and South, on the negro question in the trial of Bishop Andrew and others?

In 1844 when Henry Clay made his great speech amidst a great assembly, as he rose W. G. Brownlow, of the Knoxville *Whig*, shouted, "Hands on your pocketbooks, gentleman; there is a Democrat present;" and the man who designed the first flag of the Confederacy was present, one of the most devoted followers Thomas Jefferson ever had.

In 1847, with Zachary Taylor, on the banks of the Rio Grande, with his musket on his shoulder, defending the boundary rights of the United States, he heard that famous

cry of Tom Corwin, of Ohio: "I hope that you all will be welcomed to hospitable graves with bloody hands south of the Rio Grande, in this unhallowed war that is adding slave territory to the United States."

He was in New York in 1851-52, in the midst of the high tide of Know-nothingism, and he heard many discussions on the fugitive slave law; was deeply interested in the Christiana (Pa.) battle between master and runaway servants, who were aided by Lucretia Mott and her coadjutors, where the master was killed and the slaves were acquitted of murder by the State courts.

In 1855-56 he was in Warren, Ohio, headquarters of the underground railroad for the transfer of fugitive negroes into Canada with Messengers Giddings, Wade, and Todd at its head, glorying in the bold stand that Henry Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Philips, and Whittier were taking in Boston in denouncing the constitution of the United States as in league with hell and having a covenant with the devil, when by law Sims was returned to his South Carolina master, under the fugitive slave law.

At Leavenworth, Kans., 1856-57, in the turbulent days of "bleeding Kansas," when proslavery and antislavery were fighting for the mastery in two conventions for and against "free soil," both sides importing delegates and members, and heard that Beecher was preaching in Plymouth Church with a Bible in one hand and a rifle in the other, "Passage paid, redeem Kansas and be saved," the South was preaching and teaching, "No Mason and Dixon's line, no Wilmot proviso binds us in prison bonds; on to Kansas!"

Out of this conflict came John Brown ("Old Ossawatimie") in 1859, who, with his helpers, captured Harper's Ferry arsenal in a night attack, to arm the negroes, kill all the whites, and let the negroes have possession of the country. Many in the Republican party, sympathizing with him in his murderous attack upon innocent citizens, called him "St. John Brown, whose soul is marching on to glory."

Mr. Smith says all these things are what made him an original and ardent secessionist, and so he was ready when the conflict came with a flag and a platform for the Confederacy.

In the Virginia Society Historical Papers, Vol. VIII., there is a complete history, down to the smallest detail of the "flag with the long white tail and red bar," written by Maj. Rogers when he designed this flag; also, there is a complete history of the battle flag, sometimes called "the Southern cross." In telling the history of Maj. Rogers's flag, much of the history of "the flag with the long white tail" is told; but until now the history of the stars and bars, the old "secesh" flag, has never been told nor written.

Mr. P. D. Harrison, Manchester, N. H., is writing a book on flags that have been used by, or for, this country since Capt. Philip Amadas and Arthur Barlowe, commanding the Tyger and the Admiral, landed at Roanoke Island, July 4, 1875; and it was for him that we collected the history of the first Confederate flag.

Mrs. Watson, who made the flags for Mr. Smith, married a second time W. B. Winborne, and lived for a number of years at Wilson, N. C. A few years ago she moved to Pine Tops, Edgecombe County, N. C., where she still resides. Though over three score and ten, her mind is perfectly clear and she writes a most interesting letter. The history of these two flags she has dictated, corrected, and had signed by a notary public—Mr. W. L. Dunn, who is also postmaster at Pine Tops.

ANNUAL REUNION OF MOSBY'S MEN.

Mr. Harry T. Sinnott, of Nashville, who always attends the reunion of Mosby's command, reports a fine meeting at Fredericksburg, Va., on August 31. It was their twelfth annual reunion. A local committee, with E. W. Mills as Chairman, made elaborate preparations for the event, and when the Veterans arrived they found a complete programme well arranged.

The Exchange Hotel was their headquarters, and a large painting of Col. Mosby, mounted on his charger, hung on the north wall. The number of the survivors of the band present aggregated about seventy-five men. There are over three hundred and fifty survivors in all, scattered all over the country from Maine to Texas, and to California.

Col. Mosby, the commander, was in Washington, but was unable to attend. The most prominent member of the body present was Mr. Joseph Bryan, of Richmond, a past commander who is known and liked by every member of the organization. Mr. Bryan, though a very busy man, makes it a point to mingle with his comrades in their reunion each year. Some of the men visited near-by battlefields and the Mary Washington monument, Mary Washington house ("Brompton"), on Marye's Heights, the home of Capt. M. B. Rowe, and the National Cemetery.

At 10:30 o'clock the veterans gathered at the courthouse for their regular meeting. Col. E. D. Cole called the meeting to order and introduced Mayor Thomas P. Wallace, of Fredericksburg, who made a cordial address of welcome. He praised the bravery of Mosby's men, referred to the fact that, owing to their peculiar connection with the war, it was impossible for history to do the command full justice. The speech was thoroughly appreciated. The response in behalf of the veterans was made by Mr. Joseph Bryan, of Richmond, who in eloquent words thanked the Mayor and through him the people of Fredericksburg. The following officers were elected for the next year: J. W. Foster, Commander; J. S. Mason, Edward Thompson, and F. H. Rahm, Lieutenant Commanders; H. S. Ashby, Adjutant; and John Castleman, Sergeant Major.

After the business session the Veterans repaired to the Opera House, where an elegant luncheon was served by a committee of ladies. The Mosby men were joined in this luncheon by many other Confederates of this city and from the surrounding counties. During the luncheon, choice music was rendered by the full orchestra of Fredericksburg College, under the direction of Prof. F. A. Franklin; and Capt. Frank Cunningham, of Richmond, charmed the Veterans with song.

Afterwards an open meeting was held at the courthouse, and a large portion of those who filled the spacious building

was composed of ladies. Col. E. D. Cole, one of Mosby's men, presided and introduced the speakers. Judge John T. Goolrick, Congressman John Lamb, and Maj. J. Horace Lacy ("the Lion of the Wilderness," who, in his prime, was famous as an orator, though past eighty years of age) spoke fervently. Capt. J. W. Foster, the Commander, delivered an excellent address, as did also Gen. Stith Billing, of Petersburg. Mr. Joseph Bryan, of Richmond, closed the formal programme. Between each of the addresses the college orchestra rendered delightful music, and the occasion was thoroughly enjoyed.

It was decided to build a monument at Marshall, Va., at a cost of \$2,800, the base to be of granite eight feet high, surmounted by a bronze statue of Col. John S. Mosby, six and one-half feet; the whole to be fourteen and one-half feet high. This will include four tablets, one on each side, to contain inscriptions.

The reunion was a success in every way. The next gathering will be in Richmond.

GEN. EARLY AND HIS CAMPAIGNS.

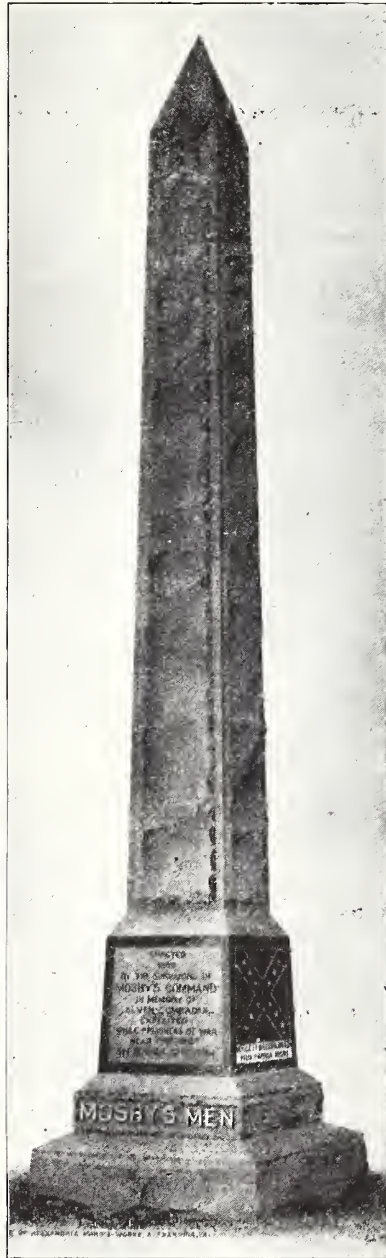
BY CAPT. S. D. BUCK, OF BALTIMORE.

The expected publication of a "History of Early's Campaign in Virginia and Maryland," by the gifted Virginian, Hon. John W. Daniel, fills me with joy, as the grand old hero who never surrendered has been most wickedly maligned or ignorantly assailed. Had Early possessed the moral reputation of Stonewall Jackson, he would have stood as high in the estimation of his comrades and country.

When we read of victories or great battles, it is hard to realize that there is often more generalship shown in defeat than in victory. McClellan's masterly retreat and escape from capture in 1862, in the seven days' fight, proved himself a master, and eclipsed all his other battles. This retreat was wonderful. I would not have the temerity to draw a comparison between Jackson and Early; but, for conscience' sake and unvarnished truth, let us view those wonderful men without bias or favoritism. Let us compare conditions surrounding them in their respective campaigns.

First, do not forget that circumstances greatly favored Jackson in his campaigns, which are now studied as are those of Napoleon. Remember Jackson commanded 15,000 troops that knew not what danger lurked in a flank movement. They "were going it blind." Then remember Jackson fought the enemy in detail: Milroy at Mc-

Dowell; then withdrew and threw his entire force upon the enemy at Cross Keys under Fremont, defeating him; withdrew again, crossed the river, and attacked and routed Shields at Port Republic; flanked Banks out of Strasburg, and drove him to and across the Potomac. Brilliant in the extreme, and victory rendered possible by the bad generalship of his opponents in separating their armies to be whipped in detail, Jack-



MONUMENT TO MOSBY'S MEN.

son immortalized himself by his ability to take advantage of the mistakes of his enemy.

Now take a view or pen picture of Early's campaign, starting from the day he cut loose from Lee at Richmond. See the master hand as he threw his gallant corps against Hunter, at Lynchburg, saving the city and stores; then down the Valley, attacking and routing Gen. Wallace at Monocacy; then marching to the gates of Washington with eight thousand troops and withdrawing because common sense told him that to take the city meant destruction to his whole army. Then follow him to the Valley: Note his audacity—recklessness, we will call it so—but remember his mission, "Hold the enemy in the Valley; defeat him if you can." His every move was audacious and brought forth fruit—keeping an army of forty thousand from Grant with one-fourth the number. I will not enumerate the different battles, for every schoolboy has them in his memory.

But let us suppose a case. Suppose Sheridan had done as did the former Union generals in the Valley—divided his forty thousand into four detailed armies, one at Staunton, Romney, Harper's Ferry, and Strausburg—Early would have done just as Jackson had done. He would have massed his army on one at a time and would have driven them to the mountains or across the Potomac. Then, again, remember Jackson's calvary was superior to the enemy's, while Early had 2,500 badly armed and as poorly mounted against 10,000 elegantly equipped and under gallant officers; and no matter how Early drove the center, this cavalry would flank him out of position. No man on earth has greater admiration for Gen. Jackson than I, but justice before feeling. Jackson did wonders; so did Early, and my pity for Early's unfortunate surroundings—fighting as he did from the time he was left at Fredericksburg to face Sedgewick's twenty-five thousand up to the day Sheridan rode over his remnant of veterans, one thousand strong, at Waynesboro—that he had four to one to contend with. My countrymen, do these two (Jackson and Early) justice; both were great. Jackson needs no defense, he was successful; Early does, because he fought a losing game. Lee, the greatest of men, never lost his faith in his "Cussin' General." Early's flank movement at Middletown was brilliant in the extreme. Nothing compared with it during the war for audacity, and only the fact of numbers saved Sheridan.

WILLIAM KENNETH M'COY.

William Kenneth McCoy, of Carrington's Battery, was wounded at Chancellorsville May 3, 1863, by the bursting of a shell; and died in Richmond, Va., May 19, 1863. The following was affectionately inscribed to his mother by Ellen V. Kemper, who served the Confederate cause by giving valuable information to our officers during the great struggle. The poem has been preserved in manuscript these many years.

And he is dead whose radiant eyes,
In brightness and in hue,
Vied with the sunniest summer skies,
So loving, clear, and true.

And he is dead whose gentle voice
In kindness spoke alone,
And ever made our hearts rejoice
With gladness like his own.

And he is dead who early learned
All tyrants to despise.
Love of his land within him burned;
Now on her breast he lies.

In vain they spoke of pain and death,
In vain they bade him stay;
With steady eye, but quickening breath,
He joined the dreadful fray.

Alas! the fate he shunned not came—
Came in that bursting shell;
But O, he won the immortal name
Of hero when he fell.

For hours he suffered all alone
With strength to martyrs given.
No murmur followed on his groan;
His soul was stayed on heaven.

But afterwards with tenderest care
They nursed who loved him best,
And she was there whose answered prayer
Made him forever blest.

So thoughtful, thankful, gentle, kind,
Firm, anguish to defy,
So clear and quick his ready mind,
They thought he might not die.

But his the crown, so willed our God,
Which binds the victor's brow.
With Jackson bloody fields he trod;
They reign together now.

"My duty done," he calmly said,
"Without regret I die."
What though his form sleeps with the dead?
The spirit lives on high.

With love of country, native land,
No earthly love is peer;
And none so brave as they who stand
And dare to die for her.

And yet not always thus they die
Who bear the gallant part
For whom is dimmed each patriot eye
And mourned each patriot heart.

For oft, alas! that link most bright
In life's short slender chain
Is lost which should the soul unite
To God its source again.

And shall his form forever wear
Scars in the world of bliss,
And still the mark of honor bear
So bravely won in this?

No, no; not scarred his form shall be,
Nor maimed, nor traced by pain:
The image of Divinity
In Christ made bright again.

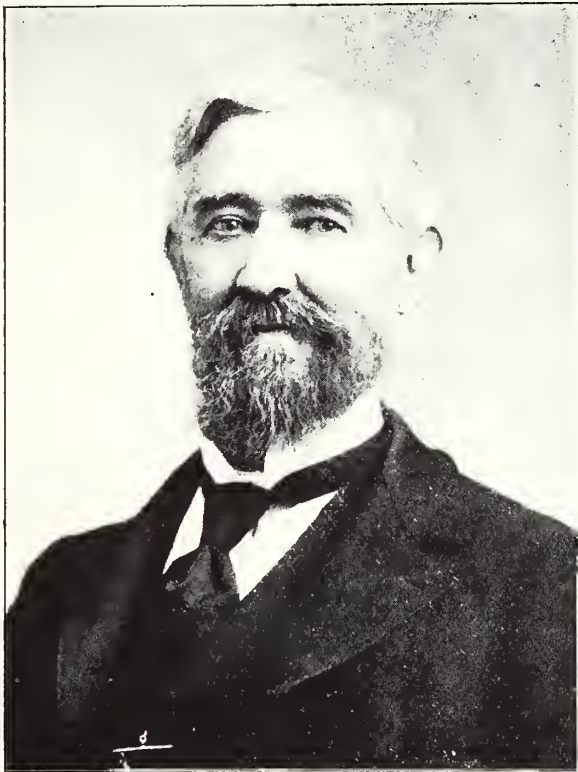
And those bright eyes, whose piercing sight
Was almost ta'en away—
Shall they behold th' effulgent light
Of the eternal day?

Yes, yes; not dim those eyes so sweet
When he shall reach that shore,
And there the welcome glances meet
Of loved ones gone before.



CAPT. E. M. HENRY.

On the 20th of June last Pickett-Buchanan Camp lost one of its oldest and most highly esteemed members in the death of Capt. Edward Moore Henry in the seventy-fourth year of his age. He was a native of Chesterfield County, Va., but had made Norfolk his home for thirty-five years. His maternal grandfather was Col. Robert Temple, of "Amptel." After the death of his father, in King and Queen County, his mother took her three infant sons to Fredericksburg, where they grew to manhood and for which place they ever felt the warmest affection. At sixteen he was sent to Hampden-Sidney College, where he graduated in the class of 1852.



GEN. E. M. HENRY, U. C. V.

After leaving college, young Henry engaged for a short time in mercantile life in Baltimore; but, not finding it to his taste, returned to his native State to follow the honorable occupation of farming. He located in Stafford County, a few miles from Fredericksburg. When the tocsin of war sounded, with ready promptness he and his overseer enlisted in the service of their State within a week after it had left the Union. From the time of the occupation of Fredericksburg by the Yankees his farm was occupied by United States regulars, who despoiled it of everything.

Capt. Henry enlisted as a private in the Stafford Rangers, commanded by Capt. James Ashby, brother of the lamented Gen. Turner Ashby. This company was intended to do guard duty at Harper's Ferry at the execution of John Brown, but instead was detailed by Gov. Wise for other service. It was called out on the 21st of April, 1861, and remained a State organization one year, when it was mustered into the Confederate army as a part of the 9th Virginia Cavalry, under command of Capt. Thomas Waller, in W. H. F. Lee's Brigade, which Stuart dubbed the "Charging Ninth." Private Henry rose to the command of the company. He did not surrender at Appomattox, but endeavored to join Gen. Johnston in North Carolina; but when he reached Ashland and learned that the struggle was over, he there accepted parole.

Capt. Henry was all that a soldier should be—intrepid, daring, and faithful. He was a Confederate from conviction, and never swerved from that faith. He led his company in many bloody fights and skirmishes, did picket duty on the Rappahannock and Potomac, rode with Stuart in the Averill raid around Richmond, fought Stoneman in Culpepper, Pleasanton's Corps at Brandy Station (where he was slightly wounded), followed Stuart through Maryland and Pennsylvania to Gettysburg, and was in the Wilson-Kautz raid at Fisher's Hill, Spottsylvania C. H., Sapony Church, Petersburg, and Five Forks. At Reams Station he was seriously wounded and disabled for two months. He never swerved from duty nor danger, and in after years he loved to tell of the doing and daring of "the boys" of the "Charging Ninth."

In the fall of 1863 his company was sent to their war-ridden home to collect for our poor, ragged troops the clothing and stores left by the enemy when they evacuated. That brought him nearer the lady of his choice than he had been during the war, and in consequence he was married in January, 1864, to Miss Indiana V. Kilby, of Suffolk, Va., sister of the beloved surgeon of the 3d Georgia Brigade, also of the Confederate hospital in Petersburg. His widow and three children survive him.

Capt. Henry was of gentle birth, and those who associated with him knew he was to the "manner born." His mother was related to Gov. Alexander Spotswood, of Virginia. His great-grandfather was Judge James Henry, of Accomac County, also a native of Scotland, who served his State as a member of the Continental Congress, House of Burgesses, and Judge of the Court of Admiralty. He was also one of the signers of the famous "Bill of Rights."

As a citizen of his adopted home, Capt. Henry was greatly respected, filling offices of trust, ever faithfully performing the duties attending them. For two years he was Commander of Pickett-Buchanan Camp, and also for two terms of the Grand Camp of Virginia, U. C. V., from which he derived the title of colonel which many gave him. When he was made aid on the staff of Gen. John B. Gordon, of the U. C. V., he was promoted to the title of brigadier general, by which also he was well known. His death was sudden: only twenty-four hours of suffering, and he crossed over the river to join the vast host of comrades in gray awaiting him.

E. W. LYEN.

Commander E. W. Lyen, of William Preston Camp, Harrodsburg, Ky., departed this life on July 12. He was a devoted Confederate soldier, and served as orderly sergeant of Company H, 2d Kentucky Cavalry, Duke's Regiment, Morgan's Command, and on the Ohio raid made his escape when the command was captured. Making his way South, he gath-

ered together some of his old comrades, and was made lieutenant of a company. He was a fearless soldier to the end.

He became a prosperous farmer after the war, and was always interested in anything to the advantage of his old comrades in arms. He was active in securing the home for the Confederates at Pewee Valley, of which he was appointed trustee by Gov. Beckham, and it was largely through his untiring efforts that the beautiful monument to the Confederate dead in the Harrodsburg Cemetery was erected. These were the soldiers buried after the battle of Perryville. The monument is said to be one of the most beautiful and artistic in the whole country. He was to the last interested in the Confederate Association, and his loss is mourned deeply by his fellow-members.

GOV. CHARLES T. O'FERRALL.

After a year of failing health, Col. Charles Triplett O'Ferrall, former Governor of Virginia, lawyer, soldier, statesman, author, and long a distinguished leader in Congress, died at his home, in Richmond, Va., on the 22d of September, at the age of sixty-five. Within the borders of that great commonwealth there was no man more widely known or whose sterling qualities were more greatly admired. At the age of fifteen years he began service for his State, when he was made clerk of his county court, and this service had since but few interruptions until he retired from the executive mansion, in 1898. Whether as a leader of his soldiers in the battle for State rights or as representative of his people in Congress, he was always conspicuous for that physical and moral courage which distinguishes a leader of men. Even to his undoing, he stood for his convictions. Though holding office the greater part of his life, his last days were spent in comparative poverty, which bears unmistakable testimony to his right to the title of an "honest man."



HON. C. T. O'FERRALL.

Charles T. O'Ferrall was born in Frederick County, Va., October 21, 1840. His father was John O'Ferrall, of Morgan County (now West Virginia), and was a popular man of his time, having been a member of the Virginia House of Delegates and clerk of his county and circuit courts. At his death his son Charles was appointed clerk pro tem of the court of Morgan County, and two years later, at the age of seventeen, was elected for the full term of six years. He was perhaps the youngest man who ever filled so responsible a position in his State, but his satisfactory performance of the duties of the position was demonstrated by his subsequent election for the full term. The war coming on, this gallant young Virginian, destined thus early to make a name for himself, shouldered his musket and started out to fight for his State. Morgan County was strongly Union in sentiment, and sent only about twenty soldiers to the Confederate army. The town of Berkeley Springs sent only two, and Charles T. O'Ferrall was one of these. He entered as a private in the cavalry service, from which he rose step by step through his intrepid bravery to the rank of colonel, and

at the close of the war was in command of all the Southern cavalry in the Valley of Virginia. To this regiment, indeed, is due the credit for holding the last line, having the last fight and capturing the last prisoner on Virginia soil. His command was in two engagements after the surrender, as he refused to believe that Gen. Lee had actually capitulated, although Gen. Hancock sent him word of it under flag of truce. He never knew the meaning of fear, and his black plume always waved at the head of his regiment. He was eight times wounded—three times from saber thrusts and five times from bullets.

After the war, Charles O'Ferrall entered the law class at Washington College, securing the money by strenuous effort, and graduated with distinction. He settled at Harrisonburg in the practice of his profession, from which he was called into positions of honor and trust. He was elected to the House of Delegates as a Conservative in 1871, and served with conspicuous ability. After this, he was elected judge of the county court of Rockingham, in which he disposed of some of the most important and perplexing criminal cases ever tried in the Valley courts. He made his first race for Congress in 1882, to which he was five times reelected practically without opposition in his own party. As the chief lieutenant and floor leader of the late Charles F. Crisp, of Georgia, his fine ability was demonstrated, and he was rewarded by being made Chairman of the Committee on Privileges and Elections. In this important position his rulings were characterized by justice and fairness, as he rose above partisan politics in his devotion to principle and right. He was an intimate friend of President Cleveland, and during the administrations of the latter was often consulted on important matters.

Col. O'Ferrall was twice married, the second wife and four children surviving, as also two sons by his first marriage.

CAPT. J. F. TATHAM.

After nearly seventy-six years of service, the spirit of Comrade J. F. Tatham passed over the border on the 24th of July. He was a member of Ross-Ector Camp, of Rusk, Tex., having served as first lieutenant and captain of Company F, 19th Tennessee Regiment. He participated in the battles of Murfreesboro, Shiloh, Franklin, Chickamauga, and Baton Rouge, and received some severe wounds. He was on furlough, disabled from wounds, when the surrender came; therefore never took the oath of allegiance. Capt. Tatham was also a member of the Masonic fraternity, and a true Christian and friend.

ROBERT THOMPSON.

Ben. McCulloch Camp, of Mount Vernon, Tex., lost another good member in the death of Robert Thompson on the 19th of August. He joined the Confederate army in June, 1861, and served to the close. He was in every engagement of his command near and around Richmond, Va., storming breastworks, charging batteries, elbowing with the enemy, and was never wounded; was not sick a day, and never straggled. He received one furlough, and gave that to a comrade who had a family. Comrade Thompson was a member of Company D, 9th Georgia Infantry, Tige Anderson's Brigade, Hood's Division. A true patriot of the South, he was loyal to duty in every sphere of life.

JOHN ADAMS.—Information comes from Dr. F. A. Adams, of St. Louis, that his brother, John Adams, died there Octo-

ber 15 of heart failure. He was a son of Gen. John Adams, C. S. A., killed at Franklin, and grandson of Gen. Charles McDougall, U. S. A., his mother, Georgiana, being a daughter of Gen. McDougall.

MRS. W. R. PHILLIPS.

Mary Sanford Johnson was born in McDonough, Ga., April 8, 1829. She was not twenty years old when Col. W. R. Phillips claimed her for his bride, and they made their home in Griffin, Ga. He was a cotton planter, merchant, and manufacturer of cotton goods, and was mayor of Griffin six years before the war. When the war broke out and the battlefield was transferred to Georgia, Griffin was an important point.

By this time they had quite a family of small children, enough to occupy the time of most mothers, but with the assistance of capable servants she was able to accomplish much. Her husband gave her quantities of cotton cloth, from which she made shirts for the soldiers and dyed some to make them trousers. She knit socks for them, too, and had her oldest daughters learn, so they knit almost as many pairs as the grown people.

Mrs. Phillips made cakes, pies, rolls, and good nourishing dishes for the sick and wounded soldiers who passed constantly on the cars through Griffin, as it was near to Jonesboro, where a memorable battle was fought. There she sent by her eldest son, and as he passed through the cars from day to day distributing them he contracted smallpox from them. His faithful mother nursed him unto death, and then she was stricken down with the dread disease, and for weeks and months she was separated from her family. The disease attacked her in its most virulent form, and her life was dispaired of; but she survived to bless her family and many friends. The fearful scars that left their impress upon her handsome face did not despoil her beauty; for with her fine eyes, regular features, her winning and endearing manners she remained the same lovely woman.

Her husband did not serve in the regular army, for his duties of owner and proprietor of the Newton Cotton Factory at Covington, Ga., kept him busy manufacturing goods for the government. He belonged, however, to the famous militia, "Joe Brown's Pets," that went to the defense of the State in every emergency.

Col. Phillips removed to Atlanta when it began rising from the ashes of war and devastation. Mrs. Phillips at once joined with the Ladies' Memorial Association in removing the dead soldiers from the trenches in and around Atlanta and giving to them Christian burial. She was Treasurer for a number of years while the ladies had to work so hard to accomplish anything. After the monument was paid for and the Association entirely out of debt, Mrs. Phillips resigned the office of Treasurer, but continued to be an active member until the death of Col. Phillips, when she retired from all public duties for a few years. Since the death of Mrs. Mary Cobb Johnson, six years ago, she has ranked as the oldest member of the Association, and as such has been invited to ride in the carriage with the orator on each recurring "Memorial Day." On April 26, 1905, Gen. Clement A. Evans was the orator, and delivered a beautiful address. He called in his carriage for her and as she was being assisted by him to enter the carriage her daughter had them photographed. This was her last picture.

Mrs. Phillips was a remarkable woman for her age. She kept up her music, and delighted her friends with the melodies

of bygone years. She belonged to a club called the "Butterfly Club," composed of twenty-five members who were pioneers of Atlanta, and she was the life of that organization. She was a devoted member of the First Presbyterian Church of Atlanta; but was also much endeared to the Episcopal Church, for several of her children are members of that Church, and one grandson (Henry D. Phillips, of Sewanee) will soon be ordained deacon.

On August 9, 1905, after an illness of a few weeks, she



MRS. W. R. PHILLIPS.

quietly passed away at the age of seventy-six years, leaving to mourn their loss two sons and three daughters, grandchildren and great-grandchildren, every one in Atlanta who knew her, and hosts of friends elsewhere. The funeral was held at her home, the Memorial Association attending in a body. Her remains were taken to Griffin, Ga., for interment.

The foregoing interesting sketch is by Mrs. Mary A. A. Fry, of Chattanooga, Tenn.

MISS MARY E. MILLER.

Liberty County Chapter, U. D. C., of Walthourville, Ga., lost an efficient officer and member in the death of Miss Mary E. Miller on July 19. Many friends and relatives mourn their loss. She was always ready and willing to aid in the work of her Chapter, as she was a true lover of the Confederate cause. A dearly loved brother gave his life for it.

THOMAS G. NIXON.

First in everything to aid his community in elevating or improving it, both morally and otherwise, Capt. Tom G. Nixon held a place in the esteem of his fellow-townsmen that cannot easily be taken by another. His death, on the 20th of August, removed from the life of Rogers Prairie, Tex., a most essential factor, and he has been sincerely mourned. He was especially interested in all Confederate matters, taking the lead here as elsewhere. He enlisted early in 1862 as first lieutenant in Company E (Capt. Rogers), Gould's Battalion, Randall's Brigade, Walker's Division, Trans-Mississippi Department. In the battle of Mansfield his captain was severely wounded, and the command devolved upon him for the rest of the war. He was wounded in the battle of Jenkins Ferry. After the war, he was as ready for the duties of civil life as he had been to the call of patriotism.

CAPT. GEORGE PENDLETON TURNER.

Capt. George P. Turner died at his beautiful home, near Huntsville, Ala., on June 29, 1905. He was born in Caroline County, Va., in March, 1837, and was loyal, true, and responsive to all high calls of duty. He served in the United States Marine Corps as first lieutenant, but at the outbreak of the War between the States he joined his fortunes with the South. In 1861 he was made lieutenant colonel on the staff of his uncle, Gen. John B. Magruder, and served with him till the Seven Days' fight around Richmond, when he was ordered West, and served on the staff of Gen. Joseph Wheeler till the close of the war.

After the surrender, he made his home in Alabama, and married Miss Anna Keller. His name is now enrolled among the innumerable throng who have passed over the river into the fields beyond the swelling floods. An honored soldier, Christian gentleman, true friend, "none knew him but to love him, none named him but to praise."

GERVIS HAMMOND STONE.

Comrade G. H. Stone, who had been a resident of Louisville, Ky., for about one year, died at his home there on August 10, 1905. He was born in Spencer County in 1835, and had served as sheriff and clerk of the county and circuit courts of that county. Several years since he removed to Frankfort, and was a clerk in the State penitentiary there, from which he resigned on account of failing health. He then went to Louisville to reside.

Comrade Stone was a member of Cluke's Cavalry, 8th Kentucky Regiment. He was wounded in the battle of Hartsville and sent to the hospital, of which he was made superintendent. At a later period of the war he was caught in a cattle stampede, and so badly injured that his left leg had to be amputated. Surviving him are his wife, two daughters, and three sons. He was buried at Frankfort.

JUDGE NICHOLAS WILLIAMS BATTLE.

A friend of the VETERAN sends a clipping from the *Post-Intelligencer*, of Seattle, Wash., giving an account of the death, in August, 1905, of Judge Nicholas W. Battle, prominent as a jurist and soldier: "He was born in Warren County, Ga., January 2, 1820, received his early education in his native State, and later attended William and Mary College, in Virginia, where he studied law. In 1844 he was admitted to the bar at Waco, Tex.; and in 1854 he was elected district attorney, serving two terms. In 1858 he was elected judge of the district, which he resigned in 1862 to accept his commission in the Confederate army. During the war he gained distinction as lieutenant colonel of the 30th Texas Cavalry. At the close Judge Battle again took up the practice of law, and in 1874 was appointed judge of the criminal district, comprising the jurisdiction of Marlin and Calvert, which expired on the adoption of the constitution in 1876. He removed to Seattle in 1885 with his son, Judge Alfred Battle."

MAJ. THOMAS COPES CAMPBELL.

Maj. Thomas C. Campbell died at Crowley, La., April 14 and was buried in New Orleans in the tomb of the Army of Northern Virginia at Metairie Cemetery. He was a member of the 5th Louisiana Regiment, and his pallbearers were the only survivors of the Crescent City Guards, in which he enlisted and which left New Orleans with a membership of one hundred and seventeen, rank and file. It was Company A,

5th Louisiana Volunteers, Gen. Harry T. Hays's Brigade, with Ewell and Stonewall Jackson. A group photograph was taken of these seven survivors in January, 1905, who were Thomas C. Campbell, Thomas B. McPeake, Henry C. Mackie, Joseph Gibbons, Albert Smith, Fred A. Ober, and John A. Pattie. Maj. Campbell is the first to break the devoted circle.

CAPT. JAMES H. JENKINS.

The meeting of Throckmorton Camp at McKinney, Tex., on September 17 was made a memorial service in honor of Capt. James H. Jenkins, a loyal member and friend. From the remarks of one who has been closely associated with him for the past forty-four years a brief sketch is given: "James H. Jenkins enlisted as a private in a company organized at McKinney and commanded by Capt. Joe Dickson, a prominent lawyer of that place, who was killed at Shiloh, the first battle in which the company participated. After this, Comrade Jenkins was made first lieutenant. As the ranks of the army were depleted, many fragments of companies and regiments were consolidated, and quite a number of supernumerary officers, prompted by a patriotic spirit, organized, and as cavalry did the enemy as much harm as possible. Lieut. Jenkins was frequently in the rear of the Federal army, watching its movements. He was wounded three times and captured two or three times, but by his ingenuity managed to escape. He was a man of noble impulses, and his many acts of kindness to comrades made him one of the most popular men in the brigade."



JAMES A. MORRIS.

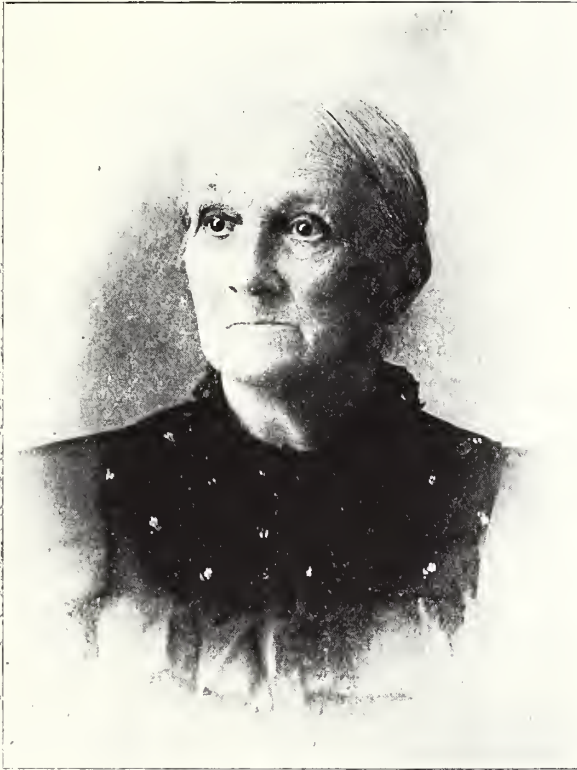
On the first "Last Roll" page (466) of the October VETERAN there was published a sketch of Comrade James A. Morris, who died at Murray, Ky., January 14, 1905. The above engraving was omitted by accident. His wife, who was Miss Lucy B. Rowlett, preceded him to the "spirit land," while surviving are their daughter, Miss Annie, and son, Ray Morris.

SAMUEL H. CLINTON, born and reared in Hardeman County, Tenn., gave four years to the service of the South. He was in the cavalry under Forrest, and was twice wounded. He re-

moved to Bolívar a few years ago, where he died suddenly of apoplexy. He was a man of wonderful energy and industry, good judgment, conservative in his views, honorable and generous.

MRS. F. I. NORWOOD.

In sorrow is added to the "Last Roll" the name of Mrs. F. I. Norwood, who passed away August 15, 1905, at the home of her son, Dr. M. L. Norwood, at Lockesburg, Ark. She had reached her seventy-third milestone, and was ready for the summons, "Come up higher." She was a charter mem-



MRS. F. I. NORWOOD.

ber of the W. L. Cabel (Old Tige) Chapter, U. D. C., a faithful, loyal "Mother of the Confederacy," always ready to encourage the Daughters with her wise counsel and with her cheerful presence when health would permit. She had many trials and sorrows during the war, suffering the loss of her husband, Capt. R. C. Gilliam, who was killed in the battle of Marks Mills. She was left with heavy responsibility, but bore the burden with heroic fortitude, passing through dangerous experiences. She was again married, in April, 1867, to Capt. L. H. Norwood, who enlisted in Company F, Arkansas Cavalry, and died in September, 1894.

"Aunt Frank," as she was lovingly called, was a noble Christian, and the vacancy left by her going away will be keenly felt for years to come. The author of the above concludes: "May the memory of her pure, sweet life be a beacon light to guide her loved ones and friends to that haven of rest to which she has gone!"

Mr. SAMUEL ROBERTS died at the home of his son, Mr. John Roberts, near Ripon, Va., from the disabilities of old age in his seventy-second year. He was a member of Company A, 12th Virginia Cavalry, Confederate army.

CAPT. SPENCER ROANE THORPE.

Capt. Spencer Roane Thorpe, who was for more than twenty years a prominent and respected citizen of Los Angeles, Cal., was born in Louisville, Ky., January 20, 1842. He was the great-great-grandson of Patrick Henry, of Hanover County, Va., who served as captain of the first company organized for service in the Revolutionary War. Capt. Thorpe received his education in St. Joseph's College, Bardstown, Ky. At the beginning of the War between the States, at the age of nineteen years, he was among the first to offer his services to the Confederate government. He enlisted first at Corinth, Miss., in April, 1861, in the 16th Mississippi Infantry. At the expiration of his term of service, he reënlisted in Company A of the 2d Kentucky Cavalry, of which regiment Gen. John H. Morgan was the colonel and Basil W. Duke was lieutenant colonel. Gen. Duke says: "As the commander of that regiment for nearly two years, and subsequently of the brigade of which it formed a part, and having an intimate personal acquaintance with Capt. Thorpe from the time that he joined it, I can testify to the character of his service therewith. He took part in almost every important raid and expedition and in nearly every battle in which the regiment was engaged. He served with conspicuous gallantry and intelligence, and was twice wounded. He was promoted to be lieutenant of his company, and upon the promotion of Capt. Messick, nearly at the close of the war, he became virtually captain of the company and was in command of it. He surrendered at Woodstock, Ga., on the 10th of May, 1865."

After the close of the war, Capt. Thorpe returned to Marksville, La., where he studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1867, and soon established a reputation for ability and fidelity to the interests of his clients. He served a term as district attorney for the Seventh Judicial District. He continued in the active practice of the law until 1883, when he removed to Los Angeles, Cal. Although admitted to the bar in California, he did not engage in the practice, but gave his attention to fruit culture. He was a member of the Sons of the Revolution and Colonial Wars, and Major General of the Pacific Division of the United Confederate Veterans for three terms; and from the date of its organization was an active, honored, and beloved member of Sam Davis Camp, U. C. V., at Los Angeles, Cal. Capt. Thorpe died very suddenly on September 1, 1905, leaving surviving him his widow (Helena Barbin Thorpe), two daughters (Mrs. Edwin J. Riche and Mrs. Harry L. Dunnigan), and three sons (Andrew Roane, Spencer G., and Carlyle Thorpe).

He was a noble, brave, self-sacrificing veteran of the grandest army that the world has ever produced. By his special request, on his breast lay that flag which he fought for and so loved and honored and the cross of honor conferred by the noble women of the South upon its brave and faithful defenders.

CALVIN BOLES died at the age of eighty-one years at his home, in Bolivar, Tenn. He was born in North Alabama in 1824, and went to Bolivar in 1854, where he married and settled. He was a brave Confederate soldier and was a prisoner of war at Alton, Ill.

SOPHIA HARRIS LESTER, the beloved wife of Comrade John H. Lester, died at Deming, N. Mex., aged forty-one years and seven months. The funeral services were held at the residence on October 7.

SONGS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

The period of the War between the States was very productive of songs, both of patriotism and sentiment. To preserve the best of these should be our duty, and request is hereby made for any worthy of preservation. The more familiar songs are easily procurable, and they will be published from time to time, but there are many not so well known that should not be allowed to pass away. Request was made some time ago for a copy of the song given below, which was kindly furnished soon after, but opportunity to use it has not come till now. The deeds of this daring band are well portrayed in the song.

QUANTRELL'S CALL.

Up, comrades, up! the moon's in the west,
And we must be gone ere the dawning of day;
The hounds of old Pennock shall find but the nest,
For the Quantrell they seek shall be far, far away.
Their toils after us shall ever be vain,
Let them scout through the brush and scour the plain;
We'll pass through their midst in the dead of the night—
We are lions in combat and eagles in flight.

Chorus.

Arouse, my brave boys! up, up, and away!
Press hard on the foe ere the dawning of day;
Look well to your steeds so gallant in chase,
That they never give o'er till they win well the race.

When the Federals are wearied and the chase given o'er,
We'll come as a thunderbolt comes from the cloud;
We'll pass through their midst and bathe in their gore,

We will smite the oppressor and humble the proud.
Few shall escape us, few shall be spared,
For keen is our saber, in vengeance 'tis bared;
For none are so strong, so mighty in fight
As the warriors who battle for our Southern right.

Though the bush is our home, the green sod our bed,
Our drink from the river, roots for our food,
We'll pine not for more, we'll bow not the head,
For freedom is ever within the green wood.
Tyrants shall not conquer, fetters shall not bind,
For true are our rifles, our steeds like the wind;
We'll sheathe not our swords, we'll draw not the rein
Till the Yankees are banished from valley and plain.

"BOY HEROES OF THE CONFEDERACY."

A recent volume relating to the historic and picturesque struggle between the North and South is the "Boy Heroes of the Confederacy," written by Susan R. Hull and issued by the Neale Publishing Company. It is well-made, illustrated by portraits most accurately and carefully reproduced. While the subject admits of a halo of romance, it is treated with a dignified simplicity, the facts alone rendering all adornment of words unnecessary.

No event in history savors more of purest patriotism than the enlistment of boys in the Confederate armies, and it is Mrs. Hull's good fortune to have preserved much valuable data regarding individual cases and to have been enabled by careful research to collect many more. In almost every instance names and biographical facts are given, but occasionally some young hero is mentioned because of the brave death he died as told by those around him, even though the boy himself lies in one of the many graves marked "unknown."

It was originally intended to include in this work both Federal and Confederate boy heroes, but this intention was abandoned when it was discovered that a similar record was made of boys from the North. The number of the latter, however, is not nearly so large as those in the Confederate service.

The "boy heroes" mentioned in Mrs. Hull's book include some famous names, among them being that of the immortal Sam Davis, of Tennessee, and young Robert E. Lee, Jr., who furnished "the only instance on record of a son of a commanding general who entered the army as a private soldier."

WITTICISMS OF BISHOP WILMER.

Hon. T. C. De Leon, author of "Four Years in Rebel Capitals" and other good books, contributed an article to the New York *Herald* sometime ago entitled "Shafts of Keen and Spontaneous Wit Shot by the Late Bishop Wilmer," whom he also calls "The Arch Humorist of the American Church."

"Some one asked the Bishop once to what he attributed 'the solid South.' 'To the unfriendly breezes of the North,' was the quick rejoinder. Soon after the war he was passing with a friend beneath 'Old Glory.' His friend said: 'Richard, you don't love that flag.' 'Not while the stripes are for us and the stars for you,' was the reply—his friend being from north of Mason and Dixon's line. Shortly after the War between the States the Bishop had gone North to raise funds among his friends for his Orphan Home. He was cordially received by them and entertained unceasingly. At one large dinner he was asked to relate some of the good sayings of the South. He gave them the 'Lazarus conundrum' after much pressure, one asked by the gallant Col. Harry Maury. The Bishop said, after the guests insisting on its recital: 'I'll give you the conundrum and leave you to puzzle out the answer. Maury asked: "Why was the South like Lazarus?"' Then the guessing began. Some clever answers were made, but none correct; finally all gave it up. 'I warn you it is pretty hard,' said the Bishop on the guests' insisting on the answer. 'Why is the South like Lazarus? Because she was licked by dogs.' For an instant consternation reigned, but immediately laughter was general and cries of 'Capital' were heard. One old gentleman alone seemed disgruntled, then he blurted out, 'Well, sir, if you at the South think us dogs, why do you come up here to beg money of us?' In a flash the Bishop answered: 'Because in the South we believe the hair of the dog is good for the bite!' The table rattled with laughter, though the old gentleman made no response; but the next morning the Bishop received a check from him for \$1,000."

"LOVE'S WAY IN DIXIE."

This is the title of an attractive volume of short stories. Mrs. Katharine Hopkins Chapman, wife of Dr. John S. Chapman, of Selma, Ala., has written several delightful short stories of life in Dixie as contributions to periodical literature. Her work reflects the best of Southern life, and the enthusiasm with which her stories are received in the South attests their quality. The Neale Publishing Company has issued an attractive book under the title of "Love's Way in Dixie"—a title which suggests interesting love affairs, etc.

It has been said that no fiction is representative of the South which does not include "a mule, a nigger, and a yaller dog," but these are not stories of negro life, nor are they biographies of mules and yellow dogs. Mrs. Chapman has pictured life among refined Southern people, and her stories are truly captivating. Southern life in its happiest aspect is por-

trayed by "Love's Way in Dixie." Handsome letterpress and binding; 12mo; postpaid, \$1.25, by the Neale Publishing Company, New York or Washington, or by the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

"THE IMMORTAL SIX HUNDRED."

The survivors of the six hundred Confederate officers who were taken from Fort Delaware prison in 1864 and placed, by order of Edwin M. Stanton, United States Secretary of War, on Morris Island, S. C., under fire of the Confederate guns shelling that island, and subsequently starved on corn meal and pickle rations at Hilton Head and Fort Pulaski, Ga., met at the Kentucky headquarters, in Louisville, on June 15 and organized a society, naming it "The Immortal Six Hundred." All officers of the six hundred who were true unto the end of the ordeal were made members of the society. Those present at the organization were Capts. Hempstead, New Orleans; Thornton M. Hammack, C. P. Harper, Kentucky; J. W. Mathews, West Virginia; W. D. Ballantine, Florida; W. W. Hulbert, Georgia; P. Hogan, Texas; Hugh Johnson, Virginia; A. A. Norris, Texas; Dr. H. E. Henderson, Louisiana; Maj. Lamar Fontaine, Mississippi; J. Ogden Murray, Virginia. The meeting was called to order and Capt. J. L. Hempstead elected President of the society, and J. Ogden Murray Secretary.

The President stated that the object of the society was to preserve the record and history of this gallant band that preferred death to the surrender of principle. After interchange of opinion and speech of explanation by Comrade Fontaine, the meeting was adjourned to meet in the parlors of the St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans, at the next reunion of the U. C. V., in 1906. All of the six hundred who were true under the ordeal of fire and starvation are urged to be present then, and to send their present addresses to the Secretary that they may be furnished with certificate of membership and badges of the society. Address J. Ogden Murray, Winchester, Va.

J. OGDEN MURRAY'S BOOK.

Dedicated to the dead and living comrades of the six hundred Confederate officers who were placed under fire of their own guns on Morris Island, Maj. J. Ogden Murray has published a full history of his terrible experience. Beginning with an account of the incidents leading up to this retaliatory measure, he takes you through the horrors of after experiences in prison, with its starvation diet and neglect of the sick at Fort Delaware, Hilton Head, and Fort Pulaski—a story of such inhuman treatment that one sickens at the details. A list of the officers is also given, with their residences at the time. This book can be procured from Maj. Murray, Winchester, Va. Price, \$1.50.

"MESSAGES AND PAPERS OF THE CONFEDERACY."

This remarkable publication is compiled from the original official papers of the Confederate States, which papers were captured at Richmond at the close of the war, and are now in the archives of the Federal government at Washington. It is the work of Hon. James D. Richardson, late member of Congress from Tennessee. The "Messages and Papers of the Confederacy" embrace all of the annual, special, and veto messages, proclamations, and official papers of Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States, and all of the interesting and important diplomatic correspondence between the Southern States and their commissioners in foreign lands.

This compilation, now that sectional bitterness from the War between the States has subsided, will be appreciated and read with interest by the people of all sections of our country.

The Washington Post has arranged to distribute an edition of this compilation, which copies are the first printed from new plates.

The publishers, in speaking of the work, say: "As is well known, the Hon. James D. Richardson a few years ago compiled, by authority of Congress, 'The Messages and Papers of the Presidents,' which comprised the State papers of all the Presidents, from Washington to McKinley. Later he conceived the idea of publishing another work as a companion piece to his first great effort. Realizing the deep interest manifested by the people everywhere in reading the history of our country, written by the Presidents themselves, and noting especially the attention attracted by the papers of President Lincoln, as he detailed the events of that fearful struggle, the War between the States, Mr. Richardson decided to compile and place before the public, in durable form, and for the first time, a true and authentic history of that 'stormy and perilous period' from a Southern standpoint. He has, therefore, now compiled, with permission of Congress, the official papers of President Davis, entitled the 'Messages and Papers of the Confederacy,' including the interesting and important diplomatic correspondence. This work, which stands without predecessor, competitor, or successor, is admittedly the greatest, most complete, and only authentic history of the War between the States, containing as it does the State papers, official utterances, and other authentic information from the great fountain head, the President of the Confederacy, and his corps of able advisers. The work is the sole occupant of a new field. In addition to the rich illustrations with which the book abounds, Mr. Richardson has prepared and inserted biographical sketches of President Davis, Vice President Stephens, Gen. Robert E. Lee, and the three Secretaries of State—Robert Toombs, Robert M. T. Hunter, and Judah P. Benjamin. In the regular analytical index which appears in the compilation numerous encyclopedic articles bearing upon the text and explanatory of politico-historical facts are inserted. There are also included in this feature of the work accurate accounts of more than a hundred battles in which the armies of the North and South were engaged."

"THE LAND OF THE RISING SUN."

By Gregoire De Wollant. Neale Publishing Company. Price, \$1.50. The public welcomes a comprehensive history of the people and country of Japan, for general interest has centered around that remarkable little country during its struggle with one of the world's great powers. The publication just issued ("The Land of the Rising Sun") is a Russian translation made by the author, "with the assistance of Madame De Wollant," and is a book of real power, as well as a compendium of information for the student. Japanese characteristics are treated of from prehistoric conditions to the present time, and the "Economical and Financial Situation of Japan" is also fully considered in the volume.

By a careful reading of this book it is not difficult to trace the source of the wonderful moral and physical strength of a people who, though small in stature, are of commanding height in development and in natural intellect. The subject would naturally be one of special moment from the Russian point of view, and it is worthy of note that the information gathered by the Russian author is accurate and complete. The English is forceful and the style good.

"A Belle of the Fifties." The memoirs of Mrs. Clement Clopton Clay, of Alabama, covering social and political life in Washington and the South, 1853 to 1866, put into narrative form by Ada Sterling. The book is full of the most entertaining anecdotes of prominent people of that time, giving as well a vivid picture of the capture and conveyance to Fortress Monroe of Mr. Davis and Mr. Clay. Price, \$2.75; with the VETERAN, \$3.50; premium for 11 subscriptions.

FORREST'S CAVALRY CORPS.

HEADQUARTERS FORREST'S CAVALRY CORPS,
MURFREESBORO, TENN., Oct. 15, 1905.

SPECIAL ORDER, No. 4.

I. By order of the Lieutenant General Commanding, Col. W. A. Collier, of the Headquarters Staff, is advanced to the rank of Brigadier General of Cavalry, and is hereby ordered to assume command of the 2d Brigade of the 2d Division of this Corps, vice Gen. A. J. C. Holt, retired.

II. Brig. Gen. H. A. Tyler is hereby advanced to the rank of Major General, and is ordered to assume command of this Corps, pending the acceptance of the resignation of the Lieutenant General Commanding at its next general meeting.

By order of LIEUT. GEN. KELLEY.

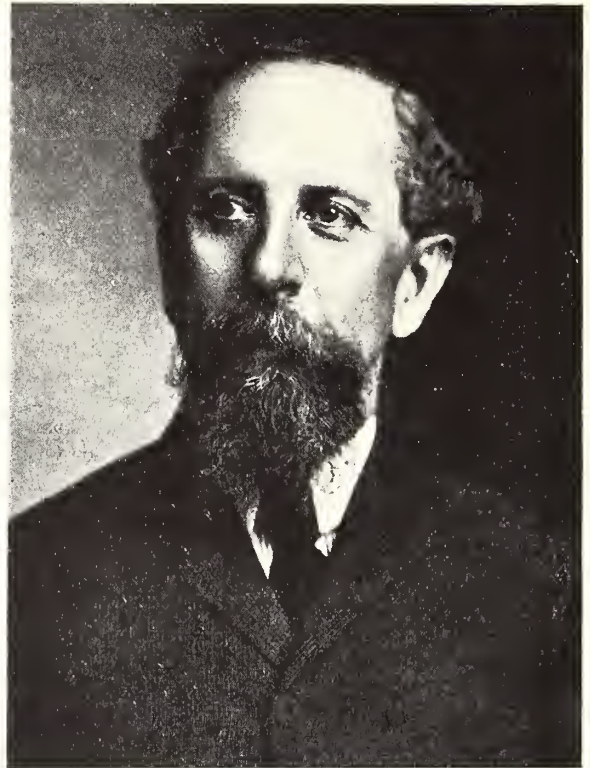
CHARLES W. ANDERSON, *Adjt. Gen. and Chief of Staff.*

Mr. P. A. Shelton, Candidate for reelection to the office of County Court Clerk, is one of Davidson County's most popular officials. Generous to a fault, he was never known to turn a deaf ear to the wail of distress. His motto has been to serve all alike, regardless of station, and whenever failure balked his efforts it was an instance "when the glad service of the heart, combined with ability, still left a vacuum." His friends are counted by the score, and they are counting on his reelection.

Mr. Roger Eastman, who aspires to the office of Trustee of Davidson County, was born and reared in Nashville, Tenn., and is a son of Charles Eastman, Esq., editor of the old *Union and American*. Mr. Eastman has held many places of trust, and always gained the confidence of his employers, besides the respect of his friends. Ever kind, courteous, and affable, he has won his way into the hearts of thousands of admiring friends, who bear testimony to his sterling worth. He is at present City Tax Assessor of Nashville.


Mr. Jeff D. Bolling, aspirant for County Court Clerk of Davidson County, was reared in the northern part of Nashville in what was then known as the Thirteenth District. He has always taken a deep interest in the political welfare of his party, and is ever found on the firing line. Four years ago he made a most remarkable race in the face of tremendous odds for the same office, and his friends now predict his triumph in the coming primary. Of humble parentage, he has succeeded in establishing an enviable reputation in the business world for honesty and thrift, especially among the live stock men with whom he is associated. Painstaking and exacting almost to a degree of perfection, he has succeeded well in his affairs.

Mr. Ben. R. Webb, the popular Circuit Court Clerk of Davidson County, is a candidate to succeed himself. Mr. Rainey, his predecessor, having left the office in an unfortunate condition, additional labor devolved on him, besides more expense. The office, though one of the most important, is the smallest from the point of emolument in the county, and, considering the circumstances, his claims deserve atten-



BEN R. WEBB.

tion. Mr. Webb has always accorded every patron of the office the attention deserved, and his courteous treatment has made him legions of friends.



THE YOSEMITE

Is the tourist's paradise of California. The points of interest are El Capitan, Three Brothers, Washington Column, Cathedral Rocks, the Sentinel, Half Dome, Bridal Veil Falls, Yosemite Falls, Mirror Lake and Cloud's Rest. The Yosemite Falls are composed of Three Cascades, the first being 1500 feet, the second 600 and the last 400 feet high. These attractions are best reached via

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E. L. LOMAX, G. P. & T. A.
OMAHA, NEBR.



EX-GOV. ROBT. L. TAYLOR,
Candidate United States Senator, Democratic
Primary, May 12, 1906.

Robert Love Taylor, statesman, orator, humorist, and raconteur, is one of the best known men in the South, and none exceeds him in extended personal popularity. He has been once in Congress, three times Governor, and twice an elector for the State at large, but his fame rests no more upon his political successes than upon his remarkable powers as a public speaker. Both on the hustings and on the lecture platform he has the gift rarely equaled of entertaining an audience. Genial, big-hearted, of fine personal appearance, and always easily approachable, he has made legions of friends throughout the country and thousands love and admire him to whom he is personally unknown.

Robert L. Taylor was born July 31, 1850, in Happy Valley, Carter County, Tenn., on the spot where the soldiers of John Sevier rallied for their attack on King's Mountain. He was the fourth of ten children, six of them boys. He and his brother Alfred were educated at Pennington, N. J., and later he read law under the tutelage of Judge Kirkpatrick, at Jonesboro. In 1878 he was admitted to the bar, and soon afterwards was nominated by the Democrats of the First Tennessee District for Congress.

This was one of the most remarkable episodes in Robert L. Taylor's life, and served to give him a very favorable introduction to the Tennessee public. The district had an unbroken record of six thousand Republican majority for some years past. The Republican candidate, Hon. A. H. Pettibone, had served several terms in Congress and was a man of marked ability. It was a great surprise when young Taylor was elected, and the campaign was attended with some unique features that have made it famous in the annals of Tennessee history.

In 1884 Robert L. Taylor was a Cleveland elector for the State at large, and that year made his first canvass of the entire State. After the election he was made Pension Agent at Knoxville.

In 1886 was the notable campaign between his brother Alfred Taylor and himself for the Governorship. The Republicans nominated Alfred Taylor, and the Democratic State Convention, which met soon after, called on Robert to represent his party. No campaign in the State has ever aroused greater popular interest. Robert L. Taylor was elected by a good majority, and re-elected in 1888 over Samuel W. Hawkins, Republican, polling a larger vote than had ever before been accorded a candidate in the State.

He was persuaded to become an elector for the State at large again in 1892, and there was an almost universal demand among Tennessee Democrats that he accept the gubernatorial nomination for the third time, in 1896. He was this time elected over Hon. G. N. Tillman, the Republican candidate, receiving the largest majority ever before or since accorded a gubernatorial candidate in the State of Tennessee.

Since retiring from the Governor's office the last time, Gov. Taylor has been almost constantly on the lecture platform. Recently he removed to Nashville and began in that city the publication of *Bob Taylor's Magazine*.

J. R. ALLEN

CANDIDATE FOR

SHERIFF

DAVIDSON COUNTY

Subject Democratic Primary, Dec. 7, 1905.

JEFF D. BOLLING

Candidate for

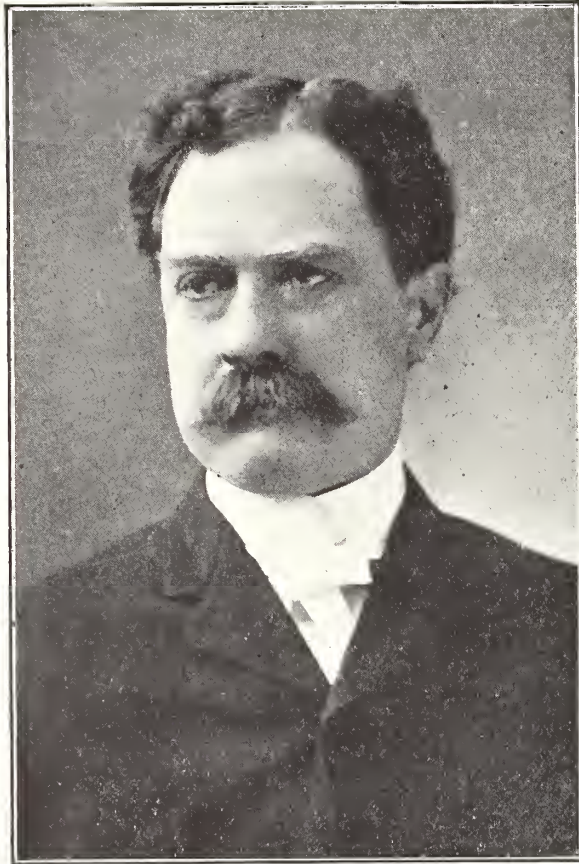
COUNTY COURT CLERK

Subject to

Democratic Primary, Dec. 7, 1905.

Nashville is to have this winter the greatest poultry show ever held in the Southern States. Interest in the poultry industry is intense in all parts of the State as a result of the formation of the Tennessee State Poultry Breeders' Association and their decision to hold the poultry event of the South in this city. The show will open January 1 and continue six days. Breeders from all over the State and all parts of the United States will be in attendance, and it is safe to say that a poultry attraction will be presented the like of which was never seen before in this part of the country. The officers of the Tennessee State Poultry Breeders' Association are: R. T. Creighton, President; West H. Morton, Vice President; John A. Murkin, Jr., Secretary; Fred Klooz, Assistant Secretary; Watkins Crockett, Treasurer; J. J. Ambrose, Superintendent.

D. W. Ferguson, Waleska, Ga., who was of the 18th Virginia Regiment, Pickett's Division, wants to locate some of his old comrades and to hear from them. He was a member of the Appomattox Grays.



EDWARD W. CARMACK,

Candidate United States Senator, Democratic
Primary, May 12, 1906.

Edward W. Carmack, Senior Senator of Tennessee, was born near Castalian Springs, Sumner County, Tenn., November 5, 1858. He is known as a self-made man, his father, who was a minister of the Christian Church, having died when he was an infant. Nature was kind to him, for it taught him the hard but enduring road to success by acquainting him from boyhood with the path of hard labor; first on a farm, then in a brickyard, and in various other positions which afforded maintenance for his widowed mother and himself. He attended school in winter or was taught by his mother, and finally went into an office to study law.

He was sent to the Legislature in 1884, two years later became associate editor of the *Nashville American*, and subsequently editor in chief of the *Nashville Democrat*, and later the *Nashville American*. In 1892 he removed to Memphis, where he gained much prominence as editor in chief of the *Memphis Commercial-Appeal*. He was very popular with the masses, especially the silver wing of the Democratic party, whose cause he so valiantly espoused. Consequently, when the memorable contest of 1896 was at its height, he was nominated by acclamation for Congress by the silver element of the Democratic party from the Tenth (Memphis) District to oppose Hon. Josiah Patterson. The latter had long been in Congress and was noted for his distinguished service. The minority or gold wing nominated Mr. Patterson, and the Republicans failed to place a candidate in the field, endorsing Mr. Patterson.

So both entered the contest for political supremacy before the matchless tribune of the people. A bitter fight was waged, Mr. Carmack winning by a narrow margin. Fraud was charged by his opponent, Mr. Patterson, who contested the election before the House of Representatives, and the House, though strongly Republican, decided in favor of Carmack amid one of the most dramatic scenes ever witnessed in Congress. Members stood on seats that they might not lose a syllable, of his logic, while with breathless attention they listened to his thundering appeals in behalf of the South that burned their way into the hearts of all. And from that time on Carmack's name was on thousands of lips, for he had accomplished what was considered impossible.

Thus Carmack's star of political fortune was in the ascendancy. He at once became the object of national prominence, and in 1901, when Senator Turley refused to stand for reelection, people from all parts of the State unportuned him to stand for the Senate, with the result that he was elected without opposition.

Senator Carmack as a debater has few equals. He is a man of the profoundest convictions, political and moral. What he conceives to be right he loves with his whole soul, mind, and strength; and what impresses him as wrong he hates with ceaseless intensity. Having an emulous desire for honest fame, there is no compromise in his make-up. Bold, aggressive, and fearless, he is the match of any of the shining lights of the opposite party.

Senator Carmack's record as a public man is known to all, and suffice it to say that his remarkable success in public life is an object lesson demonstrating that poverty and adversity are no barriers in the road to eminence and distinction.

T. B. Spain, of Cuero, Tex.: "I was with Col. Newsom on the 23d of June, 1863, when he had a fight with a regiment of Yankees in Henderson County, Tenn., within three or four miles of Spring Creek. We had about three hundred men against their thousand. They had fine horses. We dismounted and got in a hollow to fight them in a cornfield. They came dashing through the field and tried to run over us, but failed, and went the other way faster than they came. We killed or wounded some ten or twenty, took several prisoners, and followed the others back to Clarksburg, in Carroll County. I should like to hear from any of the comrades who were in this fight."

Mrs. B. A. Trousdale, of Monroe, La., seeks information of Joseph Carrol Duncan, said to have volunteered from Savannah, Tenn., with several brothers. There was a large family of Duncans in or about Savannah, but she has not been able to hear from any of them.



Roger Eastman

Respectfully solicits your vote and influence for

TRUSTEE.

SUBJECT TO ACTION OF

DEMOCRATIC PRIMARY, DECEMBER 7, 1905.

P. A. SHELTON,

CANDIDATE FOR RE-ELECTION

County Court Clerk.

SUBJECT TO

Democratic Primary, Dec. 7, 1905.

BEN R. WEBB,

CANDIDATE FOR RE-ELECTION,

Circuit Court Clerk Davidson County.

SUBJECT TO DEMOCRATIC PRIMARY,
DECEMBER 7, 1905.

R. A. MILAM,

FOR

CRIMINAL COURT CLERK,

DAVIDSON COUNTY.

SUBJECT TO DEMOCRATIC PRIMARY,
DECEMBER 7, 1905.

Dr. Wm. Morrow,

CANDIDATE FOR

REGISTER DAVIDSON COUNTY.

SUBJECT TO

Democratic Primary, December 7, 1905.

Lewis Hitt,

CANDIDATE FOR

Circuit Court Clerk.

SUBJECT TO

Democratic Primary, Dec. 7, 1905.

The Librarian of Baylor University, Waco, Tex., wishes to complete their file of the VETERAN, and asks for the following copies: All of 1893; January,

February, March, April, 1894; March, 1895; April, 1896. Write him in advance of sending, stating price wanted. Only copies in good condition are wanted.

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F. R. WHEELER, NASHVILLE, TENN.
Commercial Agent.

West H. Morton,
FOR
REGISTER,
DAVIDSON COUNTY.

*SUBJECT TO DEMOCRATIC PRIMARY,
DECEMBER 7, 1905.*

John J. McCann
(THE LAME MILLER),
CANDIDATE FOR RE-ELECTION
COUNTY TRUSTEE.
Subject to Democratic Primary,
December 7, 1905.

Thos. E. Cartwright,

CANDIDATE FOR RE-ELECTION TO THE OFFICE OF

SHERIFF DAVIDSON COUNTY.

SUBJECT TO

Democratic Primary, December 7, 1905.

Sam Marshall,
CANDIDATE FOR
Turnpike Commissioner Davidson Co.
*SUBJECT TO DEMOCRATIC PRIMARY,
DECEMBER 7, 1905.*

McIntosh Camp, at Dardanelle, Ark., held a two-days' reunion, August 17 and 18, with good attendance, at which addresses were made by Senator J. H. Berry, Judge R. L. Rogers, and other

prominent citizens of the State. Memorial services were held for the comrades from there who died during the war. A nice sum was secured for the monument to the Women of the South.

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M. C. Whittle, of Utica, Ind. T., makes inquiry for a brother, E. F. Whittle, who, he thinks, served with the Eighth Texas Rangers during the War between the States. Perhaps some comrade can recall him as a member of that command.

\$600 GIVEN AWAY.

Christmas Presents for Subscribers
to the Weekly Courier-Journal.

The *Weekly Courier-Journal* (Henry Watterson's paper) wants to share the profits of this prosperous year with its subscribers. It proposes to give away twenty Christmas presents, ranging from \$100 to \$20, amounting to \$600 in all. There will be four general presents of \$100, \$50, \$30, and \$20 and sixteen presents of \$30 and \$20 to be given in the States of Kentucky, Indiana, Tennessee, Texas, Mississippi, Missouri, Virginia, and Alabama. The plan is fair and simple. Write to the *Courier-Journal* Company, Louisville, Ky., for a copy of the *Weekly Courier-Journal*, giving full details. It will be sent free.

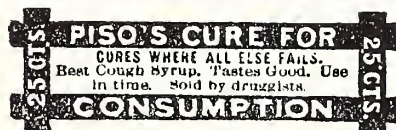
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VICTOR MONTGOMERY,
Santa Ana, Cal.

Mrs. Byrd P. Dominick, of Turin, Ga., writes of the graves of two soldiers in the cemetery there—J. P. Linder (or Lindle) and A. O. Sloan—which were marked and inclosed by the Woman's Club of Turin last year. These men were very sick when brought to Dr. Page's, and died shortly after. Effort has been made to ascertain what division of the army they served in, and it is hoped that this will reach the eyes of some friends or relatives who have longed to know where their loved ones were laid to rest.



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SAM H. BORUM,

CANDIDATE FOR

SHERIFF.

SUBJECT TO

Democratic Primary, December 7, 1905.

Richard M. Davis, of Murray County, Ga., now living at Norman, Okla., served in Company A, 39th Georgia Regiment, and is very anxious to hear from any members of the old command, especially any of the company who were at the siege of Vicksburg and the battle of Baker's Creek.

J. T. Faucett, of Halls Station, Tenn., was a member of Company K, 45th Tennessee Infantry, and wants to hear from any survivors of the old company.

An inquiry comes to the VETERAN of the "Order of Robert E. Lee." We should like to have something about it for publication.

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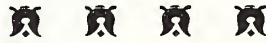
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Vol. 13

NASHVILLE, TENN., DECEMBER, 1905

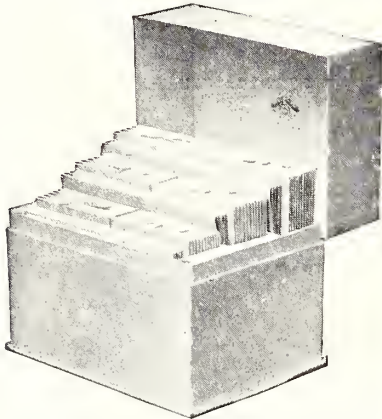
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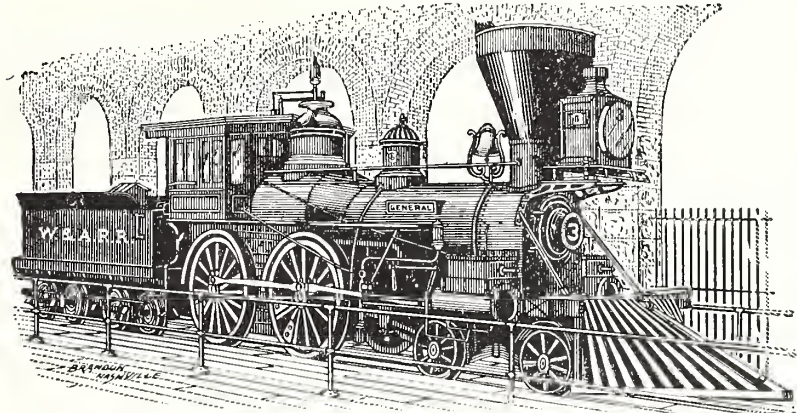
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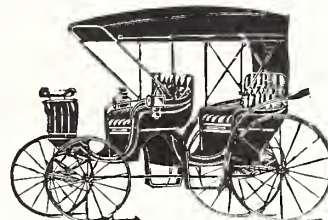
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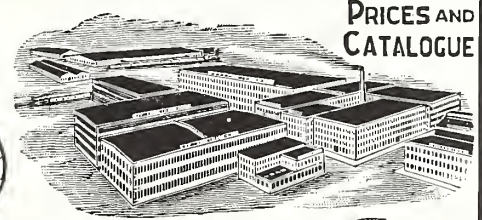
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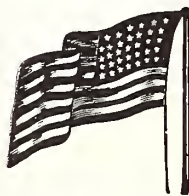
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The *civil* war was too long ago to be called the *late* war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.

The terms "new South" and "lost Cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

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VOL. XIII.

NASHVILLE, TENN., DECEMBER, 1905.

No. 12. S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
PROPRIETOR.

MRS. LIZZIE GEORGE HENDERSON.

The new President of the United Daughters of the Confederacy is a native of Mississippi and a daughter of the late Hon. J. Z. George, United States Senator from that State. She was born at the country home, Cotesworth, near Carrollton; but in 1872 her father removed to Jackson, where she was reared and educated at Fair Lawn Institute, a young ladies' school of the Old South established long before the war. As a young lady, she was much in Boston and Washington, and acted as her father's private secretary for some years before her marriage, which occurred in 1890, when she became the wife of Dr. T. R. Henderson, of Greenwood, Miss., where she has since resided.

The J. Z. George Chapter, No. 228, U. D. C., organized at Greenwood, was named in honor of Senator George, who was colonel of the 5th Mississippi Cavalry and lieutenant colonel of the 19th (George's) Battalion, Mississippi Cavalry. To Senator George Mississippi is greatly indebted for much of that State's advancement. He was Chairman of the Democratic Executive Committee in 1875 when Mississippi, under his leadership, inaugurated the "Mississippi Plan" and threw off the carpetbag-negro rule. In 1878 he was made Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Mississippi, and in 1881 took his seat in the United States Senate, where he remained until his death, in 1897. In 1889 he had canvassed the State in favor of a constitutional convention, and succeeded in having the candidate for the Legislature declare in favor of such a convention. This convention was held in 1890, and he was one of the representatives in it from the State at large. He put into the new constitution much of the product of his brain, chief of which was the franchise clause, thrusting out the ignorant vote. In the short session of 1890-91 he held the floor of the Senate for four days with a speech in defense of this constitution. This was one of the speeches made while the Democrats, with the assistance of a few Republicans, were talking the Force Bill down.

The wife of Senator George was as ardent a Confederate as he. She worked day and night for the Confederate soldiers, and gave all blankets and carpets from her house for their use. In this air of love and reverence for the Confederacy Mrs. Henderson grew up, ardently loyal to the traditions of her people. She was a charter member of the J. Z. George Chapter and was President of her State Division. While serving in that position she was instrumental in getting a bill introduced in the Legislature of 1900 for the establish-

ment of a home for needy Confederate soldiers. Although this bill was defeated, as was a similar bill two years later, the Daughters of the Confederacy, through Mrs. George, secured the coöperation of the Sons in behalf of purchasing Beauvoir for a Confederate Home. This movement aroused general interest, and the succeeding Legislature made the appropriation for its purchase. The amount that had been raised by the Daughters and Sons, some seven thousand dollars, was used in repairing and equipping the Home and to start it before the State took charge. This Home is still the center of interest for the Daughters in Mississippi, and the J. Z. George Chapter has given largely of the amounts raised for it. The Sons have done themselves much credit in this.

Mrs. Henderson has always been an active worker in the United Daughters of the Confederacy, has acted as Chairman on Credentials during the last two conventions, and in San Francisco was elected President of the general organization. Under her active leadership it is expected that much will be accomplished during the coming year.

UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

SOMETHING OF THE SAN FRANCISCO CONVENTION.

In seeing so many familiar faces of Confederate women from Eastern States in the convention at San Francisco it was difficult to realize that such a long span intervened between that beautiful city by the Pacific Ocean and their homes. The central location of the Palace Hotel, the headquarters of the convention and the principal officers, was a pleasing feature, and the extensive apartments prevented crowding in any sense. It is said that seven large conventions might be held in that famous hotel at the same time.

Promptly at the time for the opening the President General, Mrs. Augustine T. Smyth, of Charleston, pounded gently the gavel, and the delegations were seated ready for business. Bishop Moreland, of California, but formerly a South Carolinian, made the opening prayer, which is published in full elsewhere. Mrs. Seldon S. Wright, who actively engaged in organizing the United Daughters in California, Mrs. A. H. Voorhies, President of the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter (the hostess Chapter of the convention), and Mrs. Victor Montgomery, President of the California Division, U. D. C., made cordial addresses of welcome, to which the President, Mrs. Smyth, made most happy response. The Mayor of San Francisco was a day late in his cordial address of welcome, but there was no delay of hospitality by the city government.

On the first evening the great dome of the City Hall was

illuminated in honor of the visit of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. The magnificence and the brilliancy of that illumination may be the better imagined after the statement that the City Hall covers several blocks, cost six millions gold, while the dome must be grander than that on the Capitol at Washington, D. C. All of California that was not cordial was evidently dormant, for there was not a known discourtesy to the body nor to a delegate.

The convention sessions were held in the large maple room of the hotel. Its platform was ornamented with the flags of the organization and a fine portrait of Mrs. M. C. Goodlett, first President of the organization, painted by Miss Thomas, of Nashville, Tenn., and the magnificent frame was ornamented with raised letters in gold by the Edgefield and Nashville Manufacturing Company of Nashville, due credit of which was given in the report. The presentation of the portrait was made by Mrs. Voorhies for the donors and received in gracious words by Mrs. Smyth, the President. It is intended that this portrait shall be placed in the Solid South Room of the Richmond Museum; but, pending the completion of arrangements, it will remain in charge of Mrs. Van Wyck, of San Francisco, President of the Jefferson Davis Chapter in that city. The handsome flags of the U. D. C., presented years ago by Mrs. Rosenburg, of Galveston, were also left with Mrs. Van Wyck.

In her report, the President, Mrs. Smyth, made worthy mention of prominent men and women who died during the last year, including Miss Mildred Lee, Hon. John H. Reagan, and Fitzhugh Lee. The wife of the latter is one of the ex-Presidents General of the Daughters. At a memorial service later in the convention most excellent tributes were paid to those named above, to United States Senator Bate, of Tennessee, and to Gen. Churchill, of Arkansas; while there were resolutions of tribute to the late Gen. Will S. Green, W. W. Foote, H. S. Foote, Charles Clement Clay, and others of California.

Reports upon the progress of the Jefferson Davis monument were read, and were most gratifying. The report of the Historical Committee was well received. Special attention will be given this report hereafter.

One of the brightest women in the convention, Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler, of New York, undertook to secure a scholarship to Columbia University, New York, for the best essay on the War between the States from the South's viewpoint. Mrs. Schuyler introduced this subject a year before in the St. Louis Convention of U. D. C., and, although she did not succeed in securing a scholarship as originally planned, the university authorities did agree to have the test under its auspices and the reward to be a prize. The judges designated by the President are Dr. Alderman, President of the University of Virginia, Dr. Woodrow Wilson, President of Princeton College, and Dr. D. L. Burgess, Dean of Political Science in Columbia University. This is one of the most important movements ever inaugurated in behalf of Confederate history.

BISHOP MORELAND'S PRAYER.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop Moreland, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, opened the convention with prayer. It was delivered in "the enemy's country:" "Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, the Source of all courage, strength, and love, we come to ask thy blessing upon this convention of the Daughters of the Confederacy. We are banded together to keep alive the sacred memories of the Confederacy, to minister to the needy veteran of the South, his widow and orphan. We thank thee

for the splendor and nobility of the Southern soldiers, their magnificent valor and glorious achievements; for the devotion of the Southern women in the dark and terrible days of war; for the height of principle and depth of self-sacrifice which were the glory of our beloved South. We glorify thy name that thou hast brought peace out of strife and cemented us as one country, with no North, no South, no East, no West. While we mourn at the grave of the Confederate dead, we do acknowledge thy wisdom in defeating their purpose and preserving for us their children the inspiration of a united country. We pay to the memory of the Confederacy the tribute of our tears, our tender affection, our hallowed devotion; we lay upon the altars of our fathers the offering of our admiration and our undying love; we pledge to cherish forever in our hearts and in the hearts of our children the glory of the story of the men of the South; yet, O Lord God, in thy name and in the presence of these sacred shrines we pledge ourselves to loyalty to our beloved country. Make us Daughters of the nation as well as Daughters of the Confederacy; extinguish the last dying ember of sectional feeling in the hearts of North and South, and cause peace and love to reign among us. May our order increase and multiply, that it may become a comfort and succor to those who need our aid and a blessing to the widows and orphans of the South! May our own ranks be kept free from jealousy and discord as we view the high and holy cause to which we are consecrated! We pray thee to guide our convention and direct its deliberations, overruling our errors to thy honor and glory; all of which we ask in the name thy Son, Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

It is the design in giving this prayer in full to show the spirit manifested in the beginning of that U. D. C. Convention so far from the land that the organization was created to honor. Later at a reception Bishop Moreland and other Californians made fine addresses.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME TO CALIFORNIA.

Mrs. Victor Montgomery, President of the California Division, greeted the convention as follows:

"*Madam President and Daughters of the Confederacy:* The Honorable Mayor of San Francisco has opened wide the gates to your coming, and through the President of Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter has delivered the keys into your hands and conferred upon you the freedom of the city. Warm and earnest were the words of greeting from our beloved organizer and first President of this Division.

"Mrs. Voorhies has graciously expressed to you her pleasure in preparing for your entertainment and providing for your comfort; but to me is reserved the honor of extending to you, in behalf of the California Division, a larger welcome, a welcome to our State as extensive as its vast area, as warm as the sunshine that turns to gold the waving seas of whispering wheat and clustered fruitage of the orange groves or kisses into flame the glowing glories of our poppy fields. I bid you welcome to our hearts and to our homes, to the best that is within our borders, from where Shasta stands in its 'snowy mantle furled' to the dimpling waters of San Diego, in the 'Land of Heart's Desire,' and say unto you: 'Go ye up and possess the land.'

"Out here, 'West of the West,' lies the new Mecca, toward which modern pilgrim feet all seem to turn. The 'call of California' has sounded so far and so imperiously yet so sweetly and almost irresistibly that few have failed to hear and many have followed. Nevertheless, when our President wrote me that Mrs. Voorhies had literally captured the con-

vention and that the Daughters of the Confederacy would hold their next convention in San Francisco, I could hardly believe the fact that this honor was to be ours. It seemed too good to be true. The way is so long from your homes to the Pacific, and there is so little here to create enthusiasm for the cause you represent, that it seemed we had little recompense for your fatigue; but the thought came, 'If we have nothing else, we have California—"just California, stretching down the middle of the world;" just this

"giant newborn West;
But of all the lands God fashioned,
'Tis this land is the best."

"With more than ordinary interest we have watched your journeying through a land which, when our fathers waged the great conflict, lay in its primeval barrenness, inhabited only by the red men and the game they hunted. The red man has passed. The great cattle ranges that succeeded him have largely passed; and now fertile fields, comfortable homes, villages, and cities have taken their places, and this rapid change marks the pace with which our giant West has everywhere marched forward. In fancy we have followed with you the trail blazed but a short generation ago by that intrepid band, the pioneers, for the hastening feet of civilization. Scorching under burning skies, freezing in the depths of winter snows, fighting, starving, praying, hoping, yet ever pressing forward, they too had heard the call of California, and 'over many a trackless plain and hill and many a blood-stained trail they dared' to follow the voice they loved.

"Of these brave spirits, the South furnished her full quota, who have left the impulse of their enterprise, daring, and devotion upon our California and helped to make of it the greatest commonwealth of the West. The leaping life tide in Southern veins seems ever to urge to deeds of high enterprise, and upon whatever field American valor is displayed Southern manhood rises preëminent and aggressive. Of these



MRS. VICTOR MONTGOMERY.

men foremost in making the history of our State, in its political commercial, and social life, its statesmanship and judiciary, the list is too long and the facts too well known to need recital here; but foremost in the ranks rides that valorous son of the South, Fremont, the great 'Pathfinder.' A little later comes that chivalrous gentleman and soldier,

Albert Sidney Johnston, with a mere handful of troops, keeping the mountain passes, watching the brooding silence of the plains, and keeping guard over helpless innocence against murderous and savage onslaught.

"You come to us from the home land to which our hearts still own allegiance, toward which our thoughts are ever wistfully turning, from scenes rich in historic interest, fragrant with memories of mighty deeds done in the past, sacred to the cause we cherish. Other bodies of distinguished and representative women have met here with us in council, but never before one distinctively Southern; so your coming means much to us.

"Daughters of the Confederacy, we expect you by your debates and deliberateness to show forth the aims and ends for which we exist, to demonstrate clearly and beyond question the dignity of our principles, the purity and beauty of our motives. In all the world's history our organization is unique. Where in its pages can be found the record of an Association formed nearly forty years after the events it commemorates to honor a vanquished people? The victorious since time began have extolled in song and story, carved in rude hieroglyph upon stone, or perpetuated in beautiful marble or enduring bronze the deeds of men who marched to victory. Not to the vanquished, no matter how just the cause. You can see how different we are from these, so different that sometimes our motives need an interpreter.

"It is difficult for the world to understand how a body of women, loyal to a reunited country, loving its institutions and its flag, giving their sons to die under the starry folds, teaching exalted patriotism and intense Americanism, yet hold allegiance to a dead government, bind to their hearts a blood-stained banner forever furled, and weep over the fallen hosts of the gray for nearly half a century. We expect you to show how Southern love remembers to honor the dead past, care for the living present, provide for the hopeful future, holding fast your faith in the ultimate triumph of justice and looking forward to that future when, in the fullness of time, the unbiased historian shall arise and, using the wealth of material you have garnered for the purpose, shall give to the South and the Southern soldier their rightful places in American history.

"Again I welcome you; and when this convention time shall have passed into the yesterdays, may your stay with us have been so pleasant and profitable that, should our California again come 'wooing with her lips of song,' you may listen to her tender strains and follow where she leads! To you the passes in our mountain barriers shall be always open, and our Golden Gate on 'hinges melodious turning' shall ever stand ajar."

THE UTAH DELEGATE WANTED TO UNSEAT SENATOR SMOOT.

Quite a sensation occurred when Mrs. Tom D. Pitt, President of the Salt Lake Chapter, read her report. She desired to present a memorial against Senator Smoot's remaining in the United States Senate. She could not secure the consent of the President, Mrs. Gen. A. T. Smyth, of Charleston, who was manifestly in sympathy with the spirit of the memorial, but determined that no measure should be presented that might be construed as political. Mrs. Pitt, however, got an informal hearing, for in her report she stated that at a meeting in April she presented to her Chapter a resolution indorsing the protest against Mr. Smoot's retention of his seat in the Congress of the United States, and indorsing also the memorial to Congress for the amendments to the constitution prohibiting

polygamy. In her plea Mrs. Pitt said: "Now we come with an appeal to this whole body of the National U. D. C. to add the weight of their indorsement to the noble work being done by the U. D. C. and help to teach Americanism. I present this memorial not from a political standpoint—we have no politics in Utah; we are ruled by a king, Joseph the Prophet—but as a member of the Home Protective League and in the name of morality and purity of the home under the banner of the Southland stars and bars for which my father fought."

The movement was heartily indorsed by many prominent women of the convention, as reported by the newspapers, and failure to procure even a discussion of the subject intensified the interest of members who have espoused that cause.

REPORT ON CROSSES OF HONOR.

Mrs. S. E. Gabbett, Custodian, reported at San Francisco:

"*Madam President, Daughters:* Your first delivery of crosses was on April 24, 1900. Your Custodian's last purchase was on September 22, 1905. During this period I, as your Custodian, have ordered and paid for fifty thousand crosses. The last installment has, of course, not yet been exhausted. As there are several States which have selected October and November as their fourth time for delivery of crosses in the year (especially Texas, which State generally sends in a number of orders), I may safely say that before the close of the present year you will have given the round number of fifty thousand.

"Who would imagine that so many veterans have lived so long after the terrible hardships, the wounds, the broken health, the impoverished fortunes entailed by the War between the States? Indeed, I judge by the number of certificates which still continue to reach your Custodian's office that many veterans still remain to receive from the hands of the Daughters their loving recognition of the sublime sacrifices by these loyal men, faithful to their duty during the four years of the war and most loyal to this day to the cause for which they suffered.

"Here I draw your attention to Rule 1, Section 2, of the rules and regulations as formulated by the Committee of the Cross of Honor and indorsed by the General Committee. Before any descendant can secure the cross in any country three consecutive monthly notices must be inserted in the city and county papers, calling upon veterans to send in applications. If, after the expiration of three months, no other applications are sent in, the bestowal of crosses upon descendants may begin. Sufficient attention is not paid to this rule. I have received orders for descendants, and sometime after orders for the veterans. I advise the Daughters to make sure that they have served all veterans in their county before they send orders for descendants, and I must remind you that there are certain regulations concerning the delivery of crosses to descendants which must not be omitted.

"Rule 2, Section 1, is not properly defined. There are a great many veterans who do not belong to a Camp. Citizens shall testify as to their personal knowledge of the service of the veteran; affidavits should in every case be given. I assure you, Daughters, from my own personal knowledge many frauds have been perpetrated upon you. It is impossible for you to be too strict in your examination of the evidence of the worthiness of the veteran you would honor. You cannot afford to make your gift so common that, as is the case in France at present with their cross of honor, it is considered a distinction for a man *not* to wear it.

"A few weeks ago a man called at my house to ask directions as to the way he could obtain the cross. I referred him to the President of the Chapter in Atlanta, explaining the necessity of a certificate of service with proper indorsement. He then told me that two men who wore the cross had said to him: 'Why take the trouble? You can buy them. We bought ours for forty cents each at the Reunion in Louisville.' The veteran who told me this story added: 'I told them a cross I could buy with money would be worth nothing to me.'

"While standing on the platform at Salt Lake City, I met a much-decorated man, of whom I asked: 'How did you get your decoration?' 'I bought it,' he replied, 'at the Reunion of the Grand Army.'

"The Daughters of the Confederacy do not permit our badges bought or sold. They represent too much. They represent the blood, the life sacrifice of the Confederate soldier. Even so our Confederate cross bears on its face an assertion that our cause is right, and will be so proved 'Deo Vindice' (God our vindication). God will prove us to be in



MRS. S. E. GABBETT, CUSTODIAN.

the right. The Daughters do not permit their cross of honor bought or sold. They leave that to the members of the Grand Army of the Republic. Although we must acknowledge that there are black sheep in our flock who will pawn their badges, there are many thousands who value them, holding them dearer than their lives. It remains with you, Daughters of the Confederacy, to guard your gift. You cannot too strictly investigate the claims of the veteran. This is not 'red tape,' a favorite expression, but it is your duty not to give it to every poor old man who comes pleading for a cross at the last moment before a reunion. What does he want? To wear a badge of honor and have 'a good time.'

"With the others, it is a very natural feeling when they are 'leal men and true' (?); but is it not very difficult for you 'Daughters' to properly investigate the records of the claimant of honor when they come only at the last moment eagerly seeking a badge for a reunion? I shall give you an instance. Within the last few weeks I have received urgent letters, registered, etc., in haste for a number of crosses for a

certain day of reunion. I replied: 'I can fill your order, but not to be delivered on the date you mention.' The reply was: 'Our Chapter has received a special permit of our Divisional President to give the crosses on that day.' I replied: 'There is some mistake. You cannot legally give the crosses on that day, for it is not one of the days appointed by the General Convention. I fill your order for crosses, but you take the responsibility on yourself at a time not permitted. The General Convention alone can give a permit.'

"The perfect infatuation which prevails for giving the crosses for a reunion astonishes me. My office is crowded with telegrams, hurried orders, pressing calls. 'Do let us have the crosses in time for the reunion. The poor old soldiers will be so disappointed.' Why were not the crosses given in time on a selected day? I know your reply: 'The veterans did not apply in time.' Then they should wait till the next settled date. A rule should not be broken except in extreme cases.

"I must now bring before you another matter which has given much trouble—the call for a cross for a dying man. It does indeed seem a terrible act to refuse a cross when the dying pray for it, when unavoidable circumstances have prevented an application sooner. The veteran may live far in the country, may be poor, old, helpless. Some little time before death he hears the tales of this cross of honor, and craves it. He feels that at last some recognition of his services may be given. He may hear again the call to arms in defense of his dear fatherland and recall the enthusiasm with which he rushed to her defense. He desires the cross of honor to be placed upon his breast, some wish it buried with them, others earnestly desire their children to receive this testimony of their father's fidelity to his country. Can we refuse to give the honor he asks for? No! it is impossible, for here indeed a rule would be 'ironclad.' We cannot let a man die with his heart's desire ungratified. It has, therefore, been suggested by the Committee on the Cross of Honor that the Daughters request the affidavit of the attending physician that the veteran is really seriously ill and may not live till the next appointed day of delivery, in which case the Convention will authorize the immediate presentation of the cross of honor.

"I recall a most moving instance which occurred in Los Angeles, Cal., four years ago. The Chapters were assembled in convention. I had just finished an address, when a hurried messenger came in, stating that a veteran was dying and asked for the cross. At that time there was no committee. I acted on my own judgment, directing the cross sent. It was afterwards pinned upon this veteran's breast as he lay in his coffin.

"Mrs. Robert, of St. Louis, tells me that when a cross was asked for a very ill man it was promised; but when the veteran heard that it could not be delivered until a certain day, he turned his head aside with the tears trickling from his eyes. He died without receiving it. When I heard this story, I felt crushed; and I pray you, Daughters of the Convention, give the permission I have suggested. You will pardon me for bringing this point so urgently before you. It is really by direction of your Committee of the Cross of Honor as delivered to me last summer by the Chairman, Miss Rutherford, who is unavoidably absent. Before she left for Europe she advised me as to the course to pursue, and expected herself to report to the General Convention.

"Another point I would urge, and that is more care in making up your list. See Rule 2, Section 2. This rule is con-

stantly broken. . . . I will show you the vital importance of these lists. A veteran sometimes claims two crosses. He may lose one and wants another. He will not go to the same Chapter, but another; another State even. I have known several instances of this. His name and full address appearing twice upon the lists in the Custodian's office will probably cause its detention, but this does not necessarily follow. Also I warn the Chapters against giving crosses to applicants from other States and other counties. The danger is great of doubling the gift, also of offending the Camp or Chapter to which the application really belongs; but, above all, to giving the cross to one unworthy. Surely it is more seemly that the cross should be given by the Chapter of the county or city in which the veteran lived. Should the veteran desire to go back to an old home for his cross, then due notice should be given and his reason for so applying, and care taken to notify the Chapter, if any, in his *then home*.

"I call your attention to Rule 7, Section 1: 'Crosses to be given by the *nearest local Chapter*.' I recall a case in point. A veteran asked for a cross, I believe in North Carolina, his reason being that he was returning to his home in San Francisco to a 'family gathering' and wished to wear it. Now what does our hostess say to this? Depriving her of the pleasure of giving a cross to a worthy veteran. An adage says 'Procrastination is the thief of time.' It is more; it is the cause of disappointment, of heartburnings, of ill temper, and a host of evils. What do you say to the delays of the veterans in getting their certificates? Why, they have been known to carry them in their pockets until they have been worn out. Then, when there is a *reunion* or any period for presentation immediately on hand (especially a reunion), great is the rush, and the Daughters rush with their orders, some arriving at the Custodian's office the day before or two days before a presentation in a distant State. The crosses could not arrive in time, even though they could travel on the telegraph wire, or, as the celebrated Irish member said: 'Barring they were a bird who could be in two places at once.' So look to it, Daughters, that you put no more stoppages in the way of your orders to the Custodian, or you will find yourselves and your veterans out in the cold, waiting for another appointed day. A word to the wise is sufficient.

"Here I desire to point out to you the duties of a Custodian and the absolute necessity of this office in its fullest sense. To buy, pay for, and deliver crosses are the minor duties of her office. She must be wholly unbiased by any local prejudice, either of State, regiments, of family connections, political influence, or any other outside bias. The data on the certificates must be her guide; strict conformity to the rules her only safeguard. She has no right to alter them, *not even* to relax them (however her sympathies may be with any person who writes to her for such relaxing or changing). The Custodian has the one paramount duty—to obey the rules given by the General Convention herself and to see to it that the Chapters applying to her also strictly obey these rules, to carefully examine the certificates and lists and orders, to question when doubtful and to explain when a point appears not to be understood, and to exact perfect obedience to the rules.

"A last point to which I must call your attention: The wearing of the cross of honor is an 'open sesame'—a badge of honor will open the doors of an old veteran. The feeling is, 'We were comrades in the war, and therefore you are welcome,' while perhaps the wearer of the badge is a fraud and never fired a shot in defending his country. Beware, therefore, of lavish, indiscriminate giving. Guard your cross."

MRS. L. H. RAINES, OF GEORGIA, HONORARY PRESIDENT.

Desiring to nominate Mrs. L. H. Raines, of Georgia, for the position of Honorary President, the following was offered:

"*Resolved*, That the United Daughters of the Confederacy take this way of expressing their sense of obligation to Mrs. L. H. Raines, of Savannah, Ga., for the active and earnest part taken by her in the organization of this Association, both in its earliest days and afterwards, especially in the formation of the charter Chapters of Georgia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Mississippi, Florida, Kentucky, Indian Territory, Alabama, Virginia, Arkansas, Washington, D. C., and other States.

"*Resolved*, That an acknowledgment is due Mrs. Raines as the original suggester of the design of the badge still used by the Daughters of the Confederacy. That this Association also expresses its appreciation of the zeal and courage with which Mrs. Raines for nearly a year filled the offices and did the work of President, First Vice President, and Corresponding Secretary, owing to the resignation of the President and the absence in Europe of the Corresponding Secretary, after which labor of love, consideration of health, and calls of domestic duty caused Mrs. Raines to forbid her friends to urge her claims to the presidency of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, a position which she was so well qualified to fill.

"*Resolved*, That Mrs. L. H. Raines is hereby elected an Honorary President of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and that these resolutions be spread upon the minutes and an engrossed copy sent to Mrs. Raines."

The resolutions were adopted cordially and without a dissenting voice.

Mrs. W. B. Prichard, of San Francisco, a daughter of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, was called to the platform at the closing session of the convention, to which she had been presented at the opening, and in response to a splendid demonstration she said: "Ladies, I thank you for your greeting, giving assurance, as it does, that my father's memory is still fresh and green in your loyal, loving hearts. It is very gratifying to me. I too would like to say welcome to California, our adopted State, into whose purchase price went full many a drop of the best Southern blood. It seems very, very good to me to be among you to-day and to share in the councils of our wonderful society, whose power for good is infinite. May God so guide us always that we use it to its best and fullest extent!"

Mrs. Sue M. Preston, of Columbia, Tenn., the venerable widow of Col. Thomas W. Preston, of Memphis, Tenn., who was killed on the field of the first day of the battle of Shiloh while serving on the staff of Gen. A. P. Stewart, was an attendant of the San Francisco Convention, U. D. C. She is making an extended visit to Judge Thomas L. Winder at Los Angeles.

CONDENSED REPORT OF THE TENNESSEE DIVISION.

[Supplied by Mrs. A. B. White, Paris, Division President.]

The Tennessee Division is growing steadily in numbers, and now has fifty-seven Chapters, six new ones having been organized since the last report was made, one with eighty-seven charter members.

The birthdays of President Davis, Robert E. Lee, Nathan Bedford Forrest, and Sam Davis are observed annually by the Chapters.

The Tennessee General Assembly increased the appropriation for Confederate veterans \$50,000 per year, appropriated

\$50,000 for widows of Confederate veterans, and made the *per capita* tax for the Soldiers' Home \$130. For these appropriations the Daughters of Tennessee deserve much of the credit, for they worked faithfully, placing these matters before the Legislators.

The Soldiers' Home is the object of the tenderest solicitude to every Chapter, and they vie with one another in doing something to add to the comfort of the dear old men, contributing for the matron's salary, for trained nurses, easy chairs, dainties, etc., and last year built three rooms for a hospital. Eleven Chapters, besides responding liberally to every call, have helped individual cases of need, one Chapter aiding twenty-five veterans.

The Educational Committee reports twelve girls at school, and tells of others made self-supporting by timely aid.

The History Committee is doing excellent work, having just issued a circular letter, calling attention to the importance of the study of our history and outlining a course of study for the year.

An event of particular interest was the unveiling of the Forrest monument at Memphis, for which the Daughters had raised thousands of dollars. Several monuments to county soldiers have been erected within the last few months, and several Chapters have this for their principal work.

Tennessee will ere long erect a monument to her boy hero and martyr, Sam Davis, and many Chapters are working enthusiastically raising funds for the Shiloh monument.

The Knoxville and Paris conventions demonstrated the wisdom of abolishing the use of proxies in our conventions, for they were the largest and most enthusiastic conventions we have ever held.

There is great interest in children's auxiliaries—three already organized and others to be this autumn.

Several Chapters are planning to erect Chapter houses or to have Chapter rooms.

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT HUNTSVILLE.

The Daughters of the Confederacy at Huntsville, Ala., are happy over the successful erection and dedication of a Confederate monument, which was unveiled November 21, 1905. Mr. Robert C. Brickell was master of ceremonies. Mrs. Virginia Clay Clopton, President of the Huntsville Chapter, made the following address before the unveiling, at the conclusion of which the band played "Dixie:"

MRS. CLOPTON'S ADDRESS.

We are assembled to memorialize the sublime sacrifices and unparalleled military achievements of that noble body of martyrs which is to-day recognized and honored as the Confederate army of America, those peerless patriots who perished in defense of principles as imperishable as are the decrees of Almighty God. We have come to offer our loyalty, our homage, and the undying devotion of our hearts to those immortal heroes, who, though dead, yet live in the hearts of their countrymen and countrywomen. For this purpose we, the United Daughters of the Confederacy of the Huntsville Chapter of Alabama, have labored for years, and have at last accomplished and erected this grand and glorious monument, which will be unveiled to your eager gaze to the sacred memory of our gallant dead, hoping and believing it will perpetuate through coming generations the fadeless luster of their name and the glory of their fame.

The inscription is from the heart and pen of a gifted woman of this city, whose glowing words in beautiful lettering

of stone most eloquently tell the mournful but martial story. We have crowned it with the laurel wreath, emblem of perennial bloom, and have engraven on its broad shaft the immortal banner of the Southern Confederacy—that glorious banner which through four stormy years of fiery ordeal we saw

“Flung
Like meteor in the sky,
And heroes, such as Homer sung,
Followed it—to die!”

These precious, sacred emblems are consigned to the care and keeping of the gallant Confederate sentinel, whose marble effigy surmounts and caps the climax of this beautiful shaft on guard in death as he ever was in life. Peace to his sacred ashes and the hallowed ashes of the Confederate dead wherever they lie, on hilltop or in valley, in mausoleum or nameless grave. May the halo of God's blessing ever rest upon each precious sod, even as doth his eternal sunshine!

“For them the poet's lyre is wreathed,
Her marble wrought, her music breathed;
Of them the lisping babe first tells;
For them we ring our birthday bells;
For them the evening prayer is said
By palace couch and cottage bed!”

Thirteen beautiful girls, representing the Confederate States by appropriate banners, decorated the pedestal of the monument with flowers.

The presentation address was made by Mr. Ephraim Foster, and addresses of acceptance were made by Gov. Jelks

for the State, Judge Lawler for the county, and Mayor Smith for the city.

The orator for the day was Gen. G. P. Harrison, commanding the Alabama Division, U. C. V., who was happily introduced by Capt. Milton Humes. Other addresses were made by ex-Gov. Joseph F. Johnston, Gen. J. N. Thompson, commanding the Third Alabama Brigade, U. C. V., and Capt. Davis H. Turner, of the Egbert Jones Camp. This Camp, of course, coöperated with the Daughters in every way.

ARTICLES IN CORNER STONE OF THE MONUMENT.

Mrs. J. W. Battle took the leading part in depositing historic souvenirs in the corner stone of the monument on November 2, 1905. The list is as follows: Copies of Huntsville papers (the *Democrat*, *Daily Mercury*, and *Evening Tribune*) of October, 1905; an old copy of the *Charleston Mercury* of March 12, 1861, edited by R. B. Rhett, containing the proceedings of the first Confederate Congress, held in Montgomery, Ala., in March, 1861; the *Daily Rebel*, edited by Frank M. Paul, April 16, 1863, containing an address by President Davis to the South; three copies of *Confederate Extras*, of 1861, 1862, and 1863, containing latest war news; an old *Richmond Enquirer*, June, 1863, containing a tribute to Mrs. Virginia C. Clay (now Mrs. Clopton) as she then appeared; a list of members of the Confederate Congress, 1861 and 1862; a list of the major generals and the brigadier generals of the Confederate army; a list of the Madison Rifles, Huntsville Guards, Tracy's company, Kelly's troopers, companies raised in Huntsville, 1861-62; a Confederate flag made by a daughter of J. W. Battle; a diary by Mrs. Sarah C. Robinson during the war. (See page 543.)



OCCASION OF DEDICATING THE CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT HUNTSVILLE, ALA.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

BEST CONFEDERATE CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

In a letter concerning action of the Georgia Division, U. C. V., for the VETERAN, Gen. Clement A. Evans, Lieutenant General in command of the Army of Tennessee Department, writes: ". . . I am not satisfied with the manner in which we *compliment* the VETERAN. I see no reason why every Division in the U. C. V. should not appoint one general agent for the Division to press our comrades, the sons and grandsons of those who are dead, to become subscribers."

While grateful for the proposed plan and hoping that such a movement may be inaugurated, the VETERAN suggests the sending of a year's subscription for 1906 as a Christmas present. Think of how much comfort and pleasure might be given in this way. Many a well-to-do man might send it to five or ten veterans. An extra year's subscription will be given to any who will send five dollars and a half dozen names. Send, anyhow, one subscription for next year.

A LABORER WHO ASPIRES TO BE WORTHY.

In closing the thirteenth year of the VETERAN, its founder and the editor of its every issue is made to feel extremely grateful and humble through the presentation of a medal. The circumstances creating the gift are obtained from a letter by Mrs. T. J. Latham, of Memphis, on November 27, 1905:

"During the Reunion at Louisville last June at a dinner in the Galt House you passed along, stopping by our table to speak to us. There were present Gen. Stephen D. Lee, Col. V. Y. Cook, Col. R. M. Knox, Miss Mary Harrison, sister-in-law of Gen. Lee, and myself. As you left us, one of the party remarked that if at any time or for any cause we of the Confederacy should lose Mr. Cunningham the loss would be irreparable. No man has accomplished as much. . . . No one has made the history of the Confederate soldiers, their deeds, and their lives such a study as he. . . . Another remark was made that we can all throw bouquets now and if he should die, but why not give some evidence of our appreciation while he is living? This remark produced the greatest interest, and all agreed that we would do something. We wondered that it had not been thought of before. All agreed to act at once, and put it upon me to take the matter up. I agreed gladly to do so, provided Gen. Lee and Col. Cook would serve on the committee, to which they consented most cheerfully. Gen. Lee, however, being very busy, asked to be excused except that we call upon him for all the money we needed. He insisted upon my taking ten dollars, but I would accept only five from him, and before I left the table I had thirty dol-

lars more; so you will know I was enthusiastically happy. I went into the hall and everybody was interested, offering to join in. I almost regret that I did not ask for a house and lot. I am sure I should have secured it. Several of our mutual friends in Memphis asked to share in the honor; but I accepted a contribution here from Judæ J. P. Young only, who adjourned court an hour earlier than the usual time to make the presentation, which he did so happily at Mr. Carrington Mason's residence.

"You should feel gratified that the money for the medal, or souvenir, was raised on the spot from your devoted friends. No one was asked for a cent. As I have said, I could have raised a larger amount. . . .

"If the medal had been finished, I should have requested Mrs. Smythe to present it at the California Convention, U. D. C. As it was, the occasion as notable and heart-to-heart. Not a dry eye in the house."

The presentation was, as stated, in the ideal home of Mrs. Mason by Judge Young in exquisite terms of kindness and consideration. Some two hundred ladies and a few veterans were present, the ladies largely of the Sarah Law Chapter and officers of other Chapters. The gracious and gifted Mrs. Mason paid beautiful tribute to the labors of the recipient, and asked that every lady present greet Mr. Cunningham and tell him her name.

These few brief words were said in response: "A long time ago a little girl was ill and her father asked her to take some medicine, when she pleaded that he excuse her. He then said: 'I will give you my watch if you will take it.' That little girl became my wife. This is the watch [then exhibiting a fine old gold watch and the medal], and these two relics will be equally sacred to me while I live."

Following are those who subscribed for the medal: Gen.

Stephen D. Lee, of Columbus, Miss.; Gen. V. Y. Cook, of Newport, Ark.; R. M. Knox, of Pine Bluff, Ark.; Gen. Julian Carr, of North Carolina; J. C. Long, of Chattanooga; Gen. K. M. Vanzant, of Fort Worth, Tex.; H. A. Tyler, of Hickman, Ky.; J. F. Shipp, of Chattanooga; Judge T. J. Latham, of Memphis; J. V. Harris, of Key West, Fla.; Capt. E. Withers, of Holly Springs; Judge J. P. Young, of Memphis; Miss Mary Harrison, of Columbus, Miss.; Mrs. T. J. Latham, of Memphis.

The favor of the foregoing space is asked of those who may not be interested in the tribute that the recipient has sought to merit.

Indulgence is sought in the lack of much that was intended for this issue. A combination of misfortunes, the worst of which was a two weeks' illness, is given as the cause. Incompleteness of the report of the United Daughters of the Confederacy in the California Convention, notes of the journey (yet to appear), incompleteness of the report upon the dedication of the Huntsville (Ala.) monument and of the U. C. V. State Convention of Georgia, are

the special features so very unsatisfactory to the editor. He hopes to more than make up for these shortcomings in the future and to make the VETERAN better and better to the end.



CONFEDERATES IN CONGRESS.

One of the last lingering stings sought to effect partisanship by reconstructionists against the South was to harp upon the "Confederate Brigadiers" in Congress. They were there, and stayed, being a credit to their respective States and the nation, until time with its relentless sickle leveled most of them with others indiscriminately. There are but few of the generals left, and, in fact, but few in either House who served the Confederate cause. Alabama, to her credit, has retained two venerable men in the Senate—Morgan, who has maintained marvelously his intellectual powers, and the more venerable Pettus, ever a wise counselor and just law-maker. The loss to Tennessee of the gallant and eloquent Senator William B. Bate was an event that made its impress upon the country, and the government did itself credit in the large delegation sent to attend his funeral. Senator Bate was the ranking Confederate in the Senate at the time of his death, having been a major general.

Two other Senators are recalled instinctively in the same connection—John W. Daniel, of Virginia, and James H. Berry, of Arkansas, the two apparently of about the same age, both depending upon crutches from tragic events in the war. Each is conspicuous for his State. Such men should be continued with pride and gratitude, while mentally sound, as long as they are able to use their honorable crutches to attend the sessions and committee meetings. It has long been the purpose of the *VETERAN* to give prominence to this class of comrades. They should be maintained as Representatives and Senators until their hours for the last tattoo.

Senator James H. Berry, of Arkansas, is a native of Alabama, born in Jackson County May 15, 1841. At the age of seven his family removed to Arkansas. In 1861 he entered the Confederate service as second lieutenant in the 16th

Arkansas Infantry, serving with it until October 4, 1862, when he lost a leg in the sanguinary battle of Corinth. He was elected to the Legislature of Arkansas in 1866, was re-elected in 1872, and was elected Speaker of the House at an extra session in 1874. He was President of the Democratic State Convention in 1876, was elected judge of the circuit court in 1878, was elected Governor in 1882, was elected to the United States Senate to succeed A. H. Garland, appointed Attorney-General, and took his seat March 25, 1885, and was re-elected in 1889, 1895, and 1901. His present term will expire March 3, 1907.

Senator Berry's standing in the Senate is of the highest credit to his State and the South. His long service has been so efficient that his place on important committees is of much value to his constituency. For instance, as the senior member of the Committee on Commerce, having in charge appropriations for rivers and harbors, all matters pertaining to the interests of the South of this nature are left almost entirely to him, and he is regularly on the Committee of Conference between the two Houses. A colleague said of him in this connection: "I believe he has done more for the improvement of the Mississippi and rivers in Arkansas than all the other members of both Houses in the last ten years. He has taken an active interest in public land matters and in all questions that concern agricultural classes."

Senator Berry is by nature and instinct loyal to the "plain people," but he is so ruggedly honest that there is no pretense of such sentiment for effect. Every Southerner who would honor the men who wore the gray should be diligent for their maintenance of the best positions in our State and national life so long as they are capable of filling them creditably. In such advocacy, the *VETERAN* will maintain diligence. It is in bad grace for young men to burden their themes with well-earned praises to the Confederates while scheming to get their places in public life.

GEORGIA STATE REUNION.

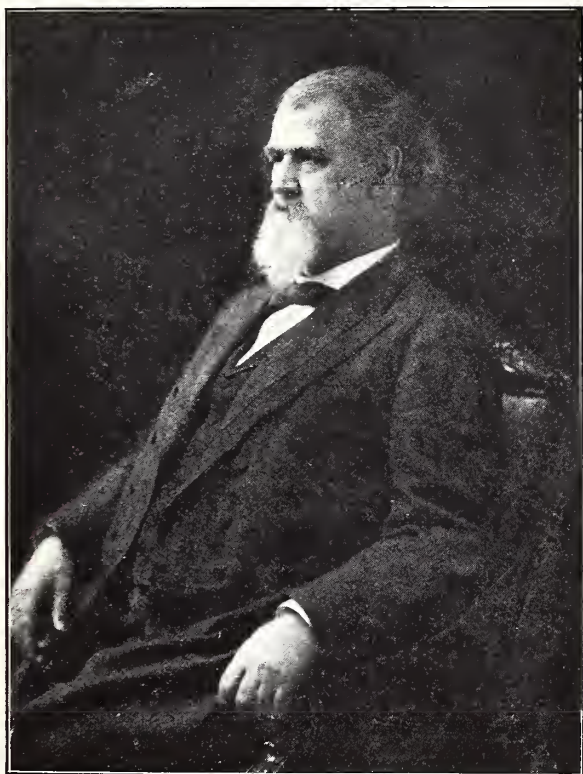
The Georgia State Convention that met in Macon was notable, as ever are the meetings of Georgia Confederates, for devotion and enthusiasm. The attendance was very large, and interest was unabated to the end.

Gen. P. A. S. McGlashan, who had been the Division Commander since the promotion of Gen. Evans to command the Army of Tennessee Department, declined reelection. Two comrades were discussed for successor—Gen. A. J. West, who has been an efficient Brigade Commander for years, and Gen. C. M. Wiley, of Macon, who had been acting as Division Commander for some time. Before the balloting had proceeded to a finish Gen. West withdrew, and Col. Wiley was elected unanimously as Major General of the Division for the ensuing year.

GEN. MCGLASHAN'S REPORT.

Comrades: Since we assembled in the beautiful city of Rome, where we were so cordially and hospitably entertained, the event has remained a pleasant remembrance, and, although we now miss the presence of many of our loved comrades, who will never meet us again on earth, yet, thanks to Almighty God! many of us are yet spared in health and strength to meet and carry out the sacred work that binds us together—a work that has given character and strength to our Southern people and compelled the respect and esteem of friends and enemies alike.

I congratulate you on the wonderful prosperity of the South, largely due to your efforts, and on the interest taken



UNITED STATES SENATOR JAMES H. BERRY.

in the work of the Divisions, as evidenced by the large representation here to-day. God bless you all and enable you to follow up the efforts until the tongue of base calumny is ever silenced by the truth of history forever established. This is due to our descendants that they may forever honor us; this is our duty, and we shall not fail to carry it out, encouraged, helped, and cheered on by our glorious Southern women, who have never ceased to honor us to their own immortal honor. Let us maintain the high principles of our order, eschewing all politics and living true to the sacred memories of our honored past. . . .

Let us recognize and rejoice over the splendid work of our coworkers, the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and pledge support to their noble resolve to erect a monument at Andersonville to our Southern martyr, Capt. Wirtz, in solemn protest against the unjust calumnies of the monuments erected at that place by the North regarding the treatment of their prisoners at that prison. Too long have they gone unrefuted, while eternal truth demands their refutation. All honor, I say, to the noble women of Georgia who have initiated this noble work.

There are about one hundred and forty-five Camps in this State, and I estimate about thirty-five hundred members. Of these, about one-half are active. My able and painstaking Adjutant General, Col. Crumley, tells me that many Camps have paid their dues to General and Division Headquarters; but the strictest economy has had to be enforced at headquarters, in order to provide sufficient funds for the necessary work of the Division. Can we not do better? I think we can, with the active help of the Brigade Commanders. Each Brigade Commander should have a list of his Camps in his Brigade and insist on the Adjutants carrying out their duties, getting in friendly touch with all his Camps.

I acknowledge freely that I have not done all that should have been done in my position, but in the last year the feebleness incident to old age and some disabling illness has been my excuse. Sixty years of hard work and four years of war is my brief record, but I feel ashamed of nothing in it.

My service with you as Commander ends with this meeting, and I do not desire that my name should be considered in connection with the next term of office. I thank you, my comrades, for the great honor you have conferred on me, for the signal friendship and courtesies extended me, and I especially beg to thank the members of my staff, who have been unremitting in their efforts to assist in my duties and increase my pleasure in the work.

TRIBUTE TO RETIRING MAJ. GEN. MCGLASHAN.

The same committee as above submitted the following in honor of the retiring Division Commander:

"Whereas our beloved and gallant Division Commander, Gen. P. A. S. McGlashan, of Savannah, Ga., has modestly announced his intention of retiring from the lofty position which he has graced as the popular head of our great organization; therefore be it

"Resolved, That we regret his intention to sever his connection in the capacity that he has so well and worthily filled, and that he carries with him in his retirement our heartiest wishes for a long life of health, happiness, and prosperity.

"Resolved, That we tender to him our love and grateful acknowledgment for the marked and distinguished courtesy which he has shown to each and every one of our companies and members, and that we will bear in the future the most affectionate recollection of him and his services. May the all-wise and infinite One guide, guard, and protect him!"

ACTION OF GEORGIA DIVISION, U. C. V., FOR THE VETERAN.

Capt. R. E. Park, State Treasurer of Georgia, sends with some resolutions the following note:

"I took the liberty and great pleasure in introducing the resolutions indorsing the CONFEDERATE VETERAN and its editor. They were adopted unanimously with applause, and I hope that you will publish them in the VETERAN.

"I also inclose you a copy of the proceedings for one day, and wish that you would publish the resolutions asking the General Reunion to alter its constitution and forbid the use of military titles for the officers of Camps, Brigades, Divisions, etc., as they regard the conferring of these titles as a perversion of history and liable to be greatly abused.

"Gen. McGlashan presided at the convention with great ability and fairness. Judge C. M. Wiley, the popular Ordinary of Bibb County, Ga., living in Macon, who was the Senior Brigade Commander, was unanimously elected Division Commander to succeed Gen. McGlashan. A. J. West, J. A. Cobb, John W. Clark, and J. S. Sweat were elected Brigade Commanders of their respective sections of the State. W. M. Crumley, Adjutant, was very efficient in his position. The meeting was a great success.

"Resolved, By this Association of Confederate Veterans, in convention assembled in Macon, Ga., that we take great pleasure in recommending our official organ, the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, edited by our Confederate brother, S. A. Cunningham, at Nashville, Tenn., to every Confederate soldier and son of a Confederate as eminently worthy of their support.

"Resolved, That we urge all organizations of a Confederate character, whether veterans or their sons or the daughters,



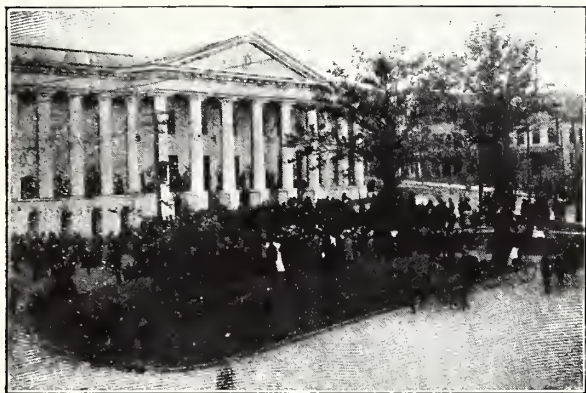
MAJ. GEN. C. M. WILEY.

to become patrons of this magazine, which we regard as the exponent of Confederate principles and Confederate history. We respectfully request every Camp Commander to bring the

VETERAN to the attention of his fellow-members and to urge each and every one to become a subscriber. .

"Resolved further, that we cordially commend Mr. S. A. Cunningham, the . . . editor of the VETERAN, to the patronage and support of every true Southerner.

"James L. Fleming, J. W. Wilcox, R. E. Park, Committee."



LAYING CORNER STONE OF WOMEN'S MONUMENT, MACON, GA.

PARK'S RESOLUTION FOR THE JAMESTOWN CELEBRATION.

Resolutions that had passed through the hands of the proper committee and dealing with the part that Georgia may play in the Virginia Exposition of 1907 were introduced by Capt. R. E. Park and accepted. These resolutions are:

"Whereas the State of Virginia is to give a great industrial and historical exposition in 1907 to commemorate the three hundredth anniversary of the first permanent settlement of the Anglo-Saxon race in America; and whereas Virginia is sending out an appeal to Georgia to be represented as one of thirteen original States; and whereas the general appropriation committee of the Georgia Legislature has reported unanimously for a liberal appropriation that Georgia may be properly represented; therefore be it

"Resolved, That the United Confederate Veterans of Georgia, in their annual encampment in Macon, unanimously urge the Georgia Legislature at its next session to pass this appropriation, thus answering the first appeal that the grand old commonwealth of Virginia has ever made to Georgia; be it further

"Resolved, That we send our greeting to the old commonwealth that we love so well with God's blessings on her and her people."

W. N. MITCHELL'S ADDRESS IN BEHALF OF THE CELEBRATION.

In this the proudest hour of my life I stand in awe in the presence of the remnant of the most heroic army that God's sun has ever shone upon—an army whose members left their homes and firesides as one man, not from selfish motives, not for greed, but to battle for principle, and principle alone.

The Georgia Legislature of 1904, at the request of that grand son of Virginia, the late lamented Fitzhugh Lee, passed an act creating a commission to represent the State at the Jamestown Exposition, to be held in 1907. I was elected to the position of president of that commission. I am a Virginian by birth, a Georgian by adoption, proud of the State of my birth and the State of my adoption, but above all other things prouder of my birthright as a Southerner, that gives me the right to say I am of the country from which came the Confederate army. In my dual capacity as a Virginian and Georgian I bring Georgia an appeal from old Virginia.

Virginia in the Jamestown Exposition is to commemorate the three hundredth anniversary of the first settlement of the Anglo-Saxon race in America, and she appeals to Georgia to come to her aid by being represented at that time. All of the original thirteen States, with the exception of Georgia, have already made appropriations. Georgia is the pivotal and empire State of the South, and as she is greater in her undeveloped and developed wealth than any of the other States, commercially she should be represented, as the site of this exposition, according to the railroad schedules and the census of the United States, is within twelve hours' ride of twenty million people, representing the wealth and purchasing power of the country; therefore commercially, Georgia cannot afford to be absent. But as a Virginian I transmit the appeal from a higher standpoint than commercialism—patriotism.

I see before me men that for four years, from 1861 to 1865, trod her sacred soil; I see before me men who have parts of themselves still resting under that soil. Georgia has ever stood shoulder to shoulder with Virginia. Under the immortal Washington, that grand and heroic Virginian, Georgia and Virginia trod many a heroic field. In Mexico Georgia and Virginia stood side by side, and storming the heights of Chapultepec Georgians and Virginians carried side by side the shout of victory.

From 1861 to 1865, led by that other grand Virginian, Robert E. Lee, Georgia and Virginia carried the stars and bars to victory on every well-fought field until the last, grandest victory of them all, Appomattox, when the Southern cause went down not in defeat but in glory and victory—a people unconquered but overwhelmed—and the world, led by their enemy, bowed their heads to the Southern soldier.

For four years Virginia opened her arms, and there was nothing that she had that was too good for the Southern soldier. Her smokehouses were depleted, her larders were thrown open, her fences were used to warm the boys in gray, and thousands of those immortals rest on the slopes of Hollywood, in Richmond, tenderly cared for by the noble women of Virginia, sleeping their last sleep until the resurrection to the glorious life, the reward of those people.

Gen. Garnett, Major General commanding the Virginia Veterans, has written that at the next meeting Richmond will ask that the annual encampment of 1907, the year of the Exposition, be held in Richmond, as on June 3 of that year the grand memorial erected by the noble Daughters of the Confederacy to the first and only President of the Confederacy will be unveiled. As his enemies in the past branded him as a traitor, it will be but fitting that the remnant of the hosts that followed him should be present in the capital of the Confederacy and drown with their applause the aspersion on the so-called traitor, Jefferson Davis, within the shadow of those similar traitors, George Washington and Robert E. Lee.

It is her appeal that I bring here and ask you to memorialize the Georgia Legislature to make an appropriation in answer to the first call of old Virginia to her sister State, Georgia.

OTHER DEPOSITS IN HUNTSVILLE MONUMENT.

Of recent things, the following were deposited: Daughters of the Confederacy, Chapter A, Huntsville, Ala., by-laws and regulations; also badges of Huntsville Chapter, U. D. C., and Egbert Jones Camp, U. C. V., and a copy of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN of March, 1905; resolutions by Camp Egbert Jones upon the death of L. H. Scruggs, who was made colonel of the 4th Alabama Infantry when Col. Egbert Jones was killed at the battle of Manassas.

ADVISE SUCCESSORS FOR THE VETERAN.

Many friends of the VETERAN do not realize how important it is for each patron to maintain his subscription. When a death occurs, notice is often sent to discontinue, although the comrade was absolutely loyal to its every interest. In a family of well-to-do people where there were nine sons, promising, active young men, one of them ordered the VETERAN discontinued soon after the father's death. Such a thing should not be. Fathers and grandfathers should leave counsel for the maintenance of the Confederate cause if they be sincere in their support, and the world knows they are. There should be zeal on the part of every successor for the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.



MISS JULIA DENT FRAZIER,
On staff of Gen. Robert Lowry, Commanding
Mississippi Division, U. C. V.

"TEXAS; OR, THE BROKEN LINK."

Readers of the VETERAN will appreciate the following from the pen of Mrs. V. Jefferson Davis, whose high character and cherished associations bring her very close to the hearts of "her people." Mrs. Davis writes of this book:

"My Dear Mrs. Selph: I have had to postpone acknowledgment of your kindness until now, hoping to be able to give a review from my pen of your charming and spirited novel, 'Texas,' as you wished. I have been ill for more than two years of many acute nervous troubles, superinduced by an unusually stormy life. I have an immense correspondence, and verging, as I am, on my eightieth year, my mental and physical strength are greatly taxed.

"Your negro dialect is the best I have ever yet seen among the many our people have attempted. The atmosphere which you have depicted about our Southern heroes cheered my spirit greatly, and for once 'the tender grace of a day that is dead' came back to me. The cave dwellers in the Vicksburg hills, when the most delicate women equaled our bravest men, are splendidly portrayed, and I thank you for the deathless tribute to our calm, brave women.

"Your kind mention of Gen. Grant I am glad to see, for I think it was deserved. Since the bonds of our patriotic anguish have been loosened by time, it is possible to look more calmly into the bitter past and do justice to those on both sides who have not hitherto received it. 'Randolph Park' is a charming idyl, and your 'Texas' is a modern 'Una.' Your occasional descriptions of scenery are exquisite, and I hope every Southern woman who reads 'Texas' will feel as proud of your achievement as I do.

"In regard to Beauvoir. It was not acquired by Mr. Davis through Mrs. Dorsey's gift. This impression gained credence because the dear woman so willed it in a testament made some

years before her death, as Mr. Davis discovered when the will was opened. But the fact is that Mr. Davis bought and paid for it before her death.

"Faithfully yours,

VARINA JEFFERSON DAVIS.

"BATTLES AND SKETCHES OF THE ARMY OF TENNESSEE."

Attention is called to the advertisement in this VETERAN of Capt. B. L. Ridley's book, "Battles and Sketches of the Army of Tennessee, C. S. A."

Capt. Ridley has for years been a popular contributor of the VETERAN, and needs no introduction to its readers. His work is indeed interesting and a valuable contribution to Southern history. The introduction is by that honored and venerable Confederate officer, Lieut. Gen. A. P. Stewart, now in his eighties, on whose staff Capt. Ridley served during much of the Confederate war.

The publication of this book is in the hands of a Southern house, the Missouri Printing and Publishing Company, of Mexico, Mo., whose president, Mr. H. P. Warden, is well known in Nashville. Mr. Warden is of Confederate stock, his father having been a chaplain under Stonewall Jackson and his mother, formerly a Miss Ashby, first cousin of Gen. Turner Ashby and an aunt of Chaplain General U. C. V., Rev. Dr. J. William Jones, of Richmond.

Capt. Ridley's work will doubtless have an extended sale, North as well as South. The Army of Tennessee in its desperate and protracted struggle with Sherman through Tennessee and Georgia will ever hold an exalted place in history, and accounts of its achievements will be read with interest through ages yet to come. Orders for the book should be sent to the publishers.

"OLD TALES RETOLD."—Mrs. Octavia Zollicofer Bond, one of the clearest and most pleasing writers of her generation, has issued fresh from the press of the Publishing House of the M. E. Church, South, "Old Tales Retold." It is already being ordered as gifts for young folks at Christmas. In narrating these stories of early Tennessee times, Mrs. Bond, who is a daughter of the Confederate general, F. K. Zollicofer, is convincingly sincere. The truth of history has been preserved intact, yet the events that center around DeMontbreun and his cave, Bigfoot Spencer, Nancy Ward (the "beloved" woman of the Cherokees), James Robertson, John Sevier, and others are invested with the interest of romance. Success is predicted for the book not only on account of its direct human appeal but because it supplies a want. It fills a vacant place on the bookshelf.

RECOVERY FROM SEVERE OPERATION.—The VETERAN is gratified to learn of the recovery of Col. A. G. Dickinson, of New York City, who has ever been one of its staunchest friends. At a recent meeting of the New York Camp Col. Thorburn spoke in a feeling manner of his illness, and the announcement was received with deep regret by all present. Col. Chisholm spoke of his pride and interest in and his services to the Camp, and it was unanimously resolved that the Adjutant write to him, expressing the heartfelt sympathy of his comrades in his illness and their best wishes for his speedy restoration to health.

THE CUMBERLAND MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

The VETERAN calls attention to the page advertisement under the above caption for the special purpose of commending its management most cordially to Southern merchants and their patrons. The gentlemen composing this firm are of the highest credibility, and the VETERAN earnestly seeks to create for them merited favor in extensive patronage.

SPECIAL DEPARTMENT. United Sons of Confederate Veterans.

Organized July 1, 1896, in Richmond, Va.

Conducted by the Commander in Chief, to whom all contributions intended therefor should be addressed.

THOMAS M. OWEN, LL.D., COMMANDER IN CHIEF, { Montgomery, Ala.
WILL T. SHEEHAN, A. G. AND CHIEF OF STAFF, {
E. LESLIE SPENCE, JR., COMMANDER A. N. V. DEPT., Richmond, Va.
L. W. RYLAND, DEPARTMENT ADJUTANT.
R. E. L. BYNUM, COMMANDER ARMY TENN. DEPT., Jackson, Tenn.
HOMER L. HIGGS, DEPARTMENT ADJUTANT.
I. J. STOCKETT, COMMANDER TRANS-MISS. DEPT., Tyler, Tex.
C. S. WELSCH, DEPARTMENT ADJUTANT.

(No. 6.)

CONFEDERATION NEWS.

The attention of Camps and Sons is again drawn to the importance of supporting the VETERAN. The following resolution, adopted at the Reunion in June last, is reproduced—viz.:

"Whereas the CONFEDERATE VETERAN is already the official organ of the Confederation; and whereas this periodical is doing a work of everlasting value in recording the true history of the Southern people; and whereas its support is diminishing through the rapid mortality among the Veterans; therefore be it

"Resolved, That we earnestly indorse again the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and appeal to all Camps and members to give it their support by extending its circulation."

In this issue appears an admirable likeness of the capable Adjutant General and Chief of Staff of the Confederation, Capt. Will T. Sheehan.

Circular No. 2, of date October 12, 1905, has been issued by General Headquarters to meet a large number of inquiries concerning uniforms, badges, commissions, membership certificates, printed minutes, forms, and supplies, flags, and banners.

Since the general Reunion at Louisville in June last many changes in Camp officials have taken place by the election of new ones, by removals, etc. The Commander in Chief is anxious to have all changes promptly reported. This is necessary to enable him to properly communicate with Camps.

In Special Order No. 2, of date October 31, 1905, Mr. L. E. Mathis, of Jackson, has been appointed Commander of the Tennessee Division to succeed J. D. Newton, who did not seek reappointment. This appointment became necessary because of the failure of that Division to hold a reunion convention, thereby causing a vacancy in the office of Commander. The appointee is a very enthusiastic Son, and will undoubtedly do much to upbuild the Confederation. During the past year he served as Adjutant on the Staff of Department Commander R. E. L. Bynum. He has appointed R. R. Sneed, of Jackson, Tenn., as his Division Adjutant in General Order No. 1.

At the Reunion convention in Nashville, in June, 1904, a special auditing committee of three was appointed "to investigate the fiduciary officers, past and present, of the Association." The death of the Chairman, Warwick H. Payne, has necessitated the appointment of a successor. Accordingly, on November 14, 1905, Special Order No. 3 was issued, naming D. C. Bell, Pine Bluff, Ark., as chairman. To succeed to the vacancy caused by the promotion of Mr. Bell,

Rev. W. D. Buckner, Pine Bluff, has been appointed. The other member of the committee is W. E. Daniel, Yazoo City, Miss.

REUNION MINUTES, 1905.

It is a pleasure to announce the issuance of the *Minutes* of the tenth annual reunion of the Confederation, held at Louisville June 14-16, 1905. It is a substantial octavo pamphlet of ninety-six pages. It contains in full the proceedings of the convention, copies of all orders and circulars issued by N. R. Tisdal, Commander in Chief, 1904-05, and a complete list of Camps, Nos. 1-517, 1896-1905. Reports of the Adjutant General and of the historical and monument committees appear at length. Committee reports have already been summarized in this department for July. An examination of the Camp list shows thirty-six Camps chartered by Commander in Chief Tisdal for the year June 16, 1904, to June 16, 1905. One of the most noticeable, and at the same time depressing, features of the pamphlet is the very large number of Camps which are in arrears for dues. While the publication did not appear as soon as planned by Commander in Chief Tisdal and his efficient Adjutant General, I. J. Stockett, they deserve the thanks of the Confederation for their promptness. The report of the Historical Committee, H. D. Wade, Chairman, was issued in separate form, octavo, pp. 11.

NEW CAMPS.

Much interest is being aroused all over the South in the matter of the organization of new Camps. The Veterans, the members of the Memorial Associations, and the Daughters of the Confederacy are fully aroused to the importance of Camp extension. By the next general Reunion it is hoped that an unusually large number will be added to our rolls.

The following have been chartered since the last number—viz.:

No. 528, Norcross, Norcross, Ga., October 7, nineteen members; Dr. W. P. Walker, Commandant; D. K. Johnston, Adjutant.

No. 529, Phil Peareson, Bay City, Tex., October 31, twenty members; W. S. Holman, Commandant; Frank Hawkins, Adjutant.

No. 530, William I. Clopton, Manchester, Va., November 7, seventeen members; Clarence Naiden, Commandant; F. Stanley Hall, Adjutant.

DIVISION REUNIONS.

It is now definitely known that there will be no reunions this fall or winter in the West Virginia, Maryland, North Carolina, and South Carolina Divisions. It is most deplorable that the Sons in these Divisions should not be sufficiently aroused to the importance of their heritage to come together at least once in each year for conference, mutual acquaintance, the discussion of plans, etc.

The gratifying news comes to us that the Veterans of Louisiana will hold a reunion in New Orleans in December this year or January next year. This will give the Louisiana Division of the Sons their coveted opportunity to get together. If in January, which is most likely, the meeting will be held on the 17th and 18th of that month.

Particular attention is drawn to the full reports of the reunions of the Virginia and Georgia Divisions below.

Reunion of the Virginia Division.

The annual meeting of the Virginia Division, U. S. C. V., was held in the city of Petersburg, Va., October 25-27, 1905

Division Commander E. Lee Trinkle, of Wytheville, Va., presided over the meetings, with William W. Old, Jr., of Norfolk, Va., acting as Adjutant in the absence of J. M. Kelley, Division Adjutant.

The report of the Committee on Credentials showed that seventeen Camps were represented in person, Pritchett-Salmon Camp, No. 410, Stony Point, Va., having ten members in attendance. These comrades came from the far-away Blue Ridge to Tidewater Virginia to show their patriotic zeal and enthusiasm. This meeting can, therefore, be considered the "red-letter one" in the history of the Division. With the "Crater" in the near distance, and having been welcomed with a hospitality second to none in Virginia, what more could add to the occasion?

The meetings were very harmonious, and a large amount of business was transacted. An amendment to the constitution, increasing the *per capita* tax to the Virginia Division from five cents to fifteen cents, was passed by the necessary two-thirds vote, but only after a long and interesting debate, participated in by a large number of comrades. This amendment was offered for the purpose of raising funds so that each Camp in the State can within the next year receive an official visit from the Division Commander or Brigade Commanders. In no better way can the organization be kept up, and such an amendment was deemed almost necessary. This is a step forward, and may it prove wise and beneficial!

The memorial to be erected to the Women of the Confederacy was again indorsed, and a resolution was passed, urging each Camp to contribute, before June 1, 1906, at least one dollar *per capita* to said fund.

The election of officers resulted as follows:

Division Commander, William W. Old, Jr., Pickett-Buchanan Camp, No. 9, Norfolk, Va.

Commander of the First Brigade, James P. Banks, A. P. Hill Camp, No. 167, Petersburg, Va.

Commander of the Second Brigade, John B. Lightfoot, Jr., R. E. Lee Camp, No. 1, Richmond, Va.

Following the reunion, Division Commander Old has taken up his work in characteristically vigorous fashion. In General Order No. 1, November 20, he announces his staff as follows:

T. S. Garnett, Jr., Division Adjutant and Chief of Staff, Norfolk

W. H. Hurkamp, Division Inspector, Fredericksburg.

Allan D. Jones, Division Quartermaster, Newport News.

Dr. Joseph Grice, Division Surgeon, Portsmouth.

Clarence M. Trinkle, Division Commissary, Wytheville.

Rev. C. E. Woodson, Division Chaplain, Norfolk.

Aubrey E. Strobe, Division Judge Advocate, Lynchburg.

James F. Tatem, Asst. Division Adjutant, Berkley.

Rev. R. W. Barnwell, Asst. Division Chaplain, Petersburg.

E. V. Thomason, Asst. Division Judge Advocate, Richmond.

Assistant Division Inspectors: O. L. Harris, Fredericksburg; J. Paul Woodhouse, Princess Anne C. H.; R. M. Glenn, Richmond; Clarence Vaiden, Manchester; S. D. Rodgers, Petersburg; W. C. Hurt, Danville; R. C. Blackford, Lynchburg; Charles E. Edwards, Stony Point; Paul W. Garrett, Leesburg; M. P. Farrier, Pearisburg; H. T. Taliaferro, Hot Springs; R. B. Harrison, Amherst

Reunion of the Georgia Division.

In obedience to General Order No. 4, of date September 15, 1905, the annual reunion of the Georgia Division was held at Macon on November 8 and 9. The detailed proceedings

appear below. W. L. Williams, the new Division Commander, is full of enthusiasm, and he promises a good year's work. The work of Francis E. Lanier, Division Adjutant under Commander Charles G. Edwards, cannot be too highly commended. The Sons joined in the great parade, and at one of the evening sessions Hon. S. A. Crump, of the local Camp of Sons, presided over a meeting which was addressed by Miss Elizabeth Lumpkin. The name of the new Division Adjutant is W. W. Solomon.

Detailed proceedings follow:

HEADQUARTERS GEORGIA DIVISION, U. S. C. V.,

MACON, GA., November 8, 1905.

The regular annual reunion of the Georgia Division, U. S. C. V., was held in Macon, Ga., November 8, 1905. The reunion was called to order by Comrade W. A. McKenna, Commander of Thomas Hardeman Camp, No. 18, Macon, Ga., who in a few but appropriate words extended a warm welcome to the visiting comrades. Comrade Francis E. Lanier, Division Adjutant and Chief of Staff of the Georgia Division, assumed the chair in the unavoidable absence of Comrade Charles G. Edwards, Division Commander, Comrade W. W. Solomon acting as Adjutant.

A motion was made and carried that, on account of the fact that so few Sons were present, a recess of ten minutes be had for the purpose of obtaining the presence of others. On the reconvening, a letter was read from Division Commander Charles G. Edwards explaining his absence. The Acting Adjutant read the report of the Division Adjutant. On motion, the report was adopted. On motion, it was resolved that the rules be suspended, the Credential Committee be waived, and every Son in the hall be extended the privileges of the meeting, provided he is a member of some Camp.

Gen. C. Irvine Walker made a brief but admirable address in behalf of the monument to the Women of the Confederacy. On motion, by a rising vote the thanks of the convention were extended to Gen. Walker for his splendid and helpful words of encouragement and cheer.

Comrade John L. Hardeman, of the local Camp, spoke feelingly of the cause for which his father fought, and urged the Sons to preserve the memories of the cause and to press forward in the work of building the monument.

Upon the roll call, the Camps were represented as follows: Thomas Hardeman Camp, No. 18, Macon, Ga., W. A. McKenna, Commander; John B. Gordon Camp, No. 46, Atlanta, Ga., W. F. Parkhurst, Commander; Francis S. Bartow Camp, No. 93, Savannah, Ga., W. L. Landersine; Floyd Camp, No. 469, Rome, Ga., C. C. Harper and R. B. Harris, Jr., Adjutant; William S. Sheppard Camp, No. 465, Columbus, Ga., W. Cecil Neill. In addition, a number of Sons were present not members or delegates.

No reports were received from the various staff officers.

General Order No. 5, of date November 2, 1905, appointing Miss Eula Willingham, of Macon, Ga., sponsor for the reunion and designating Division headquarters, was read for the information of comrades. Miss Eula Willingham, Sponsor, and Misses Katherine McGregor, Odille King, and Rose Crutchfield were introduced to the comrades present.

On motion, a committee composed of W. F. Parkhurst, Chairman, C. C. Harper, and W. C. Neill was appointed to draft a resolution proposing an amendment to the General Constitution of the U. S. C. V. The committee reported the following resolution, which was adopted:

"Be it resolved by the Georgia Division, U. S. C. V., in convention duly and regularly assembled in Macon, Ga., in

1905, that the Adjutant General of the U. S. C. V. is hereby requested, in pursuance of Article XX., Section 108, of the Constitution of the U. S. C. V., to at once send to each Camp of said U. S. C. V. the following, being a proposed change to the Constitution of the U. S. C. V., said change to be acted upon at the next general reunion U. S. C. V. Now be it resolved by the U. S. C. V. that Section 18 of Article V. of the General Constitution governing the U. S. C. V. be, and is hereby, amended as follows by adding at the end of said section the following words, 'Except the Commander in Chief, who shall be elected for the term of two years and who shall be eligible for reelection,' so that said section as amended shall read as follows: 'All officers shall be elected or appointed for one year, and until their successors assume command, except the Commander in Chief, who shall be elected for the term of two years and who shall be eligible for reelection.'"

On motion, the convention was adjourned until 3 P.M.

Afternoon Session.

On motion, it was resolved that the officers of the Division gather and prepare as best they can the minutes of previous meetings of the Division.

W. A. McKenna, Chairman of the Committee on Constitution and By-Laws, read the report of that committee. The same was considered by sections and unanimously adopted.

W. Lamar Williams was elected Commander of the Georgia Division, U. S. C. V. In a beautiful speech of acceptance Comrade Williams accepted the gavel from Acting Division Commander Francis E. Lanier. Comrade W. W. Solomon was announced by the new Commander as Division Adjutant and Chief of Staff.

A resolution was adopted, extending the thanks of the Division to Charles G. Edwards and Francis E. Lanier for their efficient and faithful services as Commander and Adjutant of the Division.

A resolution was adopted, extending the thanks of the Division to Thomas Hardeman Camp, No. 18, and the city of Macon for the many courtesies extended during the reunion.

On motion, the convention adjourned.

W. W. SOLOMON, *Division Adjutant.*

CAMPS OF THE CONFEDERATION, THEIR POWERS, DUTIES, AND ACTIVITIES.

The following important circular is given in full because of the very great importance of the subjects treated. It should be read at length before every Camp in the Confederation and an earnest endeavor made to put its suggestions into effect:

HEADQUARTERS UNITED SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
MONTGOMERY, ALA., November 1, 1905.

CIRCULAR, No. 3.

Comrades: The most important of the several constituted bodies of the Confederation are the Camps. They are supreme in their operations and in their methods of work, subject to a few limitations in the General Constitution. The various objects and purposes for which the organization exists are to be worked out by and through Camps and their members. Holding this pivotal position, they should be strong and effective agencies for good. In order to assist Camps and those contemplating the organization of new ones in doing well the tasks appointed, this circular of information is issued. If they really desire to *accomplish something*, the suggestions here made will be helpful.

MEETINGS.

It is very important that stated meetings of the Camp be held at least once in each month. These are necessary to maintain interest and to afford a formal and regular opportunity for the coming together of members for work and "to cultivate the ties of friendship that should exist among those whose ancestors have shared common dangers, sufferings, and privations." From the very moment of organization plans should be arranged for regular meetings, which should be taken earnestly and seriously, and all members should as far as possible be required to attend. Not less than eight meetings should be held in one year or one for each month, excepting the summer season. Good work can be accomplished by such an arrangement, although much more can be done if more frequent meetings are held.

In addition to the foregoing, for the transaction of urgent and important business special meetings can and should be held. Most Camp constitutions make provision for an anniversary meeting. This meeting, usually public, can be made of extreme interest. The United Confederate Veterans, Ladies' Memorial Association, and the United Daughters of the Confederacy should be asked to assist, or the Sons should unite with these organizations in the anniversary meetings of the latter.

If no public hall or place of meeting is easily available, the meetings may be held in the homes of members, giving to them something of the form of the social or literary club.

Combined with other exercises may be mingled social features, according to local inclination, such as Confederate songs, Confederate recitations, light refreshments, etc.

CAMP OFFICIALS.

The positions of Camp officials are of great importance, and only interested and willing workers should be elected or appointed. It often happens that a Camp fails altogether in making satisfactory progress, owing to the mistake of electing incompetent officers or those who are indifferent to the work. Great care should be exercised in the selection, and changes should be made without hesitation where necessary.

Particular attention is here directed to the office of Camp Historian. His opportunity for usefulness is greater than that of any other member of his Camp. While other officials are charged with purely administrative duties, he is concerned with the great facts and events going to make up the history of the war.

It is his duty to aid the Division Commander and the Division Historical Committee by encouraging the preparation by participants therein of accounts, narratives, memoirs, histories of battles, episodes, and other occurrences of the war. He is to gather authentic data, statistics, documents, reports, plans, maps, and other materials for an impartial history of the Confederate side, and to collect and preserve war relics and mementos, such as uniforms, arms, and equipment.

Only some comrade who is willing to labor with zeal should be chosen Camp Historian. It is expected that he will carefully observe the foregoing duties, and will promptly transmit copies of all materials as well as relics and mementos to the Commander in Chief for preservation. He is also expected to assist the General Historical Committee.

CAMP ACTIVITIES.

The work of the Confederation is to be planned at meetings of Camps, and is to be carried out or accomplished by Camp officials, committees, and members. The activities of

Camps in a general way may be said to embrace the entire objects and purposes of the organization. Some detailed suggestions follow:

General.

The first duty of a Camp should be to perfect a sound and healthy association, careful attention should be given to the adoption of a constitution and the selection of officials, and every eligible and worthy Son in its vicinity should be induced to become a member.

The most jealous care should be exercised in the preservation of Camp proceedings and records, of the individual records of members and their ancestors, and of the historical data and materials collected.

Cheerful and prompt assistance should be rendered all general officers and committees in the performance of their duties.

Coöperation with the Veterans.

Sons of Confederate Veterans should ever be mindful of their heritage. They should on all occasions honor him from whom they derive their right to their proud title. The Veterans have encouraged our work with a full realization that after they are "called up higher" their "cause" must find in us its opportunity for historic perpetuation. Sons should frequently attend the meetings of the Veterans, and should participate with them in joint session on all commemorative occasions or in Memorial Day exercises, as indicated above. They should honor themselves by having one or more Veterans present at their meetings.

Permanent Headquarters.

All Camps should as soon as possible provide permanent headquarters. In many cases arrangements can be made with the Veterans and other local patriotic organizations whereby all can use the same hall. Decorations and other evidences of interest should be provided.

In a certain sense a Camp is to be regarded as a local historical society, and as such it should either accumulate funds for the erection or purchase of a building or should unite with other organizations as indicated. It might also unite with the local, public, or school library in securing quarters. In this way a Camp will come to be a *permanent and useful factor* in the community.

Historical Work.

The Confederation is primarily a historical organization. Therefore all are urged to cultivate an interest in the history of the Confederacy and the great struggle unequally waged for four long and weary years. It should be the endeavor of Camps, officers, and members (as provided in Sections 5 and 6 of the General Constitution):

"To encourage the writing by participants therein of accounts, narratives, memoirs, histories of battles, episodes, and occurrences of the War between the States.

"To gather authentic data, statistics, documents, reports, plans, maps, and other material for an impartial history of the Confederate side; to collect and preserve relics and mementos of the war; to make and perpetuate a record of the service of every member of the United Confederate Veterans and all other living Confederate Veterans and, as far as possible, of their comrades who have preceded them into eternity."

Members should find a pleasure in carefully preparing the military records of their fathers or other ancestors. Copies should be filed with their applications for permanent preservation.

Veterans should be asked to prepare historical papers and to join in the effort of the Sons to preserve their records and history.

Relief.

The Confederate Veterans are rapidly passing away. Of those that survive, many are in poverty and want. Through a relief committee aid should be speedily extended to these unfortunate old heroes as well as to the widows and orphans of those who have passed away. Public opinion favorable to an increase of pensions and a better support of Soldiers' Homes should be cultivated, and practical benevolence of all forms should be encouraged.

Monuments.

Camps are expected to assist in all worthy monument efforts by whomsoever undertaken, whether by the Confederation or by the Division in which located or by the Veterans, Memorial Associations, or the Daughters of the Confederacy.

All places or scenes in the vicinity of the Camp made historic by association with some event in Confederate history should be located and identified, and where practicable they should be permanently marked by a tablet or otherwise.

Graves of Confederate soldiers in the vicinity of the Camp heretofore unmarked should be marked by suitable headstones.

Sympathetic response should be made to all appeals for aid in behalf of the memorial to the Women of the Confederacy. As a specific work, the Confederation, at its Reunion in May, 1899, pledged itself to the erection of a memorial to the noble and heroic women of the Confederacy. This task ought to be speedily concluded, and in its consummation every Son of a Confederate Veteran who values his heritage should have a part in its building.

SUBJECTS FOR STUDY.

Methods and plans will vary according to the character and zeal of members. Rules cannot be framed to meet the several contingencies which may arise, and a few suggestions only will be made. The importance of regular meetings has already been dwelt upon, but it is again insisted that no permanent advance can be made without them. At meetings the objects of the organization must be often discussed, and business must be kept up with care. Committees and members to whom work has been assigned must be held to strict performance, not as a burden, but because it is proper to do so and because of the moral effect of strict accountability.

The historical feature must be constantly emphasized by suitable literary programmes. No regular meeting should pass without a historical paper each by a Veteran and a member. The former will usually indulge in reminiscence. What is done by the latter should be a part of a general plan. Each Camp should carefully prepare a course of study in advance for the year. This course may be devoted in part to original or independent investigation and in part to a series of general studies in the war. To some of the stronger members should be assigned the task of working up hitherto unexploited subjects with a view to contributing thereby to the general fund of accumulated materials, and thus carrying out our proposed objects. The discussion in any case may be as general or as detailed as desired. The results of original investigations the local press will always be glad to secure for publication. Whether published or unpublished, copies should by all means be placed in the hands of the Camp Historian.

The Camps have a splendid opportunity to do such historical work. The local field is practically unworked, very few Brigades or smaller organizations have separately compiled histories, incidents peculiar to localities have not been collected and recorded, and hundreds of individual incidents of heroism are perishing with the passing away of the Veterans. Some hints as to subjects for original work are given: "The County of — in the War," "The History of the — Regiment, C. S. A.," "The History of Company —, — Regiment, C. S. A.," "The Campaign of — through —," "The Personal Adventures of — in Wheeler's Cavalry," "Heroic Conduct of — in the Valley Campaign," "Employments of Southern Boys too Young for Army Service," "Wild Game in the South During the War," etc.

Some topics of a general character are: "Causes of the War," "The Formation of the Confederate States Government," "Civil Government of the Confederate States," "Early Campaigns of the War," "Jackson's Valley Campaign," "Richmond," "Shiloh," "Vicksburg," "Kentucky Campaigns," "Chickamauga," "Atlanta Campaign," "War on the Border," "Military Leaders," "Home Life," "Women of the South During the War," etc. These subjects admit of treatment as a whole or may be subdivided, so that an entire season's work may be devoted to but one.

The aim of all investigation should be to ascertain the truth.

HISTORIES.

In the brief space of a paragraph of a short circular only a few general suggestions can be made in reference to source and other materials for the history of the war and related subjects. At the outset all Camps are advised to collect a library of Confederate literature. This should embrace, as far as possible, *everything* bearing even remotely on the war. Particular effort should be directed to securing all local material or material relating to troops or affairs from the State or locality in which the Camp is situated. The collections should be carefully preserved by the Camp Historian, and may

be deposited in the town library. Members ought to become thoroughly familiar with all of the books, and they should also be made to do their individual parts in building up the collection. Such a library should by all means contain sets of "Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies," one hundred and thirty volumes; "Official Records of the Union and Confederate Navies," nineteen volumes; "Confederate Military History" (1899), twelve volumes; "Confederate Veteran" (1893-1905), thirteen volumes; and the Southern Historical Society "Papers" (1876-1905), thirty-three volumes. In almost every community partial sets of these valuable publications are to be found, and they should be speedily gathered before too late. No general lists of Confederate publications will be here attempted.

In many cases members will wish to add a Confederate section to their private libraries. The volume of available material now in print is comparatively small, so that practically everything of importance could with advantage be taken. As of primary value, however, the periodicals named in the preceding paragraph and general works or collections should first be secured. Among the latter may be mentioned: George Lunt's "Origin of the Late War" (1866); Jefferson Davis's "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government" (D. Appleton & Co., New York, 1881), two volumes; Alexander H. Stephens's "Constitutional View of the Late War between the States" (1868, 1870), two volumes; Dr. J. L. M. Curry's "Southern States of the American Union" (B. F. Johnson Publishing Company, Richmond, Va., 1895) and "Civil History of the Government of the Confederate States" (*Ibid.*, 1901); Jefferson Davis's "Short History of the Confederate States of America" (Belford Company, New York, 1890); and James D. Richardson's "Compilation of the Messages and Papers of the Confederacy, including the Diplomatic Correspondence, 1861-65" (Nashville, 1905), two volumes.

The Commander in Chief very earnestly desires to cooperate in every way with Camps and members, and to that end he will welcome correspondence and inquiries.

THOMAS M. OWEN, *Commander in Chief.*

Official:

WILL T. SHEEHAN, *Adj. Gen. and Chief of Staff.*



WILL T. SHEEHAN, ADJT. GEN. U. S. C. V.

CALIFORNIA PRESIDENT UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.—Mrs. Victor Montgomery is the State President of the California Division, U. D. C. She is a native of Texas, and her husband is from Nashville, Tenn. Their daughter, Miss Gertrude Montgomery, was sponsor for the California Brigade at Louisville. (See picture on first inside page, August VETERAN.) Mr. Montgomery first was with the Confederate Rangers, Company A, of Saunders's Battalion, Armstrong's Brigade, but the last two years of the war he served with the Henderson Scouts, Gen. Forrest's headquarters scouts. He was paroled at Gainesville, Ala., in May, 1865, and has been practicing law in Southern California for the past thirty years. They reside at Santa Ana, Cal.

J. M. Polk, a comrade in the Confederate Home at Austin, Tex., has put in pamphlet form his "Memories" of experiences during the War between the States, with an addition of "Ten Years in South America." He was a member of Hood's Texas Brigade, and had the experiences without a doubt. Those who served with him, and many others as well, would doubtless find much in this pamphlet that would interest and amuse. Price, twenty-five cents. Address the author.

DAVID O. DODD.

The Memorial Chapter, U. D. C., of Little Rock, held a service in that city November 10, the birthday of David Dodd. Crosses of honor were distributed to a number of Veterans. The address of the occasion, on David O. Dodd, was delivered by Hon. Roy D. Campbell, who paid a marked tribute to that "boy hero of the Confederacy." From a scrap-book owned by Capt. W. M. Watkins, of Little Rock, extracts from a newspaper published in Memphis soon after the execution of young Dodd were read:

"On a frosty day of December, 1863, a youth of eighteen summers, beardless, well-dressed, with eyes large and dark, and hair dark and flowing, passed the cavalry outpost, eight miles on the road leading from Little Rock to Benton, going on foot out of the Federal lines, and handed a pass, duly signed by the provost marshal, to the vidette on duty, who was stationed some three hundred yards beyond the fork of the Benton and Hot Springs road. Neither his manner nor appearance excited suspicion, and he passed without observation. Soon after, however, the same traveler was brought to the picket post by the vidette on the Hot Springs road, as having attempted to go out on that road without a pass, and stating that he had already given his pass to the vidette on the Benton road.

"The youth, it seems, had attempted to go from one road to the other after passing the vidette on the first road, and had, fatally for him, wandered in behind the vidette on the other. The circumstance led to inquiry and examination. He was found in possession of letters that were contraband and a blank book containing matter written in cipher. A translation showed this to be an accurate and complete description of the plan of the Federal defenses at Little Rock, with numbers and situation of the troops, their kind, and several commanders.

"The bearer of this valuable intelligence was the son of a highly respectable citizen of Saline County, an only son, who had been a student at St. John's College at the commencement of hostilities. His parents and his sisters, upon the evacuation of Little Rock by the Confederate authorities, had abandoned their home in Saline County and sought the protection of the Southern army. Young Dodd had associated himself with the army irregularly, being under age. Intelligent, reliable, and brave, he was the favorite of his superiors, who had frequently intrusted him with important orders. But lately he had quit the Confederate lines, and had been employed as a clerk in Little Rock.

"A searching investigation made it apparent that the information could not have been obtained by the bearer of the papers. It was evident that he had accomplices—more than one, necessarily—and that they were those who, by relations of confidence, had access to records and sources of knowledge which indicated a startling treachery that it was of the greatest importance to expose. But their confidence, whoever they were, had been well reposed. By no word or intimation could this faithful repository of a secret so important, so terrible to those involved, be induced to divulge it. The certain death that awaited him, according to all the usages of war, failed to terrify; the promise of pardon, which the Federal commander repeatedly offered under safe conveyance out of the country, had no influence to tempt him. He remained calmly resolute never to betray the friends of himself and the cause he espoused, who had trusted him, and enduring his cold cell with patient resignation to his fate.

"He was tried by a military commission in Little Rock, condemned, and suffered death on the 8th of January, 1864. The morning of his execution he wrote this affecting letter:

"MILITARY PRISON, LITTLE ROCK, JAN. 8, 1864, 10 A.M.

"My Dear Parents and Sisters: I was arrested as a spy and tried and sentenced to be hanged to-day at three o'clock. The time is fast approaching, but, thank God! I am prepared to die. I expect to meet you all in heaven. I will soon be out of this world of sorrow and trouble. I would like to see you all before I die, but let God's will be done, not ours. I pray to God to give you strength to bear your troubles while in this world. I hope God will receive you in heaven. There I will meet you.

"Mother, I know it will be hard for you to give up your only son, but you must remember that it is God's will. Good-by. God will give you strength to bear your trouble. I pray that we may meet in heaven. Good-by. God bless you all. Your son and brother,
DAVID O. DODD."

In concluding his remarks, Mr. Campbell said:

"The history of the War between the States presents no more tragic incident than the execution of this boy. As I have thought of this, I have asked myself the question: 'What manner of man was he who could permit the execution of a mere child almost at the close of the war, at least at a time when the end could be seen?' From a history of Central Arkansas it is stated that Gen. Steele after taking possession of Little Rock did all in his power to lessen the sufferings of the citizens, and by so doing won the highest esteem of both friends and enemies, and that even officers of the Confederate army spoke of him in the highest terms of respect. This seems to have been the reputation that Gen. Steele established in all places where he was in command.

"In speaking of the execution of Dodd with Mrs. McAlmont, of Little Rock, on Tuesday last I learned that she made a personal appeal to Gen. Steele, and she says that the General seemed as deeply grieved as she, and said that he could do nothing. He seemed to regret the fact that the rules and regulations of war, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, could not be broken and were to be obeyed in letter and in spirit. Mrs. McAlmont, in fact, doubted exceedingly whether Gen. Steele had offered conditionally to give Dodd his liberty. I have talked with a number of veterans who seemed to have some knowledge of this affair, and all agree and insist that an offer of pardon was made to David Dodd. Then, too, I find that Mr. Hempstead, in his history of Arkansas, in commenting upon this matter, says that 'a strong appeal was made to Gen. Steele in his behalf on account of his extreme youth, but the officer was inexorable.'

"It occurs to me that if indeed Gen. Steele was powerless to have interfered with and prevented the execution of Dodd no appeal would ever have been made to him. I take it, therefore, that such a promise was held out to him; and his last words, 'I have no disclosures to make; hurry up your execution,' will go down through the ages while time shall last, his fame will be heralded to coming generations, and his praises sung while men love liberty and value true patriotism.

"You will search history in vain for a grander, a more perfect patriot. You will search it in vain for an incident more pathetic, yet more beautiful and sublime. You will find but one parallel of man tempted and temptation resisted. With no irreverence I declare that, standing by the side of the Saviour, resisting Satan upon the high mountain, stands David O. Dodd, resisting Gen. Steele upon the scaffold."

The sublime courage of David O. Dodd and Sam Davis in vindicating the principles of integrity and honor cannot be told too frequently. A life-size statue of Dodd should be erected to his memory in the capitol at Little Rock by the State of Arkansas.

RETURN OF CONFEDERATE BATTLE FLAGS.

BY JOHN J. HOOD, MERIDIAN, MISS.

There is a world of meaning in the fact that the United States government has at last returned the captured battle flags to the Confederate commonwealth whose sons bore the standards so valiantly through the leaden hail of war. This is the most delicate, the most graceful, and the highest possible courtesy that has been extended the South by her victorious and heroic foe. In it is compassed the highest sentiment known to a great Christian people.

To give back to the keeping of the States the sacred flags borne on the great fields of strife in that unhappy contest, fields of carnage that will stand forever as monuments to the chivalry of America's manhood, brings with the offering the most sublime sentiment known to man and makes a memorable era in the future of our people. It carries with it a striking spirit of effort at full reconciliation, and displays a sentiment of confidence at once eloquent, touching, and pregnant with noble meaning. It shows appreciation of the chivalry and honor of the South's great heroes, a high regard for their past patriotism, and finally full confidence in their loyalty to the old government. It is placing in their hands practically the heirlooms of the great contention, which are sacred to them, which are as dear to the veterans of the South as the souvenirs we prize and cherish in our homes that once belonged to our dear ones who have passed away!

There could not have been a more gracious offering to the South from the North, nor one that brings with it such a wealth of rare and ennobled sentiment. They are sent back to us to emphasize the respect that victors have for defeated valor and the refined appreciation they have for the tender, holy memories that are sacred to us. This would seem to be the consummate white flower of a perfect peace and the crowning of a period of heroism, sacrifice, and honor that shall richly illuminate the annals of war and stand in history a marvel of achievement and glory.

To the South her record is all that remains: a proud inheritance to her sons and daughters and a high inspiration to the admiring world. These flags, with tongues of flame, voice the story of her achievement. They are sacred to her, for now they are holy, "holy because they were planted amid the whirlwind of shot and shell upon many a victorious battlement by the Southern troops before they were 'furled forever;' holy because the men who fought with Lee and Jackson, with Johnston and Beauregard, with Johnston and Hood, with Forrest and Stuart wreathed them around with glory"—holy because they were once the banners of soldiers who rode into the presence of their Maker with not one blot upon their knightly shields; holy because they moved steady upon the crested front of the billows of death at the command of their great leaders.

THE DEATH OF GEN. BEN. McCULLOCH.

BY J. M. BAILEY, WARREN, ARK.

I was color bearer of the Sixteenth Arkansas Infantry (Col. J. F. Hill commander) at the battle of Elkhorn, or Pea Ridge, Ark., March 7 and 8, 1862. The forces of Gens. McCulloch and Price, under Gen. Van Dorn, on the morning of March 6 made an attack on the Federal position at Pea Ridge. The attack was made from the north and northwest, McCulloch commanding the right wing of the Confederate forces. Early in the engagement of the first day Gen. McCulloch was killed, which in all probability lost the battle to us.

As I have never seen any account of the immediate circumstances connected with the death of Gen. McCulloch, I will state what came under my observation. So far as I could see, my regiment, the Sixteenth Arkansas, formed the extreme right of the infantry under Gen. McCulloch. After some skirmishing and a charge of mounted men to our right, in which a Federal battery was captured, the infantry moved forward in line of battle, halting in some timbered land about one hundred yards north of a field some four hundred yards across, but which was of much greater length, lying east and west. From this position we could get glimpses of the enemy's artillery and infantry on the opposite side of the field, and received several rounds of grape and canister. This position we occupied only a few minutes, when Gen. McCulloch came riding along, unattended, in front of our line, passing from left to right. He spoke a few words in passing, but I do not now recall what he said. When near the right of the regiment, he ordered two companies forward as skirmishers, and rode on alone into some thick woods to our right. He was carrying, as was his custom, a short breech-loading rifle and his field glass. A few moments after he passed out of sight the regiment was ordered by the right flank to a position some two hundred yards to our right; then "forward, right oblique" through thick woods to the fence on the north side of the field above referred to, driving a heavy skirmish line before us.

Col. Hill, in passing, ordered me to lower the flag, as it showed above the tops of the bushes and was drawing a heavy artillery fire from the enemy. Feeling at liberty then to leave my position, I passed along the line to the right of the regiment (where my brother, Lieut. W. W. Bailey, was commanding the company to which I belonged) to see what loss the men of my own company sustained. When near the right of the regiment, young Jones, of my old company, some forty yards to the right, called to me, saying: "Come here. Here is Gen. McCulloch." His body was lying in some thick woods, full length on his back, with a bullet hole showing plainly in the right breast of his coat.

I recall vividly the quiet, peaceful expression his face bore in death. A bit of white cotton patching, powder-stained with a hole in the center, such as was used in the make-up of cartridges for the Mississippi rifle, was sticking in the hole made by the bullet in his coat. This, taken in connection with the fact that some of the Federals we killed and wounded near the fence were armed with Mississippi rifles, showed conclusively that he had been killed by one of the Federal sharpshooters posted behind the fence not over forty yards away. His horse, gun, field glass, and watch were gone.

I reported to Lieut. Pixley, adjutant of the regiment, who was standing a short distance away. He took off his overcoat and threw it over the body of the General, covering his face with the cape, saying: "We must not let the men know that Gen. McCulloch is killed." About this time Col. Rector's Regiment of Arkansas Infantry passed, going to our right. To the inquiry of some of the officers as to who was killed, Lieut. Pixley answered, "An orderly sergeant." A detail of four men from my company carried the body to the rear, and it was later sent to Texas for burial.

Gen. McCulloch evidently started to the field to reconnoiter the enemy's position, and rode up on their line of sharpshooters. Whether he had dismounted or was killed from his horse, I never knew. And thus "one of the most gallant leaders of the Confederacy had fought his last battle."

GEN. J. B. HOOD AND CHICKAMAUGA.

Col. J. Stoddard Johnston, Louisville, writes of Gen. Hood:

"In the spring of 1852, while a member of the junior class at Yale, I visited West Point Academy to see a former school-mate, then a cadet in his third year. While there but for a day and night, I met a number of his classmates, and among them John B. Hood, of Kentucky (afterwards General, C. S. A.); Phil H. Sheridan and John M. Schofield, later of the Federal Army, both of whom became lieutenant generals, commanding the army after the war, the latter alone surviving.

"A year later, upon graduating, I returned to Kentucky, and on the train, shortly after leaving New York, I met Hood, and we made the trip together, cementing a warm friendship. I did not see him again for ten years, until we met on the battlefield of Chickamauga. I was a member of the staff of Gen. S. B. Buckner, and early in the morning of September 19, 1905, upon the forty-second anniversary of which I chance to be writing this, crossed the Chickamauga with him, transferring his division to the west side, and was present at his conference with Gen. Bragg and other officers. Among them I was glad to meet Gen. Hood, who had arrived the night before from Richmond with Longstreet's Corps, one of whose divisions he commanded. Our meeting was cordial but brief, for while talking with him a heavy fusillade of musketry opened on the right, which proved the beginning of the two days' battle. There was hasty riding each to his post. The alignment of battle for the day placed Buckner's Division on the left, his left division, Preston's resting near Lee and Gordon's Mills, and his right, A. P. Stewart's, was next to Hood's Division, which was on our right, the line being nearly parallel with the Crawfish Springs road and a short distance west, Rosecrans's line being parallel and not far distant, but concealed, owing to the thickly wooded country.

"There was no decisive fighting on the 19th, it being confined chiefly to the right of our division. I met Gen. Hood, and, finding that his wagons had not come up, I invited him to our bivouac, and he accepted. The entertainment at Gen. Buckner's mess was an informal one, but the evening passed pleasantly. Gen. Hood, whose command for a time had been engaged, said the Western Federal troops fought better and more stubbornly than those they were used to in Virginia, but he was confident that on the morrow we would win a victory. In due course of time, we retired for the night.

"We had no camp equipage, and bivouacked in a leafy fence corner, he (Gen. Hood) sharing my blanket. Next morning we left after a hasty breakfast, and before night his prediction was verified. He discovered during the day a gap in Rosecrans's line caused by the transfer of troops to the right, to reinforce Thomas, and of his own initiative drove a wedge in it with his division, which was followed by Buckner, and resulted in the defeat of Rosecrans and the withdrawal of his army into Chattanooga. It was in this assault, led by Hood, that he lost his leg.

"I never afterwards met him, but have always held him in great admiration for his merit as a soldier and his engaging qualities as a gentleman."

MEMORIES OF A CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

BY ALBERT GREENWOOD, HILLSBORO, UPPER VILLAGE. N. H.

As life's evening shadows lengthen and our hearts are beating slow,

We grow weary of its burdens and its strife;

Our memories turn backward to the scenes of long ago,
And we live again the morning hours of life.

There are voices, full of music, that are soft and sweet and clear,

And that sing to us no matter where we roam;
And they play upon our heartstrings with each swift-recurring year—

They are memories of childhood and of home.

There's a breath of wondrous fragrance in the balmy summer breeze,

Where the sunlight in the morning used to play,
When the blossoms were unfolding on the dark magnolia trees,

In our memories of boyhood, far away.

There is music that will haunt us till the day of life is o'er
And our spirits wander out across the strand,
Though often it was mingled with the cannon's sullen roar—
'Tis the music of our own fair "Dixie Land."

There's a song we all remember of some dreadful battle day,
When our colors from the mountain tops were flung;
How it quickened every footstep in the charging line of gray!
'Twas the anthem that the Yankee bullets sung.

There's a sound that comes in echoes from the shades of long ago,

In its thunder have our foemen heard their knell;
With it the hills resounded ere we struck the deadly blow—
'Tis the famous, dreaded Southern "Rebel yell."

There are places dark with sorrow, yet to every soldier known,
Where a conflict in its rage and fury rolled;

There some loved and loving comrade gave forth his dying groan,
When the number of his battle days were told.

There are wailing cries of anguish that linger with us yet,
When the smoke and dust of battle rolled away,
And a sister or a sweetheart (would to God we could forget!)

Found her loved one lying dead among the gray.

The clouds are dark around us, and our eyes are full of tears
When the visions of those days pass in review,

And we see lads we buried who marched with us for years,
The bravest men a nation ever knew.

The soldier's face yet blanches, and there's iron in his soul,
When memory takes him backward o'er life's sea,

To his final answer, "Here," at the calling of the roll
On the morning that we bade farewell to Lee.

Let me take your hand, my comrade, for our battle days are gone,

And our hair is like the ocean's driven spray;
Let us proudly march together till the great, eternal dawn,
When, once more, we hope to mingle with the gray.

We hail the starry banner, our children wear the blue,

And no man doubts our loyalty to-day;
But we'll step to Dixie music till the march of life is through;
Then we'll sleep within our tattered coats of gray.

THE FAMOUS TENTH TENNESSEE.

[Paper read by Pat Griffin at a meeting of Frank Cheatham Camp, Nashville. It is a characteristic reminiscence of the famous Irish regiment, and is copied from the Nashville (Tenn.) *American*. The author is the most noted survivor of that regiment, composed, in its files, almost entirely of mature Irishmen. The lengthy sketch is not given from any local significance. The editor of the *VETERAN* recalls no more thrilling event than that which first called his attention to Comrade Griffin. It was about the close of the frightful ordeal wherein Gregg's small brigade of Confederates held in check for the greater part of a day, at Raymond, Miss., many times its number of Gen. Grant's large army, then in Mississippi. Late in the afternoon, when the real condition was known—that there was a mere "handful" of Confederates—and a general forward movement was pressing everything before it, the dust of the Federal



PATRICK M. GRIFFIN.

army's tramp passed over our heads as we were moving hastily under the brow of a hill to get away. In that crisis an officer in charge of a litter corps said, with an unnecessary adjective: "D— it, boys; die by your colonel." The men were carrying the body of Col. Randall W. McGavock, of that regiment, who had been killed, when Capt. Griffin, in charge of the body, used the language quoted, just as the litter bearers were about letting it down to save themselves.

It was on a journey to President Jefferson Davis's funeral in New Orleans, many years afterwards, that that officer was first known to the comrade who now edits the *VETERAN*.]

Mr. President, Ladies, and Comrades: It is hardly fair to ask a fellow to relate a reminiscence in which he takes such a prominent part. When I told the story about Raymond to my friend, S. A. Cunningham, editor of the *CONFEDERATE VETERAN*, and a member of the 41st Tennessee Regiment, who was at Raymond, Miss., on May 12, 1863, he said the matter was worthy of record.

I appreciate the opportunity to tell you something about my old regiment, the "Bloody Tenth" Tennessee Infantry, Irish, and to give you a few glimpses of a clean, strong, brave man, a noble soldier, a loyal friend, Col. Randall W. McGavock. What a multiplicity of things the sound of that name brings to mind! Across the years I hear the tread of marching armies and the notes of the fife and drum. Once again Capt. McGavock ranges his company in Cheatham's store on College Street. The command is given for the "Sons of Erin" to march, and I find myself walking with old Jimmy Morrissey and making an earnest effort to drown the sound of his fife in the glorious strains of "The Girl I Left Behind

Me." Jimmy Morrissey had been a fifer in the English army, so this going to war was nothing new to him; but I was the proudest boy in the world without a doubt, for, notwithstanding the fact that my mother had repeatedly declared that I was under age and had on one occasion taken me out of the ranks and led me home by the ear, the conceit would not down that the war could not be carried on unless I was there to make the music, and so on that never-to-be-forgotten day when we marched down to the wharf and boarded the steamboat B. M. Runyon I would not have been willing to exchange places with Gen. Lee.

On the day we embarked Capt. McGavock came up to the standard of my ideal, and I styled him "God's own gentleman." While it was only a boy's thought, I never have found a more appropriate title for him. I might spend the night telling you of innumerable noble deeds that could be traceable back to him. My mother was there in the crowd on the wharf with several of my relatives, and a slip of a girl with blue-gray Irish eyes and auburn hair stood out from among them to wave her hand to me. I can almost see the sunlight on the water and the two big fellows who jumped overboard—Martin Gibbons and Tom Feeny. They could not stand the pressure; but they were picked up, and as the boat started up the river to make the turn Jimmy Morrissey and I started up the same old tune of "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and we kept it going till the hills around Nashville had vanished from sight. At Clarksville we started in on it again, and another member of the company jumped overboard. Then the captain advised us to give them something else, so after our comrade was rescued we gave them old "Garry Owen" all the way down to Dover.

At Dover we helped to build Fort Donelson. Later, after the "Sons of Erin" became Company H, 10th Tennessee Infantry, we went down on the Tennessee River and built Fort Henry. At Fort Henry there was no whisky on our side of the river, but across the stretch of water was Madame Peggy's saloon. There was some mystery as to where the beverage she sold was obtained, but this only added to her popularity. Many an amusing incident had its root branch in Peggy's shop. One of these, treasured in the memoirs of Capt. Tom Gibson's company, I will relate: One night Paddy Sullivan and Timothy Tansey went over to Lady Peggy's to get some whisky; and when they returned to the river bank, a small cloud appeared upon the horizon. They paid no attention to this, however, but rowed out into the middle of the wide Tennessee River. A squall suddenly overtook Paddy and Timothy. The waves got so high that the brave laddies thought their time had come. Timothy said to Paddy: "Bejabbers, Paddy, and the boat will be overturned and we will lose our whisky." Says Paddy to Timothy: "Be sure and we won't; we will just drink it and save it." And drink it they did. The refreshment added to their courage and strength, and they reached the shore, but the boys in camp were minus their jiggers. Peggy did a land office business until Col. Heiman ordered all the skiffs and small boats in the neighborhood smashed. I never visited her shop until after the destruction of the boats. All my life I had had a close acquaintance with water, so the old river held no terrors for me, and only a short interval elapsed before I was commissioned courier and general canteen bearer between Peggy's and the fort. The hours were brimming over with fun. Most every night we had a stag dance, and there was an exchange of visits right and left, and no time to think of the dark days ahead.

We had not been at Fort Henry very long when we got our full quota of Irish companies to make a regiment, and Capt. McGavock became lieutenant colonel of that regiment—the 10th Tennessee Infantry, Irish. In the new companies that came in several better drummers than I was were found, so I had to hand over my instrument; and to console me for the loss they made me orderly sergeant of the “Sons of Erin,” now Company H.

At Fort Henry we got our first taste of bombshells, and we went back to Fort Donelson to make the acquaintance of Minie balls. It was at this period that the regiment won its sobriquet of “Bloody Tinth.” It happened in this way: At the evacuation of Fort Henry it was rumored that the Yankees were trying to head us off, but for some reason the “Tinth” failed to get this news. The Yankees were pressing us closely, and the two regiments in the lead threw down their guns in order to get to Fort Donelson at a double-quick, and the “Tinth,” bringing up the rear, picked up the cast-off guns, so we had about seven shots apiece when the Yanks charged us. It is a sure-enough Irishman who will have first blood in a fight. With all their fighting ability, the “Tinth” was surrendered at Fort Donelson without their knowledge or consent, and for the first time since we left Nashville Lieut. Col. McGavock and I were parted. He was sent to Camp Chase, and I with Company H to Camp Douglas.

Most of you are conversant with the routine of prison life. I will not go into detail regarding it. Suffice it to say that I served with distinction as orderly sergeant of Company H, having been sent to the “Black Hole” oftener than any other orderly sergeant for overdrawing rations and clothes. Doubtless I would have gotten into very serious trouble during the first few months of our imprisonment were it not that Col. Mulligan, the commander of the post, was an Irishman, and, hearing that my name was Pat, he took me for an Irishman too; and, although he was a Yankee, he had a heart. Some of our fellows were in bad shape there, and they certainly needed all that I could get for them.

All of the prisoners regretted the removal of Col. Mulligan; and well they might, for it was a “son of a gun” that came after him—Col. Tucker. It makes me mad now to think about him. We had to fortify our bunks, and did not dare to poke our heads outside of the barracks after night-fall unless we were willing to have bullets pitched our way. We were offered every inducement to take the oath or join the Yankee army. But after meeting Col. Tucker, I knew that it would be impossible for me to ever become a Yankee. Very few of the boys went over to the other side. I think those of us who were there found the latter portion of that seven months about the worst part of our existence.

It is needless to say that the news of exchange was a matter for general rejoicing; and when Col. Tucker and Chicago faded from sight, we felt as if we had gotten out of the devil's clutches. At Cairo our officers were waiting for us. Most of them were looking the worse for wear, but O how good it was to know that those of us who were faithful were together again! From Cairo we went by boat to the island above Vicksburg, where Grant was trying to change the course of the Mississippi, and from this island we were ferried over to Vicksburg. After landing, we marched to a field outside of the city, where the ladies had prepared a grand barbecue for us. It is hardly necessary for me to tell you how we boys did justice to all the good things.

Next we went into camp at Clinton, where we were furnished with guns and uniforms that had run the blockade.

We were sworn in for three years, or during the war. We elected our officers and made preparations to go on the war-path once more. Lieut. Col. McGavock became our colonel; Sam Thompson, lieutenant colonel; William Grace, major; Theodore Kelsey, adjutant. We spent the ensuing few months hunting Yanks in the country around Vicksburg, until we were ordered via Holly Springs, Miss., to reinforce Price and Vandorn, who were moving on Corinth. We did not get there in time, but we joined the retreating army near that place and went on one of the severest marches of the war. It rained in torrents, and the mud and water were awful. On this march many of our men, fresh from prison, were stricken with sickness. Just before we reached Grenada one evening, being sick and worn out from exposure, Capt. Thomas Gibson concluded that he would leave camp and go into an abandoned negro cabin near by for shelter. After Gibson had got a good fire going, in came Lieut. Lynch Donnahue, of the regiment, wet and sick also. After drying their clothing and shoes a bit, they went to sleep. Gibson made a pillow of his shoes and advised Donnahue to do likewise; but the Lieutenant had more confidence in mankind, and left his shoes near the fire to dry. While the two officers were sound asleep, some soldiers came into the cabin and took Lieut. Donnahue's shoes. Imagine the cuss words when Donnahue found his shoes gone, and he sick and the rain teeming down. Gibson was a good forager, however, and he soon hailed a servant of Gen. Price's who was passing by the cabin, and he persuaded the negro with some cash to procure a pair of shoes for his guest.

At Grenada we received orders to go to Jackson. We boarded the cars and were sent on to Vicksburg, as it was rumored that the Yankees were about to storm the city. We got into Vicksburg at night, and were ordered up on Snyder's Bluff. I do not believe any man who was there will ever forget that night, even if he were to live a thousand years. Such thunder, rain, and lightning I never saw and heard before or since. We were ordered not to make a sound, not even so much as a whisper. We could only take a step when the lightning flashed, and then we moved from one tree to another, clinging to the branches to keep from slipping over the bluff. Up at the mouth of the Yazoo we could catch a glimpse of the Yankee gunboat lights.

For the next several nights we were sent down on the levee. The march and long wait were made in absolute silence. The enemy must have suspected that the “Tinth” was waiting to give them a warm reception, for they failed to show up. At intervals “Long Tom” would throw a ball from the top of Snyder's Bluff up the river to entertain the gunboats.

From Vicksburg we went on a transport to Port Hudson. Queer things happened on that transport. When we reached Port Hudson, the boat was minus all of its mirrors, knives, forks, spoons, blankets, and rations. The captain of the transport reported the matter to Col. McGavock, who ordered his men to fall into line, spread their knapsacks on the ground and open them out, and also to turn their pockets inside out. Col. McGavock, the officers of the regiment, and the captain of the boat went from one end of the line to the other, but not one thing could they find that belonged to the boat. After the search was completed, Col. McGavock made a speech to the captain of the transport, in which he eulogized his regiment, saying that it was made up of honest and brave men, and that, as a matter of course, it must have been some other soldiers or thieves that had ransacked the transport.

However, Col. McGavock went to the commissary and drew enough rations to supply the captain and his crew until they got back to Vicksburg.

We helped to fortify Port Hudson, and we were there at the bombardment. On the night of the bombardment we had a pyramid of pine-knots built up about a mile below the port, right opposite where the gunboats were anchored. We had orders to set fire to the pine knots when the first boat advanced. Two forty-five-gun frigates started up the river at nightfall. The pine knots were ablaze instantly, and every movement of the fleet was seen by the gunners at the port. The first frigate succeeded in getting past, but she was battered up considerably. The second frigate made an effort to compel the port to surrender, but we poured shot into her at such a rapid rate that she ran out the white flag. We ceased firing at once; and when her commander saw that we had stopped, they began firing on us again. Then the captain commanding the battery ordered the boys to "give 'em red-hot shot." The order was obeyed, and the red-hot shot set fire to the frigate, her machinery stopped, and she began to swing round and round. The crew jumped overboard, and we could hear the cries and groans of the wounded and dying. Admiral Dewey was on that frigate. He was not an admiral then, but he must have been a good swimmer. Directly the fire reached their ammunition, when bombshells and cartridges began to explode in a grand fusillade. She floated down the river, and the boats of the fleet moved hurriedly in order to give her plenty of room to pass. Several miles below the magazine exploded, and we knew that the end had come for that frigate. It was a wonderful sight. The port lay in the shadow, and below it the Mississippi stretched away a veritable stream of fire. Farmers who lived ten miles away told me afterwards that the light was so bright at their places on that night that they could pick up pins in the road. After this disaster, the Yankees decided that it would be best to make an entrance by the back way.

At Port Hudson Col. McGavock gave me a good round scolding for exposing myself in range of the enemy's guns and being wantonly reckless. I think he must have had some premonition of his death, for he told me that he was afraid that he would never get back home.

From Port Hudson we went to Jackson and then to Raymond. We camped outside of Raymond on the night of May 11, 1863, and the next morning we marched through the town. The ladies who lived there came to meet us with baskets of pies, cakes, and good things. They were even kind enough to bring buckets of water and dippers, and many a soldier blessed them as they passed down the ranks.

A hushed stillness seemed to hover over the world that morning. A mile or so from town we sighted the enemy. We had marched up on a rise and were out in the open, and they were in the woods about one hundred yards in our front when they began to fire on us. I was standing about two paces in the rear of the line and Col. McGavock was standing about four paces in my rear. We had been under fire about twenty minutes, when I heard a ball strike something behind me. I have a dim remembrance of calling to God. It was my colonel. He was about to fall. I caught him and eased him down with his head in the shadow of a little bush. I knew he was going, and asked him if he had any message for his mother. His answer was: "Griffin, take care of me! Griffin, take care of me!" I put my canteen to his lips, but he was not conscious. He was shot through the left breast, and did not live more than five minutes.

When I saw that he was dead, I placed his head well in the shade and stepped back into position. The field officers being at the ends of the line, I had no opportunity to report to them that he had been killed. The orders came in quick succession, "Left flank by file left!" "Double-quick, march!" and then "By the right flank," and the next command was drowned out by the Rebel yell. We charged the Yankees and chased them into the woods. At the edge of the woods the order was given to "Double-quick back!" and we were halted again under the protection of a little hill. On the top of this hill there was an old log cabin, and twenty of our fellows went into it to fire through the chinks in the wall at the enemy. Not one of these men was ever seen alive again. We had to stand and see them shot down like rats in a hole. Every time one of them attempted to get away a bluecoat in the woods brought him down. I remember one member of my company, John Corbett, called to me to come and get his money for his wife. He said that he was wounded and dying. Any man who attempted to climb that hill must die also. Lord! We learned what war meant that day. While we were halted there I met Lieut. Col. Grace and asked him if he knew that Col. McGavock had been killed when the battle first began. "My God!" he exclaimed, as though he hardly believed it. I assured him that it was true. He then told me that the order was to get out of there the best way we could. I explained to him that I wanted to go back after the Colonel's body, but he said that it was out of the question. I insisted that I had given my promise to the Colonel to take care of him, and that I was going to do it to the best of my ability, whatever happened. He replied that if I went it would be at my own risk.

I got two of the members of my company to volunteer to go with me. We found the body just where I had left it. We picked him up tenderly and started toward town. I hope and trust that God will never let me find a road so long and sorrowful again. Capt. George Diggons and Capt. James Kirkman were the only members among the wounded of my regiment who were able to get away from the battlefield. The Confederates were retreating rapidly, and we were not far on the way when the Yanks came in sight. As soon as my two comrades saw them, they let loose of the Colonel's body and started to run, but I drew my pistol and told them: they would have to die by him; but later, seeing there was no possible chance of escape, I told them they could go and I would stay with him. The Yanks came rushing along, some of them stopping long enough to make some jeering, sarcastic remark, but they could not shove the iron any farther into my heart that day. It was fully two hours before the rear guard came up. The officer in charge was an Irishman, and I want to say right here that I am convinced that if ever there was a good Yankee he must have been Irish. Capt. McGuire I heard the fellows call him, and I learned that he came from the same county in Ireland my parents came from. He asked me who was this officer I was holding in my arms; and when I told him that it was my own colonel, McGavock—an Irish name—he took it for granted that the Colonel was a "townie" of mine, and he ordered his men to place the body in one of the army wagons. The Colonel was free for evermore, and I was the loneliest, saddest of prisoners.

When we got into town, night had fallen. We were taken to a hotel that had been vacated by its owner and was being used as a prison by the Yankees. McGuire promised to try to procure a parole for me for a few days. The Colonel's body was placed upon the porch at the hotel and remained

there till morning. Although I was literally worn out, I did not sleep a wink that night. The next morning Capt. McGuire came with a two days' parole for me. I got a carpenter and had him to make a box coffin, for which I paid him twenty dollars. My fellow-prisoners assisted me in every way they possibly could. Many friendly hands were ready to help me place the Colonel's body in the rude coffin. I hired a wagon in town, and got Capt. McGuire's permission to have all the Confederate prisoners follow the Colonel's body to the grave. We had quite an imposing procession, with, of course, Yankee guards along. I had the grave marked, and called the attention of several of the citizens of Raymond to its location, so that his people would have no trouble finding him when they came to bear him home to Tennessee. When the funeral was over, we marched back to the hotel prison. Although I was only a boy then, the memory of the miserable loneliness of that night has never been quite blotted out in the years that have intervened. No man has ever come across life's pathway to fill McGavock's place in my heart.

They put me into a room with two other officers who were prisoners, one of whom was Capt. Broughton, of Dallas, Tex. This room was about 12x14 feet square, and was quite bare as to furnishings. We had to sleep on our blankets and use our canteens for pillows. Just after sunup next morning the Yanks marched in Lieut. Bill Foote. I was sorry for Billy to be a prisoner, but so many things had happened in the past few hours that I could have cried for joy at sight of his friendly face. Time did not hang heavy on my hands after his arrival.

I made up my mind that I would not go to prison if there was any possible chance for escape. I looked around the little old room in which we were confined and discovered that there was a door leading into another room. This door was locked, but it did not take me long to effect an entrance, and there I found stored away boxes of plug tobacco that reached halfway up to the ceiling. Well, that find was equal to a gold mine, for tobacco was very scarce at that time. I told my fellow-prisoners to keep a close mouth regarding my find; that it might mean a good many dinners, suppers, and breakfasts for us. Foote promised that he would not allow any one to enter the room under any circumstances. They guarded the secret well. I still had my parole, so I called for a guard to accompany me down to breakfast, and on the way I asked the bluecoat if he chewed tobacco. He said that he did, and I immediately presented him with a plug. He asked me where I got it, and I told him that I had a friend who would furnish it. He said that I could sell a wagon load. I told him we would divide the profits on the sales if he would help me to dispose of it. That Yank must have been a retail clerk before he went into the army, for he sold tobacco right and left. On that first morning we sold eleven dollars' worth of the weed before breakfast. I had three extra meals put up for my comrades. Whenever the Yank was off duty after that, he came around to get a fresh supply. The next morning I went to see Capt. McGuire and told him that I could not stand being confined in that little old room, and I handed him over a sample of plug tobacco. He cut off a chew and passed it back to me. I told him to keep it, that I knew where I could get plenty more. The tobacco helped to win him over, and he gave me a permit good within city limits during the time of our stay in Raymond. I got more than five hundred dollars clear on the sale of tobacco. I had an opportunity to visit every outlet

and found them all heavily guarded, and I realized that I could not escape by land.

The news came one day that we were soon to start for Yankeedom, so I went in the early morning out to the spot where the remains of my colonel lay, and, longing to see him again and to know sure that he was there, I uncovered the coffin and took off the lid and looked upon his dear face for the last time. His hair and beard seemed to have grown much longer. I covered the coffin over carefully and banked up the grave, and then I took a farewell look at the spot where he lay.

Two days later we were marched to the Mississippi River, where we were put aboard transports and started to a Northern prison. I had Col. McGavock's watch, his valuable papers, and nine hundred dollars in Confederate money. On board the boat the officers had to pay for their food or starve. My comrades had no money, so I had to come to the rescue with my five hundred dollars tobacco money. Capt. Broughton borrowed one hundred dollars from me, and whatever was mine was Foote's, and of course we had to pay for rations for the rest of the fellows. Well, when we landed at Two Mile Island, above Memphis, I had just one twenty-five-cent shinplaster left.

Capt. Neff, of the 51st Indiana Infantry Regiment, was in command of the boat we were on. He was a gentlemanly sort of a fellow, but of course he had to obey the strict orders issued to him. I told him long before we got to Two Mile Island that he would never take me to a Yankee prison. "I'll bet five dollars I do," was his reply, and I at once bet him five dollars he would not. He smiled and insisted that we should shake hands on the bet. I shook hands with him, and told him to pay the money to Bill Foote when he found me gone. When we reached the island, I looked around to see how the land lay, but there were too many Yankee guards to hinder my progress. The bluecoats were on each side of the river and Memphis was two miles distant. I knew I could swim down to the city, but was afraid Lieut. Foote could not hold out to get there. However, I went up on deck and talked the matter over with him. Without a moment's hesitation he said: "I will go with you." That evening we went down into the wheelhouse. Foote looked down into the water and then across the river and down the river, and I knew by the expression on his face that it would be best for him to stay on board. I would rather have gone on to the Yankee prison with him than have him drowned. I told him if he had the least fear he must not attempt it. We went up into the cabin, and as I passed Capt. Neff I reminded him of our bet and told him to be sure to give the money to Foote. He laughed and said: "All right." I had on a double-breasted military coat, with two lace bars on the sleeve and lace around the collar, denoting my rank. Of course this rendered me a conspicuous figure among the prisoners, and the captain could locate me quicker than any one else on board.

Lieut. Foote ("Tinfoot" we called him) and I went into one of the staterooms and had a farewell chat. I gave him my uniform coat and cap and insisted that he put them on. I got a life preserver that I had hidden away to use on this occasion, clapped Foote's old white hat on my head, and walked out in my shirt sleeves. Billy sat down with his back toward me as I walked off. Thirty-six years elapsed before I saw him again. We met in the city of San Francisco, when I went there with the party of Tennesseans sent to meet the 1st Tennessee Regiment upon its return from the

Philippine Islands. During those years he had become one of the most successful lawyers in the West. There was nothing about him like the Billy Foote of the old days, save his bright, dark eyes and genial, happy manner. The snows of all those winters had left their whitening touch upon his dark locks, and his figure had lost its whipper-snapper slenderness. It seems only a few short months since we parted with a promise to meet again soon, but my dear old comrade has answered the summons. It is my pride and pleasure to be able to say that "Tinfoot" made his mark, and that out there in the sunset land no man stood above him.

But to my story. I went into the wheelhouse, put the life preserver between my legs, fastened it, and let myself down into the water gently. If any one on board saw me, he did not think the matter of enough importance to report it. I floated down the river slowly and steered myself to the back end of a stern-wheel boat. I climbed up on the wheel, went around on the edge of the boat, and mingled with the hands, who were unloading the cargo. There were a number of soldiers and steamboat men about, and one of the boatmen laughed at my bedraggled appearance and told his companion that I was a country yap who had fallen into the river. A soldier asked me if I fell in, and I answered yes, and that I was going home then to get some dry clothes. I was willing to masquerade as anything or anybody until my colonel's belongings were turned over to his own people. Only a fellow who had been a prisoner can appreciate the feeling of friendly ground beneath his feet once more.

I had a letter of introduction to Col. Walker, of Memphis, in my pocket. The letter had been given to me by his son, who was a prisoner on board the Yankee boat. As I was not acquainted with the town, I decided to call on Col. Walker at once. I went to the Gayoso House, and there I asked a hack driver if he knew where Col. Walker lived. He said: "Yes, sir." I jumped into his hack and told him to take me there, and in a few minutes I was ringing the bell at the Walker residence. Mrs. Walker came to the door. She told me that her husband was away, so I handed her the letter from her son. She read it over three times, but said she could do nothing for me, as her husband had taken the oath. I did not blame her any, for my appearance was not calculated to make a favorable impression. I bade her good-night and walked out the gate. She stood and watched me out of sight.

The hackman was waiting for me at the gate. I asked him the amount of his bill, and he said "One dollar." I had just twenty-five cents, but he did not know but what I was a millionaire; so I told him to take me back to the Gayoso and make it two dollars. On the way back I slipped out of the hack, and the poor Jehu found himself minus his fare. For once I was out on the beat, and I headed for cheap quarters. Down on the levee I found a place where they kept boarders and lodgers, and there was a saloon attached. I went in and called for a drink and a cigar, for which I handed up my last quarter in greenbacks. I put on a bold front and told the barkeeper that I would like to have a bed for the night and would want my breakfast very early in the morning. He said: "All right, young man; go back there and tell Maggie to show you a bed." He was playing right into my hand, and I followed his instructions. I found Maggie in the rear of the house, and delivered the barkeeper's message. She said she "thought everybody knew where his bed was," and while I waited for her to locate me I located the cupboard and all the exits. I paid my respects to their

larder later in the evening, and was up and away by day-break, too early for any one to be down to collect my bill.

I went down on the levee, rolled up my sleeves, and mingled with the roustabouts. I decided that I would learn what I could from them, and I found that one Father Ryan, a Catholic priest, had been arrested on two occasions for his rebellious sentiments. I decided to call upon him, as I had considerable Confederate money sewed in the waist of my pantaloons, and I thought he would be able to tell me where I could sell some of it. I found him at his residence, and walked into his room without being announced. I attempted to state my business, but before I could do it he interrupted me with the declaration that he was a loyal citizen and that he could do nothing for me. I was determined that he should hear my story, and was confident that he would not report me, and then, too, I wanted to satisfy him that I was worthy of trust. I pulled out Col. McGavock's watch and showed him the name engraved upon it, and showed him the Colonel's ring also. He became interested, and told me that he had seen an account of the Colonel's death in the papers.

Just at this juncture the doorbell rang. Father Ryan went to the door himself, and who were there but two Yankee officers? I tell you he was scared, but he was brave and cool about it. He ushered the callers into the parlor, and then he slipped back and told me that they were evidently after me. He was as white as a sheet, and he trembled as he told me to get out the back way. He closed the door on me and went back to his guests. I hesitated and wondered how any one could know that I was there, and came to the conclusion that I would wait and find out that they were really after me before I did any more running, so I slipped back into the house and into the next room to the parlor, where I could be in earshot, and I soon found out that they were on an entirely different mission. I peeped through a crack in the door at them. They visited for about half an hour; and after Father Ryan saw them out on the pavement, he heaved a sigh of relief that could be heard all over the house. He started back through the hall as if he were going to look out through the rear door, and was very much surprised when I came out and asked him if he was not mistaken about the Yanks being after me. He replied: "I was, thank God! I have had enough of trouble; and when you first spoke to me, I thought you were a spy. The town is full of them, but from your looks I am satisfied now that you are all right. Tell me what you want." I told him that I had a large sum of Confederate money and would like to exchange some of it for greenbacks. He thought for a few minutes, then put on his hat and told me that I could go out the back way and he would go out the front way, and I must follow him at a distance. I carried out his instructions. We went three blocks in the direction of the river and entered a wholesale house. I followed him back through the house and into the office in the rear. After we got in, he closed the door and introduced me to two gentlemen who were sitting there. He stated my business to them. They declared that they did not have a cent and did not know where I could dispose of any of my Confederate money. Those gentlemen discredited my story. I shook hands with Father Ryan, thanked him for his kindness, and went on.

It was about nine o'clock when I started toward the river again; and as I stopped on the corner of the street to get my bearings, who should I see coming up the street right by me but Capt. Neff and the colonel who commanded the fleet of transports? They were deeply engaged in conversation, and

I turned my back toward them and began making marks with a bit of rock on the brick wall. They passed without recognizing me, and you can depend upon it that I was not long making tracks away from that neighborhood. I stopped on a corner near the wharf trying to hear something that might be of interest to me. A number of men and women were there gazing at the transports up the river. Many of the prisoners on those boats had relatives in Memphis.

While I stood there I heard two men talking very earnestly. I knew that the time had come for me to lay manners aside, and so I listened deliberately to their conversation. They were Rebel sympathizers; so when they separated, I followed the man who seemed to have the greatest grievance. I caught up with him, asked him to pardon me for having listened to his conversation on the wharf, and told him that I had made my escape from one of the boats, and that before I asked him anything I wanted to prove to him that I was not an impostor. I showed him Col. McGavock's watch and ring; and after he had examined them carefully, he exclaimed: "Young man, you will be arrested!" He asked me if I knew Dr. Grundy McGavock, the Colonel's brother. I told him that I did not. He hesitated awhile, then he looked me straight in the face and told me that he was Prof. Eldridge (I think it was Eldridge), of the Memphis Female Academy. I knew that this man believed me, and I determined to do whatever he advised. He made me promise that I would not mention his name, and then he directed me to go out Adams Street until I came to the bridge, and then to go into the first house on the left-hand side of the street and ask for Mr. McCoombs. "Show him that watch and he will take care of you," he said as he shook hands with me. I went out Adams Street as he directed and rang the bell at the first house beyond the bridge. A young lady answered. I had never seen her before, and yet I knew her, and knew also that I was among friends. I asked her if she was not Miss Kirtland. She said that she was. The resemblance between her and her brother, Lieut. Tom Kirtland, of my regiment, was pronounced. I asked her if Mr. McCoombs was at home. She said he lived in the next house. The lady who came to the door at the next house told me that Mr. McCoombs was at the cotton gin, but for me to have a seat and wait for him, as he would soon be coming in to dinner. When he came, I showed him Col. McGavock's valuables and told him about the Colonel's death. He was very much affected, and we were still talking when the dinner bell rang. He requested me to wait a minute, and he went into the house and got a coat and a vest that were just my fit and brought along a beaver hat to complete my costume. Then we walked into the dining room, and I was introduced to his wife and daughters as his nephew from Cincinnati. I suppose his wife and daughters thought their Northern kinsman rather a ravenous fellow, and in my heart I blessed the Professor.

After dinner Mr. McCoombs and I discussed the matter as to what was best to be done. He called in his wife and his daughter, Miss Mollie, and told them the whole story, but cautioned them to say nothing about it to his other daughter, who had a Yankee captain on her string. Mr. McCoombs decided that it would be best for him to send over into Arkansas for Dr. Grundy McGavock; and as he had to get back to his cotton gin, he turned me over to Miss Molly, who said that I must rest for a while and then we would go out and see the town. In the meantime, I was to make myself at home.

On the second day after my installation in the McCoombs house Mrs. Col. Walker called on me. I do not know how she found out I was there, and I did not ask her. She made all kinds of excuses for what she termed her unkindness to me, but I insisted that she was right about it. She spent the whole afternoon with me, and made many inquiries about her boys. She wanted me to come and make her house my home while I remained in Memphis. I thanked her and told her that I thought I had better stay where I was.

On the third day after my arrival a gentleman came to the front door, and from my post in the parlor I heard him say: "I want to see Pat Griffin." I peeped out and ascertained that it was not a Yankee, and then I went into the hall, met him, and told him that I was Pat Griffin. He shook hands with me and explained that he was the Colonel's brother, Dr. Grundy McGavock. I knew he was telling me the truth, for he resembled the Colonel in many ways. He told me to tell him everything about the sad happening at Raymond. When I told him all, I handed over the Colonel's watch and ring, his money and valuable papers. It was a sad hour for both of us. Dr. McGavock was very grateful, and he pulled out a roll of greenbacks and told me to help myself. I told him I would need very little money, as I intended to make my way through the lines and back to my command in a few days. I took forty dollars from his roll; but he insisted that if I tried to get through the lines I would be caught and would need all the money I could get, and he pressed several additional bills into my hands. I never saw him again; and yet, if I had needed his assistance in after years, I knew that he would have responded.

On the next day Mrs. Col. Walker came to see me again and brought me a valise full of clothes. In this collection there was a handsome suit that she was sure would fit me. I assured her that I was very thankful for all these gifts, but that I expected to do considerable walking in the near future and must be as light as possible for the road. She seemed to feel hurt because I would not take the clothing, and we finally compromised by my taking the fine suit of clothes. I put them on the next morning, and was so fine I hardly knew myself.

I took the advice of other heads and did not attempt to go through the lines at Memphis, as the woods all around were said to be deeply infested with Yankees. I thanked my friends, the McCoombses, for their kindness to me; and after bidding them good-by, I procured a ticket via boat to Louisville. I arrived there the latter part of June, 1863. The first man I saw that I knew in Louisville was "Shorty" L—, who had deserted at Fort Henry. He pretended that he did not know me, but I reminded him that he knew me very well down at Fort Henry a year gone. I went to the Galt House and met Dr. Cheatham, who was stopping there. Later I met a member of my company who had taken the oath at Camp Douglas. He invited me to go home with him, and I did. I had known him when we were children and knew his mother and sister, so did not feel any uneasiness in going to their home.

On the next day I hired out to a government boss, who was going to Nashville with a train load of men to be distributed on the different jobs of work the government was interested in. In a room on Main Street, near Fifth Street, I met the crowd of fifty men who were going down. I was going to Nashville, but all at once I felt sick. We fell into line and marched off two and two toward the Louisville and Nashville depot. I finally became so sick that I had to fall out of line,

and I sat down on the curbstone. I hailed the first hack that came that way and told the driver to take me back to my friend's house. Arriving there, I went to bed immediately. The next morning I had a breaking out all over my hands and face, and the old doctor who was called in pronounced it smallpox. My friend's mother said that she and all of her children had had the disease and she had no fear of it. She told the doctor that I was a stranger and far from home, and she would rather that he did not report my case. He was a good old Rebel, and he was glad to do anything he could to favor me. I got along nicely, and had no visitors with the exception of a Yankee lieutenant and two privates. They came to the house one day and asked my friend's mother if she was not harboring a Rebel. She said there was no one in the house save a friend who was very sick. They insisted on seeing me, and she pointed to the door of the dark room where I was. I pulled the cover up over my head and pretended to be asleep. The lieutenant called for a light. He pulled the quilts back and held the lighted candle close to my face. One look was sufficient. He and his escort left there at a double-quick.

Two weeks later I was on my way to Nashville with another gang of government workmen. I felt much better than I looked. At Edgefield Junction Mike Costalo came through the train, apparently looking for some one. When he got near me, I spoke to him. He said: "Your voice is familiar, but I do not know your face." I told him who I was, and explained that I had just passed through an illness not conducive to beauty, but that I was still in the ring. He motioned to me to follow him, and we went out on the platform, where he informed me that he had come out to the Junction to warn me that a government detective, James O'Donnell, was at that moment waiting for me in the depot at Nashville. He had come to tell me because I had been kind to him while he was in a Confederate prison. He had a hack in waiting for me on Market Street; so when we reached Nashville, we got off on Front Street and hurried over to Market Street and into the hack. He took me to his home in North Nashville. I remained there until the next night, and then I went to the Franklin shops on Spruce Street. These shops were operated by the United States government, and a friend of mine, Tobe Burke, was in charge. He had a nice room fitted up in the second story, where I could sleep all day. My nights were devoted to tramping. My youngest brother was employed at these shops, and I made him take me around to all the Yankee headquarters. I got acquainted with a number of the officers, and was offered a position at a salary of a hundred dollars per month by the provost marshal. I accepted the offer, telling him I would be around to set in working within the next week.

I went to see my colonel's mother during my visit. Mrs. Louisa McGavock was a grand woman. I do not think she ever forgot a kindness or remembered an injury. Her interest in and devotion to Col. McGavock's old company, the "Sons of Erin," never ceased. The friendship between us that had its beginning in the grave at Raymond lasted until she was placed in the vault with her son, Col. McGavock, at Mount Olivet, Nashville.

The first baby girl that came to my house is her namesake, and her name will be spoken with love and respect as long as the house of Griffin exists.

I visited Tom Farrel, who had a son in my regiment. He told me that he had taken the oath, but that his wife was still a genuine Rebel. Mrs. Farrel wanted to give me a roll of

greenbacks, but I told her I had all the money I needed. After I left her house, I found the same roll of money in my pocket. I called on Mr. K— and told him about his son, Capt. James K—, being wounded at Raymond. He was not disposed to be friendly, so I cut my visit short and went over to Capt. Stockell's. His son Charlie was a captain in the "Tinth." He was delighted to see me, and wanted me to come and stay at his house while I remained in Nashville. The last call I made was at the residence of Capt. George Diggons's father; but when I got there, Mr. Diggons was dying. I went again the next day, and was there when he died.

There was a government office across the street from the Diggons home, and while I sat there I saw a number of Yankees coming and going on horseback, and came to the conclusion that it would be a good place to capture a horse and get away. I waited there again, and took my place at one of the front windows the next day. I was a fairly good judge of horseflesh. Soon a fellow came riding up on a black horse. I knew that that was the animal for me, so by the time he was sitting down at his desk I was on his horse and making my way toward St. Cecilia Academy. The girl with the auburn hair was there, and I decided that I would like to go and see her while I was in the neighborhood. The chances were not very bright when it came to ever seeing her again. While I sat there talking to her in a shady spot in the garden two Yankee officers came riding by. She is a brave woman, my comrades, but she was certainly scared that day. I told her not to mind them, for I could go around Yankees like a hoop around a barrel. They did not stop to ask any questions. I assure you we both felt easier when they were out of sight, and in a little while I bade the little girl good-by, crossed the river, and struck out toward the Springfield Pike, and did not stop again until I reached Cedar Hill. While there I made my headquarters at Squire Jack Batt's, two and a half miles from town. I had spent my childhood there and knew the country well. Two or three companies of the 11th Tennessee had been raised in this neighborhood, and everybody wanted to give me a welcome. I had lots of callers; every mother, wife, sister, and sweet-heart wanted to send something to loved ones in the army, and I could not have taken all the things they brought me if I had had a two-horse wagon. With the help of some of the boys and girls, the socks, underclothing, etc., were made into a long bundle, and with sundry letters and sacks of tobacco sewed into my saddle blanket. There were letters and sacks of tobacco by the dozen. When I left there to start on my long journey, several of the boys and girls accompanied me as far as the Cumberland River. They saw me safe on the other side, and watched me until I turned a bend in the road.

The first night I was out I slept on the porch of a farmer's house, with my saddlebags for a pillow and my saddle blanket for a bed. I had two Colt's six-shooters. My horse was hitched to a post near me, and a piece of rope that I had fastened to the bridle was under my head. My bundles were all fastened to my arm, so that if any one disturbed them I would wake up.

I will not relate the things that happened to me on the rest of the way to the Army of the Tennessee, on the line of the Western and Atlantic railway. I crossed the Tennessee River above Florence, went over Sand Mountain, and saw the Black Warrior; and when I found the boys, I was minus many articles of wearing apparel and several sacks of

tobacco, but the letters were all safe and sound, and I think there must have been between three or four hundred missives.

I presented the Yankee horse to Maj. John O'Neal, of my regiment. At least, I only took his note for the two hundred and fifty dollars he agreed to pay me for the animal.

Of Col. McGavock's regiment, to my knowledge, only seven of the original members are now living: Lieut. Col. S. M. Thompson, Capt. Thomas Gibson, Capt. Charley Stockell, and Commissary Sergeant Barney McCabe, Mike Carney, and John Flemming. The last named two are at the Soldiers' Home, Col. Thompson lives at Florence, Ala., the others reside in Nashville, and I am the sole survivor of the one hundred and twenty-four members of the "Sons of Erin."

I know of no other regiment with a record of three full colonels buried in one graveyard. The remains of Cols. Heiman, McGavock, and Grace, of the 10th Tennessee Infantry, Irish, lie within the shadow of the Confederate monument in beautiful Mount Olivet, Nashville, Tenn.

CHOCTAW INDIANS AS CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS.

BY MAJ. S. G. SPANN, COMMANDER DABNEY H. MAURY CAMP.

NO. 1312, U. C. V., MERIDIAN, MISS.

Many earnest friends and comrades insist that the Choctaw Indian as a Confederate soldier should receive his proper place on the scroll of events during the War between the States. This task having been so nearly ignored, I send some reminiscences that will be an exponent of the extraordinary merit of the Choctaw Indian on the American Continent. My connection with the Choctaw Indians was brought about incidentally: Maj. J. W. Pearce, of Hazelhurst, Miss., organized a battalion of Choctaw Indians, by authority from the War Department of the Indians, of Kemper, DeKalb, Neshoba, Jasper, Scott, and Newton Counties, Miss., known as "First Battalion of Choctaw Indians, Confederate army." He established two camps—a recruiting camp in Newton County and a drill camp at Tangipahoa—just beyond the State boundary line in Louisiana in the fall of 1862.

New Orleans at that time was in the hands of the Federal Gen. B. F. Butler. Without notice a reconnoitering party of the enemy raided the camp, and captured over two dozen Indians and several noncommissioned white officers and carried them to New Orleans. All the officers and several of the Indians escaped and returned to the Newton County camp; but all the balance of the captured Indians were carried to New York, and were daily paraded in the public parks as curiosities for the sport of sight-seers. This catastrophe so chagrined the officers of the entire command and so demoralized the Indians that a council for advisement was resolved upon, the result of which was that a messenger should be sent forthwith to Richmond, bearing a full report of this unfortunate escapade, and insisting that the battalion be transferred to Spann's Battalion of Mounted Scouts, then being formed by authority of the Secretary of War under the immediate auspices of Gen. Dabney H. Maury, Commander of the Department of the Gulf. The petition was readily granted, and a recruiting camp was immediately established at the foot of Stone Street in Mobile, adjoining the grounds occupied by Spann's Battalion of White Mounted Cavalry. In the meantime the Newton County camp was maintained under the personal charge of Lieut. Thomas H. Gresham, now of Heidelberg, Miss., and Lieut. Ben Duckworth, of Mississippi City, Miss. The Mobile camp continued to fill up rapidly under the personal charge of Lieut. Robert Welch, of Marion, Ala., and Capt. R. Lewis, of De Kalb County, Miss.

Enthusiasm again animated the proud-hearted young braves, and the whole tribe seemed once more to be fired with the true war spirit. Among the recruits came a fine, stalwart, intelligent-looking young brave known among his comrades as Eahantatubbee, grand-nephew of the great Chief Pushmataha and familiarly known to his white friends as Jack Amos. I at once utilized Jack Amos as my interpreter, and provided comfortable quarters for him adjacent to my own tent. When in the midst of our brightest prospects, recruiting daily accessions to our ranks, Jack Amos discovered that some mutterings and dissensions prevailed among the women and non-combatant Indians. Further investigations led him to discover that Percy Walker, Esq., a prominent lawyer of the Mobile bar, had informed the noncombatants that the Indians were not liable to do Confederate service, and therefore exempt from conscription; and if they would pay him one dollar *per capita*, he would procure papers of exemption for the whole tribe for the war. Jack Amos, knowing the nature of the Indians, and that this temptation might lead to mutiny and general insubordination, reported the affair to me. I went immediately with him to Gen. Dabney H. Maury, and had the facts related to Gen. Maury, who lost no time in giving the matter a vigorous *coup de grace*.

In the meantime my white companies, under Capt. J. M. Tindel (now residing in New Orleans), Capt. M. M. Burke (late of Columbus, Miss.), Capt. S. A. D. Steel (then a lawyer at Enterprise, Miss.), and Capt. J. C. Moore (of Chattanooga, Tenn.), were actively progressing. At this juncture, with my interpreter, Jack Amos, I went up to the Newton County camp. While there in the early part of June, 1863, rain fell in torrents, flooding the streams, the roads became impassable, and country bridges were washed away. Vicksburg was being besieged by Grant, and reinforcements were ordered to the assistance of Pemberton. Chunky River intervened, and the bridge across the river was submerged and the water far out of the river banks. The engineer was under military orders, and his long train of cars was filled with Confederate soldiers, who, like the engineer, were animated with but one impulse—to Vicksburg! to victory or death!

Onward rushed the engineer. All passed over except the hindmost car. The bridge had swerved out of plumb, and into the raging waters with nearly one hundred soldiers the rear car was precipitated. "Help!" was the cry, but there was no help. The cry reached the camp. "Fly to the rescue!" was the command, and in less time than I can tell the story every Indian was at the scene. It was there that Jack Amos again displayed his courage and devotion to the Confederate soldiers. I must not omit to say, however, that with a like valor and zeal Elder Williams, another full-blood Indian soldier, proved equal to the emergency. Jack Amos and Elder Williams both reside now in Newton County. Williams is now an ordained Baptist minister, having been a gospel student under the venerable and beloved Rev. Dr. N. L. Clark, now living at Decatur, Newton County, and father of our Dr. Clark, of Meridian. Led by these two dauntless braves, every Indian present stripped and plunged into that raging river to the rescue of the drowning soldiers. Ninety-six bodies were brought out upon a prominent strip of land above the water line. Twenty-two were resuscitated and returned to their commands, and all the balance were crudely interred upon the railroad right of way, where they now lie in full view of the passing train, except nine, who were afterwards disinterred by kind friends and given a more honorable burial.

Officiating at this terrible calamity were Lieut. T. H.

Gresham, Lieut. Ben Duckworth, and Corporal John Blakeley, who was at that time at home on a furlough from Spann's Battalion of Cavalry at Mobile. This lonely burial spot so far seems unkept by the tender care of any friendly hand. At no time as yet have these unmarked graves been numbered among those who share the wreaths and bouquets of flowers by the hand of our kind and loving Daughters on Decoration Day, yet this sad neglect will, it is hoped, soon have its end. It is the purpose of Camp Dabney H. Maury to erect a twin shaft upon the spot where these dead martyrs repose, commemorating alike the memory of these Confederate heroes and perpetuate the testimonial of the patriotic devotion exhibited by the Choctaw Indian braves, whose prowess and fidelity to the Confederate cause entitle them to the respect of our Confederate soldiery everywhere and to all lovers of the true and the faithful wherever found.

As a fighter, the Indian is at his best in the skirmish and sharpshooter service. In open field fight the modern tactics present too many surprises for his manner of savage warfare. Not that he is afraid, for the Indian fears nothing; but he is overwhelmed with the terrible results of a conflict with disciplined soldiery, and especially the irresistible sweeping destruction by modern artillery. As scouts and pilots through pathless swamps and jungles and over boundless prairies, his instinct for courses and geographical precision is equal to the bee and surpasses the horse or other animals. His obedience to authority is commensurate to his confidence in his commander. None but the truly brave and purely honest at heart can command the Indian soldiers, but for such the Indian would die in the execution of a command.

At the organization of Camp Dabney H. Maury, No. 1312, in February, 1901, sixty-eight white veterans and eighteen Choctaw Indian veterans voluntarily enrolled their names; and to the credit of our pension commissioner be it said that several of these veteran braves were enrolled for pensions, which they continued to receive until the great exodus, under the Daws Bill, to the Territory in 1903. Jack Amos, to the manner born, refuses to emigrate, and still lives in Newton County, Chunkey Station his post office. He writes to me, saying that he is sure to attend the Reunion in New Orleans next year as he did in 1903, where he was feasted by the ladies and lauded by the press and honored by Confederate veterans every day.

When we reflect on the fact that the Confederate soldier, though a volunteer, was impelled by imperative duty to action which, if he shirked, was both a disgrace and punishable; when we consider that his home, his family, and his country were the considerations that compelled him to brave death and die at the front, how easy for us to accord to the Indian his true place in our history! No compulsion by law, no defense of home or country or family obligations urged him to place his life in jeopardy on the issue. Naught save the proud instinct of personal devotion to the people of the South fired his heart with the spirit of war; no "promises to pay" ever allured him to enlist. In his fidelity to our cause the record of the Choctaw Indians stands above reproach.

On page 353, "War of the Rebellion, Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies," Series IV., Volume II., the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Capt. S. S. Scott, in his elaborate report after he had visited all the Indian tribes and made a critical investigation and comparison, used this language: "It must not be supposed in the reference here made to the Choctaw, Chickasaw, Cherokee, Creek, and Seminole Nations that the idea is sought to be conveyed that all these

Indians have proven loyal to their treaty engagements with the Confederate States. Such is by no means the fact. Indeed, it is true only with regard to one of them. The Choctaws alone, of all the Indian nations, have remained perfectly united in their loyalty to this government. It was said to me by more than one influential and reliable Choctaw during my sojourn in their country that not only had no member of that nation ever gone over to the enemy but that no Indian had ever done so in whose veins coursed Choctaw blood."

Has as much ever been published of the soldiers of either the Confederate or Federal army? Let it fall to the lot of others to revile the poor Indian with insolence and sneers; but may no Confederate veteran ever stoop beneath the dignity of a Southern soldier to ever so far belittle himself as to scorn a Choctaw Indian. Be it ever remembered that as a Confederate soldier he never betrayed a trust, nor did one of them ever desert our flag.

ABOUT THE BATTLE AT STEVENS'S DEPOT.

BY JACOB V. WILMOTH, KENT, W. VA.

I read with much interest an article in the *VETERAN* for July, by Lieut. J. N. Potts, giving a graphic description of the battle at Stevens's Depot, September 5, 1864, in which the gallant Col. D. B. Lang fell mortally wounded. I belonged to Company A (Capt. Haymon Taylor) of the 8th Virginia Cavalry; and although I was a mere boy, the battle is vividly recalled by his splendid description, especially the charge that our regiment made that day to save the 62d Virginia from capture. I saw Col. Lang as he was taken off the field.

I recall an extraordinary event that occurred while we were in the reserve line to support the 62d before we were ordered to make the charge. Comrade Champ Thornhill, as brave a man as ever lived, was shot in the forehead and killed so quickly that he sat perfectly rigid in death until removed, which was by Lieuts. Taylor and Morgan.

We participated in all the battles fought in the Shenandoah Valley from the spring of 1863 till the close of the war. In that at Winchester, September 19, 1864, my horse was shot from under me, a few minutes before Capt. Taylor was killed. His last words were to me: "Jake, take care of yourself."

I would be glad to hear from any member of Company A.

SOLDIER "MIXED" AS TO HIS IDENTITY.—Capt. John H. Lester, of Deming, N. Mex., writes: "While commanding scouts in South Carolina in the winter of 1865, I was most of the time inside the Federal lines in the rear of Sherman's army. It was necessary much of the time to play 'Yankee,' and usually I would give my men instructions in the morning as to which we were to personate that day, Yankee or Confederate. When near Cheraw, I came to a house only a few minutes after the Yankees had left to make some inquiries. I had failed that morning to instruct my men as to which we were for the day; but as we had Federal guns, saddles, overcoats (our overcoats, however, were dyed black), and all other Federal equipment we could very readily pass for Federals. I saw the proprietor approach Bob Grigsby, one of my scouts, and examine him very critically for a few moments. Finally he ventured to ask: 'Are you men Southern or Northern soldiers?' Bob hesitated for a minute to think what instructions I had given, and, not being able to remember, he said: 'Mister, to tell you the fact, we have been so badly mixed up lately, d— if I know.'"

WAR TIME JOURNEY FROM MISSOURI TO TEXAS.

BY MRS. J. M. WEIDEMEYER.

It was in October, 1861, that our beautiful little village, Osceola, Mo., situated on the Osage River, was pillaged and burned to the ground by the Kansas Jayhawkers, commanded by Gen. Jim Lane. My husband was captain of a company he had raised for service in the Confederate army, and was at Osceola awaiting orders. He with his little band tried to prevent them from entering the town by giving them a battle. But the Jayhawkers so outnumbered them that they had to retreat with the loss of one man and several wounded.

At this time Price's army was at Lexington, but not long afterwards it came to Osceola and then on to Springfield. I was anxious to join my husband there. I had nothing to stay in Missouri for, so I took my two little babies, got in a little buggy I had, and started alone to catch Gen. Price's army. I caught up with them near Humansville. When we were ready to start next morning, a home guard had taken the tap off of my buggy wheel, and I was horrified to think I would have to be left behind. A soldier found an old shoe, and made a tap of leather so we could go. We then went to Springfield, and stayed there until March. I left the army and went



MRS. J. M. WEIDEMEYER.

South, stopping at Fayetteville, Ark. After the battle of Elkhorn, the army retreated to Arkansas. My husband then went east of the Mississippi River. I was left at Fayetteville. My husband wrote me that the country would be abandoned to the Yankees, and it was best for me to go South while I could. I left immediately, thinking I could reach Fort Smith before the army left. I was alone with my children, and I followed some wagons that were hauling goods to Fort Smith. They found a place for me to stay at night. It poured down rain every day and night. I was three days making the trip on account of swollen streams. I shall never forget "Frog Byo," the name of the stream I crossed about forty times a day, and each time I thought I surely would be washed away.

We reached Fort Smith at last, to find the army gone. What to do I did not know. Husband and friends all gone. I was almost a child in years and experience. Fortunately I met a boy I had known. He found me a place to stay until I could decide what to do. I had only a change of clothing for myself and two little children. All our belongings had been burned at Osceola. In a day or two a gentleman, Mr. Davis, heard of my situation and came to see me. I told him I wanted to go to Sherman, Tex., as most of my friends were there. Mr. Davis said a boy from Sherman, whose brother had been killed at Elkhorn, was there, and he was going to Sherman. The boy was horseback. So I started to Sherman that day with a boy I had never seen before, traveled through the Indian Nation, and stayed at Indian houses at night. Sometimes the Indians were drunk and shooting and carousing all night. We could not eat what they would give us. I thought we would starve before we reached Sherman. On the 10th of April we drove into Sherman. There I found many friends. The following September 2 a son was born to us. On October 2 the battle of Corinth raged. My husband's young brother was killed in that awful battle and

my husband wounded. We named our boy for the young brother, who was just past eighteen. He was handsome and very talented in music. He said before he went into the battle that he would rather lose his legs than his arms, so he could play the violin.

I never saw my husband until after the surrender at Vicksburg, when he came to Texas on parole for a short time. He then returned to his command to endure all the hardships of war until the close, in 1865.

PRAYER OF A DRUMMER IN VIRGINIA.

The following prayer was copied from the memorandum book of a Virginia drummer:

"Forgive us, O Lord, if we have this day said or done anything to increase the pain of the world. Pardon the unkind word, the impatient gesture, the hard and selfish deed, the failure to show sympathy and kindly help where we had opportunity but missed it, and enable us so to live that we may daily do something to lessen the tide of human sorrow and add to the sum of human happiness. We have our own sorrows, O Father. We wait for footsteps that do not come; we yearn for sympathy which is not given; we knock at doors that do not open; we think of graves that hide our dearest treasures. We fear the loneliness, the changes, and the chances of this mortal life, and the mystery of that unknown future that stretches away in the dark like a moor beyond the light of home. But thou art ours and we are thine; nothing can ever separate us from thee. Do not leave us orphans, but come to us by thy Son and by thy Spirit; only let us not miss the lesson of pain and sorrow and long waiting, but be made perfect through suffering, so that there be no turned lesson in our life. Amen."

A COMRADE OF THE CONFEDERATE NAVY IN NEED.—W. Kemp Perry writes from Wichita Falls, Tex., in behalf of an old Confederate of the Confederate navy who went to Texas in 1867: "Lewis Ferlman belonged to the Confederate navy, served on the Samson at Savannah, Ga., was transferred to the Atlanta, and was captured with her crew. He was taken prisoner with others to Hiltonhead, thence to Norfolk, Va., paroled and sent to Richmond, Va., thence to Charleston, S. C., served there on the Charleston, and was thence transferred to the Pedee on Pedee River. This last vessel was destroyed to prevent capture by the enemy, when he, with others, joined the Naval Brigade, and started for Richmond about the time of Johnston's surrender. Capt. Johnston was in command of the detachment to which he belonged. Ferlman, now a very old and infirm man, desires to make application for a State pension, in which he must be indorsed by some credible persons who knew him in the service and that he really served in the Confederate States navy. He hopes this may meet the eye of some comrade who can help him to make proof."

CONFEDERATE SOLDIER BORN IN 1851.—E. M. Witherspoon writes from Tupelo, Miss., that Tennessee may claim the honor of furnishing the youngest soldier in the Confederate Army; and states that R. S. Claiborne, a prosperous farmer living near Tupelo, was born in 1851 and in 1862 joined Company E, 59th Tennessee Infantry, at Knoxville, and participated in all the engagements of that regiment; and that he was in the siege of Vicksburg, Reynolds's Brigade.

The most practicable and most beneficial patriotic service that any Southerner can render is to contribute to the increase of VETERAN subscription lists.

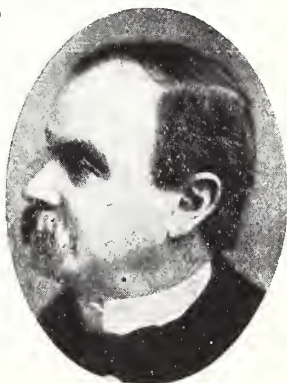
THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND.

The Society of the Army of the Cumberland, an association formed at the close of the War between the States by the officers of that large army, has decided to hold its future reunions in the historic city of Chattanooga, amid the scenes of some of its most notable achievements. This army was commanded by Gen. Buell, Gen. Rosecrans, and Gen. Thomas. Gen. Sheridan was one of its noted leaders. It occupied the central line of military operations in Kentucky, Tennessee, and farther South. It fought the battles of Mill Springs, Murfreesboro, and Chickamauga, and it came to the rescue of Gen. Grant at Shiloh. It formed the larger part of Grant's army at Missionary Ridge and of Gen. Sherman's army in the campaigns about Atlanta.

This army society has no official connection with the Grand Army of the Republic—the G. A. R.—but was formed to perpetuate the friendships and achievements of the Army of the Cumberland, the army of Gen. Thomas, its last great commander and the first President of the society.

The historic battlefields about Chattanooga now seem to attract a larger attendance at the reunions there than when these meetings are held in the cities of the North. Many of the Federal soldiers reside in Chattanooga, and always give their visiting comrades a hearty welcome. At the recent reunion of the Society of the Army of the Cumberland, held in that city, its members had a camp fire in association with the N. B. Forrest Camp of Confederates, and the spirit of liberality and fraternity seemed to be the keynote of the occasion.

Since its last meeting, at Indianapolis, the Society has lost its honored President, Gen. Henry V. Boynton, a man universally beloved and respected by his associates and, indeed, by the soldiers of both armies. He ever paid high tribute to the valor of Confederates. Gen. Gates P. Thruston, of Nashville, was unanimously elected as his successor, a compliment from his old army comrades that he must value most highly.



GEN. THRUSTON.

OPDYKE'S BRIGADE AT FRANKLIN.

On a recent Western journey the greeting of a conductor from St. Louis to Kansas City is remembered. As a subscriber to the *VETERAN* for years and as an ex-Union soldier, it was all the more appreciated. He is the well-known J. K. Merrifield, a passenger conductor on that division of the Missouri Pacific Railroad for thirty-six years. He was a member of Company C, 88th Illinois Volunteer Infantry, in Opdyke's Brigade, 2d Division, 4th Corps, at the battle of Franklin, Tenn. He talked freely, and said:

"Our brigade was rear guard from Spring Hill to Franklin. The two other brigades of our division were left out in front of the main line of works to check Hood if he offered battle. Our brigade marched inside the works and some yards in the rear. The first line of battle was in the works. We formed in regimental front: three regiments, the 88th, 36th, and 74th Illinois on the east side of the pike, and the 44th and 73d Illinois, 24th Wisconsin, and 125th Ohio on the west side of the pike, which would bring us as we faced south between the cotton gin and the Carter house, except that we were

some little distance north of them. We had stacked our guns, and we little thought what a desperate battle was soon to be fought. The men in line of works were still working to complete the line. They had picks and shovels and axes. A cannon was fired from Capt. Bledsoe's Confederate battery, as he afterwards told me. One of his solid shot struck the top of the works and rolled straight down the pike between many of the men of our brigade as we lay by the pike. Our colonel, George W. Smith, called out to 'fall in.' As soon as we did so, Gen. Opdyke, commanding the brigade, took the lead and called out: 'Forward to the works.' As we started, we saw the Confederates inside the works. The first sight that caught my eye was a Confederate with the butt of his gun striking a 16th Kentucky soldier and knocking him down. Another of the 16th Kentucky then clubbed the Confederate with his musket and knocked him down. By this time—the 16th Kentucky soldier, who was knocked down, was up and put a bayonet on his musket, turned it upside down, and plunged the bayonet in the Confederate, who was on the ground. Then we had troubles of our own to look after, and I saw them no more.

"We charged up to the works, and there one of the severest struggles that falls to the lot of any men but once in a lifetime took place. We used bayonets, butts of guns, axes, picks, shovels, and even Gen. Opdyke picked up a gun and clubbed with it. We had a Capt. Barnard, of Company K, in the 88th Illinois, who used a little old four-barrel pistol and even a hatchet that he always carried with him to assist in putting up his tent. He is now a lawyer in Chicago. At last the Confederates who were inside the works surrendered. We huddled them behind the cotton gin for safety. We formed at the works, and were no sooner formed than another line charged. They came to the works and settled down in front of it. They disappeared just like melting away; but in this charge the color bearer of Gen. Featherstone, of the Mississippi Brigade, came to the top of the works with his flag. As he was shot he pitched forward. I grabbed the flag, took it off the staff, and put it in my pocket. Then another line charged. This was Gen. Cockrell's Missouri Brigade. They got no nearer than one hundred feet. As they were coming up, I noticed a flag and a large, fine-looking man, an officer, by its side. They melted away as the other line did. I jumped over the works and ran about one hundred feet ahead and got the flag, and this fine-looking officer was wounded, and lay there with the dead and wounded in heaps upon him. He asked me to pull a dead man off his leg, as he was shot in the knee. I did so. He then asked me for a drink of water. I leaned over, so he could drink out of my canteen without my taking it off my neck. He then asked me to unbuckle his sword belt. I did so, and at that time firing commenced. I looked up, and there was another line of battle about as far from me as our works were. I made a run for the works, still holding on to the sword and belt. How I managed to get to the works alive is a mystery to me, with both lines firing.

"The officer was afterwards proven to be Col. Hugh Garland, of the 1st Missouri Infantry, a regiment in Cockrell's Brigade. He was found dead on the battlefield by his men the next morning.

"When Gen. Marmaduke was Governor of Missouri and Gen. Harding Railroad Commissioner, I gave them the flag to present to the Southern Historical Society of St. Louis, and it is now there in their building at St. Louis. The first Missouri flag I captured was destroyed in the big fire in Chicago. Gen. Featherstone's headquarters flag I still have

in a frame in my residence, in St. Louis. Congress gave me a medal of honor for the capture of the flag. The flag I captured and the medal are valued very highly by myself. If I mistake not, the 88th Illinois got five flags there, and in no battle during the war were so many high general officers killed as the Confederate army lost at Franklin.

"I claim that Opdyke's Brigade at the battle of Franklin, Tenn., saved the Army of the Cumberland from destruction; for had the break in the lines been successful, the two wings of our army would have been whipped in detail, and either driven in the river behind us or captured. Then what was there to stop Hood from going to Louisville? A. J. Smith, with his troops, was all; and with a victorious army as Hood would have had, he would have swept Smith's troops aside, and Grant would have had to send troops from the East to intercept Hood. Too little credit has been given Opdyke's Brigade for the part they took in that battle. Van Horn's 'History of the Army of the Cumberland' says: 'Never in the history of the world have so few men saved an army as Opdyke's Brigade at Franklin.' I was deeply interested in your article in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN concerning the battle and what you said about the death of Gen. Strahl and of how your men in the ditch loaded and handed up the guns to others to fire. You read about hand-to-hand fighting, which does not come very often, but did come with Opdyke's Brigade at Franklin.

"The opportunity of Hood was lost when he let us get by him at Spring Hill. There was his chance, and he failed to improve the opportunity. The hearts of Hood's men were broken when the survivors the next morning scattered over the battlefield and looked upon the faces of over seventeen hundred dead. That was the reason Hood's army did such poor fighting at Nashville a few days afterwards. Col. Bledsoe, a resident until he died of Pleasant Hill, Mo., commanded Bledsoe's Battery in that battle. He told me where he was stationed. If so, it was his battery who killed many of their own men in that battle, as cannon balls plowed through their own ranks from the rear and struck the front of our works. He told me as late as 1880 that he told Gen. Hood he was firing on their own men, and that Gen. Hood told him he was mistaken and to keep on firing; but I know he was right."

Comrade Merrifield resides at 4325a Laclede Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

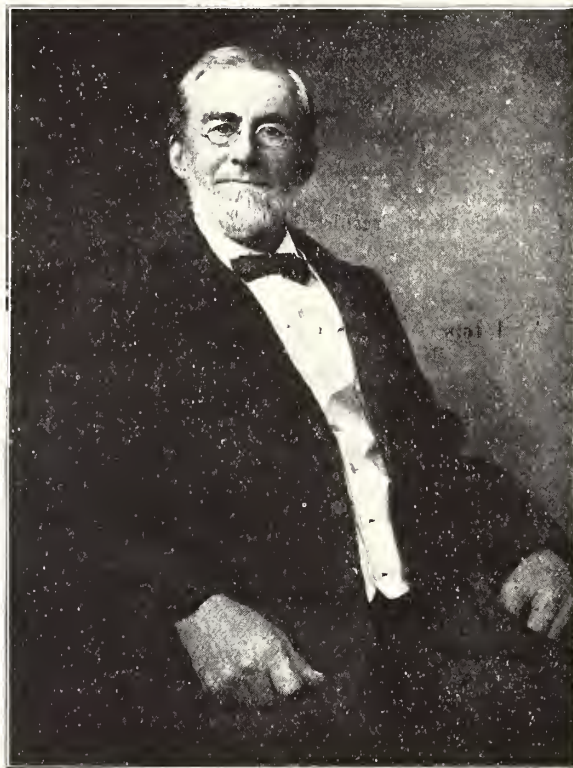
"THE JACKET OF GRAY."

That beautiful old war song of the sixties, "The Jacket of Gray," has recently been republished, and is sold by the Daughters of the Confederacy for the benefit of the Winnie Davis Memorial Hall in Athens, Ga. Only one copy of the war time edition was known to be in existence, and the recent publication was in response to requests from many parts of the South, where the song is exceedingly popular for Memorial Day and other patriotic occasions. Its sweet plaintiveness and tenderness mark it as one of the sorrowful memorials of that great cause, yet blended with it is the proud spirit of the hero that never dies.

Mr. Stratford Benjamin Woodberry, now of Savannah, Ga., is the composer of this music. For many years he was bass soloist in Grace Church, Charleston, and organist in old St. Michaels before the war. He comes of a large family of South Carolina, his father being a physician of Charleston and a political orator of prominence. His artistic temperament comes through a line of Irish ancestry. Lord Robert l'Ans, Mayor of Dublin, from whom he is directly descended,

was knighted on Bosworth Field by Edward VI. His grandfather, John Harth, of Charleston, was with Pulaski at the siege of Savannah, and his uncle, Dr. John Harth, gave his life in the service of Savannah during the yellow fever scourge of 1876.

Mr. Woodberry was a member of the South Carolina party sent out to aid in settling the Kansas-Nebraska statehood problem, and tells many interesting stories of the guerrilla warfare that existed there years before secession. While there he was an actual observer of the career of Ossawatimie



S. B. WOODBERRY, SAVANNAH, GA.

Brown. He was a member of the Washington Light Infantry of Charleston, and during the latter part of the war he was detailed for the gunboat service in Charleston Harbor.

Mrs. C. A. Ball, of Charleston, composed the words of the poem which Mr. Woodberry has set to music. It is dedicated to his comrades of the Washington Light Infantry. The cover is illustrated with flags in colors and the picture of a Confederate soldier. Copies can be obtained from him in Savannah, Ga., No. 806 Henry Street, East.

BURIED AT RED SULPHUR SPRINGS, W. VA.

BY COL. BENNETT H. YOUNG, LOUISVILLE, KY.

In the Presbyterian churchyard at Red Sulphur Springs, W. Va., sleep, with two exceptions, in unmarked graves thirty-five Confederate soldiers, who died at that place from 1861 to 1865.

Twice for winter quarters the Confederate government sent soldiers to Red Sulphur Springs—once the 45th Virginia Regiment, and, secondly, as I am informed, some Georgia regiment. Quite a number of these men died during their stay there, and they found sepulcher in the Presbyterian churchyard. Two slate slabs mark two of these graves. On one of these is cut with a penknife: "In memory of M. P.

Walls, of Company C, 45th Virginia Regiment, who died April 20, 1863, age twenty-nine years." On the other is carved in like manner: "In memory of Jesse Doss, who died December 8, 1861, age twenty-five years, seven months, twenty-nine days." A musket with bayonet attached is cut over the top of these names, showing that Doss as well as Walls was a soldier. Who the others are or whence they came is unknown. A gentleman in the neighborhood, who kept a register, unfortunately lost it, so that now they can only be called our unknown dead. We can say for them:

"We care not whence they came,
Whether unknown or known to fame:
Their cause and country all the same—
They died, they wore the gray."

For a number of years I have been going to Red Sulphur every summer. Nobody had ever taken any notice of these graves until the last ten years; but I had the ground cleared, the thorn bushes dug up, the graveyard mowed, and during my stay at the springs always one day has been set apart for a memorial to these dead boys. A supply of Confederate flags has been provided, so that on these memorial occasions above each grave floats a banner made glorious by their sacrifice and perhaps by their courage. These dead did not die amid the storm, the crash, the excitement or glory of battle; they died in the silence, in the isolation and anguish of the hospital, and were carried to this secluded spot to rest forever.

The Sons and Daughters of West Virginia have promised from time to time to mark these graves. Subscriptions were made to the extent of thirty-five dollars, and there ought to be some stone to tell of these Confederate boys whose ashes are now amongst the richest treasures of the great State of Virginia. I trust that this brief account of these unknown dead may stimulate some earnest and willing worker to provide at least a slab to tell, if not who they were, what they were.

SOLID SOUTH ROOM IN RICHMOND MUSEUM.

At the Convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy in Richmond Mrs. R. E. Park, of Georgia, suggested that "each State President shall recommend that each Chapter in her Division set apart annually a sum according to its ability for the maintenance and enrichment of the room assigned to its own State." Whereupon Mrs. Sidney M. Van Wyck, Regent, San Francisco, Cal., and Miss Minnie A. Baughman, Vice Regent, Richmond, Va., submit an appeal for it, in which they state:

"The Solid South Room has no State to call upon, and appeals to the Chapters outside of the States represented in the museum. In this room are deposited historical papers of the Confederate government and manuscripts and publications of historical interest which are being catalogued according to the most approved system for reference. They are of such value that the government at Washington repeatedly asks permission to examine and copy them. When the true history of the War between the States is written, it can only be done by reference to the papers now preserved here and to others equally valuable which are constantly being received.

"Another work of the Solid South Room is the collection of portraits of the men who composed the civil government of the Confederate States of America. Our generals who rode at the head of our armies have ever had the deserved love and honor of our people; but little has been done to

honor President Davis and his cabinet, men who served their country with equal devotion. Portraits of Mr. Davis, Mr. Stephens, Mr. Meminger, Mr. Reagan, and Mr. Mallory have already been placed in this Hall of Fame, and we desire to make this gallery complete. Now if each Chapter in the non-seceding States would follow the suggestion of Mrs. Park to the Chapters in the seceding States and take for their special charge the Solid South Room, each and every Chapter outside of the Southern States pledging a stated amount yearly to its support, by the faithful and generous aid thus given this room can be sustained. We hopefully must depend upon such outside Chapters to give us an assured fund to draw from by and through which this room can fulfill the work assigned it. Bear in mind that this orphan room has no parent State keeping it in charge. We must and shall trust to our brave workers in other States."

They furthermore say wisely and well that "few realize the work that has been done by the Vice Regents of these rooms, without pay and without price, counting it an honor to be intrusted with these relics and histories of the cause they love. But their hands have grown feeble and their eyes see but faintly, and they now call upon the young people. Work that has always been given will soon have to be paid for, and the funds must come from the Daughters of the Confederacy, into whose hands we must commit the work so nobly conceived and carried to such wonderful perfection by the Memorial Associations. They have collected and guarded these histories of a 'Loved Cause,' placed them in the White House of the Confederacy, where future generations may come and learn of the justness of that cause, of the men who died for it, of the 'women who suffered and were strong,' and who have glorified and preserved it as a blessed heritage to their children's children."

HOMESICK.

BY ELEANOR H. DAMERON.

I'm far away from Dixie, and a homesick heart have I.
I long for Dixie's flowers and her sunny Southern sky;
Your castles large and stately in colossal splendor rise,
But my Dixie's old plantation homes are fairer to mine eyes.

I am homesick now for Dixie, for her daughters sweet and true,

For the fairest, purest women that our country ever knew;
You may laud your stately ladies in their diadems and lace,
But no jewels can be brighter than my Dixie maiden's face.

O, I long, I long for Dixie, for her sons so strong and brave,
Who are proud when honor calls them, if they fill a hero's grave;

Your arms may guard your millions, your navies sail the sea,
But for the true and valiant soul give Dixie Land to me.

O, my spirit yet is Southern, though oceans deep and wide
May part mine eyes from Dixie with stern, remorseless tide;
Yet my heart returns forever, wherever it may roam,
To the dearest spot on earth to me—my sweet old Southern home.

O, sing a song of Dixie, although with lashes wet;
'Tis all for love of Dixie—she's my own mother yet!
For her these smiles are beaming, for her this tear-dimmed eye;
I'll live my life for Dixie's Land; for Dixie I would die.

CAPTURE OF THE MAZEPPA.

Mr. Julien F. Gracey, of Clarksville, Tenn., has published a booklet of twenty-four pages in regard to the capture of a steamer called the "Mazeppa" from the Federals. The *VETERAN* unwittingly published a statement which evidently did injustice to Capt. Gracey, the Confederate officer. Other authors did likewise, and his son determined to establish the fact regardless of care or expense; hence the publication referred to. The editor of the *VETERAN* claims no higher virtue than to make amends, as far as practicable, for a published error. He was surprised to see an article in the *VETERAN* that he believes did injustice to Capt. Gracey in the contention. The pamphlet referred to corrects other misrepresentations, giving proof that, whatever others may claim, Capt. Gracey's heroic part in that remarkable achievement is well established by most creditable testators. It seems that others participated in quite a similar way in the capture of some vessel, and there is honest confusion of facts quite like those related in regard to who caught the reins of Travler when Gen. Lee decided to lead a charge against the enemy.

Many extracts are made from letters of testimony and copied herein, all of which tend to prove conclusively the absolute accuracy of what is claimed for Capt. Gracey, a man truly honored for his service as a Confederate soldier and as a citizen.

There was nothing too desperate or daring for the great "wizard of the saddle" to attempt if the shadow of success lay beyond it. One of the most brilliant exploits of his military career was his Johnsonville campaign, where he captured and destroyed millions of dollars' worth of Federal army supplies, including the steamer Mazeppa loaded with stores of all kinds, the gunboat Undine, and the transport Venus. Capt. John W. Morton, who was chief of Forrest's artillery (now Secretary of State for Tennessee), in writing of these exploits

to Mr. Julien Gracey, son of Capt. Frank P. Gracey, whose conspicuous gallantry on that occasion won him distinction in Forrest's command, says:

"I was perhaps more cognizant of your gallant father's conduct on that occasion than any one present. I personally conducted the fire on the steamer Mazeppa, and commanded the guns in person when the Undine and Venus were captured. It was by my suggestion that your father, Capt. Gracey, was placed in command of the Undine after we captured her. Gen. Forrest ordered me to take command of the gunboat, with a detachment from my different batteries to man her. I protested (mildly, mind you), thanked him for the honor, told him I was not familiar with fighting artillery on water, but that Capt. Gracey, a gallant and efficient officer and familiar with managing a boat, was at Fort Heiman, and suggested that he send for him, which he did, and in less than an hour Gracey reported. The General assigned him to the command of the gunboat, and Gracey and I went aboard. We found that two of her guns had been knocked out of position by our fire. These we readjusted. Capt. Gracey reported her 'seaworthy,' and I reported to Gen. Forrest that his navy was ready to 'move on the enemy.'"

"With Capt. Gracey in command, Forrest as commodore,

and a number of cavalry, we 'cruised' down to Fort Heiman and 'tacked back,' as Gracey said, to Paris Landing. The transport Venus, in command of Col. Dawson, accompanied us, and at Fort Heiman took on her 'armament,' consisting of two twenty-pound Parrott guns. My further observation of the 'maneuvering of the fleet' was interrupted here by orders from the General to move with the artillery up the river, keeping as close to the banks as possible, to render assistance in case of a 'naval engagement.' The river makes a considerable bend several miles below Johnsonville, where we could not reach it on account of the roads, made impassable for artillery by the continuous rains and the passage of the cavalry, and the half-starved condition of my artillery horses. Here the Venus was abandoned and recaptured, and Capt. Gracey, after fighting seven gunboats, four above and three below, was forced to abandon the boat, and he and his men swam ashore.

"It was in 'fighting his ship,' as related to me by one of



CAPT. F. P. GRACEY.

his men, that Capt. Gracey performed one of the most heroic actions of the war. He was sorely pressed by gunboats above and below, shells exploding all around him, and fast knocking the little boat to pieces. The result was inevitable. He saw that he would be compelled to abandon her. He ordered the guns to be charged and the mattresses cut open and pressed into the magazine; he then formed his men in line and ordered them to jump into the river and swim ashore. Waiting until they had reached the bank, he walked back and set fire to the mattresses; then going deliberately to the bow of the boat, where the bursting shells made the heavens lurid, and, waving defiance at the enemy, he jumped into the river and swam ashore. As he was struggling up the river bank the magazine exploded, the guns discharged, and the Undine went to the bottom of the Tennessee River. Thus closed 'Commodore' Forrest's brief but

brilliant naval career."

The following are the facts and proof regarding the capture of the Federal steamer Mazeppa at or near Fort Heiman, on the Tennessee River, October 29, 1864, by Capt. Frank P. Gracey, of the Third Kentucky Battery, being incident to the Johnsonville campaign of Gen. Nathan Bedford Forrest:

At a meeting of Forbes Bivouac, U. C. V., held on January 31, 1903, at Clarksville, Tenn., among other business a committee was appointed for the purposes set forth in the minutes: "Comrade E. B. Ross read a statement as to the capture of the steamer Mazeppa in November, 1864, and the taking possession of the same by Capt. Frank P. Gracey by swimming the Tennessee River. The matter was referred to a committee comprised of E. B. Ross, T. D. Luckett, C. W. Tyler, Julien F. Gracey, and T. W. Lewis."

And again, on February 28, 1903, the said Bivouac took the following action—to wit:

"The report of the committee appointed at the January meeting for the purpose of securing the proof as to the action of Frank P. Gracey in the capture of the steamer Mazeppa made their report, which was read, and, on motion, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

"Resolved: 1. That the report of the committee appointed

to collect and examine evidence in regard to the capture and boarding of the transport Mazeppa and command of the gunboat Undine be accepted and adopted.

"2. That the Bivouac considers it clearly proven that Capt. Frank P. Gracey was the soldier who swam the Tennessee River, boarded the Mazeppa, taking possession and aiding her transfer across the river to the Confederate lines, and was in command of the Undine until it was necessarily destroyed."

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE.

Your committee, appointed at the last meeting of Forbes Bivouac, have the honor of submitting the following report regarding the part played by Capt. F. P. Gracey in the capture of the steamer Mazeppa at or near Fort Heiman, on the Tennessee River, on October 29, 1864, he being one of the original members of Forbes Bivouac, and continuing a member until the time of his death, which occurred on April 27, 1895. Our desire is to submit, without argument, the facts as established by the following letters from eyewitnesses:

CAPT. FRANK P. GRACEY TO CAPT. J. W. MORTON.

My Dear Captain: I am in receipt of your kind letter, wherein you informed me you would on the 27th inst. read a paper before the Southern Historical Society at Louisville on the Johnsonville campaign, and that you would be pleased to have me relate my experience in that memorable affair.

I will not attempt a description in detail of this brilliant episode, but confine myself to the especial parts in which I was engaged.

On the 29th of October, 1864, at daylight I found myself captain of a cavalry company attached to Gen. H. B. Lyon's Brigade, then at Fort Heiman, on the west bank of the Tennessee River. Until this time I had been continuously employed in the artillery service under Gen. Breckinridge, then consecutively under Gens. Bate, Cheatham, Helm, Preston, and Lewis, with sixty days' service in heavy artillery during the siege of Vicksburg. My battery was familiarly known as the First Kentucky, or Cobb's Battery. Gen. H. B. Lyon was its original commander, Maj. Cobb, of Paducah, succeeding him, whilst I in turn became his successor.

On the morning previously mentioned I was with Gen. Lyon's Brigade of Cavalry, concealed on the bank of the Tennessee. A portion of my command had been detailed to assist in working the six-inch Parrott guns sent from Mobile to blockade the Tennessee River. At this time I had not heard Johnsonville whispered, nor do I believe, except for the easy triumph of our artillery over the gunboats, that any effort would have been made to destroy Johnsonville.

About 9 A.M. a boat was reported ascending the river. She soon appeared around the point below us, heavily laden, with a barge in tow. She proved to be the Mazeppa, a new steamboat on her first trip. As soon as she had passed above us a few hundred yards I had the pleasure of seeing how Forrest's Artillery would work, and am glad to say that it was served with a skill and precision I had not seen surpassed during three years of almost constant strife.

In ten minutes her machinery was wrecked, and she, by the impetus she had when the fatal shot struck her, was driven aground on the opposite shore. It was a sore disappointment to the entire command to see this great prize at their mercy and yet unattainable. Not a boat of any description could be found, and all we could do was to gaze with longing eyes at the good things and wish we were there. Finally my patriotism could not be controlled, and I determined to have

some of the Mazeppa's stores or expend considerable energy in trying. So, without orders from superiors or much reflection, I rolled a small log into the river, placed my hands on the end of it for support, and struck for the other shore. It was a long and fatiguing trip across the river, and I had an abundance of time for reflection before I landed, several hundred yards below the steamer. At times I thought I did not want the stores as bad as I did; but one glance at the supplies would at once renew my patriotism, and I would push my way ahead. On reaching the shore, I struck out for tall timber. I knew my greatest danger was whilst exposed between the water's edge and the timber on the top bank. As I approached the vessel from the rear or bank side, I espied several bluecoats concealed behind trees (our boys were still shooting across the river with their Enfield rifles), and I confessed to myself that things looked decidedly blue, and I determined then and there that I would never let my patriotism or desire to secure food and clothing for the boys get me into such a scrape again. Things did look bad. I was on the enemy's side of the river, alone, with two pistols that had been in the river with me for at least an hour, with I could not tell how many bluecoats between me and the boat; but something must be done, and quickly. I determined to charge them, demand their surrender, which, if they declined to do, I would do myself. I charged, they surrendered, and in a few minutes I had them in front of me in the bow of the boat, while the boys on the other shore were yelling like madmen at my success. Fortunately, the prisoners, three in number, proved to be old river men, and good men, as I have found since the war. Having been engaged in that interest myself before the war, I was in my element. I ordered the prisoners into a lifeboat, while I passed them coil after coil of rope until the boat would carry no more. After fastening one end to the Mazeppa's cavi, the prisoners proceeded to row across the river, paying out the cable as they progressed. They soon reached the shore, when a thousand hands reached out to draw the boat across the river.

Gen. Buford took charge of the lifeboat as soon as the rope was removed from it, and by it succeeded in getting on the Mazeppa while she was in mid-stream. The General mounted the hurricane roof, rang the bell, gave orders to imaginary crews, and exhibited many evidences of delight in securing a prize loaded with sufficient supplies to feed and clothe his entire division for a year; and thus quietly and uneventfully was landed the first great prize in the Johnsonville campaign.

GEN. H. B. LYON TO JULIEN F. GRACEY.

EDDYVILLE, KY., January 19, 1902.

Dear Julien: Your letter of the 15th inst. received. I recollect that your father swam the Tennessee River, took possession of the steamer Mazeppa, which had been disabled by our artillery and landed against the eastern shore of the Tennessee River in order that her crew might escape from our forces, then on the west bank of the river, and he used one of the Mazeppa's yawls in sending to us one end of a rope, the other end of which was tied to the boat, and we used this rope in pulling the Mazeppa to our (west) bank of the river. Your father and his company then belonged to my command, and I witnessed the entire operation. Your father undoubtedly did command the Undine, as his company was an artillery company; but it is my recollection that she did not reach Johnsonville. The orders from Gen. Forrest were that the Undine and Venus were to run slowly up the Ten-

nessee River, and one or two of Morton's light batteries should also move up the river by a road almost immediately on the bank of the river; but from some cause the batteries were delayed, and when the Undine met the Federal gunboats coming down the river, as your father found that he could not with his armament contend with them, and he had no support from the land batteries, he landed the Undine and burned her to the water's edge. The Federals had no gunboats below the Undine and Venus. I had the satisfaction of making the Federals burn the gunboats that attacked the Undine at Johnsonville.

COL. Z. A. C. HOLT TO CAPT. E. B. ROSS.

MEMPHIS, TENN., December 28, 1903.

. . . But Gracey, the soldier, the gentleman, the bulldog cannoner of our world-renowned brigade, to be overlooked and robbed of all that he left behind—that is, his heroic deeds—is simply a shame! I saw him—was standing within ten feet of him—when he pulled off his uniform coat, and with a paddle in hand he mounted that log—or two—I don't remember. He reserved nothing but his side arms, and went over to the disabled boat. A dangerous and a daring deed, for one almost knew that the banks, trees, and underbrush were swarming with the enemy, as well as the occupants of the boat, who had probably left men or stragglers on board. Think of it! he paddled over to what seemed certain death or capture.

COL. A. R. SHACKLETT TO J. F. GRACEY.

ISLAND, KY., September 25, 1902.

Dear Friend: In regard to the much-discussed question as to who swam the Tennessee River to bring over the steamer Mazeppa to Fort Heiman, I have no hesitancy in saying that Capt. Frank P. Gracey and Capt. John Clay Horn alone swam the river. These are the facts. The Kentucky Brigade formed the left of Forrest's command. With a section of Morton's Battery near Fort Heiman my regiment was deployed on the river bank near the water's edge. On the morning of the 28th or 29th of October the transport Mazeppa came steaming up stream, and the second shot from Morton's Battery disabled her, when she butted the opposite bank and the crew took to the woods. Now, we had a steamboat and barge in tow, heavily loaded with army supplies, and no craft to go with them. Capt. Frank P. Gracey and Capt. John Clay Horn volunteered to swim to the boat, and, going up the river some distance, each selected him a log and rolled it into the river, throwing off their clothes, put their pistol belts around their necks, mounted their logs, and paddled to the boat. After lowering the yawl, they loaded in the cable, and one pulled the oars and the other played off the line to our side of the river, when one hundred men of my regiment—the Eighth Kentucky—seized the rope, made a check post of a tree, and hauled the boat and barge across the river. I was ordered by Gen. Buford to take command of the boat and unload her, and, hoisting my flag on the pilot house, I directed the unloading of the boat; and after securing all that we needed in our business, I received orders and burned the boat. If any other man went to that boat, he went in the yawl while Capt. Horn and Capt. Gracey were dressing. These are the facts, as can be substantiated by five hundred men of the Kentucky Brigade still living.

LIEUT. E. B. ROSS MADE STATEMENT.

. . . When Capt. Gracey saw this, being an old river man before the war, he got astride two pieces of the raft, holding them together with his legs, and with a piece of plank

which he used as a paddle struck out alone across the wide and deep river for the enemy's country, with only his pistols buckled around him.

Gracey, Horn, and Buford are all dead. Only the writer remains of the three who assisted in making the raft. Fortunately, we have Gracey's own account, written by his own hand, to substantiate the facts. To Gracey, and Gracey alone, belongs the glory of this brave exploit. It is monstrous that he and his family should be robbed of one iota of the credit of his gallant action. It was one of the bravest deeds I ever saw or read of. Single-handed and alone he accomplished it.

E. S. PAYNE TO JULIEN F. GRACEY.

ENON COLLEGE, TENN., July 21, 1902.

Dear Sir: I write this to verify the fact that W. C. (Clabe) West was not the man that first reached the steamer Mazeppa, which was captured by Forrest's Cavalry at Fort Heiman, on the Tennessee River, two or three days before the destruction of Johnsonville. I was a private in Company D, Second Tennessee (Bartean's) Regiment. I am sure that Clabe West was not at the river. I was the only one of our regiment that was there. Gen. Forrest and the rest of the command, including our regiment, was at Paris, fifteen or twenty miles from the river. The evening before the capture of this boat our regiment was called on for a man to carry a dispatch to Gen. Buford. Our adjutant called on our company, through me, and I volunteered, being aware of the fact that some people lived near that road who once lived neighbors to us here in this county. My principal object was to see them and get a good square meal. I reached Gen. Buford's quarters late in the night. He was in a log cabin. I made my pallet on the floor. After breakfast with him next morning, I asked him if he was done with me. He said that we would have some fun that morning, and he wanted me to stay with him. As soon as we were down at the river the boat came. The battery soon crippled her, and it landed on the east side.

I was the boy that suggested to the General how to get the boat over to us, which was done by a coil of rope which was found on the boat. I remained at the bank until the boat was pulled over and most of the goods taken off. I saw the man on the boat after he got some dry clothes. I was there when he got off, and I did not see W. C. West, whom I knew well, and who is now living near Carthage, Tenn.

J. M. COLEMAN TO J. F. GRACEY.

[Extract from statement of J. M. Coleman, Eddyville, Ky., a member of Cobb-Gracey Kentucky Battery, Lyon's Brigade, Forrest's Command, dated February 24, 1904.]

. . . The honor is due your father and his men. I was with him during the war, and he was not the man to claim honor not due him. Your father also had command of the Undine, another captured boat, ordered by Gen. Forrest to engage fleet at Johnsonville. I was on the boat with him, and was one of his gunners. We ran the boat up near the place, and the fleet began firing on us. Then your father received orders from Gen. Forrest to run the boat ashore and burn her, which he did.

JULIEN F. GRACEY TO DR. J. A. WYETH.

CLARKSVILLE, TENN., January 22, 1902.

Dear Sir: I have just read your most entertaining and instructive book on the life of Gen. Nathan Bedford Forrest. Allow me to thank you for myself as an ardent admirer of Gen. Forrest; also on behalf of the Frank P. Gracey Camp

of Sons of Confederate Veterans, of this city, of which I have the honor of being commander.

The main object of my letter, however, to you is to call your attention to what undoubtedly is an error in regard to certain matters relating to the Johnsonville campaign. On page 521 of your most estimable work you give credit to Private W. C. West, of Company G, Barteau's Second Tennessee Regiment, for having swam the Tennessee River to secure the Mazeppa, which had been disabled by the Confederate artillery and had landed on the opposite bank. Capt. Frank P. Gracey is my father, and I have not only heard him relate on many occasions his actions in this matter, but have heard it from the mouths of many of his own company who witnessed the transaction. My father is the man who did the act referred to. In your preface you refer to the work of Gens. Thomas Gordon and J. P. Pryor, covering the campaigns of Gen. Forrest; and it is a little surprising that you should have made such a radical departure from the record given on page 597 of that work, in describing the act of my father in securing the Mazeppa. As I have above stated, I have heard my father relate this matter many times, and in reading your book I was astonished to see that you had allowed the error above referred to to creep in. My father was captain of the artillery company known as Cobb's Kentucky Battery, and during the particular campaign in question was under the command of Gen. H. B. Lyon. Being impressed with the fact that the object of your work, as all other works regarding the Civil War that have been written by Confederates and their sympathizers, is to create a basis of fact that will absolutely give the correct history when the proper time comes to make same, I deem it my duty to call your attention to this particular error. After reading your book I wrote at once to Gen. H. B. Lyon, who now lives in Eddyville, Ky., enjoying extremely good health for a man of his age, calling his attention to your error. I am just in receipt of a letter from him, confirming my own recollection of the part my father played in this Johnsonville campaign. . . .

The principal reason for giving my father command of the Undine was on account of his having had considerable experience as a steamboatman in his early days, and also on account of him being an expert artillery officer, and would be at home in handling the guns of the Undine. I had the pleasure of visiting Johnsonville and going over the points at which the operations against the gunboats took place, and have had my father to point out to me the wreck of the Undine. I have also written members of his command who are still living for their statements in regard to this matter, and will take pleasure in forwarding them to you as soon as they are received.

If you will refer to Gens. Gordon and Pryor's work on Forrest, you will find that the proper credit is given on the page I have above referred to; and as this work was written only a few years after the war, and the facts could be gathered from many men then living, it is hardly possible that there could have been any error in the statement there made. I am aware that there is great difficulty in gaining actual facts of such occurrences, and I have no feeling in the matter beyond the fact that I feel it my duty to have my father receive the credit for the heroic act he actually performed on the occasion referred to. I will thank you very much indeed for a reply to this letter; and if there is any further information you desire on the point in question, it will give me a great deal of pleasure to secure it for you. Gen. Lyon has

expressed his intention to write to you personally on this subject, and I presume you will hear from him.

DR. WYETH'S REPLY TO MR. GRACEY.

NEW YORK CITY, January 26, 1902.

My Dear Sir: I have your letter of January 22. I shall be very glad to have any mistakes that may be in the "Life of Forrest" corrected. You may rest assured, however, that I put nothing in there which was not based upon evidence which I believed at the time to be correct. I have in my possession a letter from R. R. Hancock, author of "Hancock's Diary," dated Auburn, Tenn., February 22, 1895, in which he says: "Please allow me to state the fact that W. C. West, a private in Company G, Second Tennessee, who now lives at Carthage, Tenn., crossed the Tennessee River on a slab and was the first Confederate to board the Mazeppa." I was assured of the reliability of Mr. Hancock, and since the diary was made from day to day as he witnessed these things I thought it very likely he would not be apt to make an error. He says in his letter also that he does not want to be understood as even intimating by the above that Capt. Gracey did not also swim to the Mazeppa. I have also a letter from this same W. C. West, dated Carthage, Tenn., December 12, 1897, and written to Mr. George Hager, who was lieutenant in Forrest's Cavalry, I believe, and is now living, a druggist, in Nashville, Tenn., describing his part in this transaction; and, while I cannot now lay my hand upon another letter, I feel sure that I did have one from Mr. George T. Hager confirming this performance of West. The evidence seems clear to me that West did swim the river and board the Mazeppa. I found many errors in Gordon & Pryor's book, which seemed to have been written from memory rather than from official records. My book is written almost entirely from the official reports at Washington, both sides having been carefully studied.

R. R. HANCOCK TO JULIEN GRACEY.

AUBURN, TENN., February 10, 1902.

Dear Sir: Yours of the 3d inst. received, and contents noted. I was not an eyewitness to the incident which you mention. I was in our camp, about one and a half miles from the river, at the time of the capture of the Mazeppa. . . .

JUDGE C. W. TYLER PAYS TRIBUTE TO CAPT. FRANK GRACEY.

In the month of October, 1864, the new transport steamer Mazeppa was making its way up the Tennessee River, having in tow a barge laden with supplies for the Federal army above. On the morning of October 26 the small Confederate cavalry brigade of Gen. H. B. Lyon, being on the west bank of the river near Fort Heiman, opened fire on the Mazeppa, then passing upstream in their view. With two six-inch Parrott guns, skillfully handled, they soon disabled the steamer, and her crew ran the boat and barge to the opposite side of the stream and landed. It was at least a half mile across the river, and the Confederate command had no boats to enable them to pass over and secure their prize. There were some bluecoats in charge of the vessel on the opposite side, but how many could not be told. It could be safely asserted that there were not enough to successfully resist Lyon's Brigade, but there might be enough to repel any small band of Confederates seeking to capture the rich supply of stores they were guarding. Nor did the Confederates possess any means of transporting even a small detachment across the stream. At this critical juncture a member of Lyon's command ventured upon one of the rashest, and seemingly most foolhardy,

experiments that ever was undertaken by a rash soldier in the face of the enemy. Without command or permission he rolled a log into the river, and with this frail support beneath him struck out alone for the opposite shore. Reaching the eastern bank after much difficulty, he quietly approached the steamer through a thick body of timber land that intervened. As he neared the boat he saw several Federal soldiers behind trees, for the Confederates on the other side were shooting at them. Without hesitation he charged down on these with a Rebel yell, and some of them fled precipitately, while three surrendered. Marching these three before him to the boat, he compelled them to get into a lifeboat and paddle with a towline across to his comrades on the western bank. Then Lyon's entire command laid hold of the cable with a will, and soon had the coveted prize in their possession. The barge contained supplies enough for man and beast to last the whole command a year, and the *Mazeppa* was a fine, new boat on its first trip, which was afterwards put to excellent service by the Confederates.

The achievement above briefly sketched was certainly one of the most daring ever undertaken in warfare. The adventurous soldier who single-handed and alone swam the river and captured the boat was Capt. Frank P. Gracey, who during almost the entire Civil War commanded a battery of artillery, and who was a member of Forbes Bivouac.

Dr. Wyeth, of New York, in his recent life of Gen. N. B. Forrest, recites briefly the facts above set forth, but gives credit for the unaided capture of the steamer to W. C. West, of the Second Tennessee Cavalry Regiment, instead of to Capt. Frank P. Gracey, of the Kentucky Battery, who certainly was the hero of the exploit. His bold venture was witnessed by scores of his comrades, and was commented on in terms of unstinted praise by the entire command at the time. The war ended soon afterwards, and several years elapsed before any serious effort was made to collect the scattered facts necessary to a correct recital of the achievements of the various Southern commands. During this period some confusion arose as to the identity of the daring soldier who swam the Tennessee River alone and demanded the surrender of one of the enemy's steamers. The true hero was as modest as he was brave, and took no pains during his life to assert his claim to the distinction that justly was his. Now that he has joined the great army of his comrades on the silent shore we deem it our duty to protect his good name, and we therefore publish in this little pamphlet facts which show conclusively that it was he, and he alone, who performed the daring exploit on the Tennessee River, which Dr. Wyeth erroneously attributes to another.

Capt. Frank P. Gracey was born at Eddyville, Ky., June 30, 1834. When he was sixteen years of age he began his business career by accepting a position as clerk in a store at Hickman, Ky. Two years later he became clerk on the steamer *America*, a fine boat operating between Nashville and New Orleans. In 1857 he married Miss Irene Cobb, daughter of Dr. Joshua Cobb, of Clarksville, and settled at Eddyville as a merchant and tobacco broker. Here he remained till the outbreak of the Civil War.

He enlisted in the Third Kentucky Regiment, and upon its organization at Camp Boone was elected second lieutenant of Company F. Highland B. Lyon, of Eddyville, was chosen captain of the company, and R. L. Cobb first lieutenant. The command was soon ordered to Bowling Green, and here Company F was detailed to take charge of a battery of light artillery. This was familiarly known during the war as the

First Kentucky Battery, or Cobb's Battery. Lyon was the first captain, but he was promoted, reaching finally the rank of brigadier general. Cobb was the next to take command, but he was also promoted, and then Frank P. Gracey became captain of the battery. In the Georgia campaign at Kennesaw Mountain Capt. Gracey was seriously wounded, and he was slightly wounded on several other occasions. When the war closed he was paroled, with a stipulation that he should not go north of the Ohio River without a special permit from the Secretary of War. This determined him to locate in Clarksville, where his wife's family resided. He carried into private life the energy and moral and physical courage which had distinguished him during the war. He was not only eminently successful as a business man, but he was so public-spirited that his influence was felt in every enterprise that went toward the upbuilding of the community, and his private charity was demonstrated by numberless kind acts that the world at large knew nothing of. He died suddenly on the 27th day of April, 1895, sincerely mourned by all who had ever known him, and leaving a name behind him that in itself would have been a rich heritage to his only son.

A SON'S TRIBUTE.

BY SAMUEL D. RODGERS, PETERSBURG, VA.

We watch the glorious pageant, veterans marching on our street,
Brilliant banners waving proudly, Dixie's martial strains we greet
With cheer on cheer, till Southern hearts melt with the heroes' song
And tear-dimmed eye meet Jackson's men and Lee's now marching 'long—

Men who when Duty called them faltered not, but volunteered
And dared defy the bayonet, nor whistling bullet feared.
They knew their cause was righteous, State sovereignty was right;
And knowing this, the patriots met the foe's o'erpowering might.

The flag is furled, and heroes true who fought in Southern gray
Are failing fast, their step grows slow, they soon will pass away.
On history's page from age to age a deathless fame shall be
Ascribed the faithful soldiers who followed Robert Lee.

Theirs was the glorious record of men who loved their State;
And loving her, the heroes felt no sacrifice too great:
Left home and friends and loved ones, left all when Duty spake,
To face the deadly bullet for their dear Southland's sake.

Sons of the South whose fathers fought with Jackson and with Lee,
A priceless heritage is yours, a cherished memory
Of men who knew no danger, since honor called them there,
And God upheld them in the strife through Southern women's prayer.

The venerable and beloved Lieut. Gen. A. P. Stewart is spending some time in St. Louis with members of his family. It will be remembered that he had a severe stroke of paralysis over a year ago. In a recent letter he states: "My health is reasonably good, and I am now in my eighty-fifth year, since October 2."

MORGAN'S RAID INTO KENTUCKY.

BY ROBERT L. THOMPSON, 2904 PINE STREET, ST. LOUIS.

Late in December, 1862, Gen. John H. Morgan, with nine regiments of mounted troops and one company of scouts, made what was known as his Christmas raid through Kentucky. There were Breckinridge, Chenault, Cluke, Duke, Gano, Grigsby, Johnson, Smith, and Ward, all regimental commanders, and Capt. Tom Quirk of the scouts. During Gen. Morgan's invasion of Kentucky the battle of Murfreesboro, Tenn., was fought between Gens. Bragg and Rosecrans. It was said at the time that Gen. Morgan's purpose for entering Kentucky was to get in the rear of Gen. Rosecrans's army, cut his communications, and otherwise menace him and draw his attention while Gen. Bragg attended to him in front. Gen. Morgan's part of the work was well performed.

I was a private in Company F, 9th (Breckinridge's) Regiment. We left Alexandria, Tenn., in the night. Early next morning we had crossed the State line and were in Tompkinsville, Ky. Another day and night's hard ride brought us to Glasgow, where early in the morning we encountered a foe, who struck back with such force that our chief ordered us to withdraw, and by a rapid flank movement we passed around him and proceeded straight to the Louisville and Nashville Railroad at Munfordville. There we found the enemy strongly posted in a stockade. We had with us a little battery of three or four guns that Gen. Morgan named the "Bull Pups." Our usual method of attack was to drive in the pickets or shoot them down or get shot down, as some of our gallant advance guard did at Glasgow, then dismount, surround the garrison, fire a few shots with small arms, throw in a few shells from the battery, when the enemy, finding it useless to hold out longer, would display a white flag, and the job was finished.

Our next step was to parole the prisoners, destroy their guns, and move on to the next. Accompanying Gen. Morgan there was a young man, George A. Ellsworth, a telegraph operator, who would now and then cut the wire, attach his instrument, and send misleading dispatches to the Federal authorities in Louisville or Nashville. I saw him one day seated on the roadside with his battery attached to a wire fingering the key, while Gen. Morgan and staff sat on their horses about him. They all seemed to be in a good humor, as though they were indulging in humorous messages.

Early on the morning of December 27 our regiment attacked a body of Federals in Elizabethtown, Ky. They had taken refuge in the courthouse and other buildings in the town. The battery was brought forward in a dash and took position on a little hill south of the town. Our regiment followed the artillery double-quick, and formed along the base of the hill between the battery and town, so that the shells thrown into town passed over our heads. We dismounted and advanced in full view and range of the enemy. We had to cross a narrow bottom through which ran a creek that was full to its banks, caused by incessant rain of the night before. We plunged through the water waist deep—at the place I crossed—holding our guns above our heads, and entered the town.

As I passed along a street I remember keeping close to the wall of a house that I might be shielded from bullets, when three Federal soldiers came out of the house with guns and approached me. I said: "Surrender." They put their guns down, and I ordered them to the rear. I then entered the house they came out of, and found it to be a hotel with breakfast on the table, but saw no landlord or guests. Other

Confederates came in, and together we ate the breakfast, and during the whole time we were eating the little battery on the hill was being worked to its full capacity. When we had finished our breakfast and went out on the street again, we saw white handkerchiefs tied to ramrods hanging out of the courthouse windows. We then knew that the boys in blue had surrendered, and I was glad. A member of my company told my comrades that when I saw the three Federal soldiers coming toward me with their guns I had thrown my gun down and rushed on them with my fists, demanding their surrender, but that was a joke. However, I never did tell the boys how badly scared I was at the time, but I do not mind telling it now.

After the prisoners were paroled and their guns destroyed, together with some other government property in the town, we moved out a few miles north of town, stopped, and fed our horses. If I remember correctly, nearly all of Gen. Morgan's force was bunched there that morning. While we were feeding Gen. Wolford's Federal cavalry came up and attacked our rear guard. Our regiment was ordered to form and assist in holding the enemy in check, while the main part of our little army passed the Rolling Fork, a swift-running stream immediately in our front. We met with some loss that morning, quite a number being wounded. Among the officers there was Col. Duke, who received a wound on his head from a fragment of a shell. We crossed the Rolling Fork in safety, and then went forward at a swifter gait than before. Gen. Wolford followed us, but he never caught up any more.

It was then on to Bardstown, within forty miles of Louisville, then to Springfield and Lebanon, then south to Burksville, where we recrossed the Cumberland River, thence back to Tennessee again. I had no personal knowledge of what any of the other regiments did on the trip; I remember only the part that mine took. That the others performed their part well is quite certain, as it is well known that there were no drones or sluggards who rode with Morgan.

With the exception of Gano's and Ward's regiments, quite all of Morgan's men were Kentuckians. Most of Gano's were Texans, and all of Ward's were Tennesseans. With but few exceptions, Morgan's troopers were young men, quite a number being boys under age. Gen. Morgan was only thirty-eight. My colonel was twenty-six, and there was not an officer in the regiment whose age exceeded thirty, except one, and he was not over forty. Capt. Tom Henry Hines, of Company E, who escaped prison with Gen. Morgan one year later, was but twenty-one. In Company H there was little John Kemper, aged thirteen, who rode a pony and carried a carbine. I was sixteen, and the youngest soldier in my company.

If I am not mistaken, Gen. Morgan's official report of the expedition stated that we had been fourteen days in the saddle, and I can well believe it true; for if we ever stopped for any purpose, except to fight or feed our horses, I have no recollection of the time or place. There was no wagon train followed us loaded with commissary stores and camp equipage, not even an ordnance wagon or an ambulance. Horse and gun with forty rounds of cartridges was what each man started with. I suppose we were expected, if we should run short of ammunition, to capture what we needed, which we did, and more than we had use for. How we were expected to obtain food for ourselves, I do not know. It seems that the soldiers' needs of sleep and food were not considered; only the horse he rode must be fed. If from any cause we

halted, night or day, for a few minutes, we slept during the interval. Stops were seldom made. It might be that the guide had lost his way, when we would stop to establish the right direction, etc. At such times we would snatch a moment's sweetest sleep, either leaning over on our horses' necks or dropping down on the cold earth, holding the horse by the bridle. The loss of sleep is very likely the cause of my recollection of its seeming more like a dream than a reality, although the services rendered were quite real and earnest. The command was "Go forward" and "Close up" all the time, night and day, through rain, snow, and mud; no rest or sleep, but a constant prodding forward. I do not remember the results accomplished, the loss or gain or victor's spoils. I only remember the arduous service and that most of us escaped, being thankful now that it is all past and will never happen again and that I am still alive and able to tell the tale.

A CONFEDERATE CHRISTMAS.

A TRUE STORY BY JANET H. RANDOLPH.

How across the years come the little voices, "Mother, tell us a real, sure-nough war story!" and so to-night my memory goes back and I am again telling a "sure-nough" story that will perhaps amuse some other little children. This time it will be a Confederate Christmas story, for I am a real old Confederate. There are not many left now, for forty years is a whole lifetime, and this Christmas was forty years ago.

After the Confederate army—or "our army," as we used to say—fell back from Manassas in the spring of 1862, we were in the enemy's country. My home was in the little village of Warrenton, just in the track of both armies. In the morning the Yankees would have possession, and maybe that afternoon "our men" would be marching through. But this winter the Yankees had gone into winter quarters, and the people of the little village had settled down to make the best of it.

Now, it is very hard for the people of the South to think of a good Yankee. We know of all the horrors of the latter years of this cruel war; but a gentleman is always the same wherever he is born, and there were a great many kind Yankees, and that winter many kind things were done by these men who, although our enemies, were living among us.

Well, I have made a long preface to a short story. As I said, the troops had gone into winter quarters; no more dashing in of "our men" to cheer us up by telling of how things were going on "across the lines," and we children looked forward to a dull Christmas. To give us a little pleasure, Mrs. Gen. P., whose husband was in Richmond, formed a dancing class, and twice a week we would meet in her parlors and she would play on the piano for us to dance. There were about eight girls and as many boys. The old-fashioned lancers, the quadrilles, and the waltzes were learned. When Christmas came, we wanted to send a little Christmas present to Mrs. P., to show how we appreciated the pleasure she had given us, but what could we do? There were no stores to sell and no money to buy. The Yankees had their sutlers, who were sometimes allowed to sell to the citizens; but they were not then allowed to do so, for it had been reported that we bought provisions to save up for the "Rebels."

You will recall what I have just said, that "we had no money;" but when the Yankees came to stay, they used to buy homemade bread, and would furnish materials for the ladies to make pies and cakes, and our mothers were willing to do anything to get some Yankee money, or "greenbacks,"

as we called the paper money. So each of us determined to get a little money from our parents. We collected three dollars, which was a "whole heap" for us, but how were we to spend it? Recess each day found us consulting on this important question. It was at last decided that we would buy some sugar and tea and coffee, but where were we to get it? Again came the consultation, when one of the girls, Lillie P., said: "Why, there is a very nice Yankee who has his headquarters in the lot next to our house, and I believe he would let us buy it if we asked him." Then came the question: "Who is going to face the enemy?" We determined that five of the girls should go, so Mollie S., Florie T., Jennie P., myself, and sister were chosen. The girl who proposed it was to introduce us.

You can hardly imagine a more scared set of little girls; but we must get our present, so down we marched and asked the sentinel who walked in front of the officers' tent if we could see Col. Gardener (I remember the name and wish I could remember the regiment) on "important business." In a few minutes we were ushered into his presence. I was to be the spokesman, but I am sure if the Colonel had not been so gentle and kind my mouth would never have been able to open. Well, after a fashion, we made known our errand and offered our pitiful little three dollars, which meant so much to us, asking if he would let his sutler sell us that amount in sugar and coffee. Why, certainly; it should be sent to us that afternoon. You can hardly think how glad we were and how we thanked the Yankee colonel.

Now the pleasant part of my story comes: That afternoon up came the Colonel's orderly with twenty pounds of sugar and a large package of coffee and tea (I suppose five times as much as our money would have bought) and a nice letter with three one-dollar greenbacks, saying that he was glad to contribute to the brave little girls who wished to give a Christmas present to the wife of a Confederate general who had given her time for their amusement. Our delight can hardly be described to the little ones of to-day who have all they want for their comfort and amusement, and I believe that everybody who takes the trouble to read this little story will be glad to know that even in those hard days there were kind Yankees who did feel sorry for the little Confederate girls; and it is just as nice, as the years go by, to remember these kind acts, while it does good also to tell them. And always remember that the old-fashioned name of gentleman or gentlewoman belongs to the person who so behaves, and not to any locality or country.

"MISSISSIPPI AT GETTYSBURG."

This is the title of a paper in course of preparation for Volume IX. of the Mississippi Historical Society's Publication, by W. A. Love, of Crawford, Miss.

Comrade Love has been a subscriber to the *VETERAN* since its inception, and of course has secured much from its files, and he will use the government official reports, regimental losses, etc.; yet he greatly desires information from surviving members of the three Mississippi brigades participating in that battle, commanded by Barksdale, Posey, and Davis.

Mr. Love was too young for military service at that date, but had four brothers in the 11th Mississippi Regiment, two of whom were in the charge on Cemetery Ridge, and both wounded. He entered the service later in the 6th Mississippi Cavalry, and was paroled at Gainesville, Ala., in May, 1865.

VINDICATING THE RECORD OF HIS COLONEL.

Frederick M. Grant, of Canton, Ill., who served in the Union army from Connecticut, favors the VETERAN (to which he is a subscriber) with an interesting account of his visit to New Orleans some years ago. It so illustrates the chivalry and friendly regard of the men who fought for both sides that it is copied in part:

"While in New Orleans for two weeks, I visited a number of places forever of abiding interest to all Connecticut Grand Army members, formerly belonging to the 19th Army Corps. Among those places was the national cemetery on the battle ground of Chalmette. I went there to pay my devotions to the graves of the Federal volunteers of the War between the States, some fifteen thousand in numbers (of which nearly half are designated as 'unknown'), gathered from all of the battlefields of the Gulf Department and sweetly sleeping there

'Under the dew and rain,
Awaiting the judgment day.'

"I visited Memorial Hall of the Confederate Veterans of the Armies of Northern Virginia and Tennessee, located on Camp Street, in New Orleans. The building is built of granite, and voices an adaptability for the purposes for which it is designed. Within the hall are gathered the uniforms, side arms, pistols, holsters, evidences of rank, autographs, photographs, and numerous other things of interest formerly belonging to Davis, Lee, Albert Sidney Johnston, Joe Johnston, Beauregard, Bragg, Jackson, Hood, Cleburne, and a host of other minor celebrities of the defunct Confederate cause. The entire library of Jefferson Davis is there. Suspended from the walls are the numerous regimental and battery battle flags of the various organizations that went forth from Louisiana during those four years to uphold and make successful the object typified by those tattered and shot-rent banners. Just beneath those flags on the walls, in large letters, easily read, are tributes to the deathless bravery of the Armies of Northern Virginia and Tennessee copied from the testimonies of Grant, Sherman, and Swinton, the historian of the Army of the Potomac, and others.

"While thus interested in viewing the many objects connected with those days, which are gone never more to return, I discovered, suspended within one of the cabinets against the wall, a part of a garb of mail, or a steel breastplate, and upon it appeared the following recital in writing: 'Worn by Col. Ledyard Colburn, of the 12th Connecticut Infantry.' This stigmatized my own regimental commander, under whom I had served nearly two years. It bore the stain of dishonor, if not of cowardice. I was not satisfied to have it remain so. I went to my room and tried to think of my duty in the premises. I thought of it more or less through the night, and I resolved that I would try to vindicate the memory of one gone hence and no longer able to speak for himself and repel this public memento of a slanderous detraction.

"The following morning I took the very gentlemanly custodian, an ex-officer of the Army of Tennessee, to the cabinet and pointed out to him the breastplate having the objectionable recital upon it. He said: 'Yes, what do you know about it?' I replied: 'I know that in its application to Col. Colburn, who was my regimental commander, it was not true. I solicited permission to prepare and file a written statement of the facts, protesting against the further continuance of this

recital in this public manner. It was purported to have been taken from the body of the deceased officer in front of Cold Harbor, Va., in the summer of 1864.

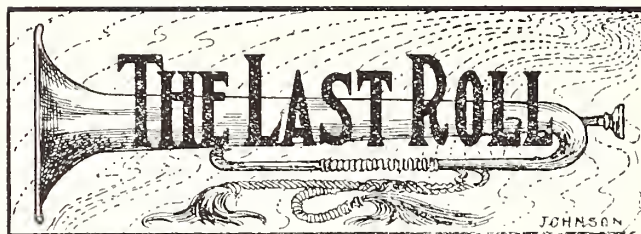
"Not alone the custodian but Col. J. A. Chaldron, formerly of the 5th Company, Washington Artillery, received my request with the greatest possible courtesy, furnishing me at once with paper, pen, and ink, and I sat down and wrote and filed with the association an extended and truthful narrative, in which I showed that the recital upon the card attached to the breastplate was clearly and palpably a mistake. I was enabled to demonstrate that Col. Colburn was never in Virginia in the capacity of a soldier, except during the Bull Run campaign of July, 1861, when, as major of the 2d Connecticut Infantry, he was publicly named in the report of Gen. Keyes, commanding the division, as one who, amid the shameless panic and disgraceful rout of the 21st of July of that year, exhibited exceptional bravery, coolness, and soldierly adherence to duty. I briefly traced his career in the 12th Connecticut Infantry, the date of his connection, his coming to Ship Island, the siege of Forts Jackson and St. Philip, his coming to Louisiana, his being detached from the regiment, his resignation and return to civil life before the battle of Cold Harbor in the summer of 1864, and finally his death, poor in this world's goods, at Plano, in the State of Illinois, more than a quarter of a century after the time when the plate was alleged to have been taken from the dead body of its wearer.

"I appealed to the association, the members of which I believe would be unwilling to permit a wrong to a living person, much less to the memory of a deceased comrade, to no longer permit this public indictment of the voiceless dead. I begged for an investigation, confident that it would confirm the absolute and entire verity of my statement; that if it did not, I would forever hold my peace. Never before were men found more quick to respond to such a plea. Col. Chaldron, the President, instantly gave orders to have the card containing the objectionable and erroneous recitation removed, and before I came away it was removed. He said that they 'would remove it first and investigate afterwards.'

"I left the hall, blessing the fraternal kindness of these officers of the Louisiana Historical Association of Confederate Veterans, who, if they had unwittingly done wrong to the name of a former foe, were quick to right it the moment that they knew of its existence. There and everywhere it is the same story. The best men of the South to-day, the most peaceful, the most liberal, the most fraternal, are the grizzled veterans of the Confederate army."

In a personal letter Mr. Grant mentions that he procured a copy of the VETERAN from his brother's office, the *Akron Democrat*. It induced him to subscribe, and he would show copies to L. B. Farnsworth, who served in the 13th Virginia Infantry, A. P. Hill being its first colonel. Then he writes of his Confederate friend: "Mr. Farnsworth is one of our best and wealthiest citizens. I was associated with him for five years on the Board of Education, and a purer or more upright official I never knew. Mr. Farnsworth was terribly wounded at the battle of Gaines's Mills June 27, 1862. He has shown me the Yankee bullet which went through him. Thank God! it did not kill him, though it has made his life since a 'seedtime and harvest' of suffering."

Such men must forever feel remorse that when their victory was complete the outrages of reconstruction should have been put upon their gallant foes.



PASSING AWAY.

One by one they are passing away.
Those that are left are old and gray;
But true to duty as in days of yore
We close up the ranks, though our hearts be sore.
Yes, one by one, and our ranks grow thin
As the reaper Death gathers them in;
And as we meet there are fewer each year
When the roll is called to answer "Here!"

MAJ. W. H. MORGAN.

Maj. William H. Morgan, of the 3d Mississippi Infantry, died at his home, at Carrollton, Miss., September 27, 1905. He was born near Clinton, in that State, and was educated at the Kentucky Military Institute, graduating with honor.

Maj. Morgan was called to the captaincy of a company called the "Sunflower Dispersers" in the summer of 1861. His service was chiefly in the Army of Tennessee. He served with the 3d Mississippi Infantry, and later was in charge of the battalion of Fergusson's Brigade of Sharpshooters. He was in command when they ran the Federal gunboats out of the Yazoo River after the skirmish at Southworth's Ferry. Crossing the bends in the river, they forced the gunboats to turn back at the ferry and descend the river, ten of which tried to follow the famous Star of the West, and the Confederate transports, which had gone up there to seek shelter under the guns of Forts Pemberton and Loring. He was in charge of his battalion of sharpshooters at Chickasaw Bayou, defending the mouth of the Yazoo, twelve miles above Vicksburg.

After the surrender of Vicksburg, he was again with the 3d Mississippi with his little band, going down the famous Dry Creek bottom with Gen. Loring's Division. They escaped just as the city was surrendered. Ordered then to the Army of Northern Virginia, he served with it until the end. Many about Nashville, Tenn., will remember the gallant 3d Mississippi and its bravery at Franklin. Maj. Morgan returned to his home on the Beauvoir Coast of Mexican Gulf, Mississippi. He was an intimate friend of President Davis. Maj. Morgan engaged in planting cotton in the Yazoo Delta the remaining part of his life. He was a member of the last Constitutional Convention and a Trustee of the State Agricultural and Mechanical College. He left a widow and four children; also one sister, Mrs. W. S. Green, of Colusa, Cal.

COL. J. J. DARLING.

A noted character of St. Augustine was "Sergeant" J. J. Darling, who died on the 16th of September, in his eighty-third year. Besides being one of the oldest citizens, he was a recognized feature of the town and noted especially for his methodical way of living. He served the United States government in the Indian War, 1848, and was also in the Confederate service under Gen. Finnigan as ordnance sergeant. He was noted for his truthfulness and integrity, and was true to the principles of his convictions.

A friend explains how he got his title of colonel: "While stationed at Lake City, Fla., the battle of Olustee took place. Toward evening a message came to Capt. Buckman, chief of ordnance, from Gen. Beauregard for one hundred thousand rounds of ball cartridges. Capt. Buckman not being found, the message was handed to Sergeant Darling, who prepared to give it his conscientious attention. A train would be going west toward Olustee in an hour; another was due going east in five minutes. Sergeant Darling got out the ammunition and waited for the east-bound train. As it rolled into the station, he told the conductor and engineer to turn the engine around and take the carload of ammunition to the front. At the refusal of the engineer, he told the sergeant of the guard to shoot him out of the box. This brought the engineer to terms, and the ammunition was at the front in forty minutes and saved the day. Some days later Col. Finnigan met Capt. Buckman and thanked him for his promptness, which Capt. Buckman explained was due to Sergeant Darling. This was told Gen. Beauregard, who in a general order 'commended' the action of 'Col. J. J. Darling, chief of ordnance.'"

JOHN BARROW.

JOHN BARROW, a native of Carroll County, Miss., enlisted with the Harvey Scouts and served with that company through the war. He distinguished himself as a soldier, his enthusiasm carrying him to the front in many engagements, whereby praise and admiration were entertained for him as a dashing and bold soldier who feared no danger. He gloried in close encounter with the enemy, and consequently had many hairbreadth escapes. He was a social, genial companion, and gave animation to friends by relating his experiences in the war and the incidents in which he shared. After the war he returned home, married, and engaged in farming. Several years since he removed to Madison County, where he passed from earth July 28, 1904, leaving a wife and two sons.

MRS. ADELAIDE B. OWEN.

The sad news to many friends has been delayed that the wife of Maj. Edward Owen died on August 5 in New York City, after a continuous illness from last February. She was buried in Greenwood Cemetery. Mrs. Owen was born in New York City, but was a strong Southern sympathizer during and after the war. She was a charter member of the New York Chapter Daughters of the Confederacy, and always took an active interest in its doings and welfare.

JAMES W. STEPHENSON.—Born in Lawrence County, Ala., in September of 1830, James W. Stephenson died near Kossuth, Miss., in September, 1904, having passed into his seventy-fifth year. He was a member of the A. S. Johnston Camp at Kossuth, his service having been in the 26th Mississippi Infantry from August, 1861, to the end.

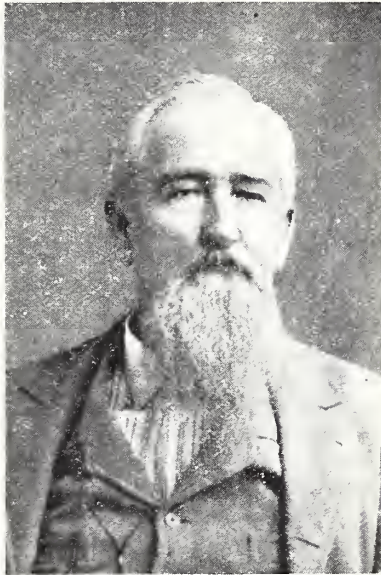
WILLIAM B. LONDON, a member of Company A, 16th Louisiana Infantry, died at Jackson, La., on February 23, 1905. He participated in the battles of Shiloh, Farmington, Mumfordsville, Perryville, Murfreesboro, around Chattanooga, Atlanta, Franklin, and Nashville. Under the Confederate gray there beat no nobler, gentler, braver heart than his.

GEORGE W. H. WATTS, of Portsmouth, Va., died May 6, 1905. He entered the army in April, 1861, as a private in Company G, 9th Virginia Infantry, Armistead's Brigade, Pickett's Division, and participated in all the engagements of this famous command of the Army of Northern Virginia.

DR. R. B. PORTER.

Dr. R. B. Porter, who died July 16, 1905, in his sixty-ninth year, was a gallant Confederate soldier, enlisting in Company C, 35th Alabama Infantry, and serving with that regiment till 1864, when he was transferred to the 5th Alabama Cavalry. He was in the service till the close of the war, and was honorably discharged in May, 1865. He participated in some of the greatest battles of the war, notably Corinth, Baker's Creek, Jackson, Miss, Vicksburg, Port Hudson, Brice's Cross Roads, and many smaller engagements.

Comrade Porter was a member of Camp Fred Ashford, Town Creek, Ala., which community mourned the loss of a true and noble citizen, who was deeply interested in the public good and a man of superior energy and business judgment.



DR. R. B. PORTER.

JAMES B. COLEMAN.

James B. Coleman was born in Winston County, Miss., in 1845, and went with his parents to Texas in 1860, where the



J. B. COLEMAN.

following year he enlisted in the Confederate army as a member of Company D, 2d Texas Cavalry, Pylon's Regiment. Ever ready for duty, he never faltered at any service, and soon won the love and admiration of his comrades by his genial disposition and cheerful acceptance of all the hardships of soldier life. Since the war the most of his life has been spent in Coleman County, Tex. Ill health became his portion about four years since, and on June 12 his spirit left this earth, leaving behind a sorrowing wife and children.

Comrade Coleman was a true son of the South, and very near to his heart were all things pertaining to the cause for which he had fought. For many years he was an active member of John Pelham Camp, of Coleman, doing all in his power to perpetuate the principles of the Confederacy.

CAPT. JOHN D. HARRELL.

The remains of Capt. John D. Harrell were interred at Bainbridge, Ga., October 20 with Masonic honors. The funeral was one of the most largely attended that ever occurred there, all business houses in the city being closed during the funeral. Quite a number of veterans from surrounding towns also participated, Capt. Harrell having been a loyal soldier and a beloved veteran. This section, as well as the State at large, suffers an irreparable loss in the death of John D. Harrell, and the immense throng attending the last sad rites attested the esteem in which he had been held.

John Duke Harrell was born in Decatur County in 1843, a son of William W. Harrell, and was educated in the schools of Bainbridge. At the outbreak of the War between the States he enlisted in the Georgia Hussars, of Savannah, but later joined Arthur Hood's Battalion of Cavalry, being lieutenant of Capt. Wimberly's company. Throughout the war he served in Georgia and Florida, and distinguished himself for loyalty and bravery in every emergency. After the war, he returned to Bainbridge and engaged in the mercantile business. During the dark years of reconstruction he was one of the strong men who helped to avert ruin and finally brought order out of chaos. His business career was eminently successful. At the time of his death he was President of the First National Bank of Bainbridge.

Col. Harrell served several terms in the Georgia Legislature, both as Representative and in the Senate, where he was always popular and influential, and bore the reputation of a safe and conservative lawmaker.

LIEUT. WILLIAM J. CHAMBERS.

A native of Tennessee by birth, a Texan and Alabamian by adoption, these three States could well be proud to claim W. J. Chambers as a son in the kindly, simple life he lived, performing well his duty in war and peace and showing friendship and love to his fellow-men.

William Chambers was born at Manchester, Tenn., December 29, 1836, going in 1840 to Texas with his parents, who settled near Daingerfield. His father's health failing, they went back to Tennessee, settling at Cowan, where he died, leaving his widow and daughters as a charge to the son of nineteen. They then returned to Texas, and William engaged in farming, from which he was called to bear arms for his State in the war against the North. He was enrolled in Company I, 9th Texas Cavalry, Ross's Brigade, and with that command he served throughout the war, and was surrendered near Jackson, Miss., at the close. As a soldier, he was distinguished for his bravery; as a man, he was noble and true.

After the war, William Chambers again went back to Ten-

nessee for a short time, removing thence to Marysville, Ala., where he married Miss Elizabeth Eaton in 1868, who survives him with nine children. He sleeps at Huntsville, Ala., awaiting the call to the eternal assembly.

MRS. APPLEWHITE JONES.

Died in Cameron, Tex., August 2, 1905, Mrs. Applewhite Jones, wife of Dr. D. C. Jones. She was a native of Mississippi, having been born in Tishomingo County, near Brice's Cross Roads, the daughter of Maj. John G. Harman. Her mother was a grandniece of Gen. Wade Hampton. When she was seven years old, the family went to Texas, and settled at Cameron. In that community she grew to gentle womanhood, winning all by her beauty and sweetness of character. She was married to John T. Wilson in 1863, and he died in 1865. A few years after the war she became the wife of Dr. D. C. Jones, who had served in Capt. Townsend's Company of the 4th Texas Regiment, in Hood's Brigade, till he was appointed surgeon of the regiment in 1862, and so continued to the end. This lovely woman lived her courageous, peaceful life, a benediction to all who came within the radius of her influence, and in her passing has left behind the heritage of one who went about doing good.

DR. HAL W. MANSON.

Many friends and comrades will learn with sorrow of the death of Dr. Hal W. Manson at his home, in Dallas, Tex. He served faithfully throughout the war as a member of the 7th Tennessee Regiment, recruited by Gen. Robert Hatton, and participated in all the battles of that command. He was wounded and lost a leg at Petersburg just a few days before Appomattox. He was sent with others to Washington City, and after the surrender was taken to Baltimore by some good friends and nursed until able to return to his home, in Tennessee. Later on he went to Texas, and became a prominent citizen of that State as an editor and member of the Legislature.

MRS. KATE W. MOORE.

Mrs. Kate Moore, wife of Mr. Volney Moore, entered into her rest at Oakland, Miss., September 5, 1905. This is the first bereavement in the John D. Kerr Chapter, U. D. C., and with "chastened hearts" they pay a tribute to her memory, saying: "In the death of our beloved sister we have lost one whose undying faith and hope in a risen Saviour is a precious legacy to our memories, in that it made life a blessing to all about her. The high ideals she cherished of pure womanhood were ever practiced in the society she adorned or the home she made happy. We are conscious that our loss is her gain; that from her own heart she freely gave to others her cheerfulness, her sympathies, her affections, her sacrifices. With her charity was for all. 'Being dead, she yet speaketh.'"

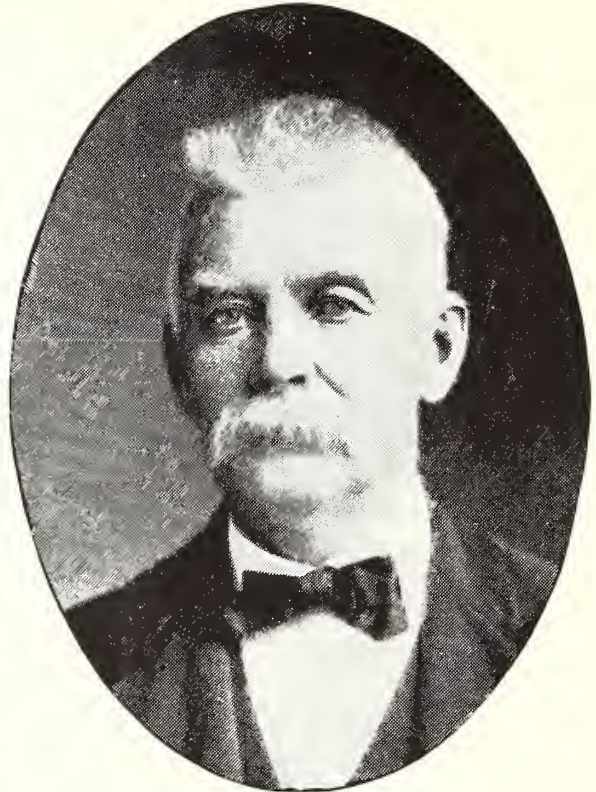
Committee: L. F. Black, B. K. Burt, J. C. Carr.

CAPT. EDWARD GREGORY.

Edward Gregory was born in Breckinridge County, Ky., in March, 1841, and at the age of twenty enlisted in the Confederate service as a member of Company G, 9th Kentucky Infantry, Col. Hunt's command of the famous Orphan Brigade. In a few months he was made sergeant, and in December, 1863, was elected second lieutenant, and during the last months of the war he virtually commanded his company, his commission as captain arriving just after the surrender.

Capt. Gregory took part in the battles of Shiloh, Vicksburg,

Baton Rouge, Hartsville, Stone's River, Jackson, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Rocky Face Gap, and Resaca, from Resaca to Atlanta, at Peachtree Creek, Utoy Creek, Jones-



CAPT. EDWARD GREGORY.

boro, and in the mounted engagements. He surrendered with Johnston's army. While crossing to Washington, Ga., he put his sword in the Savannah River rather than surrender it.

After the close of the war, he returned to Kentucky and engaged in the tobacco business at Lewisport, where he was a prominent citizen and well beloved by all. His death occurred on July 16, 1905. He was married to Miss Letitia Taylor Tate in 1868, who survives him with five children.

Resolutions adopted by Rice E. Graves Camp, of Owensboro, of which Comrade Gregory was a member, attest the high esteem in which he was held both as a soldier and citizen.

COL. J. WILLIAM BROWN.

The death of Col. J. William Brown at his home, in Longview, Tex., on the 9th of July took from that community a prominent citizen and one thoroughly identified with its best works. He was Commander of the U. C. V. Camp there, and always interested in the advancement of the organization.

J. William Brown was born in Buckingham County, Va., in 1836. His father removed to Texas in 1850 and settled in Rusk County. From there the son entered the Confederate service as captain of the Sabine Grays, a company which his father had raised and which was made Company I of the 7th Texas Regiment, under Col. John B. Gregg. He was captured at Fort Donelson and sent with his men to Camps Chase and Douglass; but in 1862, when the prisoners were being sent down the Mississippi for exchange, he escaped at Memphis, and subsequently rejoined his company at Holly Springs. He was on duty at Port Hudson under fire of

Farragut's fleet, from where he was ordered to Jackson, and was in the battle of Raymond with Gregg's Brigade, in which he was severely wounded about the head and body. Capt. Brown was mentioned in Granbury's report as being at the front of the fight and behaving with great gallantry. He rejoined his command after the battle of Chickamauga, and was in the battle of Missionary Ridge. In 1864 he continued in command of his company, and frequently his regiment was in the Georgia campaign and in Hood's Tennessee campaign. He was captured at the battle of Franklin, but escaped near Nashville and returned to his command. He took part in the campaign in 1865, and surrendered with the army at Greensboro. Toward the last he was in command of Granbury's Brigade, and was promoted to colonel, but failed to receive his commission. After the war, he settled in Louisiana, but in 1892 removed to Longview, Tex.

JERRY ROBINSON.

There sank to his eternal rest on the 30th of May at Chattanooga, Tenn., one of nature's noblemen—Jerry Robinson, a former member of Company F, 21st Mississippi Regiment of Infantry, Barksdale's Brigade, and an honored member of Camp No. 1331, U. C. V., of Coahoma County, Miss.

Jerry Robinson was born January 9, 1836, at Port Gibson, Miss. He enlisted in the Confederate army at the outbreak of hostilities, and for four years served his country well and faithfully, shirking no duty. At the close he retired to his plantation on Cassity's Bayou and the Tallahatchie River, and bringing to bear the same energy and courage with which he served in the Confederate army he opened up from that vast wilderness of cane and tangled jungle one of the most magnificent plantations in the great Delta region.

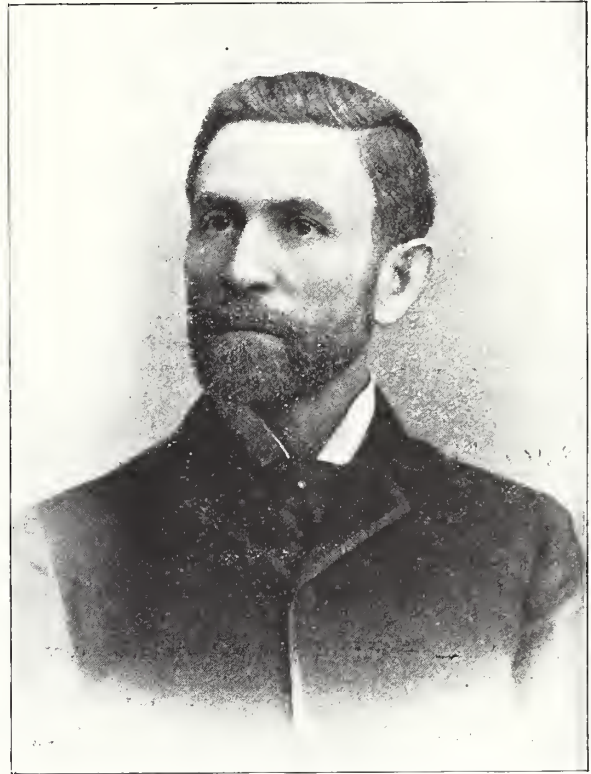
On the 14th of March, 1877, he was married to Miss Elizabeth R. Patterson, who joined with him in making their home a synonym of hospitality throughout the Delta region. The hand of Jerry Robinson was never turned against any man without just cause, and every old Confederate soldier found in him a loving friend and brother. He leaves behind the loving wife and four children—a son and three daughters. In his death Camp Lamar Fontaine lost a revered member.



JERRY ROBINSON.

CAPT. C. S. PEAK.

From the resolutions adopted by Forrest Camp, U. C. V., of Chattanooga, Tenn., the following is taken as a tribute to one who was a prominent member of the Association and who was a brave and chivalrous soldier in the ordeal of war:



CAPT. C. S. PEAK.

"Capt. C. S. Peak died on the 8th of March, 1905, after a short but severe illness. He was born in Meigs County, Tenn., in August, 1839, the son of Maj. Jacob Peak, who was a wealthy farmer and slave owner. Maj. Peak served four years under Gen. Jackson in the Creek Indian War, in which he won the rank of major for gallant service.

"When the war clouds gathered in 1861, young Peak was in the steamboat business on the Tennessee River; and when East Tennessee became the theater of active operations, he owned and commanded the steamer Tennessee, operating between Decatur and Knoxville. The deck hands were negroes from his father's plantation. The boat and negroes were tendered the Confederate government, and accepted by Gen. Kirby Smith, who commanded the East Tennessee Department. Comrade Peak was commissioned as captain and placed in charge of the department of transportation, in which capacity he kept the armies of Forrest at Kingston and Smith at Knoxville bountifully provisioned from the rich bottom lands of that section. When the Confederates were retiring from East Tennessee, Capt. Peak was ordered to destroy his boat, as the enemy was about to capture it. After this, he became a member of a company of the 3d Confederate Cavalry, under Col. Hart, of Georgia, and served in the ranks as a trooper till the close of the war. He was severely wounded in the battle of Philadelphia. After the war, he settled in Chattanooga, and became identified with its business interests as a commission merchant and steamboat owner.

COTTON CROPS FOR THE YEARS 1904-06.

Latham, Alexander & Co., 16 and 18 Wall Street, New York, send the following estimate of the cotton crop for the United States, under date November 23, 1905, for 1905-06, making it ten million three hundred thousand bales, and epitomizes for each of the Cotton States.

Their letter states:

"After the receipt of the most exhaustive information possible to obtain from reliable and intelligent correspondents by letter and telegram, covering every cotton-growing county in the Southern States, we have the pleasure to submit the following estimate of the total cotton crop of the United States for 1905-06:

States.	Est. Crop 1905-06.	Crop 1904-05.
Alabama	1,200,000	1,470,000
Arkansas	625,000	905,000
Florida	70,000	89,000
Georgia	1,700,000	1,975,000
Louisiana	570,000	1,100,000
Mississippi	1,225,000	1,777,000
North Carolina.....	680,000	775,000
South Carolina.....	1,080,000	1,200,000
Tennessee and Oklahoma Territory...	550,000	691,000
Texas and Indian Territory.....	2,600,000	3,584,000
Estimated total.....	10,300,000	13,566,000

"Our correspondents report that the crop from the beginning of the season has not prospered at any time as was expected, and that much land was abandoned after planting was finished on account of wet weather and scarcity of labor for cultivation.

"A large falling off in the yield is reported from all the States, save North and South Carolina and parts of Georgia. In Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, and localities in Texas the yield will be so small as to amount to disaster to many planters. Picking has progressed well under favorable conditions, and the crop has been ginned and marketed rapidly."

CAPT. ROBERT McCULLOCH AND ST. LOUIS STREET RAILWAY.—The St. Louis *Censor* awards a "cake" weekly to a meritorious person. McCulloch takes it. It says: "The man to whom the *Censor's* cake is awarded this week is Capt. Robert McCulloch, Vice President and General Manager of the United Railways. The award is made not on the ground that he has particularly distinguished himself this week any more than he does every week but that he is the best street railway man in the country, and is the philanthropist who has rescued St. Louis from a condition that in transportation approached chaos. What a miraculous change since the coming of McCulloch! Nothing is said about the rescue from chaos, but it is always that way. The world is very reluctant to praise, but quick to censure. History is only the record of trouble, and nothing is to be said or written when everything is all right. Even so when the transit business is run as it should be, we hear no word of comment or approval; it is only when it fails to do the square thing that you hear things. But a man who has accomplished as much as McCulloch deserves something more than the silence of a satisfied public, and hence the cake. . . . Some of Capt. McCulloch's friends feared that in the sale of the St. Louis Street Railways a year or so ago, involving something like a hundred million dollars, the new management would seek to substitute a younger man for this valiant Confederate, but not so, and 'he takes the cake' at the close of 1905."

MR. ADOLPH S. OCHS, NEWSPAPER PUBLISHER.

The VETERAN volunteers to mention the New York *Times* and its controlling spirit, Mr. Adolph S. Ochs. Many months have been numbered since the resolve to pay this tribute. Back in the mid seventies, when the owner of the Chattanooga *Times* (now the proprietor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN) was publisher of that paper, he became acquainted with the gentleman named above. He was then a mere lad, with an ambition that was fascinating. Modest and genteel, he was a hustler in the strongest sense of that term. He possessed a faith in himself that dallied not with doubt in any undertaking. His energy and capacity were given to a rival publication that was destined not to survive the *Times*; but it was no fault of his, and that failure rather intensified his ambitions.

Soon after the lights of the rival went out young Mr. Ochs procured a lease of the *Times*, with the conditional purchase of a half interest. Ere the time arrived for him to buy the interest, there was an agreement whereby he became sole owner of the paper. Fortune favored him, and Chattanooga has never yet established any enterprise as conspicuously prominent as became the *Times* in its superb building, corner Eighth Street and Georgia Avenue. That great undertaking for a young "self-made" man, in its fullest sense, was in the beginning of the hardest business ordeal Chattanooga has ever known; and, though Mr. Ochs was absorbed in some large deals that were held in check for years, he held his own, and in addition planned enterprises not dreamed of by his associates. If a paper that printed "all the news that's fit to print" thrived in a little city of thirty thousand, why



MR. ADOLPH S. OCHS.

not another paper on the same line in the greatest city of America?

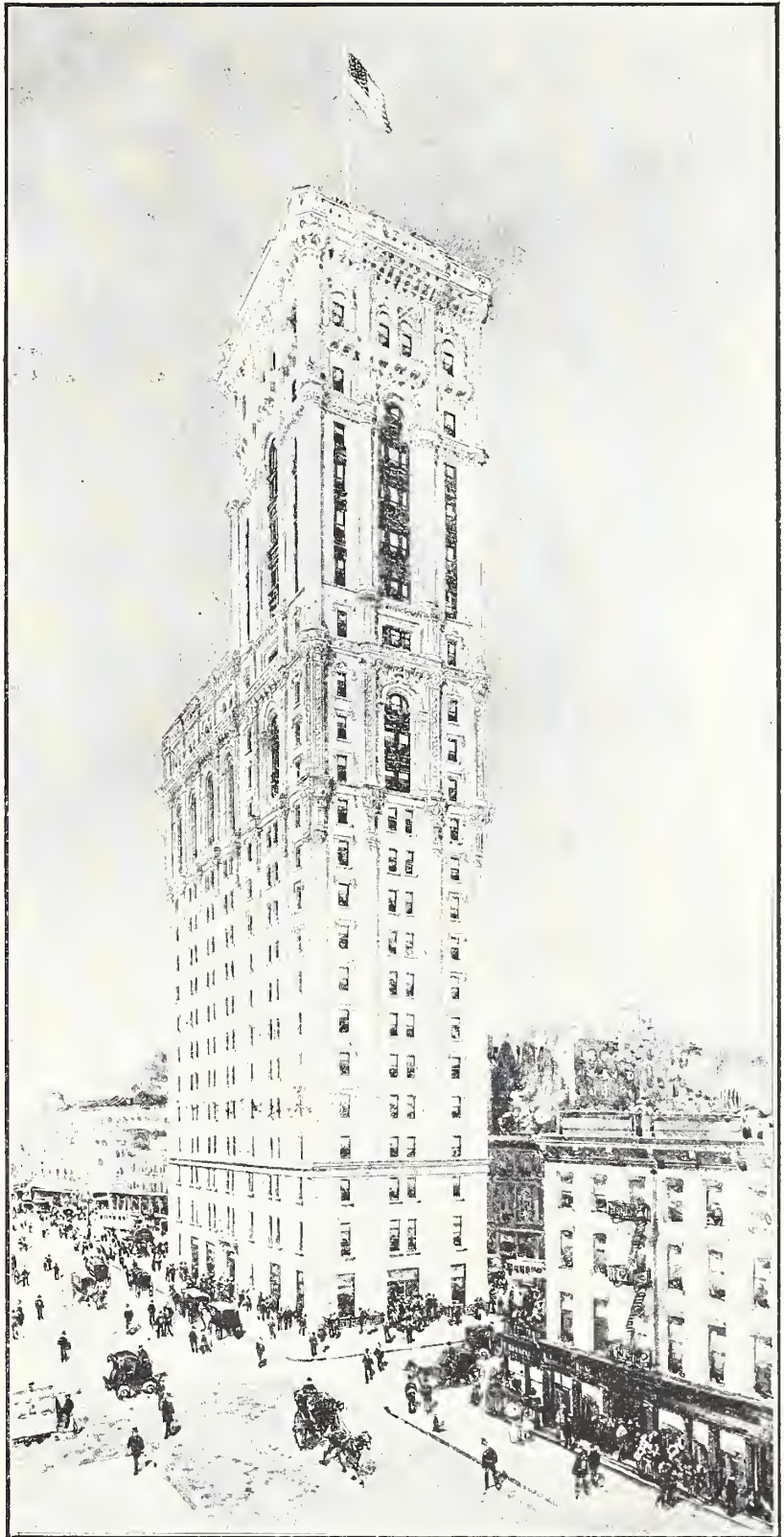
Well, it came to pass that Mr. Adolph S. Ochs bought the *New York Times*, then the *Philadelphia Times*, and a little later the *Philadelphia Ledger*, whereby he became the foremost newspaper publisher in the world. It is gratifying to review his remarkable career. The story should enthuse every ambitious young man to realize that by absolute integrity such a thing is possible that one man by middle age—yet he hardly seems that—can achieve that which should satisfy any man of earth.

Upon the completion of the new *Times* Building, New York, a supplemental magazine was issued, which is doubtless the most interesting and instructive description of a business building in history. The location, bounded by Forty-Second and Forty-Third Streets south and north, Seventh Avenue on the west, and Broadway on the east, seems to be absolutely central to the great city for generations and generations. It is the tallest building from the lowest base to the top, yet constructed in that most marvelous city of "sky scrapers." There are, in fact, but nine taller buildings in the world. Its actual height is three hundred and sixty-two feet eight and three-quarter inches. While the Park Row building *above ground* is three hundred and eighty feet, the *Times* gains in depth below the street. It is quite the central station for the greatest subway method of travel ever constructed. Such a conspicuous building is a valuable advertisement for the newspaper, yet a visit through this great building shows that it is in every sense thoroughly practicable for business purposes. It is evidently the most substantial very tall building in existence. It is claimed to be the strongest office building ever erected; it should be, as it is modern, having the advantage of all that had been previously constructed.

Having been shown through the great New York *Times* Building with every desirable courtesy, the memory of the visit is still of peculiar comfort. The library, for instance, above the twentieth floor would seem a worthy department of the Congressional Library in Washington, and there is a feeling of security absolutely soothing and restful.

The *New York Times* was in "hard lines" when Mr. Ochs bought it, and now it is not only far beyond any question of reliability but, better still, it is one of the most conservative and one of the ablest newspapers printed. Indeed, it rarely misses giving "all the news that's fit to print." Mr. Ochs's Southern friends rarely have a wish that is not developed in the *New York Times*.

At the time of Mr. Ochs's latest purchase (the *Philadelphia Ledger*) there was much in the daily press about his achievements. The *Nashville American* interviewed the writer, and it elicited the following from Mr. Ochs: "I want to thank



THE NEW YORK TIMES BUILDING.

you for your very kind reference to me. It makes me happy to know that the man with whom I had my first serious business transaction after twenty-five years can say that he always found me upright and honorable. . . ."

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Senator Morgan: "You have placed lights upon that column of fame that will glow in full brilliancy with any that will burn there, to enlighten the future and glorify the past."

Gen. Fred S. Ferguson wrote of the same poem: "If you never write another line, the third and fourth stanzas will give you an enviable place among American poets. The beautiful metaphor of the fourth stanza is one of the finest specimens of hyperbole I have read, and takes its place alongside, if not in advance, of O'Hara's celebrated lines beginning, 'On fame's eternal camping ground,' etc."

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Gen. William C. Oates, Ex-Governor of Alabama: "They breathe the spirit of true poetry. It is quite a contribution to the literary products of Alabama, and I congratulate you upon its production."

General McLaurin: "I am pleased to acknowledge the receipt of your excellent book, 'A Galaxy of Southern Heroes,' sent with your compliments. I am glad to have the book, because it is a splendid production on a subject that always finds a welcome in my heart. I am especially gratified that I am thus complimented by one who bears a name distinguished in my State for attainments in your profession. Please accept my thanks."

Myles Standish, the Famous Critic and Literary Editor of the New York Journal-American, in that journal said: "This handsome volume of excellent poems on varied subjects—in fact, running the entire gamut of the human emotions—is by Orion T. Dozier, M.D., a native of Birmingham, Ala., an ex-Confederate veteran, and one of the most prominent professional men in the South. This author is a poet-doctor, as was the late Oliver Wendell Holmes. He writes 'not for glory or to put money in his purse,' but because he must, and it took the combined efforts of his friends and immediate family to force from him a reluctant consent to have his poems published in enduring form."

The foregoing well-stated opinions are but a selected few from a great number of highly eulogistic encomiums which the author's muse has evoked, but they serve to show the liberal commendation with which the book has been received by the press and a discriminating public.

Such modesty is highly commendable, inasmuch as it is 'as rare as nightingales in snow' in this mercenary age. Dr. Dozier's poems are all good, many of them are excellent, and a few are sublime. The author's humorous sketches

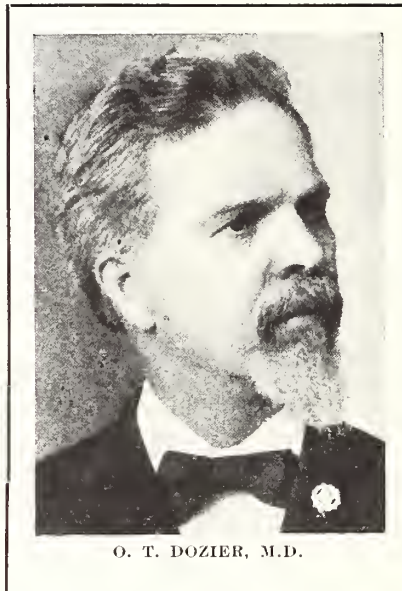
are particularly happy. His poems on the follies, foibles, and selfishness of humanity are the polished production of a ripe, expansive, and clean observation—logically presented. While the poet's patriotic vein is deep, sincere, and eloquent, yet it is only when he pays his glowing tribute to the Southern heroes who supported heroically 'the lost cause' that he strikes his truest and most sublime note, and establishes forever his claim to immortality. There is a distinct individuality among the poet's stanzas which precludes the possibility of comparison with that of any other living poet. His best work displays the simplicity of a true elegance, and is undoubtedly the product of an extensive literary cultivation, broad experience, and profound knowledge. How so successful and busy a physician could find time to make such a valuable acquisition to the real literature of the day is a problem the solving of which would be of interest to all students of 'Concentration, or Oneness of Aim.'

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The Birmingham News: "It has been my recent pleasure to read a book written by a well-known citizen of Birmingham. The author runs the entire gamut of emotions, from grave to gay, and from epic to idyllic. His genius, like the trunk of the elephant, which is so delicate as to

pick up a pin or so strong as to crush a rock, treads the primrose path of dalliances in love ditties and steps in seven-league boots from mountain top to mountain top of epic poetry. His Muse as the gushing spring in the mountain flows gently at first, murmuring a roundelay to the song of the birds, now dashes into a foaming cataract of poetical passion, and then broadens into the mighty river of rich sentiments sweeping us on to the boundless ocean of thought with an irresistible force. This volume, 'A Galaxy of Southern Heroes and Other Poems,' is the effort of the maturer thought of its author, Dr. Orion T. Dozier, and will maintain its place in Southern literature as long as the South holds its place as a leader in poetic genius. Not only in the South, but in the North, East, and West, has Dr. Dozier won his place as one of the literati of our country. The expression of Southern sentiment as voiced by the author has been accepted in other sections as indicative of our beloved but often maligned Southland."

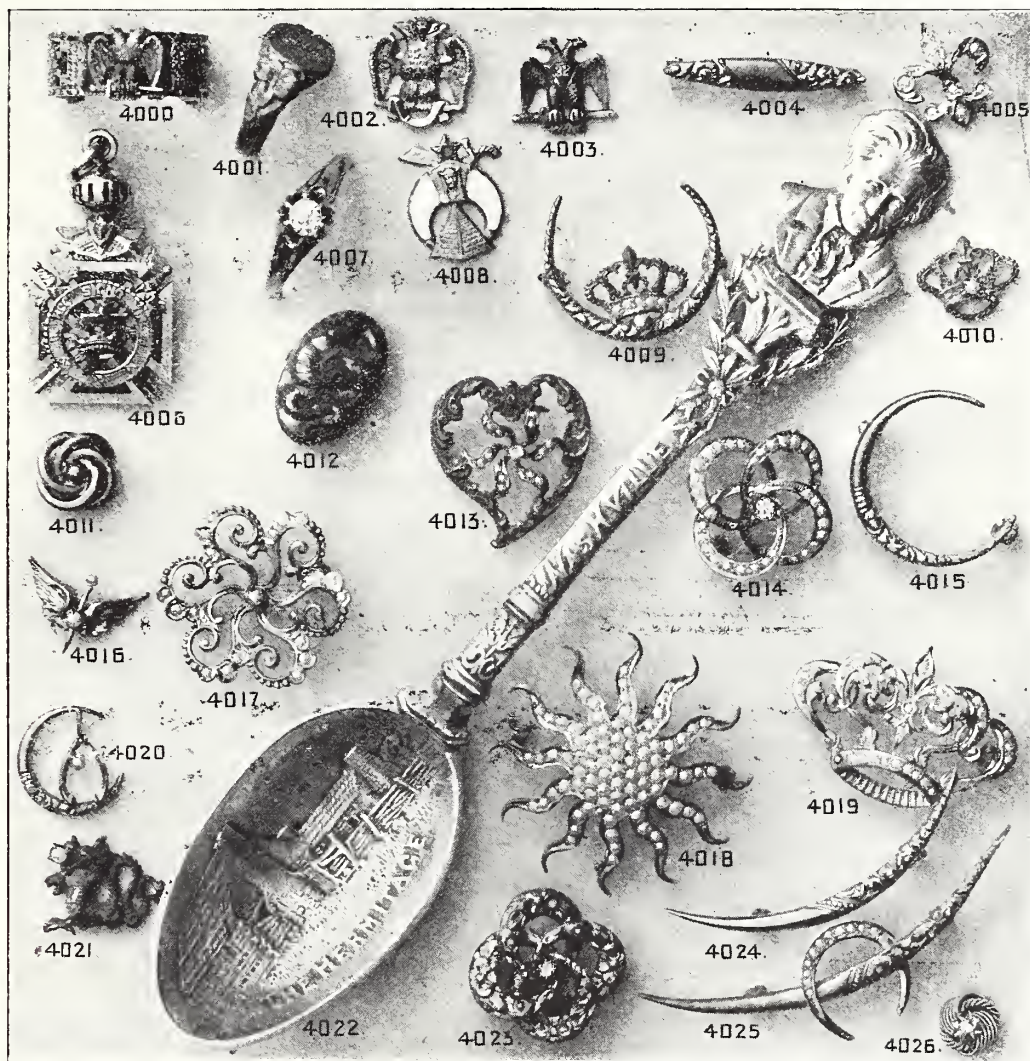
The Southern Homestead Magazine: "Dr. Dozier is a poet born, and this is a distinction in a day when most of our metrical literature is the production of poets who are made. His poems mean something and say something. The physician-poet, Oliver Wendell Holmes, has lately died, but in Birmingham, the Magic City of our Southland, another has risen."



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R. J. Hancock, of Charlottesville, Va., wishes to learn the whereabouts of William, Thomas, and John Easters (or Estes), who were his cousins. Their mother removed from Giles County, Tenn., to Cherokee County, Tex., about 1850, and these young men were just about old enough to take a hand in the War between the States. Comrade Hancock also inquires of John Traylor, of Claiborne Parish, La., who was his schoolmate and roommate at Homer, La. He saw him last as a member of Col. Scott's 12th Louisiana Regiment at Camp Moore, in Louisiana. Mr. Hancock was of the 9th Louisiana Regiment.

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The Industrious Hen Co., Box Knoxville, Tenn.

Mrs. Oscar Tammner, 748 Olympic Street, Nashville, Tenn., is anxious to learn something of a brother from whom she was separated during the war. He was James Needham, son of Moses Needham, of Harmon's Ferry, Ky., and enlisted early in the Confederate army. His father died and the mother and children left that place, and nothing has ever been known of the brother's fate. It is hoped that some comrade may be able to furnish information.

A comrade writes of having been captured at Lookout Mountain November 24, 1863, and carried to Rock Island as a prisoner and confined till the close of the war. During the last six months he served as nurse in the smallpox hospital, and was known by the name of "Mississip." He will be glad to hear from any of those surviving who remember him. Address him thus: "The 'Mississip,' Cassinade, La."

J. W. S. White, of Indian Mound, Tenn., who was a member of Company D, 24th Tennessee Regiment, is a cripple and in poor circumstances. He wishes to hear from some members of that regiment in order to establish his record and secure aid from the State.

Do Your Own Thinking.

Some men believe in quinine because it has not killed them. Yet a rattlesnake would not make a safe rattle for the baby because some man had survived the bite of one.

We contend that quinine is no cure at all for fever. During dosing with this drug there is a suspension of the trouble, but it is never in any sense of the word a permanent cure for fever.

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Nothing else can guard your health like **Johnson's Tonic**.

Write to the **JOHNSON CHILL AND FEVER TONIC CO., Savannah, Ga.**

R. A. Browder, Adjutant of Jim Pirtle Camp, Fulton, Ky., writes of a parole issued to M. D. Ellington, of Company C, 40th Mississippi Regiment, signed by C. N. Gooden, captain of Company A, 21st Illinois, now in possession of Isham Browder, of that community, Rural Route No. 1. He wishes to return it to the rightful owner.

William Davidson, now in the Confederate Home of Tennessee (Hermitage, Tenn.), wants to locate George Ellers, a comrade with whom he was in prison in Chicago the last seven months of the war. They were discharged at the same time, and Ellers returned to his home, in Alabama. Mr. Davidson is very anxious to hear of him again.

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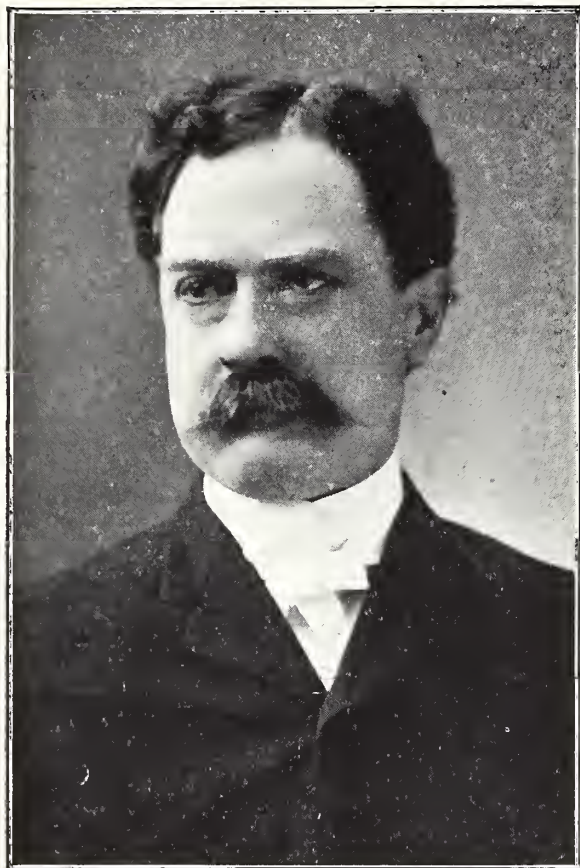
Gen. Pass. Agt.,

Little Rock, Ark.

P. S. WEEVER,

Trav. Pass. Agt.,

Nashville, Tenn.



EDWARD W. CARMACK,

Candidate United States Senator, Democratic
Primary, May 12, 1906.

Edward W. Carmack, Senior Senator of Tennessee, was born near Castalian Springs, Sumner County, Tenn., November 5, 1858. He is known as a self-made man, his father, who was a minister of the Christian Church, having died when he was an infant. Nature was kind to him, for it taught him the hard but enduring road to success by acquainting him from boyhood with the path of hard labor; first on a farm, then in a brickyard, and in various other positions which afforded maintenance for his widowed mother and himself. He attended school in winter or was taught by his mother, and finally went into an office to study law.

He was sent to the Legislature in 1884, two years later became associate editor of the *Nashville American*, and subsequently editor in chief of the *Nashville Democrat*, and later the *Nashville American*. In 1892 he removed to Memphis, where he gained much prominence as editor in chief of the *Memphis Commercial-Appeal*. He was very popular with the masses, especially the silver wing of the Democratic party, whose cause he so valiantly espoused. Consequently, when the memorable contest of 1896 was at its height, he was nominated by acclamation for Congress by the silver element of the Democratic party from the Tenth (Memphis) District to oppose Hon. Josiah Patterson. The latter had long been in Congress and was noted for his distinguished service. The minority or gold wing nominated Mr. Patterson, and the Republicans failed to place a candidate in the field, endorsing Mr. Patterson.

So both entered the contest for political supremacy before the matchless tribune of the people. A bitter fight was waged, Mr. Carmack winning by a narrow margin. Fraud was charged by his opponent, Mr. Patterson, who contested the election before the House of Representatives, and the House, though strongly Republican, decided in favor of Carmack amid one of the most dramatic scenes ever witnessed in Congress. Members stood on seats that they might not lose a syllable of his logic, while with breathless attention they listened to his thundering appeals in behalf of the South that burned their way into the hearts of all. And from that time on Carmack's name was on thousands of lips, for he had accomplished what was considered impossible.

Thus Carmack's star of political fortune was in the ascendancy. He at once became the object of national prominence, and in 1901, when Senator Turley refused to stand for reelection, people from all parts of the State importuned him to stand for the Senate, with the result that he was elected without opposition.

Senator Carmack as a debater has few equals. He is a man of the profoundest convictions, political and moral. What he conceives to be right he loves with his whole soul, mind, and strength; and what impresses him as wrong he hates with ceaseless intensity. Having an emulous desire for honest fame, there is no compromise in his make-up. Bold, aggressive, and fearless, he is the match of any of the shining lights of the opposite party.

Senator Carmack's record as a public man is known to all, and suffice it to say that his remarkable success in public life is an object lesson demonstrating that poverty and adversity are no barriers in the road to eminence and distinction.

R. G. Childress (Company B, 3d Texas Regiment, Cavalry), Roscoe, Tex., wants to locate several comrades of war times: Sam Jackson, Company D, 3d Texas Cavalry, Ross's Brigade, who was captured near Rome, Ga., in the spring of 1864; Dave Maples, Company H, same regiment, captured near Lovejoy's Station in Kilpatrick's raid in August or September, 1864; also Parson Dade, as he was called by his company, G, of the 3d Texas. He was last seen near Rome, Ga., in May, 1864.

Mrs. J. P. Barratt, of Breezewood, S. C., wishes to correspond with some member of Walker's Division, Edgar's Battery, Army of the West. She is a daughter of Joshua S. Jordan, a Confederate comrade recently dead.

L. G. Hopkins, of Liberty, Mo., asks that some member of the 11th Regiment of Louisiana Volunteers give him the address of Dr. Alexander McDonald, assistant surgeon of that regiment. He enlisted in New Orleans in 1861.

P. A. SHELTON,

CANDIDATE FOR RE-ELECTION

County Court Clerk.

SUBJECT TO

Democratic Primary, Dec. 7, 1905.

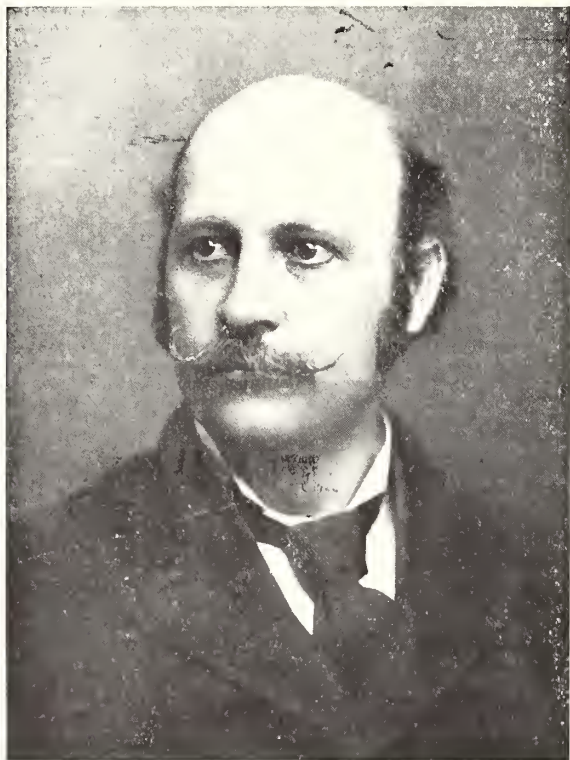
Dr. Wm. Morrow,

CANDIDATE FOR

REGISTER DAVIDSON COUNTY.

SUBJECT TO

Democratic Primary, December 7, 1905.



EX-GOV. ROBT. L. TAYLOR,
Candidate United States Senator, Democratic
Primary, May 12, 1906.

Robert Love Taylor, statesman, orator, humorist, and raconteur, is one of the best known men in the South, and none exceeds him in extended personal popularity. He has been once in Congress, three times Governor, and twice an elector for the State at large, but his fame rests no more upon his political successes than upon his remarkable powers as a public speaker. Both on the hustings and on the lecture platform he has the gift rarely equaled of entertaining an audience. Genial, big-hearted, of fine personal appearance, and always easily approachable, he has made legions of friends throughout the country and thousands love and admire him to whom he is personally unknown.

Robert L. Taylor was born July 31, 1850, in Happy Valley, Carter County, Tenn., on the spot where the soldiers of John Sevier rallied for their attack on King's Mountain. He was the fourth of ten children, six of them boys. He and his brother Alfred were educated at Pennington, N. J., and later he read law under the tutelage of Judge Kirkpatrick, at Jonesboro. In 1878 he was admitted to the bar, and soon afterwards was nominated by the Democrats of the First Tennessee District for Congress.

This was one of the most remarkable episodes in Robert L. Taylor's life, and served to give him a very favorable introduction to the Tennessee public. The district had an unbroken record of six thousand Republican majority for some years past. The Republican candidate, Hon. A. H. Pettibone, had served several times in Congress and was a man of marked ability. It was a great surprise when young Taylor was elected, and the campaign was attended with some unique features that have made it famous in the annals of Tennessee history.

In 1884 Robert L. Taylor was a Cleveland elector for the State at large, and that year made his first canvass of the entire State. After the election he was made Pension Agent at Knoxville.

In 1886 was the notable campaign between his brother Alfred Taylor and himself for the Governorship. The Republicans nominated Alfred Taylor, and the Democratic State Convention, which met soon after, called on Robert to represent his party. No campaign in the State has ever aroused greater popular interest. Robert L. Taylor was elected by a good majority, and re-elected in 1888 over Samuel W. Hawkins, Republican, polling a larger vote than had ever before been accorded a candidate in the State.

He was persuaded to become an elector for the State at large again in 1892, and there was an almost universal demand among Tennessee Democrats that he accept the gubernatorial nomination for the third time, in 1896. He was this time elected over Hon. G. N. Tillman, the Republican candidate, receiving the largest majority ever before or since accorded a gubernatorial candidate in the State of Tennessee.

Since retiring from the Governor's office the last time, Gov. Taylor has been almost constantly on the lecture platform. Recently he removed to Nashville and began in that city the publication of *Bob Taylor's Magazine*.

J. R. ALLEN

CANDIDATE FOR

SHERIFF

DAVIDSON COUNTY

Subject Democratic Primary, Dec. 7, 1905.

JEFF D. BOLLING

Candidate for

COUNTY COURT CLERK

Subject to

Democratic Primary, Dec. 7, 1905.

"A SOLDIER'S TRIAL."

BY GEN. CHARLES KING.

Early publication is announced of a new book by Gen. Charles King, entitled "A Soldier's Trial; An Episode of the Canteen Crusade." A very powerful argument has been woven into the plot by the author in favor of the restoration of the "Army Canteen," with illustrations from actual scenes and incidents. Gen. King has been engaged on this work for some time, and it is considered one of the best of his many splendid series. He has even surpassed his already high standard of literary merit in this one of the few really readable "novels with a purpose." Published by the Hobart Company, New York City.

John L. Estill, an old Confederate soldier, died in Fresno County, Cal., on the 7th of September. He was a member of Company E, 1st Virginia Cavalry, enlisting in 1861, and served till the close of the war. He was courier under Gens. R. E. Lee, J. E. B. Stuart, and Fitzhugh Lee, and will be remembered by survivors of his old regiment as a gallant soldier.

BEN R. WEBB,

CANDIDATE FOR RE-ELECTION,

Circuit Court Clerk Davidson County.

SUBJECT TO DEMOCRATIC PRIMARY,
DECEMBER 7, 1905.

R. A. MILAM,

FOR

CRIMINAL COURT CLERK,

DAVIDSON COUNTY.

SUBJECT TO DEMOCRATIC PRIMARY,
DECEMBER 7, 1905.

SAM H. BORUM,

CANDIDATE FOR

SHERIFF.

SUBJECT TO

Democratic Primary, December 7, 1905.

Lewis Hitt,

CANDIDATE FOR

Circuit Court Clerk.

SUBJECT TO

Democratic Primary, Dec. 7, 1905.

R. C. Langford, of Fort Meade, Fla., has in his possession a fine sword which was picked up on the battlefield near Atlanta, Ga. On the blade is engraved: "Presented to Louis Tresvant Wigfall

by John Maning." A silver snake with thirteen rattles is coiled around the handle, and there is a palmetto tree on the hand guard. The owner can get it with satisfactory proof.

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F. R. WHEELER, NASHVILLE, TENN.
Commercial Agent.

West H. Morton,
FOR
REGISTER,
DAVIDSON COUNTY.

**SUBJECT TO DEMOCRATIC PRIMARY,
DECEMBER 7, 1905.**

John J. McCann
(THE LAME MILLER),
CANDIDATE FOR RE-ELECTION
COUNTY TRUSTEE.

Subject to Democratic Primary,
December 7, 1905.

Thos. E. Cartwright,

CANDIDATE FOR RE-ELECTION TO THE OFFICE OF

SHERIFF DAVIDSON COUNTY.

SUBJECT TO

Democratic Primary, December 7, 1905.

Sam Marshall,
CANDIDATE FOR
Turnpike Commissioner Davidson Co.

**SUBJECT TO DEMOCRATIC PRIMARY,
DECEMBER 7, 1905.**

W. R. Bethel, 220 Casablanc Street, San Antonio, Tex., inquires for some of the boys who belonged to the Rock City Volunteers, commanded by Capt. R. F. Cattles and Lieut. C. W. Peden, which was Company C of Hawkins's Battalion.

This battalion was on provost duty in Nashville, Tenn., until after the fall of Fort Donelson, Bowling Green, and Nashville, when they rejoined the main army at Corinth. Any survivors will kindly write to Comrade Bethel.

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